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A MONTHLY MAGAZINE OF

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AND A MEDIUM FOR THE

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TO NETSKIE.

Nox erat et cœlo fulgebat Luna sereno.

Hor. Ep. XV.

From Heaven's star-studded ebon floor
Unclouded shone the moon, and clear,
The night, with frenzied oaths, you swore
Eternal love and truth, my dear:

Your twining arms around my neck
Close-clinging as the tendril vine,
Come weal or woe, come storm or wreck,
Come Fortune bright or Fate malign,

Long as Orion frets the deep,
As needle to the pole-star true,
You swore those fervid oaths to keep,
'Till, dying, your last breath you drew.

The Turk, you know, will never bear
A brother, even, near the throne;
For Venus' self I should not care,
Unless I knew her all my own.

To Sycorax, no doubt, her boy
Was moulded in Adonis' shape;
You've played me false, I wish you joy,
Make merry with your new-won ape.

I'll bask in her less tutored smiles
Who yet has something left to learn;
Nor think your tears, or worn-out wiles,
Aught else but my contempt can earn.

And you—you travesty of man—
You counterfeit—you "singing boy,"
You, foremost in the backward van,
Who mumble what you can't enjoy;

You! you, of ass's milk mere curds,
Who think to joke at my expense,
You chatterer of parrot words,
You pauper both in wit and sense;

Although for you Pactolus flows,
Though for her sake you drain it dry,
'Tis not for you her passion glows,
The love she grants—you'll have to buy.

Time's whirligig revenge will bring,
The bitter cup you needs must quaff,
She'll quit you for some other "thing."
Then you will weep, and I—shall laugh.

HALKETT LORD.

TONSON AND HIS CONTEMPORARIES.

It is the second week of September, the year 1666. At his shop-door in Holborn, beneath the time-honored emblem of his profession, the parti-colored pole, stands Mr. Jacob Tonson, barber-surgeon. He looks earnestly and sorrowfully at the dense canopy of smoke that hangs over the east. The fire that had destroyed more than half of London is still smouldering. Fragments of burning paper still fall upon the causeway, as the remains of the books that were stowed in St. Faith's under Paul's, are stirred by the wind. Mr. Tonson is troubled. He has friends amongst the booksellers in the ruined city; and occasional customers, who have come thence to be trimmed, with beards of a se'nnight's growth, tell him that these traders are most of them undone.

A month has passed since the fire broke out. The wealthy are finding house-room in Westminster and Southwark, and in streets of the city which the flames have not reached. The poor are still, many of them, abiding in huts and tents in Moorfields and St. George's Fields, and on the hills leading to Highgate. Some of the great thoroughfares may now be traversed. Mr. Tonson will venture forth to see the condition of his Company's Hall. With his second son, Jacob, holding his hand, he makes his way to Monkwell Street. Barber-Surgeon's Hall has sustained some injury; but the theatre, built by Inigo Jones, which is the pride of the Company, has not been damaged. He shows his son Holbein's great picture of the Company receiving their charter from Henry VIII., and expatiates upon the honor of belonging to such a profession. Young Jacob does not seem much impressed by the parental enthusiasm. The blood-letting and tooth-drawing are not more attractive to him than the shaving, which latter operation his father deposes to his apprentices. They make their way through narrow lanes across Aldersgate Street, and so into Little Britain. Mr. Tonson enters a large book-shop, and salutes the bookseller with great respect. By common repute, Mr. Scot is the largest librarian in Europe. Young Jacob listens attentively to all that passes. His father brings out William London's 'Catalogue of the most vendible books in England,' and inquires for 'The Anatomical Exercises of Dr. W. Harvey, Physician to the King's most Excellent

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NOTES AND QUERIES FOR A BIBLIOGRAPHY OF THE WORKS OF W. MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

No task is more difficult for the Thackeray bibliographer than that of identifying Thackeray's early contributions to *Fraser's Magazine*. That this statement is not made lightly, or without good reason, will appear from a consideration of the following facts.

Thackeray was acquainted with *Fraser's Magazine* from the beginning. This is shown by his reference to it in the extract here given from a letter which he wrote to Mr. G. H. Lewes on the 28th of April, 1855, with regard to Goethe: "Any of us who had books or magazines from England sent them to him, and he examined them eagerly. *Fraser's Magazine* had lately come out, and I remember he was interested in those admirable outline portraits which appeared for a while in its pages." Again, Thackeray's portrait appears, in a conspicuous position, in Maclise's group of the contributors to *Fraser's Magazine*, which was issued with the number for January, 1836, so that we must assume that he was then at least an occasional contributor to its pages; yet so far as we are aware, there has been no completely satisfactory evidence as to Thackeray's authorship of any paper appearing in *Fraser's Magazine* before November, 1837, when the first instalment of 'The Yellowplush Correspondence' was published. In writing thus we are not forgetful of the strong support given by such men as Dr. John Brown and Mr. A. C. Swinburne to the theory that Thackeray was the author of 'Elizabeth Brownrigg,' which was published in August and September, 1832; but after most careful consideration of all they have written on the subject, and of the story itself, we are unable to concede to 'Elizabeth Brownrigg' the honour of counting Thackeray as its author.

We had hoped that the books relating to the early days of *Fraser's Magazine* might be available as evidence on this interesting subject, but Messrs. Longman, Green & Co. inform us that "the books referring to *Fraser's Magazine* so far back as 1834 and thereabouts are no longer in existence." There are, we believe, no surviving contemporary relations of Thackeray who could be applied to for information, and as we are considering writings of a period more than fifty years ago, we cannot expect to find many people of any kind now alive who were then old enough to be concerned in literary matters. Unfortunately the surviving contemporary relations of Mr. James Fraser, with every inclination to assist in our researches, have been unable to help, as they were too young at the period in question to have known anything of the working of the magazine. Thus it will be seen that all certain means of knowledge have failed us, and we are consequently thrown back upon deduction and conjecture with reference to Thackeray's early anonymous contributions to *Fraser's Magazine*. With the object of identifying some of these early writings, we have laboriously

read through the early volumes of the magazine, extracting all papers which, from their subject or style, suggested any probability of their having been written by Thackeray. We have again read carefully through the pieces so selected, seeking for any expression or reference which might serve to strengthen, or weaken, their claims, and in this task of selection we have had the assistance of others well qualified and entitled to express an opinion on the subject; yet after all we have only been able conclusively to identify one solitary ballad, though there are many pieces both in prose and verse that may have been, and probably were, written by Thackeray.

The ballad we refer to appeared among the *Fraser Papers* for May, 1834, and as it was considerably altered before its reappearance, and has the interest, of being, so far as we know, Thackeray's earliest contribution to the magazine, we reprint it here with the editor's remarks:—

"And yet we need not quit French song-writing, for here's an imitation of Béranger's first song, the 'Boid' Yvetot,' a glorious chant it is, and, we presume, utterly untranslatable; but 'The King of Brentford' is by no means to be despised.

Il était un Roi d' Yvetot.—BERANGER.

There was a King in Brentford,
Of whom no legends tell,
But who without his glory
Could sleep and eat right well.
His Polly's cotton night-cap,
It was his crown of state;
He loved to sleep full early,
And rise again full late.

All in a fine straw Castle
He eat his four good meals,
And for a guard of honour
A dog ran at his heels;
Sometimes to view his kingdoms
Rode forth this monarch good,
And then a prancing Jackass
He royally bestrode.

There were no evil habits
With which this king was curst,
Except (and where 's the harm on't?)
A somewhat lively thirst,
And subjects must have taxes,
And monarchs must have sport;
So out of every hogshead
His grace he kept a quart.

He pleased the fine Court ladies
With manners soft and bland;
They named him, with good reason,
The Father of the Land.
Four times a year his armies,
To battle forth did go;
But their enemies were targets,
Their bullets they were tow.

He vexed no quiet neighbor,
No bootless conquest made,
But by the laws of pleasure
His peaceful realm he swayed;
And in the years he reigned

Through all his kingdom wide,
There was no cause for weeping,
Save when the good man died.

Long time the Brentford nation
Their monarch did deplore—
His portrait yet is swining
Beside an alehouse door;
And toppers tender hearted,
Regard that honest phiz,
And envy times departed
That knew no reign like his."

There are other ballads in the magazine about this time that may have come from the same source, and other imitations of Béranger were promised, but we cannot be certain of their authorship. Our remarks here, then, must take the form of queries rather than of notes.

Passing by such seductive, but impossible items as 'Scenes in the Law Courts,' published in October, 1881, and actually signed "Theta" and Elizabeth Brownrigge, of which enough has recently been written, we find nothing with special claims to notice before March, 1884, when there is a review called 'Hints for a History of Highwaymen.' Again, in April, 1884, we come across a long review of 'A Dozen of Novels' and in June, 1884 a review of 'Rookwood,' called 'High-ways and Low-ways; or, Ainsworth's Dictionary, with Notes by Turpin.' All or any of these may have been by Thackeray. After these there is nothing we feel inclined to mention before the article on 'Paris and the Parisians in 1835,' which was printed in the number for February, 1886. The title of 'The Jew of York' (September, 1886) suggests the author of 'Rebecca and Rowena'; and it seems not improbable that he who reviewed Grant's 'Paris and its People' in December, 1843, may have previously reviewed the same author's 'Great Metropolis' in December, 1836. There is much in the style as well as in the title and subject of 'Another Caw from the Rookwood: Turpin Out Again' (April, 1886), to suggest that Thackeray was the writer; while it is the subject and a reference to Lord Tennyson's 'Timbuctoo,' rather than any internal evidence, that lead us to suppose that Thackeray may possibly have had a hand in the 'Letters from Cambridge to Oliver Yorke, about the Art of Plucking,' &c., which made their appearance in June, July, and August, 1887. The review which appeared in April, 1887, 'One or Two Words on One or Two Books,' too, might well have owned Thackeray as its author.

Other papers of this period may suggest themselves to this or that taste as having been written by our author (the list we have given of possible contributions makes no pretension to completeness), but it must be remembered that in the years 1836 and 1837 he was, as we have seen in our last article, occupied in work for the *Constitutional*, and may not have written much for *Fraser's Magazine*.

These are, however, at best but speculations, and are put forward merely as suggestions or queries which may, though we fear they will not, lead to

something more decided. The well-known 'Yellowplush Correspondence' having once begun, we find ourselves on firmer ground. We do not propose to refer to these or other well-known writings of Thackeray, but to mention several papers not hitherto identified which were unquestionably his work.

Before leaving "Yellowplush" we would mention that in the 'Preface to our Second Decade,' in the number for January, 1840, appear on p. 21 these words: "Yellowplush with pen and pencil, contributed to 'the harmless mirth of nations'"; while on the following page, in a description of the plate of the *Fraserians*, we read: "Those who appear only in this group are Thackeray, William M." We should imagine that at this time comparatively few people knew who "Thackeray, William M." was, or identified him with any of his anonymous and pseudonymous writings in *Fraser's Magazine*. By means of our friend Yellowplush we are able to ascribe to Thackeray, with what amounts almost to certainty, some papers not hitherto recognized.

The first of these is 'A Word on the Annuals,' published in December, 1837, during which month, it will be observed, there is a hiatus in 'The Yellowplush Correspondence.' On p. 760 we find this note:—

"Our friend Mr. Yellowplush has made enquiries as to the authorship of this tale, and his report is that it is universally ascribed in the highest circles to Miss Howell-and-James."

In a note-book of Thackeray we find this entry, dated January, 1838: "Twenty-four pages in *Fraser*, Yellowplush, Trollope, Bulwer, Landon, and a design." In January, 1838, an instalment of 'The Yellowplush Correspondence' appeared, as did also a long article on 'Our Batch of Novels for Christmas, 1837.' This article alone fills about twenty-four pages, so that it seemed at first that the entry was inaccurate. But we found that there were nearly twelve pages of 'The Yellowplush Correspondence,' and that the reviews of Mrs. Trollope's 'The Vicar of Wrexhill,' of Bulwer's 'Ernest Maltravers,' and of Miss Landon's 'Ethel Churchill' fill a little over twelve pages more, making together the twenty-four pages mentioned in the diary. It is clear, then, that these three reviews were written by Thackeray, the remaining notices being probably supplied by another writer.

An entry under January 4th (1838), "Wrote a little Etiquette and read Life of George IV.," we have not succeeded in unravelling, but another hint is given twice, first as, "January 31. Wrote on Penny Newspapers for *Fraser*," and again as, "Wrote for *Fraser* on the Penny Press and Yellowplush, No. 1V.—7 Febr." These notes clearly identify an article in the number for February, 1838, called 'Half a Crown's Worth of Cheap Knowledge,' as Thackeray's. It deals with fifteen of the penny and twopenny periodicals of the day, among others with "*Oliver Twist*. By Bos. 1d. E. Lloyd, Bloomsbury." All Thackeray's generous references to his great contemporary are interesting, and we quote the following passages as evidence of the

genuineness of his admiration of Dickens's writings, shown in an anonymous and unacknowledged review:—

"We come next to *Oliver Twist*, by Bos; a kind of silly copy of Bos's admirable tale. We have not, we confess, been able to read through *Oliver Twist*. The only amusing point of it is an advertisement by the publisher, calling upon the public to buy 'Lloyd's Edition of *Oliver Twist*, by Bos,' it being the *only genuine one*. By which we learn, that there are thieves, and other thieves who steal from the first thieves; even as it is said about that exiguous beast the flea there be other fleas, which annoy the original animal."

The next entry in the note-book as to *Fraser's Magazine* is: "Yellowplush in April. Letter from Paris." This is puzzling. Yellowplush is in the April number, but the only thing at all answering the description of 'Letter from Paris' is the first of a series of three long papers called 'Our Club at Paris,' the second and third papers appearing in the numbers for May and June, 1838, and we are not inclined to ascribe these to Thackeray's pen.

The diary gives no more information as to contributions to *Fraser's Magazine*, but it appears from it that early in 1838 Thackeray was writing for *Galignani*, and to a considerable extent for the *Times*.

In *Fraser's Magazine* for October and November, 1838, we find a humorous, quizzing review of what the writer calls 'Lady Carry-the-Candle's Diary,' under the guise of 'Passages from the Diary of the late Dolly Duster, with Elucidations, Notes, &c., by various Eds.' One of the editors signs himself "Knart," which we think we shall show introduces us to another of Thackeray's numerous *noms de guerre*.

The second part of the paper begins with the following "Note by Ed. No. 3":—

Oct. 25, 1838.

With some surprise and much apprehension, I have just read the following letter (written on the back of a "weekly dispatch" to Lord Yellowbelly). I at once lay it before the reader, merely noticing that, as its date implies, it was begun on the 5th, and appears to have cost the author twenty days' work to finish. Its "cacographical" purity, however, accounts for this labour.

To the Editor of *Fraser's Magazine*.

Reform Club, October 5.

Sir,—A lady by the name of Duster has, I perceive, commenced the publication of her *Memoirs* in your *Magazine*. I very seldom read that miscellany, much more write in it; and must confess an extreme disgust at a report which has gone abroad that I myself am connected in any way with the memoirs in question.

May I request, sir, that you will contradict this rumour, which is likely seriously to injure me in the Society in which I have at present the honour to move. A member of the Club from which I address you this note, a partisan (as far as my efforts go) of ministers, a friend of the most celebrated literary men

in England, it would ill become me to contribute to a miscellany like yours, or to attempt by a stupid series of cacographical errors, to awaken the laughter of the public. A gentleman, sir, should never be a buffoon; it is a poor wit which is obliged to adopt such vulgar means for obtaining applause. In case you refuse the insertion of this letter, I need not say that I shall expect a *very different species of satisfaction*. I have the honour to remain, sir,

Your obedient Servant,

FITZROY YELLOWPLUSH.

P.S. (*Private*.) Haven't I got on in spelling? Come and dine here some day: we let people in while the Irish members are out of town. I have got a novel in the style of a certain friend of mine, for which I want to make arrangements with you: it's got poetry, classic, metaphisic, and is crammed chock full of bits of Greek play. Do you twig?

It is tolerably certain that no writer among *Fraser's* staff other than the author of 'The Yellowplush Correspondence' would have referred in such terms to "cacographical errors," and it will hardly be doubted that 'Dolly Duster' is to be added to our list of Thackeray's contributions to *Fraser's Magazine*. It is certain that there must be many other unrecognized papers by Thackeray in the magazine, such as 'Paris Pastimes for the Month of May' (June, 1839), 'The Paris Rebels of the Twelfth of May' (August, 1839), and 'The Fêtes of July' (September, 1839); but it is difficult to positively identify any others about this date as his work.

We think, however, that we may claim that, apart from our suggestions or queries, we have somewhat lessened the labors of the future bibliographer by showing beyond dispute that several of the unclaimed contributions to *Fraser's Magazine* owed their existence to Thackeray.

A LETTER OF DE QUINCEY'S.

Some letters of De Quincey's have just been added to the autograph collection of the Buffalo Library. They are addressed to his publishers and to intimate friends, and are all written in the same strain of physical distress and mental exhaustion. One or two examples will indicate the character of all:—

Sate up all last night, as unhappily always happens to me now; found myself very ill in the morning; have been so all day long; have been in cons. now obliged to go to bed. I shall be up by 4 o'clock A. M., and shall finish something before breakfast.

¼ past 5, Wedn. April 8.

Another, dated "Tuesday, May 24," runs as follows:—

My dear Sir,—Here is a sketch of one day as I now drag through daily with very trivial variations:—15 min. bef. 4 A. M. I find myself broad awake. From this time to 7.30 (making 3 hours -- ¾ths—I am a miserable suffering cripple—not daring to stoop or to stretch out my arm. I find all the time little enough for doing such wretched processes as I am compelled

to call *dressing*; not much of a dandy am I, yet after all, from sheer abstinence in every department, I come forward to the *derruck* (Westmoreland) in good fighting spirits. 7.30 A. M. (I am speaking of to-day) comes breakfast—tea and two or even three biscuits. 8 A. M. come the newspapers, which villainous compounds, full of malice and of endless misconstruction; these it is that fill the atmosphere of life with irritation. They also meet with irritation, but their answers are instant—effective—perfect. 8.30 A. M. comes a letter from Tipperary that would require three laborious days for a commensurate answer. 9 A. M. to nearly noon I write a supplementary page or more to a half-sheet on *Lessing*—for the 13th vol. is drawing near to its close. Noon or thereabouts my trifle of dinner is served up. In twelve minutes more a stranger, whom there are unanswerable reasons for seeing, summons me away. He detains me till ten minutes after three. I then find that Johnny is looked for every min. to fetch the *Proofs*, in which no progress is made. Near 4 P. M., while thinking in perplexity on this subject, most naturally I fall asleep, having accomplished and rounded a day of thirteen hours. 7.15 P. M. I awaken—and find barely time to sign, ever—T. DE Q.

In one of the De Quincey proof sheets occur an erasure and note which can only be accounted for by knowing the author's habits. At the bottom of the page where the author makes a plea for duelling occurs the following remarkable foot-note, apropos of nothing in the text: "Eagles never take blue pill. No; but yet poor ——— would live more happily if they did." The author puts a delete mark in the margin and says: "I do not know by what accident this fragment of a sentence crept in."

SYMONDS'S SIDNEY.

Of Mr. Symonds's 'Sir Philip Sidney' in the "English Men of Letters" series the *Athenæum* says:—

In bibliographical matters Mr. Symonds is apt to be careless. It would be captious to complain of his speaking of Sidney's tract as 'The Defence of Poesy,' whereas its title in the original edition of 1595 is 'An Apologie for Poetrie'; but we may justly complain that of the bibliographical problems presented by the 'Astrophel and Stella' collection of sonnets, practically nothing is said. Three editions were issued in 1591, five years after Sidney's death, and each has been asserted to be the *editio princeps*; but Mr. Symonds contents himself with the statement that the book was first printed in 1591. The textual differences are, however, of sufficient importance to make it advisable for Sidney's biographers to inform the reader which of the three editions they hold to be the authorized version. Mr. Symonds argues with Charles Lamb that the 'Astrophel and Stella' collection clearly recounts Sidney's own sentiments and experiences while making love to Lady Rich. To support this view he relies largely on the order in which the poems were originally printed—an order which enables him, he says, to trace through the volume the natural ebb and flow of a genuine passion. For this arrangement

Mr. Symonds would make Sidney himself responsible, on the ground that when the poems were reissued in 1598 with the Countess of Pembroke's revised version of the 'Arcadia,' no alteration was made in their sequence. But this argument is hardly tenable. An important change was made in the edition of 1598. In the early editions the sonnets are followed by an appendix of lyrics; in the 1598 edition these lyrics were, for the first time, scattered among the sonnets. Some phases of passionate love, Mr. Symonds tells us, call for an embodiment in lyrics rather than in sonnets, and he proves the sincerity of the passion displayed in Sidney's poems from the fact that his sonnets are interspersed with lyrics at irregular intervals. But there is no such intermingling in that authentic 1591 edition of the 'Astrophel and Stella' collection, the planning of which Mr. Symonds professes to criticize with so much care.

MR. RUSKIN'S PRATTLE.

Mr. Ruskin's mind is so peculiar, not to say unique, that any light he chooses to throw on it and its growth must be welcome to the psychologist. His 'Præterita,' which is as frank a set of confessions as we can desire that any man should write, is a valuable piece of autobiography, the story of the growth of character. Why did not Shakspeare or Molière write 'Præterita'? Perhaps, everything considered, it is just as well that they did not. Flowers are best seen, as Mr. Ruskin remarks in the new number of his book, in their natural conditions of light and air. "Dissect or magnify them, and all you will discover or learn at last will be that oaks, roses, and daisies are all made of fibres and bubbles, and these again of charcoal and water." When the flowers of intellect dissect themselves, as Mr. Ruskin is doing, perhaps we do not learn very much more valuable. But it is highly entertaining. In his new number Mr. Ruskin is giving an account of the way in which his component charcoal and water worked when he was writing the second volume of 'Modern Painters.' He used to go, to meetings of artists at Mr. George Richmond's, and Turner was of the company, but Turner resolutely refused to talk about art. How greatly it is to be wished that barristers would not talk about law, nor actors about acting, nor Parliament men about their beloved House. But Turner in this respect was an example of life and conduct imitated by few, perhaps by none. Mr. Ruskin's object was to interest others in "the quality of beauty" which he saw, and in Tintoretto and Angelico. He may not have succeeded in getting the nation to buy many Tintoretto's, but how eminently successful he has been in opening men's eyes to the vision of natural beauty! Thousands, perhaps hundreds of thousands, of people owe to Mr. Ruskin an added delight in the grace of trees, the structure of rocks and hills, and even in our hideous cities he has purged our eyes to behold the glories of the sky and the smoke-tinted clouds. He may know moments of doubt and disappointment

—grilled salmon made him melancholy even when he was young, as he tells us—but he must also know that he has not failed, that among hills and beside streams, and in face of the sea, many men and women find his memory mixed with all that man cannot make, nor utterly obliterate, of beauty. This is success, as success is given to mortals, and should make its winner happy “as mortals may be.”

There is no great consecutiveness in Mr. Ruskin's memories. It is interesting, and a little astonishing, to learn that the model of the style of ‘Modern Painters’ was given to him by Mr. Osborne Gordon, of Christ Church, and is based on the study of Hooker's ‘Ecclesiastical Polity.’ In working, he “did the best he knew,” giving each passage “as much thought as it could be made to carry,” and the words all of “precision and tune” that he had to give them. When the second volume was finished he went abroad with his father and mother, and the former generally “cried a little” over the filial “pretty passages.” This makes Mr. Ruskin, senior, appear a little emotional, but he was not always absorbed in sentiment. Mr. Ruskin does a little open penitence, like Dr. Johnson, for a piece of unfilial conduct that probably his good father never remembered, though it sticks in his son's mind as those thorns do. “Happy is he that knows them not,” as the remorseful French burglar poet sings. The younger Ruskin was wrapped up, in Pisa, in a dream of beauty, “driving past my pet La Spina Chapel,” when the father said, “John, what shall I give the coachman?” Now this is the kind of question which the intellect of woman delights to put when man is absorbed in sublime imaginings. Had Mr. Ruskin been a married man he would have said, “Exactly half of what he asks,” or something of that sort. But he was annoyed at being disturbed, even as Lord Byron when Lady Byron said, “Do I disturb you?” and the poet replied, “Yes—damnable.” Even so, Mr. Ruskin took upon him “to reprove and lament over my father's hardness of heart, in thinking at that moment of sublunary affairs.” And, he adds, “the spectral Spina of that chapel has stayed in my own heart ever since.” The sentiment is a little spoiled by Mr. Ruskin's way of talking about “papa” and “mama,” one of the tricks, like the trick of speaking of “my pet chapel,” which perpetually bring the vision of an inspired school-girl across the fancy when one is reading Mr. Ruskin's later writings. For this great talent has this great drawback, and it is certain that Richard Hooker did not set the example of a young lady-like style of writing.

Mr. Ruskin came back to England, and wrote an article for the *Quarterly Review*, as many men have done. As many men have done, he disliked seeing his “best bits” cut out, just as Keble cut them out of his Newdigate poem, the successful one. Probably both editors were in the right. Mr. Ruskin also found that in the *Quarterly Review* he must not condemn a “protégé of Albemarle street.” Even in those early days the rolling of logs was an art not

unknown, and Lockhart was a great chief in the tribe of Ama Lo-grolla. But Mr. Ruskin became distrustful of the trades of reviewing and bookselling. Indeed, as Captain Shandon confessed, “it's little good that comes of writing in the”—reviews. Moreover, the grilled salmon in which Mr. Ruskin had indulged began to tell on a temperament prone to melancholy, though not so seriously as Swift's celebrated surfeit of green fruit. Salts, walks, and Leamington, were recommended to the prophet, who now confesses that, on the chapter of Friendship, he never went all lengths with George Herbert. “Thy friend put in thy bosom,” and the rest. “I am a little puzzled by the speciality and singularity of poetical and classical friendship,” though he gets attached “to places, to pictures, to dogs, cats, and girls,” the latter a very dangerous class of persons to get attached to. Cats are much safer, for they never pretend to reciprocate affection. However, Mr. Ruskin had friends who asked him to Scotch country houses, and caught mountain hares alive—how, this disappointing sportsman does not inform an anxiously inquiring world. The “friend with many hares”—the joke is not Mr. Ruskin's—gave them to his tenantry, who made soup of them. And Mr. Ruskin did a little amateur work with his hands, and “found the owl's cry always prophetic of mischief to him.” So he should not live near Loch Awe, where the owls cry to each other across the water all through the short silvery summer nights. Then Mr. Ruskin met Mr. Gladstone at dinner and quarrelled with him, across a lady, about Neapolitan prisons. “He couldn't see, as I did, that the real prisoners were the people outside,” whatever that may mean. Mr. Ruskin also found that George Herbert and the Dean of Christ Church could not tell him what Turner meant by the conflict of Apollo with the Python. Probably Turner meant to illustrate the myth, by no means peculiar to Delphi, which occurs also in the Rig Veda, and in the Andaman Islands, and among the Australian blacks, with a frog in the rôle of the Python. So this great writer prattled, and has prattled, never ceasing to interest us because he is so interested himself, never ceasing to make us wonder at the mystery of human nature, and to exclaim, with Jacques de Sainte-Beuve, *O altitudo!*

ANDREW LANG.

DR. FURNIVALL has at last written his introduction to Robert of Brunne's Chronicle, A. D. 1338, which has so long been at the head of the Master of the Rolls' list of Chronicles and Memorials. His series of forty Shakspeare quarto facsimiles draws to a close, all save the last, ‘The Troublesome Raigne of King John,’ being in hand. Two of the editors of quartos for this series—Mr. P. A. Daniel and Mr. Herbert Evans—have been commissioned by Messrs. Blackie & Co. to edit some of the plays in the illustrated and annotated edition of Shakspeare which has hitherto been in charge of Mr. Frank Marshall, under the general overview of Mr. Henry Irving.

Shakespeariana.

ALL COMMUNICATIONS RELATING TO THIS DEPARTMENT SHOULD BE ADDRESSED TO
ALBERT R. FREY, The Astor Library, New York.
EDITOR OF THIS DEPARTMENT.

THE DOG IN SHAKESPEARE.

It is necessary to look to the writings of the great master of the Elizabethan age if we wish to find the most diversified illustrations of this animal; so varied, indeed, they are perhaps not to be found in the works of any other writer in the world. In the *Recollections of Past Life*, by Sir Henry Holland, Bart., there occurs the following curious anecdote:

"At a dinner not long ago, Lord Nugent (the greatest Shakespearian scholar of his day) affirmed that there was not, in the whole series of the plays, a single passage commending directly or indirectly, the moral qualities of the dog. Thinking this to be impossible, I accepted a wager which Lord Nugent offered me on the subject, with the concession of a year to make my research. Even with the aid of several friends, I failed to find any such passage, and at the end of a year I paid the guinea I had lost. At a dinner at the Bishop of Exeter's some time afterwards, where I related the anecdote, Mr. Croker, with his wonted ingenuity, struck upon a passage which came nearest perhaps to the point; but it was an ingenious inference only, and would not have won me my wager."

Now in the plays of Shakespeare there are perhaps 300 allusions to the dog, and although space forbids us to enter upon any detailed analysis of the justice of the above assertion, it may not be uninteresting to the reader to have some of the dramatist's quotations laid before him, and thus he can form his own opinion.

One of the most beautiful quotations in the poet's works is found in *Henry V.*, where the monarch compares the ardor of his troops before Harfleur, to the spirit of dogs:—

"I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips,
Straining upon the start," etc.

This species, it may be mentioned, is, on the whole, admirably described by Shakespeare. The following will suffice:

"Like a brace of greyhounds
Having the fearful flying hare in sight,
With fiery eyes, sparkling for very wrath."
3d Part *Henry VI.* II. 5.

"Even like a fawning greyhound in the leash
To let him slip at will."—*Coriolanus*, I. 6.

and others in 1st *Henry VI.*, *Taming of the Shrew*, etc.

To obtain some idea of the varieties known to Shakespeare, we have only to cite the two following passages. The first is from *Macbeth*; when the murderer says:

"We are men, my Liege."

Macbeth replies—

"Ay, in the catalogue ye go for men;
As hounds, and greyhounds, mongrels, spaniels, curs,
Shoughs, water-rugs, and demy-wolves are cleped
All by the name of dogs; the valued file

Distinguishes the swift, the slow, the subtle,
The housekeeper, the hunter, every one
According to the gift which bounteous Nature
Hath in him closed; whereby he doth receive
Particular addition from the bill
That writes them all alike; and so of men."

In *King Lear* the old monarch says:

"The little dogs, and all;
Tray, Blanche, and Sweet-heart; see, they bark at me."

Whereupon Edgar replies:

"Tom will throw his head at them;—
Avaunt, you curs!"

"Be thy mouth or black or white,
Tooth that poisons if it bite;
Mastiff, greyhound, mongrel grim,
Hound or spaniel, brache or lynx;
Or Bob-tail tike or trundle-tail;
You will make them weep and wail
For with throwing thus my head,
Dogs leap the hatch and all are fled."

The true beagle of Shakespeare's time was of the exact type of the great southern hound—slow, but of the most exquisite powers of scent—of which the great poet wrote perhaps the most perfect description that exists:

"My hounds are bred out of the Spartan kind,
So flewed, so sanded; and their heads are hung
With ears that sweep away the morning dew;
Crook-kneed and dew-lapped like Thessalian bulls,
Slow in pursuit, but matched in mouth like bells,
etc."

Helena and *Launce* mention the ingratitude shown to the spaniel, and in other passages the poet depicts the quarrelsome disposition of the lap-dog, the cautious hound of the poacher, and the snarling cur. The mastiff, however, comes in for a large share of praise from the poet. (*Conf. Henry V.*, and 1 *Henry VI.*)

The general thanklessness of mankind to its most true servant is well set forth in the subsequent quotation: (*Coriolanus*, II. 3.)

"Get you hence instantly; and tell those friends,—
They have chose a consul, that will from them take
Their liberties; make them of no more voice
Than dogs, that are as often beat for barking,
As therefore kept to do so."

But however much we quote from Shakespeare, we cannot gather his own estimation of the dog from his plays, for in the latter he represents all the characters of the human race but his own. The idiosyncrasy of Shakespeare himself is not seen in

* "In the ingenious Dr. Sampeon's MSS. is an account of Oliver Cromwell's being set upon at Cambridge by two mastiffs, whereupon he set his back against a tree, and taking his head with both his hands, as if he would have flung it at them, frightened them away"—*Thoresby*.

his immortal writings, unless we can form an opinion from those passages relating to combats in the bear-garden between bears and dogs. This place no doubt the poet frequented, as he was well acquainted with the proprietor, and his residence was in the vicinity.—Manchester, N. H., *Notes and Queries*.

REVIEWS.

Shakespeare Reprints. 1. King Lear, Parallel texts of the first Quarto and the first Folio with collations of the later Quartos and Folios. Edited by Wilhelm Viëtor. London, Whittaker, 1886.

About a year ago the Shakespeare Society of New York issued the prospectus of their "Bankside Edition" in which the Q. and F. texts were to be printed side by side to indicate the growth of a play. Of this edition no volume has as yet appeared (although we understand that three are ready), and this is to be deplored as our trans-atlantic friends have anticipated them, the work before us embodying the same idea. The texts printed are F. 1 and the *Pide Bull* Quarto of 1608, the latter without a doubt preceding the other Q. of the same date. The F. text is unquestionably taken from Booth's reprint, as "He dies" (p. 247), "him" (p. 151, l. 2), and 208 a] (p. 233) etc., indicate. In the latter instance the F. has 28, a misprint, to be sure, but why not reproduce errors if we are following a text,—almost making a fac-simile in fact? There are numerous foot-notes showing the readings of the other FF. and QQ., and occasional references to the commentators. The work is duodecimo in size, attractive looking in its gaudy red cover, and should certainly find a place on the student's table by the side of his variorum. Mr. Viëtor is to be congratulated upon his difficult task, so ably accomplished, and we sincerely trust that the remaining volumes of the series now inaugurated will prove as accurate and scholarly as the initial one.

Shakespeare. Edited by William Cullen Bryant assisted by Evert E. Duyckinck. One hundred original designs by Darley and Chappel. Parts I-IV. New York. Johnson and Stoddart.

It is extremely difficult to criticise a work of this description which will not reach completion for many months. It must be judged by what has thus far appeared, for the reviewer must perform his task unbiassed, and if there is a falling off as the work progresses he should not hesitate to ignore this fact. However, we are speculating, let us confine ourselves to the four numbers before us. There is firstly then a lengthy preface, the work of Mr. Bryant, in which there is drawn a comparison between Homer and Shakespeare, so well written, we think, that we cannot refrain from quoting a portion.

It is curious *** to observe how much fewer are the obscure passages in the ancient poet, who came into the world nearly three thousand years before the other. Nor are the manifestations of poetic genius in each less unlike—a diversity attributable as much probably to the different races to which they belonged as to the different ages in which they lived; Homer was the growth of a rude and simple age, it is true, but

he was one of a race of men endowed by nature with a love of symmetry, a quick sense of the harmonious correspondence of parts in a great whole, and the due adjustment of each to each. His poems are such as might be expected from the Greek mind in the highest vigor and perfection which it could attain before the general use of letters, and so complete and faultless did they seem to one of the greatest men of antiquity that he deduced from them the rules of epic composition, and thought that in these he had prescribed what was indispensable to the attainment of like excellence. I will not stop to discuss the question whether the subtle analysis of Aristotle, in setting forth the merits of the Homeric poems, and holding them up as a pattern for other poets to follow, had the effect to cramp and chill the poetic invention of Greece, and through Greece, that of Rome, but had a poem arisen before the time of the Stagyrite, who was admired as now Shakespeare is admired, for writing as Shakespeare has written, with the same license, the same blending of tragedy and comedy, the same disregard of the unities, the same recurrence of trivial dialogue in the midst of events of the greatest moment and scenes the most affecting, and with all the other irregular excursions of fancy which we find in the plays of the English poet, it is my belief that the rules laid down for classical poetry, drawn as they would have been from the models in existence, would have taken a different form from that in which they have come down to us, and have set less narrow bounds to poetic excellence. They would of course have been such as to justify the general admiration for the originals which suggested them. Possibly the Athenian critic might have illustrated his subject by referring not only to what is always happening in real life, when the grave and important alternates with the ludicrous and the insignificant, but also to the order of external nature, in which rugged and barren cliffs overlook lovely and luxuriant valleys and unsightly marshes are embosomed in the fertile plains, and where the nettle springs from the same soil as the oak, and the nightshade grows by the myrtle, and yet they all form a magnificent creation in which all the parts conspire to one grand effect. He might have reasoned that to make the stage what it purports to be, a representation of human life, it must not put these alternations out of sight, and that to exclude them would be to give a false picture of what is passing in the world around us.

Mr. Bryant is astonished that minor dialogues, the prattle of jesters, and obscure passages, should have been endured for such a long period of time; but he has unconsciously solved the riddle himself, when he says:

The more original an author is, and the more apt his course of thought to diverge from the beaten track, the greater is the strain put upon his invention to clothe his ideas in fitting words. In the early stage of our literature, coeval with Shakespeare, he has found himself obliged to make experiments in language, and was not unfrequently led to form combinations of words either inapt in themselves, or not sufficiently happy to command their adoption by others, and likely to become less perspicuous by lapse of time.

In the preparation of the text we find Mr. Duyckinck's assistance largely invoked, and his notes, though brief, are excellent. The accursed conjectures are done away with almost entirely, and the text of F., is closely followed; on exceedingly knotty points careful comparison has been instituted

of critics as far back as Malone and as late as Richard Grant White. Of the introductions to the plays we shall have more to say in a future paper; for the present, we have only to add that the photogravures accompanying each part are very good, the one depicting Falstaff mustering his recruits being especially so. The vandals devoted to "extra illustrations" should buy this book as it will give them a capital opportunity to extend it, the size, a quarto, being well adapted thereto.

The Works of William Shakespeare. Edited by Clarke and Wright. Vol. II., III., IV. (Ideal Edition). New York. Alden. 1887.

The first volume of this new edition was reviewed in our April number, and we are gratified to see three more volumes in print. This brings the series to *King John*, the Cambridge edition being rigidly followed as far as the order of the plays, line numberings, and text goes. We have taken at random a single play, *The Winter's Tale*, instituted a close comparison with the Clarke and Wright text, and were really surprised at the accuracy of the readings. We are aware that in cheap editions the cheapness is usually associated with carelessness, but the present is a noteworthy exception, and the price is so reasonable that it would benefit many to substitute it on their shelves for their Bowdlerized, corrupted-in-text, and tissue-paper copies of what are incorrectly denominated the poet's works.

Taming of the Shrew. A comedy by William Shakespeare. As arranged by Augustin Daly. With an introduction by William Winter. Centenary edition. Privately printed for Mr. Daly. New York. 1887.

We have already noticed this work in our March number, and would not call attention to it again were it not for the fact that the present publication is an indication of one of the triumphs of a Shakespearean comedy as far as multiplicity of representation goes. The book was presented to all who witnessed the one hundredth performance of the *Taming of the Shrew* on April 13, but is not in the trade. It differs from its predecessor in being printed on heavier paper with uncut edges, and in containing three excellent photogravures of Petruccio, Katharina and the banquet scene.

The Mermaid Series. Christopher Marlowe. Edited by Havelock Ellis. With a general introduction on the English drama during the reigns of Elizabeth and James I. By J. A. Symonds. London. Vizetelly. 1887.

Phillip Massinger. Edited, with an introduction and notes, by Arthur Symonds. London. Vizetelly. 1887.

This proposed unexpurgated edition of the best plays of the old dramatists is one of the most important contributions to Elizabethan literature that has appeared during the present year. The first volume contains an etching of Edward Alleyn, from the picture at Dulwich College, which is followed by Mr. Symonds' sketch, in which the main characteristics of the Edwards-Whetstone-Lyly-Greene-Peele-

Lodge-and Nash group are briefly discussed. These men were the moulders of the Marlowe-Shakespeare group, and the distinctive mark of their production, says Mr. Symonds, is spontaneity and freedom.

This drama has the spontaneity of an art-product indigenous and native to our soil, though all the culture of the Classics and the Renaissance contributed to make it wealthy. It has the freedom of a great race conscious of their adolescent vigor, the freedom of combatants victorious in a struggle only less momentous than that of Hellas against Persia, the freedom of a land bounded upon all sides by the ocean, the freedom of high-spirited men devoted to a mistress who personified for them the power and majesty of Britain. Its freedom is freedom from pedantry, from servility to scholastic rules, from observance of foreign or antiquated models; freedom from the dread of political or ecclesiastical oppression; freedom from courtly obsequiousness and class-prejudices. In use of language, moulding of character, copying of manners, and treatment of dramatic themes, no less than in the minor technicalities of versification, each writer stamps a recognizable unit-mark on his own work, without regard to precedent or what the world will think of him.

In the concluding paragraph the author thus defines the scope and purport of the series:

The object of the series * * * will have been accomplished if the English of the Victorian age be induced to study the best pieces of Shakespeare's fellow-workers, and to comprehend how full and how superb a picture they present of the large and noble life of our Elizabethan ancestors. Only in this way can the reading public understand the truth of what I have attempted to establish, namely, that the Drama is the chief artistic utterance of the Renaissance in England, and that in England the Renaissance was permeated with the free, pure, honest, stalwart spirit of the Reformation.

The next twenty pages are occupied by Mr. Havelock Ellis, who writes upon the life and works of Marlowe. The sketch, though brief, contains everything that is known of Shakespeare's brilliant predecessor; facts are presented, and speculations disregarded. Here is a quaint extract, the closing words:

In the Spring of 1583 the plague raged in London. The actors went into the provinces; many authors sought refuge in the country. In May we know that Marlowe was at the little village of Deptford, not many miles from London. There was turbulent blood there, and wine; there were courtesans and daggers. Here Marlowe was slain, killed by a serving-man, a rival in a quarrel over bought kisses—"a bawdy serving-man." They buried him in an unknown spot, beneath the grey towers of St. Nicholas, and they wrote in the parish-book: "Christopher Marlow, slain by Francis Archer, the 1 of June 1593."

The plays selected are both parts of *Tamburlaine the Great*, *Doctor Faustus*, *The Jew of Malta*, and *Edward the Second*. There are able notes explaining obsolete words, readings, etc., and each play has a brief historical introduction. In the appendix is given a sketch of Edward Alleyn, who acted *Tamburlaine* in 1588; the old *Ballad of Faustus*, from the Roxburghe collection; and lastly *A Note Containing the opinion of one Christopher Marlowe, his Damnable Opinions and Judgment of Religion*.

and *Scorne of Gods Worde*, taken from the Harleian MSS.

The volume devoted to Massinger has one fault,—there is not enough of it. Mr. Symons selects as the “best” plays, *The Duke of Milan*, *A New Way to pay Old Debts*, *The Great Duke of Florence*, *The Maid of Honour*, and *The City Madam*, but why can we not have another volume, including among others *The Virgin Martyr*, *The Unnatural Combat*, and *The Bondman*? We notice that the publishers contemplate devoting two volumes to Beaumont and Fletcher, and surely Massinger is entitled to a better representation. Poor fellow, he has suffered enough already at the hands of the ignorant Warburton. The plays printed are unexpurgated, and notes are added as in the preceding volume. The following is Mr. Symons’ estimate of this author:

Massinger is the product of his period, and he reflects faithfully the temper of court and society under the first Charles. Much that we have to regret in him was due to the misfortune of his coming just when he did, at the ebb of a spent wave; but the best that he had was all his own. Serious, a thinker, a moralist; gifted with an instinct for nobility and sympathy in whatever is generous and self-sacrificing; a practical student of history and an honest satirist of social abuses; he was at the same time an admirable storyteller, and a master of dramatic construction. But his grave and varied genius was lacking in the two primary acquirements of the dramatist—imagination and grip. He has no real mastery over the passions, and his eloquence does not appeal to the heart. He interests us strongly; but he has no power to overwhelm or carry us away. The whole man is seen in the portrait by which we know him: in the contrast and contradiction of that singular face which attracts, yet always at the last look fails to satisfy us, with its melancholy and thoughtful grace, tempered always and marred by the weakness and the want which we can scarcely analyze, nor by any means overlook.

The volumes thus far issued are each nearly 500 pages in length, and, considering their value to the student, their beautiful typographical appearance and excellent paper, and their reasonable price, certainly deserve success.

Corrigenda and Explanations of the Text of Shakspeare. By George Gould. London. Virtue. 1887.

In 1881 Mr. Gould published a little pamphlet of sixteen pages devoted to the explanation of difficult passages in Shakspeare’s text. This was followed in 1884 by a larger work, and two supplements to the latter have since appeared. The writer thus accounts for the prevalence of errors, which he has sought to amend:

Considering the extreme juvenescence of the art of printing, when probably reader, compositor, and pressman were all one person, the probable inexperience of the editors, the absence of supervision of the author, it would have been surprising if there had not been a very large number of oversights; for even now, after all the improvements in the art of printing, in works having the great advantage of the supervision of their authors, very vexatious mistakes are not of uncommon occurrence. * * * In perusing these works, I have been staggered at the outrageous man-

ner in which they are pointed. There is no abomination that could be perpetrated in this way that cannot be found here in abundance. To specify some of these. A comma is constantly placed between the noun and the action of the verb; between comparisons; before the relative when part of a continuous proposition; and with all conjunctions without rhyme or reason. Shakspeare mostly uses the word “indeed” as meaning “in verity” or as a kind of supersuperlative, and hardly ever as a mere expletive for carrying on an argument, yet it is becommaded all the same. Then the intensives are not properly attended to, and notes of interrogation are occasionally placed where there is no question. We have also the words “could’st,” “may’st,” “can’st,” etc., in abundance; perhaps the apostrophes are considered ornamental. Then some of the pointing is such as to give a sense contrary to what the author evidently intended; in others it leads to nonsense.

Mr. Gould’s emendations are consequently principally devoted to the correction of punctuation; his latest supplement however contains an interesting note on the French of Shakspeare. The absurdities of the F. 1 text of *Henry V.* and *The Merry Wives* are corrected at length, and we must admit that the author has made some very happy alterations. In the substitution of words we differ from him in numerous instances, e. g. “Aristotle’s walks,” etc., but, taken altogether, his arguments have so much common sense underlying them, that we commend Mr. Gould’s *Corrigenda* as worthy of careful study.

MISCELLANY.

Some years ago Verdi was conducting a series of performances at the theatre La Scala, in Milan, given for the benefit of the residents of Ferrara, who had suffered by the inundations. At the conclusion of these representations a supper-party took place, and among the guests were Faccio and Guillo Ricordi, who urged Verdi to attempt the composition of a new opera. The latter, however, was disinclined to try, and his wife remarked that one of Shakspeare’s plays was the only thing upon which her husband would construct an opera. The hint was not lost upon Faccio and Ricordi, who called upon Bolto a few hours later, and as a result of their visit, Verdi received a plan of a new opera founded upon *Othello*, a few days later. Since then Ricordi continually reminded both Verdi and Bolto of the project, and also refreshed Verdi’s memory every Christmas, with a present of a moor made of chocolate. The first one was very small, but the successive ones gradually increased in size as the opera approached completion. Now *Othello* is finished, and it is no longer necessary for Ricordi to remind Verdi of his promise by sending him African confectionery.

The only other Shakspearian opera which Verdi has composed is *Macbeth*, produced at the Pergola theatre, Florence, in 1847.

It may not be generally known that the late John T. Raymond once attempted a Shakspearian part. On June 28, 1853, he played one of the soldiers in *Macbeth*, it was only the second time that he had ever appeared upon any stage, and his inexperience was manifested to the audience.

KEATS'S COTTAGE, HAMPSTEAD.

I strolled in listless mood along a lane
 Hedged in by old-world gardens thick with trees
 And flowers old-fashioned. Sorrow and pain,
 Hunger for gold, which gold can ne'er appease,
 The love of fame,—all, all seemed banished long
 From this still avenue. The striking hours
 Came murmuring faintly, like an undersong
 From the great City to the listening flowers;
 When, quick within a mimic wood I spied—
 Crouching as if to strike with magic wand—
 Flecked o'er with sunlight, beaming, laughing-eyed—
 A little child,—a Puck from Fairyland.
 With what a bound my heart's blood through me
 sped,
 As on the gate I "Keats's Cottage" read!

G. J. Y.

The Spectator.

AN UN-BOWDLERISED BOCCACCIO.

(Walford's Antiquarian.)

In a pungent and trenchant letter which he wrote some twelve years ago to *The Athenæum*, respecting certain proceedings of the Society for the Suppression of Vice, and its enterprising secretary, in regard to the circulation of an English translation of "the book entitled *Rabelais*," Mr. Swinburne took occasion to remark that if that Society were to merge itself into one for the suppression of the Bible, its operations, though still perhaps provocative of ridicule, would be no longer open to the charge of hypocrisy.

We are not aware that anyone has yet been rash enough to attempt on the sacred Scriptures that operation which derives its name from the reverend gentleman who mutilated the text of Shakspeare by cutting out all the naughty passages. To *Rabelais* the process would, it is to be feared, be inapplicable; and indeed his first English translator, Sir Thomas Urquhart, had to exhaust the vernacular vocabulary, and perhaps to coin phrases its poverty failed to yield, in order to find expressions sufficiently maladorous to serve as equivalents for those of the French original.

Boccaccio has, until now, suffered more than any foreign classic, and with less reason, from the "prurient prudery" of his translators. The old Roman poets, who "outing and outlove us," were subjected to a process of purification far less cruel than this. When an epigram of Martial, or a poem of Catullus, was considered too warm or too plain-spoken for ears polite, or unsuited *virginibus puerisque*, it was bodily omitted or relegated to an appendix by the editor or translator. But Boccaccio has fared differently. Free from all filth, fresh as a daisy or as a rose with the morning dew upon it, if he ever errs in speech it is through an excess merely of frankness of utterance and gaiety of heart characteristic of a simpler and manlier time. If coarse, he is coarse

in no other sense than that in which all the great masters of song and romance, of poetry and fiction, in Italy, France, Spain, and England, from the thirteenth century to the eighteenth, are coarse. If he is to be read at all (and we do not of course recommend the 'Hundred Merry Tales' for the reading of maidens or striplings of tender age), he should be read in his integrity, either in the original Italian, or in a translation not emasculated by omissions, falsification, substitutions of the abstract for the concrete, and mealy-mouthed periphrases and paraphrases, as are the versions hitherto offered to English readers. We therefore hail with pleasure the appearance of a complete, unabridged, and entirely un-Bowdlerised translation*—the work of a genuine poet and scholar—which, both in its literary execution and in its typographical production, is in every way worthy of the occasion, and does honour and credit to all the parties concerned. We were rather disappointed at the outset to find no preface from the hand of the translator; but we reflected that such "good wine needs no bush;" and the foot-notes, full of graceful scholarship and of learning other and better than the dry-as-dust kind, neither too ample nor too sparse, neither too frequent nor too few, and above all things, really serviceable in elucidation of the text, leave nothing to be desired in themselves, and make full amends for, if they do not reconcile us to, the absence of an introduction. The exquisite songs with which each of the Ten Days closes, are rendered for the first time by a true poet into something better than the doggerel travesties that have defaced all earlier translations, and that have so cruelly misrepresented the sprightly, sparkling, luminous and airy verses of Boccaccio. The style is intentionally and consciously archaic, to match as far as may be with the period of the original.

Every student will, of course, turn at once with curiosity to the story of Alibech and Rustico (the tenth story of the Third Day), in which Bohn's translator resorted to the clumsy device of leaving the salient passages of the original untranslated, and adding a French translation in a foot-note. This is notoriously the great *crux* for the translator of the Decameron; this, and also perhaps the seventh story of the Second Day, the tale which La Fontaine has told with such *verve* and skill under the title of *La Fiancée du Roi de Garbe*. In both these cases—as also in the hardly less crucial ones of 'The Priest and the Mortar' (vol. iii. p. 42); "Masetto de Lamporecchio (l. 259); and "Ricciardo Minutolo (l. 302)—Mr. Payne has succeeded in surmounting the difficulties of his self-imposed task with infinite delicacy and with consummate skill and mastery of touch, and has produced a spirited translation in which none of the freedom, boldness, and mediæval *franchise* of the original is shirked or sacrificed.

But the reader will find himself mistaken, if not disappointed, who takes up the 'Decameron' either hoping or fearing to find in it nothing but a record

of illicit amours, and more or less vivacious or salacious stories of breaches of the Seventh Commandment; still more if he expects to meet with the lascivious descriptions in which Aretino and Meursius, De Sade and De Nerciat revel. A subtle and fragrant perfume and aroma of poetry hangs about its leaves wherever one opens the book, which makes it perennially dear to all lovers of English verse. From this source some of our greatest English poets, from Chaucer to Tennyson and Swinburne, have drawn inspiration. Who does not remember the story of 'Patient Griseld,' immortalised a second time by the father of English poetry? From this ever-blossoming tree was plucked some of the mellow fruit of glorious John Dryden's old age. Crossing the Channel, here La Fontaine found the originals of some of his liveliest and most sparkling stories. Here, in England, again, and in our own century, readers will not forget Byron's allusion to the woods of Ravenna, the

"Evergreen forest which Boccaccio's lore
And Dryden's lay made haunted ground to me;"

nor the delicious versions into which Keats has rendered 'The Pot of Basil,' and Mr. Swinburne, in our own time, 'The Complaint of Monna Lisa.' To this treasury also the Poet Laureate was indebted for the groundwork of his poem of 'The Golden Supper,' and his play of 'The Falcon.' Such dear and sweet traditions, new and old, cling about this auroral book, that it has become doubly and trebly dear for the sake of later singers and other names; and henceforth no English lover of Boccaccio will fail to associate with it also the name of John Payne.

RICHARD HERNE SHEPHERD.

* The Decameron of Giovanni Boccaccio (Il Boccaccio) now first completely done into English prose and verse by John Payne Translator of the Poems of Master Francis Villon of Paris, the Book of the Thousand Nights and One Night, &c. In three volumes, pp. xii., 384; xii., 380; xii., 384. London: MDCCCLXXXVI. Printed for the Villon Society by private subscription and for private circulation only.

LIBRARY NOTES.

THE last volume of the great printed catalogue of the library of Trinity College, Dublin, which has been so many years in preparation, is now nearly through the press. The first volume (letters A and B) appeared in 1884.

THE Strasbourg library now contains 600,000 volumes. Last year 21,986 volumes were added of which no less than 11,332 were gifts.

MRS. OSTERHOUT, relict of the late Isaac Osterhout, died in Wilkesbarre, Pa., in April last, aged 74 years. Her husband, who died April 12, 1882, by his will bequeathed about \$300,000 for the erection and establishment of a free library in that city, but provided that the fund should accumulate for five years. The five years have expired, and now by the death of the widow the fund is increased to nearly

\$400,000. The Trustees of the fund expect to establish the finest public library in Pennsylvania.

THE occupation of a librarian, though much sought after, is apt to be found too prosaic for active spirits, and these usually find themselves driven to relieve their pent-up energy in pursuits not immediately connected with their daily work. The librarian of the Mitchell Library, Glasgow, has been imitating the Indian judge who counted the flies on the punkah, and recorded his judgment in the case before him according as they came odd or even. This gentleman has, he tells us, "carefully examined the magazine tables two hundred times," with the object of ascertaining the use made of serial publications. He has published the results in a tabular list.

ON the 22nd April Mr. Henry Irving presided over a meeting held at the Lyceum Theatre, London, for the purpose of promoting the establishment at Stratford-on-Avon of a Universal Memorial Shakspearean Library. Sir Theodore Martin offered a resolution, which was unanimously adopted that the present small library at Stratford be extended so that it should include copies of all the British and foreign editions of Shakspeare's works. Mr. Phelps, the American Minister, moved a resolution that the library have added to it also all obtainable biographical, critical, and other works dealing with the British and foreign drama. This was carried unanimously.

THE current number of Trübner's *Oriental Record* gives some account of the contents of the royal library at Mandalay, which has been brought to the India Office through the exertions of Dr. Rost. The total number of MSS. exceeds 500, of which about 200 are in Burmese and the rest in Pali. They are written in black on a richly-veined and highly-varnished surface of palm leaves; and the titles are woven into the silk ribbons that fasten the leaves together, between covers of wood. Their intrinsic value is no less notable than their magnificence of get-up. The Pali MSS. include texts of the Mahawansa, the Dipawansa, and the Buddhawansa, some of them being unique. Others are religious, medical, grammatical, astronomical and historical. The Burmese MSS. are either translations from the Pali or works of modern history; the latter are specially important, as giving the native annals of Burma and Siam during the last three centuries.

CORTLANDT DE PUYSTER FIELD has given a check of \$10,000 to be used to establish a public library in Peekskill, as a memorial of his mother, Catharine M. Van Cortlandt Field. Accompanying this generous gift was a deed of the premises in Smith st., Peekskill, where Mr. Field a year or two ago erected a riding hall. The property will be altered so as to fit it for the uses of the library and will be ready for occupancy by June. Mr. Field not only placed the library on a substantial financial foundation, but has ordered from Scribner Brothers, 5,000 volumes, to be added to the 1,000 volumes now

in the Wilson Building at Peekskill. Mrs. Field, in whose honor her son makes this noble gift to Peekskill, was one of the founders of the Free Circulating Library of New York.

LAST March a Free Library and Art Gallery was opened in Auckland, New Zealand. Sir George Grey the well known author of 'Polynesian Mythology' and other works has presented to it his entire collection of books, the fruits of 60 years of judicious collecting. The library already possesses 18,000 books and MSS. The building and furniture cost \$135,000. The income of the library is at present \$8,000 per annum.

SOME interesting statistics concerning the libraries of the United States have been printed from advance sheets of the forthcoming Report of the Bureau of Education. There are in the United States 5,388 libraries, each with 300 volumes or over. Of these 2,981 have each 1,000 volumes or over. Forty-seven have each over 50,000 volumes, and among the forty-seven are the public libraries of Boston, Chicago, and Cincinnati, and the libraries of Harvard, Columbia, Yale, Cornell and Brown Universities. These forty-seven libraries aggregate 5,026,472 volumes; and the whole list of 5,388 libraries aggregates 20,622,076 volumes, or one volume to every three persons in the country. In round numbers the United States has one library to every 10,000 of population, though in many states the proportion is far greater. New Hampshire, for example, has a library to every 2,700 persons. Massachusetts and Connecticut furnish a library to every 3,184 and 3,479 persons respectively. California, Colorado, Wyoming, and Michigan, are well up on the list. Arkansas, which stands lowest, has one library to every 50,158 of population.

BIBLIOPHILIANA.

AN old portrait of Nell Gwynne—possibly a Sir Peter Lely—has been discovered at the old Nell Gwynne Tavern, near the Adelphi, London.

DR. W. P. JAGO has published his 'English-Cornish Dictionary.'

A FRESH part of the Roxburghe Ballads, devoted chiefly to 'A First Group of Early Naval Ballads,' has recently been issued.

DR. VIGFUSSON's edition of the 'Landnama Bok' is in course of publication by the Clarendon Press.

THE first Servian Grammar in English, by Mr. Morfill, will soon be published.

MR. HOLMAN HUNT intends to republish his articles on the Pre-Raphaelite movement.

MR. QUARITCH is about to issue a little volume on the nationalities of the British Isles.

A 'GLOUCESTERSHIRE BIBLIOGRAPHY' is announced in *Gloucestershire Notes and Queries* as in preparation.

A COMMITTEE has been formed at Vienna for the purpose of erecting a statue to Gutenberg.

LAST year the national library at Florence—which receives a copy of every work published in Italy received 11,068 books and pamphlets. Of these 10,377 were Italian, 101 French, 201 Latin, 23 English, 15 German, 4 Greek, 5 Spanish, and 4 Armenian. During the year 211 works were translated from the French, 42 from the German, 24 from English, 34 from Latin, 13 from Greek, 4 from Russian, 4 from Spanish, and one each from Danish, Chinese and Sanscrit.

THE following poem by the late Lord Beaconsfield occurs in Heath's 'Book of Beauty' for 1837, p. 186. It will be new to most of our readers:

To a Maiden Sleeping after her First Ball.

By the Author of 'Vivian Gray.'

Dreams come from Jove, the poet says,

But as I watch the smile

That on that lip now softly plays,

I can but deem the while

Venus may also send a shade

To whisper to a slumbering maid.

What dark-eyed youth now culls the flower

That radiant brow to grace,

Or whispers in the starry hour

Words fairer than thy face?

Or singles thee from out the throng,

To thee to breathe his minstrel song?

The ardent vow that ne'er can fail,

The sigh that is not sad

The glance that tells a secret tale,

The spirit hushed, yet glad;

These weave the dream that maidens prove,

The fluttering dream of virgin love.

Sleep on, sweet maid, nor sigh to break

The spell that binds thy brain,

Nor struggle from thy trance to wake

To life's impending pain;

Who wakes to love, awake but knows

Love is a dream without repose.

MR. C. A. WARD, of Haverstock Hill, London, writes to *Notes and Queries*:—"Can any one say where Charles II.'s copy is of Shakspeare, with notes and alterations by Charles himself? It was a second folio, and in the hands of George Steevens. Where did it go at the sale of his library; and where is it now?"

THE current number of the *Greyfriar*, a journal edited by Carthusians, contains several unpublished sketches by Thackeray, taken for the most part from three or four old school books which belonged to him when he was at Charterhouse, as is attested by the neat autograph on the flyleaves dated July, 1827. There is also a full-page illustration from a pen-and-ink page, which was presented to the school library some years ago by Mrs. Thackeray Ritchie.

IN the 'Additional Note' which Walt Whitman

has written for the new edition of 'Specimen Days' about to be published in the 'Camelot Series,' he alludes in these words to the gifts he has received from time to time from English friends:—

Nor can I finish this Note without putting on record—wafting over sea from hence—my deepest thanks to certain friends and helpers (I would specify them all and each by name, but imperative reasons, outside of my own wishes, forbid) in the British Islands, as well as in America. Dear, even in the abstract, is such flattering unction always no doubt to the soul! Nigher still, if possible, I myself have been, and am to-day indebted to such help for my very sustenance, clothing, shelter, and continuity. And I would not go to the grave without briefly, but plainly, as I here do, acknowledging—may I not say even glorying in it?

It is said that Mrs. Andrew Lang translated for Harper, M. Coquelin's delightful article of 'Acting and Actors.'

PROFESSOR CORSON'S latest book on Browning has become an object of unholy mirth to *The Saturday Review*. "It is our custom," says the reviewer, "to seek good in every thing, and for our part since opening this volume we have been humming a little hymn:

I thank the goodness and the grace
That on my birth have smiled,
And made me not of Yankee race
Nor yet a Cornell child."

IN Great Britain last year forty-seven books on Ireland were published and thirty-one on the subject of Shakspeare and his life.

A SMALL pamphlet was published in London in 1800 bearing the title 'Eureka, or a Proposal for the Establishment of a National Institution; of the highest Importance to every Man's Interest who wishes for Knowledge. With a few just Reflections concerning Authors and Booksellers,' in which the author proposes to build (at the expense of the nation) an institution for the purpose of printing, binding, and selling the works of any author at the smallest possible cost. In the event of an author being too poor to pay that cost, his MS. was to be submitted to a committee, and, if approved of, published at the public expense, the author receiving a royalty for fourteen years.

THE Boston correspondent of *The Providence Journal* says that "one of those absurdly improbable trifles which seem always to have been invented happened recently in connection with some of the works of Mr. L. S. Ipsen, whose exquisite setting of 'Sonnets from the Portuguese' was the great book of the last holidays. Mr. Ipsen draws for reproduction in pen and ink, and recently a man came to him and introduced himself as a designer. 'I admire your work so much, Mr. Ipsen,' he said, 'that I could not help taking the liberty of asking you where you get your pens.'"

BARON TAUCHINTZ has published a collection of letters he has received from famous authors

Among them is a characteristic note from Thackeray, in 1856: "Your letter of the 26th March has only just found me on my return from America, where I made a prosperous voyage, though I have not quite reached the sum of \$500,000, which the *Allgemeine Zeitung* states to be the present amount of my savings. Don't be afraid of your English; a letter containing £ is always in a pretty style."

A MOST important sale of Dante Gabriel Rossetti's MSS. is to take place at Messrs. Sotheby's on a day still to be arranged. The collection is a considerable one, and extends over nearly the whole of the poet's literary life. For instance, 'Wellington's Funeral,' dated November 18, 1852, and eight other pieces in the same lot, appeared in his first book of poems, while the ballads 'Rose Mary' (consisting of forty-seven MS. sheets) and 'The White Ship' (seventeen sheets) are dated 1881 and 1880 respectively, and were included in Rossetti's last publication. Then there are 'The House of Life: a sonnet sequence,' and fifty sonnets from the same; thirteen lyrics; and twenty-four further sonnets, which include two in Italian—'Proserpina' and 'La Bella Mano.' And finally we have 'The King's Tragedy,' in forty-five sheets, and signed "D. G. Rossetti, 20th February, 1881." There are besides proofs of ballads and sonnets, with marginal notes and alterations, together with some correspondence.

CONSIDERING all the liberties Mr. W. H. Mallock has taken in his books with the distinguished personalities of the day, it is rather remarkable that no contemporary novelist has yet "wrought-off" that gentleman himself. The effort is to be made, we understand, in Mr. Earl Hodgson's work. 'Unrest; or, The Newer Republic,' which Messrs. W. H. Allen & Co. announce, and in which, after the manner of Mr. Mallock's memorable parody of Dr. Jowett's sermon, Mr. Hodgson will endeavor to parody Mr. Mallock's peculiar style of essay-writing.

MR. J. HORACE ROUND writes to the *Athenæum*: A wish is expressed in your article on the 'Unpublished Letters of Thackeray' that the story which he says was told him by a daughter of Horace Smith, and which led him to abandon the "sentimental" opening he had written for 'Pendennis,' should be related. As the grandson of Horace Smith I can state that Thackeray did visit my mother and her sisters a very few days before the first part of 'Pendennis' was due at the printer's, and complained of being dissatisfied with the opening he had written. One of them thereupon told him the story of an incident which had recently happened here. Finding in it just what he wanted, he playfully declared that he would name his heroine after my mother (which he did), and, hastening home, set to work instantly on "the startling comical business" which the story had suggested to him, and which he substituted for his original opening. The story, however, was not reproduced. It merely suggested to him the general idea.

The Bookmart.

June, 1887.

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Literary communications and Books for Review, Address Halkett Lord, Editor, Jersey City, N. J.

All Business and Financial matters, ADDRESS, BOOKMART PUBLISHING CO., Pittsburg, Pa., U. S. A.

THIS number commences another year and volume of THE BOOKMART. Our endeavor has been to make the journal one of positive value, worthy of the time bestowed in reading, and the money expended by subscribers and advertisers. It is needless for us to say that in these particulars we have assurances quite flattering; yet we venture to assert that we are not as well satisfied with results as doubtless many of our patrons are, when we can see wherein it could be made by the trade a much more valuable medium for them. We want to make it pre-eminently the booklovers' delight, and the publishers and booksellers' preference.

WE call the attention of the publisher and bookseller in old and new books to our department of dealers in special lines pertaining to books. See at its head the terms upon which your address will be placed under any line desired.

ELSEWHERE will be found the advertisement of David G. Francis, of New York. His catalogue is always a most welcome visitor to the bookbuyer. His offerings are always select, judicious, timely, desirable and at prices that are justly pronounced reasonable.

WE shall publish the prices of the Du Bois auction sale of books, to take place June 13th, as soon as possible. Send in your orders immediately.

WE are under obligations to Messrs. Sotheby, Wilkinson & Hodge for the catalogue of the libraries of the Earl of Crawford, and the late James T. Gibson Craig. "First portions" just issued. The Earl

of Crawford's library, first part, will be a ten days' sale, commencing June 13th, and Mr. Claig's sale, first portion, will also be a ten days' sale, commencing June 27th.

WE solicit the aid of our subscribers to increase the circulation of THE BOOKMART during this year. Please call the attention of any persons friendly to books to it. We ought to add at least one thousand new subscribers between this and January. Send us the address of those who you may think well to send sample copies.

'A CENTURY OF PRINTING,' or the Issues of the Press of Pennsylvania, 1685-1784, by Charles R. Hildeburn. This valuable Bibliography will soon be one of the coveted works that will be sought after and bought at an advanced price as this small number will soon be absorbed by the 5,000 libraries of the United States, leaving out the libraries of foreign countries which will be anxious to obtain it. The edition cost the editor more than its price, and we expect him soon again to advance on the remaining copies.

OBITUARY.

WE are sorry to hear of the death of Mr. Thomas Satchell, well known as a writer on the subject of fishing. He was joint author with Mr. Thomas Westwood of the well known 'Bibliotheca Piscatoria.' He also prepared for the press numerous interesting reproductions of old fishing books, and did an immense amount of work in that field of literature. 'The Library of Old Fishing Books,' with the issue of which Mr. Satchell, in conjunction with Mr. Westwood, was concerned, comprised 'The Chronicle of the Compleat Angler of Walton and Cotton'; 'The Secrets of Angling' (1613); 'Older Form of the Treatise of Fysshynge wyth an Angle' (c. 1450), containing a preface and exhaustive glossary by Mr. Satchell; 'A Booke of Fishing with Hooke and Line,' etc. (Mascall, 1590); and 'The Angler's Note-Book and Naturalist's Record,' of which the second series is still incomplete.

CORRESPONDENCE.

PORTLAND, ME., April 16th, 1887.

Editor Bookmart.

Dear Sir:—I have noted the items in your recent issues regarding De Lisle's little book; and am pleased to say that they first called my attention to a copy, as I believe, of this edition, which was given me some few years ago. The title page of my copy reads as follows:—

"Essais en vers et en prose. Par Joseph Rouget De Lisle. A day, an hour of virtuous liberty, is worth a whole eternity in bondage. *Caton, d'Adisson, Acte 2, scene 1. A. Paris, De L'Imprimeries De Pe Didot L'Ainé. An V^e De La République 1796.*" Pp. 157.

The "Chant de l'Hymne à l'Espérance." "Gravé par Richomme" pp. 2-5 comes last. Binding is calf, I take it. It would seem that "finds" do occur, even on this side the water, once in a while.

Yours truly,

THOMAS B. MOSHER.

BOOK REVIEWS.

'PROFESSIONAL CRIMINALS OF AMERICA.' By Inspector Byrnes. The debut in literature of a Chief of Detectives cannot fail to be interesting. Inspector Byrnes doubtless harbors in his memory material enough to make the fortune of a whole school of realistic novelists. Whether the Inspector himself will ever become a novelist is another question. Perhaps the vast array of facts at his disposal would weigh down any attempt at imaginative writing. But in these days when collaboration in novel-writing is becoming the fashion, how fortunate would be that fiction-monger who should secure Inspector Byrnes as his collaborator!

The present volume, which is of dignified proportions and aspect, makes no pretense at fine writing, psychical analysis, or sensational description, or any other literary device. It tells in the most direct and unadorned manner the story of the criminal careers of some two hundred of the leading "crooks" and "crookesses" of New York. The very nakedness of the narratives give them a singular power, especially when you read on for an hour or two at a stretch. Of course, the Detective regards his criminal entirely from the outside: he is not concerned to investigate the struggles of his moral nature and the workings of his conscience. But the faithfulness of his report enables the reader (if such be his humor) to perform the further analysis himself. For my part, I have seldom read so grimly curious a book. Hints lie scattered about the pages—almost unconscious hints, you might think—which have great suggestiveness. Some of these fellows must have been quite as remarkable persons as the heroes of M. de Bolsagobey's novels, and much more credible. Education seems to be no bar to the existence of the criminal instinct. Many people are criminals not because they have to be, but because they like to be. There are grades in crime corresponding to the distinctions of rank in society. The great forgers are the aristocrats: next come the bank burglars: and so on down to the sneak-thieves and pick-pockets. The leading spirits of crime keep themselves apart, and are seldom known personally to their subordinates. There is no system of mutual confidence between members of a gang: and yet the thief who turns state's evidence becomes thenceforth a pariah among his kind: they will have nothing more to do with him. Again, according to the Inspector, there is no truth in the adage "Honor among thieves;" but instances of extraordinary good nature, not falling short of self-sacrifice, are not uncommon between one thief and another. Speaking generally, however, there is very little that can be called attractive in a criminal career, even when it is uniformly successful. The moral character seems to deteriorate under the influence of prolonged indulgence in thieving and murderous practices. Of course this may be partly due to the fact that the practices in question are illegal, and involve, therefore, a constant attitude of antagonism against the police and lawfully-behaved citizens generally. The interest of Inspector Byrnes' book is much increased by the photographs of several score of rogues from the Rogue's Gallery: and by the addition of a supplement containing accounts of crimes—such as the Nathan murder for example—which have been invested with impenetrable mystery. The volume bears the imprint of Cassell & Co.

'THE POEMS OF HENRY ABBEY.' New, enlarged edition. (H. Abbey, Kingston, N. Y.) Mr. Abbey is a writer whom every reader is bound to respect, though not always to agree with. He has a strong imaginative and idealising bias, and his expression is often felicitous; but, at other times, it is singularly bald and unmusical. There are verses, and even entire pieces, in this volume, which seem to me poetical only in form: the sentiment and the language are essentially prosaic. It is true that there is no feature of the universe in which poetry may not be found: but the poet's mind must in that case be a solvent capable of reducing the adamant. Mr. Abbey is fond of a moral, and resolute to make his reader see it; but the highest poetry never carries a technical moral; it influences the soul in a deeper and subtler way. Mr. Abbey is also much given to allegory, and allegory is, indeed, the distinctive feature of this volume. Such poems as 'The City of Success' and 'The City of Decay' are relentlessly allegorical. But it needs the genius of a Shakspeare, a Dante or a Bunyan to make allegory attractive,—to endow it with a human interest: and though these poems show power, and possess serious dignity of aim and manner, and contain, moreover, many admirable passages of description, they are not winning: we do not revert to them again and again with delight. I like better some of the shorter and less pretentious pieces. The final effect of the book is to indicate that Mr. Abbey exists apart from his poetic contemporaries. There is a mediæval flavor about him which is far from being unpleasant. He is more affiliated with the Elizabethans than with us. If he be not so great as the Elizabethans, he is quite as good reading as are most of his contemporaries, with the additional merit of standing by himself.

'ROSIER'S TRUE RELATION.' (vol. III. of the Gorges Society's Publications, Portland, Me.) The series of which this volume is a part will comprise, in its entirety, a history of our Atlantic seaboard during the 17th century; the materials being found in the narratives of the early explorers, carefully edited by men whose scholarship renders them adequate to the task. The present work is an account, by Rosier, of the voyage of Capt. George Waymouth, of Devonshire, to the New England coast in 1605. It is prefaced by an introduction, and a survey of the literature relating to the subject, covering upwards of seventy pages: and is embellished with portraits of Henry Wriothsley, Earl of Southampton, Thomas Arundel, Baron of Wardour, and several charts and views. The 'Relation' has already been twice published in this country; but copies are extremely rare; Quaritch of London holds one at \$1,725. Nothing could be more satisfactory to the lover of books than this publication, of which only 200 copies are issued. The volumes of the series are printed annually for members of the Gorges Society, at a cost price of three dollars each (unbound). The sole condition of membership is agreement to take all the volumes as they appear at this price. Vol. IV. will be the 'Relation of a voyage into New England' by Captain Popham, in 1607, from a MS. in the Lambeth Palace Library. It will be edited by Albert W. Richardson, A. M., of Portland, and will lead to a careful investigation of all matters pertaining to the Popham course of 1607. The society is well worth encouragement.

'THE BIOGRAPHY OF CHARLES READE.' (Har-

per's Reprint). Had the story of Charles Reade's life been decently written, by a competent writer, it would have yielded in interest to no biographical work of this age. The hero is inevitably charming, in his abilities, in his virtues, in his triumphs, in his failures, and perhaps most of all in his many faults and errors. The collateral material is excellent. The contemporary figures, — Dickens, Thackeray, Bulwer, George Eliot, Wilkie Collins and the rest, — are all that could be desired. How was it possible, from such data, to produce anything but a good book?

His nephew, or nephews, have accomplished the feat. They have compiled one of the worst biographies ever written. The writing is bad in taste, vulgar, flippant, grotesque. The style is an attempted imitation of Charles Reade's own. Reade's was a style which only he could use, — and not seldom even he came badly off with it. But he redeemed it with learning, wit, brilliance and genius. In the writer of this biography, these qualities are conspicuous by their absence. Added to this, he wastes paper on impertinent side-issues, and slurs the leading facts of his victim's career. It would be disheartening to follow out and note down all his lapses from sense and sensibility. Let us rather fish out a few facts from his muddy fancies.

Charles Reade was born in 1814. He went to private schools, and thence to Oxford. There was an admirable picture to be painted of life at the University at that epoch, but it is spoiled, and the character of the famous old Routh, who died at 100, is needlessly and coarsely maligned. Reade got his fellowship, and began to write for the stage. He did not succeed. Finally, he and Tom Taylor collaborated in 'Masks and Faces' and scored a success. The friends of both men claim the merit of this success for their man: Reade probably contributed the genius, Taylor most of the rest. Reade's first popular success was with his novel, 'It is never too late to mend.' Before this, he had formed his relations with Mrs. Seymour. She was an excellent creature, benevolent, charitable and clever; and there is no reason to suppose that the friendship between the two was ever anything else than what they said it was, — a Platonic one. Such phenomena happen, as men of the world know. Reade's second great triumph — his greatest — was with 'The Cloister and the Hearth': his last one, with 'Griffith Gaunt.' His other novels were not so good as these, and his plays (with the exception above noted) never amounted to much. He was stage-struck to the last, however, and was too self-opinionated to admit his mistake. Mrs. Seymour's death gave him a blow from which he never recovered, and his own death, in comparatively poor circumstances, followed a few years later.

His personal character combined, in a singular manner, masculine and feminine elements. He was choleric, unsocial, strenuous, feeble, shallow, energetic, eloquent, earnest, passionately human, fascinating, sensible and foolish. He wasted over useless scrap books months that might have produced an immortal story. He lacked the constancy and self-command to make a symmetrical and dignified career; but he was one of the lovable figures of modern times, and his best work will last as long as any work of fiction of his generation.

'MAGAZINES.' Of the many so-called art periodi-

cals now issuing in this country, the latest comer — 'The Art Review' — is the best. It is written with sense and discrimination, and really gives some account of current art; and its illustrations are selected with felicity, and admirably "reproduced." The frontispiece of this number is a photograph of Mr. Warner's 'Diana,' — a very charming example of American sculpture. It has the severity of the Greek, and yet there is a modern subtlety about it; the pose and movement of the figure are full of life, but unobtrusive. The landscape by Inness is like a scene for faience, and yet is realistic: and "Passion-flower" is something more than decorative. All of these plates are worth framing.

HARPER's illustrations are of better quality than last month, but there is nothing else in it of particular interest. Mr. Aldrich has written a few lines towards a better recognition of Pan, — whose worship, indeed, is much neglected nowadays, and Mr. Howells has his 'April Hopes' and his June homily; this time he follows Mr. Fawcett in a characteristic attack on critics and criticism. He suggests that perhaps criticism does the criticised no good. — It is true, no doubt, that an author seldom consciously derives benefit from criticisms upon his own books: that is only human nature. But that does not prevent Smith from profiting by the criticisms passed upon Browne: and that is the way criticism is useful. — The article has the demure feminine flavor that distinguishes most of Mr. Howells's work in this line. Mr. Hutton reviews current literature. But why does Mr. Hutton compose so many new words, and draw his smiles from the names of so many Dutch painters?

JULIAN HAWTHORNE.

BOOK NOTICES.

THE public who are interested in the forcible utterances of Joseph Cook will be pleased to know that this year, for the first time, the lectures are published in handsome pamphlet form, at a merely nominal sum, in order to meet the cost of printing. The course comprises eight pamphlets in large type, and the subscription for the whole is only fifty cents; the publishers being the old printing house of Rand Avery Company, Boston. The lectures are stenographically reported by J. P. Bacon.

RAND, McNALLY & Co. have issued, price 25 cents, a new Indexed County and Township Pocket Map and Shippers' Guide to Kansas, including all new county seats and other changes. The map is neatly printed on stout map paper, the counties being distinguished by colors, and is 21 x 14 inches, on a scale of 20 miles to one inch. It is folded and bound in neat paper covers for the pocket, together with a new and original compilation and Ready Reference Index, showing in detail the entire railroad system, the express company doing business over each road, and accurately locating all cities, towns, post offices, railroad stations, villages, counties, townships, mountains, rivers, etc., in the State; with population of each town given according to the latest official census.

NOTHING, perhaps, is more significant as a sign of the times than the many biographies, memoirs, studies, and essays on Shelley which are constantly pouring from the press. And now the Shelley Society has issued through Messrs. Reeves & Tur-

ner a 'Shelley Primer' which is certain to be of considerable service to readers who wish to begin a serious study of the poet. Mr. Salt has done his task in a thorough and businesslike fashion, and, availing himself of all the biographical and critical publications on the subject, has produced a clear and succinct account of Shelley's life and works. If exception is to be taken to any part of Mr. Salt's use of his materials, it is that he has rather unduly compressed the portion in which he deals with Shelley's life as compared with his treatment of the poems. But if a fault, it is one on the right side, seeing that, as a rule, biographers are much more prone to magnify the temporary phases which the greatest of poets share with the most ordinary mortals than to dwell on those permanent attributes which distinguish them from the herd. Deserving of especial praise is Mr. Salt's chronological enumeration of Shelley's poems, in which he gives a summary of each with a few lines of criticism, often much to the purpose. When writing of 'Julian and Maddalo' he justly remarks that Shelley here "shows a firmer grasp of his subject than in any previous poem"; and he might have pointed out, what seems hitherto not to have been done, that this poem, the immediate result of Shelley's intimacy with Byron at Venice, was evidently produced under the influence of the more concrete manner of the author of 'Don Juan.' In the chapter on Shelley's "Literary Characteristics" Mr. Salt's observations on the poet's varieties of style, metres, rhythm, and rhyme deserve especial praise, and he shows critical judgment in the way he analyzes the component elements of imagination and intellect which went to form Shelley's genius. —*Athenæum*.

ONE of the most pleasing volumes that have appeared as yet in the Canterbury Series (Walter Scott), is the collection of Allan Ramsay's poems. Ramsay, whose profession was the making of periwigs, and whose pleasure the making of poetry, is always delightful reading, except when he tries to write English and to imitate Pope. His 'Gentle Shepherd' is a charming pastoral play, full of humor and romance, his 'Vision' has a good deal of natural fire, and some of his songs, such as 'The Yellow-haired Laddie' and the 'Lass of Patie's Mill,' might rank beside those of Burns. The preface to this attractive little edition is from the pen of Mr. J. Logie Robertson, and the simple, straightforward style in which it is written contrasts favourably with the silly pompous manner affected by so many of the other editors of this series. Ramsay's life is worth telling well, and Mr. Robertson tells it well, and gives us a really capital picture of Edinburgh society in the early half of the last century.

'DANTE FOR BEGINNERS' by Miss Arabella Shore (Chapman & Hall), is a sort of literary guide-book. What Virgil was to the great Florentine, Miss Shore would be to the British public, and her modest little volume can do no possible harm to Dante, which is more than one can say of many commentaries on the Divine Comedy.

COL. GRANT'S 'Life of Samuel Johnson' in Mr. Scott's series of "Great Writers," is one of those concise summaries that can be made only by a writer thoroughly familiar with his subject. There is nobody whose knowledge of the details of English literary history from 1700 to 1790 can vie with Col.

Grant's, and, even in such a well-worn field as the life of Johnson, he has been able to produce one or two additional particulars, such as that Savage's acquaintance with Johnson must have begun at an earlier date than is commonly supposed. The only faulty point in the little book is an occasional weakness in its literary judgments, such as the opinion expressed of Collins. An admirable bibliography by Mr. Anderson adds to the value of Col. Grant's excellent monograph.

NEW ILLUSTRATIONS TO OLIVER TWIST.

Messrs. Robson & Kerslake have the pleasure of announcing the subscription of an admirable set of illustrations to 'Oliver Twist,' drawn and engraved by Mr. F. W. Pailthorpe.

Since the publication of that artist's etchings to 'Pickwick' and 'Great Expectations,' it has been generally agreed that, from the days of Cruikshank and Phiz to the present time, no other illustrator of Dickens has so felicitously entered into the spirit of the novelist's ideas, or so happily expressed the local coloring of the scenes which he depicts. In the present instance the artist's hand has lost none of its cunning, and the publishers confidently offer these plates as worthy successors of those which have gone before, if indeed they are not (as pronounced by several amateurs of judgment and experience) of higher merit of design, and greater artistic excellence of execution.

The twenty-one etchings—of which the set consists—illustrate no scenes previously treated by Cruikshank, and they include specimens of the pastoral scenery for which so much of Mr. Pailthorpe's work is justly admired, as well as reproductions, of photographic exactness, of the lowest phases of London life.

The subscription is limited to two hundred numbered sets, and the publishers guarantee that no more will be printed. They are issued in the following states:—

50 sets Indian Proofs, in black	- price	£3 8 0
50 " Indian Proofs, in bistre	- "	3 8 0
50 " Coloured	- "	8 3 0
50 " Ordinary Impressions	- "	2 2 0

OLIVER TWIST, 3 VOLUMES, 1838.

Appended is a list of the passages which have been selected for illustrations, together with the pages of the first edition where they are to be found.

"Goodness gracious! is that you, Mr. Bumble, Sir?"	-	1 - 12
Oliver is taken to the Workhouse	-	1 - 21
"Did you want a coffin, Sir?"	-	1 - 71
Noah running for Mr. Bumble	-	1 - 101
"Good bye, dear! God bless you!"	-	1 - 115
"Hullo! my covey, what's the row?"	-	1 - 123
The merry old Gentleman's pretty little game	-	1 - 144
Return of the boys without Oliver	-	1 - 157
"Look here! do you see this?"	-	1 - 223
The horse whose health had been drunk	-	11 - 29
Inexplicable conduct of Mr. Bumble when Mrs. Corney left the room	-	11 - 63
The Free and Easy	-	11 - 96
"Master O-liver"	-	11 - 242
Bumble triumphant	-	11 - 292
Mr. Crackit's "Goodnatur"	-	111 - 58
"Has it long gone the half-hour?"	-	111 - 60

A foul deed - - - - -	III - 196
The antic fellow and Sikes - - - - -	III - 205
One of the inconveniences of having long legs - - - - -	III - 243
"Don't come near me, you monster!" - - - - -	III - 251
Mr. Claypole earning a genteel subsistence - - - - -	III - 311

As the number of each state is so extremely limited Messrs Robson & Kerslake suggest early application by any who may desire to secure sets.

23 Coventry Street, Haymarket, London, W.

AMERICAN NOTES.

MR. CABOT and Mr. Coghill are said to be the authors of the lately published novel, 'Two Gentlemen of Gotham.'

MR. CABLE has completed the first draft of 'Au Large,' a sequel to 'Caranco' and 'Grande Pointe,' and will go to the southern part of Louisiana soon for the purpose of visiting the scenes of the story.

PUBLICATION of J. Elliot Cabot's 'Life of Emerson' has been postponed until the fall.

JOEL MUNSELL'S SONS will publish shortly the diary of Lieutenant James Digby, a British officer who served in America during the campaigns of 1776-'77. The original MS. is in the possession of J. P. Baxter, the editor of the 'Trelawny papers.'

MAX MULLER's latest work 'The Science of Thought' will be published by Scribner's Sons in two volumes.

MR. HOWELLS's 'Modern Italian Poets' will be brought out immediately by the Harpers.

CHARLES BARNARD, whose 'Tone Masters' has had an immense sale, contributes the complete novel to *Lippincott's Magazine* for June. It is entitled 'The Whistling Buoy,' and is full of stirring incident and adventure.

MR. R. SPENCER, of the Class of '88 has carried off the prize for the best essay on 'Social Life at Cornell College,' offered by the managers of *Lippincott's Magazine*. The essay appears in the June number.

MRS. MARGARET J. PRESTON contributes to *Lippincott's* for June 'Some Records of Philip Bourke Marston,' which include private letters of great interest.

THE third instalment of the 'Unpublished Letters of Thackeray,' appears in *Scribner's Magazine* for June, which also contains a four-page letter in facsimile, with a pen-and-ink sketch of Jules Janin by Thackeray. A number of other Thackeray drawings will be reproduced from the rare collection privately printed for Sir Arthur Elton.

MR. BUNNER's 'Story of a New York House' is announced for early publication in book form by the Scribners.

THE WORTHINGTON COMPANY have published the first volume of a new and complete edition of the works of Wm. M. Thackeray. It consists of twenty volumes, octavo, and is illustrated by about fifteen hundred cuts, by the author, Doyle, Cruikshank, Leech, Walker, and others, all of which are proofs on fine Japanese paper, taken with great care, and mounted in the text. Several fine portraits of Thackeray are given. The edition is strictly limited to 250 sets.

PROF. E. L. YOUMANS left a number of rare manuscripts and important letters, including his correspondence with Darwin, Spencer, Mill, Huxley, Tyndall, Bain, Lubbock, Agassiz and other distinguished friends; and a memorial volume, containing these posthumous papers and letters, is to be edited by his brother and sister, W. J. and Eliza A. Youmans.

CASELL & Co. will issue this month a new novel of contemporaneous Hebrew life, by Sydney Luska, called 'The Yoke of the Thorah;' also, a compilation of biographical and personal sketches called 'Pen Portraits of Literary Women,' edited by Helen Gray Cone and Jeannette L. Gilder.

AT the Red Horse Inn, at Sudbury, Mass., the 'Traveler's Tales' of Longfellow were supposed to be narrated. In the June number of *The American Magazine* the old tavern and its occupants are the subject of an essay by I. Smithson, in which each of the travelers is identified and his subsequent history traced out.

MESSRS. D. APPLETON & Co. have nearly ready for publication 'An Index to the Works of Shakspeare,' giving references, by topics, to notable passages and significant expressions; brief histories of the plays; geographical names, and historical incidents; mention of all characters, and sketches of important ones; together with explanations of allusions and obscure and obsolete words and phrases, by Evangeline M. O'Connor.

BRENTANO BROTHERS, New York, have in press a volume entitled 'Tales Before Supper,' translated from the French of Gautier and of Merrimée, by Myndart Vereist (the translator of 'After Dinner Stories,' from Balzac), and preceded by an introduction from Mr. Edgar Saltus.

MRS. STEVENSON, the wife of Robert Louis Stevenson, and joint author with him of 'The Dynamoiter,' contributes to the June number of *Scribner's Magazine* a story of strange intensity and power, entitled 'Miss Pringle's Neighbors.'

ROBERTS BROS. have just ready 'Dante,' a sketch of his life and works, by May Alden Ward; 'Dante Gabriel Rossetti's Collected Works,' two volumes comprising all of his prose and poetical writings, with thirty new poems, edited, with a preface and notes, by Wm. M. Rossetti; a new American edition of 'Dante and his Circle, with the Italian poets who preceded him,' by Dante Gabriel Rossetti; a collection of Helen Hunt Jackson's shorter stories entitled 'Between Whiles;' and 'Mrs. Siddons,' by Mrs. Nina H. Kennard, author of 'Rachel,' a new volume in the Famous Women series.

D. LOTHROP & Co. have published 'Life Among the Germans,' by Emma Louisa Parry; 'When I Was a Boy in China,' by Yan Phon Lee, giving the experiences of the author at home and in this country, where he is now a student; 'Romance of a Letter,' a love story by Lowell Choate; 'John Spicer's Lectures,' by Abby Morton Diaz; and 'Stories of Great Men,' and 'Stories of Remarkable Women,' two books giving sketches of fifty men and women whom the world calls great, from a religious point of view.

A. C. McCLURG & Co. will publish a new edition of the issue of 'Sappho' prepared two years ago by H. T. Wharton and J. A. Symonds. The new edi-

tion will contain all the matter of the earlier edition, namely: (1) a popular account of all that is known of the history of the poetess; (2) a complete text in Greek of every known word of hers, with a literal translation in English prose; (3) all the better renderings into English verse which have been made of them; and (4) a bibliography. Since the first edition was published, Mr. Wharton has been so fortunate as to procure, from the Director of the Egyptian Museum in Berlin, an autotype fac-simile of a newly discovered fragment of Sappho; and this appears in the new edition, together with other additions and alterations which are of the utmost interest as throwing fresh light on Sappho's genius. The additional matter amounts to some forty pages. The new edition is printed from Greek type of great beauty.

FOREIGN NOTES.

M. HENRI ROCHEFORT's new romance is entitled 'La Mal' Arie.'

M. JULES LEVY of Paris has published 'La Bible' a poem by Georges Bodereau.

THE King of Italy has determined that a new edition of the works of Galileo shall be published at the expense of the state. It will be in twenty volumes quarto.

DIANE DE POITIERS ET SON TEMPS' by Jacques d'Arcenay is announced for immediate publication by the Librairie Illustrée of Paris.

MESSRS. KEGAN PAUL, TRENCH & Co. will be the English publishers of the 'Final Memorials of Longfellow,' consisting of the journals and letters of the last twelve years of his life.

WE hear that Prof. Sayce's little book, 'Fresh Light from the Monuments,' is being translated into French by the Abbé Trochon, and into Italian by Dr. Carotti.

MR. RUSKIN has in the press a new and cheaper edition of the Inaugural Lectures on Art which he delivered in Oxford in 1870, on his first acceptance of the Slade Professorship. The book, which has hitherto been published by the Clarendon Press, will now be issued, uniform with Mr. Ruskin's other smaller works, by Mr. George Allen.

MESSRS. COHEN, of Nijmegen, Holland, are issuing an edition of Dickens's works in the Dutch language. It is to be completed in one hundred parts and will contain eight hundred woodcuts.

THE first volume to be published of the 'New History of English Literature,' announced by Messrs. Macmillan, will be the second in chronological order—'Elizabethan Literature' by Mr. George Saintsbury.

A SECOND edition of Mr. Roger Rees's 'Diversions of a Book-worm' is announced as in the press by Mr. Elliot Stock. A new preface and a full index will be added.

IN the July number of the *English Illustrated Magazine* will begin a new story by F. Marion Crawford entitled 'Marzio's Crucifix.'

VERNON LEE's new book, which is to be called 'Juvenilia,' will appear in May.

MR. PHILIP JAMES BAILEY is at present engaged in preparing for the press another edition of 'Festina.' This will be the eleventh English edition.

PROF. MAHAFFY's new work on social life in Greece is ready for the press, and will shortly be published by Messrs. Macmillan. It embraces a review of the life and thought in all the Hellenistic kingdoms from the days of Alexander to the Roman conquest, especially Egypt and Syria. It will be of about the same dimensions as its well-known predecessor.

MR. LANG's reprint of Adlington's translation of Apuleius's 'Cupid and Psyche' will form the first volume of a series to be entitled 'Bibliothèque de Carabas.' It will have illustrations by Mr. W. B. Richmond and Mr. Vereker Hamilton, and, in accordance with its Elizabethan character, introductory verses by Miss May Kendall, Mr. J. W. Mackail, Mr. F. Locker-Lampson, Mr. W. H. Pollock, and the editor.

SIGNOR G. B. PASSANO is bringing out a much-needed supplement to the well-known 'Dizionario di Opere Anonime et Pseudonime di Scrittori Italiani' of Melzi.

IN the "*Bibliothèque d'un Curieux*," M. Lemerre has reprinted the 'Œuvres de Louise Labé' in two volumes 16mo. This edition of the poems of *La belle cordière*, the thirteenth since that put forth in 1555 by Jean de Tournes, is edited by M. Charles Boy and has appended a bibliography.

M. M. BAILLIÈRE & Son have published a bibliography of medical science.

M. EUSEO MOLINO of Rome has printed a collection of letters, hitherto unpublished, from Louise Stolberg to ugo Foscolo.

M. DE LESSEPS's reminiscences, extending over a period of forty years, will be published in Paris in October next, and the English edition will be issued simultaneously by Messrs. Chapman & Hall. The work will also appear in German, in the first instance as a serial in one of the Berlin papers.

MESSRS. REEVES & TURNER have issued a third edition of Mr. Walter Hamilton's 'The Æsthetic Movement in England.' Among the contents are chapters on 'John Ruskin and his Critics,' 'Robert Buchanan and the Fleshly School of Poetry,' 'The Æsthetic Poets—Swinburne, D. G. Rossetti, William Morris, etc.'—'Mr. Oscar Wilde—his Poems and 'Lectures,' and Æstheticism in the United States.'

M. QUANTIN has issued a new edition of Flaubert's 'Salammbô' with ten etchings by Mme. Loureau-Rouveyre, MM. L. Muller and G. Mercier from designs by M. A. Poirson. Fifty copies on Japanese paper have been issued at one hundred francs each.

WE understand that Mr. De la Martinière, who has resided in Morocco for the past three years, will shortly publish, with Messrs. Whitaker, an account of his experience, together with some original topographical information.

'VERSES OF A PROSE-WRITER' is the title of a volume of poems, by Mr. James Ashcroft Noble, which will be published in a few weeks by Mr. David Douglas. We understand that Mr. Noble is also preparing for the press a volume of collected essays on literary subjects, which will include his essay on 'The Sonnet in England.'

MR. WILLIAM PATER will shortly publish with Messrs. Macmillan a new volume, entitled 'Imaginary Portraits.'

M. MAURICE DREYFOUS has issued in an edition limited to 500 copies, of which five are on Japan paper, an unpublished poem by Théodore de Banville — 'Le Forgeron.' It is printed 'avec grand luxe' in three colours within a border in two colours.

THE oldest-known manuscript on alchemy, written in Greek in the eleventh century, is about to be printed by M. Berthelot, the eminent chemist, and author of the 'Origins of Alchemy.'

MR. H. F. BROWN, who has lived for some years past at Venice, and who published in 1884 a charming book entitled 'Life on the Lagoons,' is now passing through the press a new volume of essays, dealing, this time, with Venetian history.

GENERAL NOTES.

MR. GEORGE BANCROFT is at present visiting Tennessee, where he is collecting materials for a history of the life and times of President Polk.

MINNA HERKLEIE, the reputed prototype of Ottilie in Goethe's 'Wahlverwandtschaften,' who had inspired the poet with a passionate love in his old age, has been made the subject of a monograph by Dr. Gaedertz, which is said to be founded on new authentic documents. A hitherto unknown portrait of "Minchen" will be prefixed to the book, which is shortly to be published.

FREDERICK A. STOKES, successor to White, Stokes & Allen, 182 Fifth Avenue, N. Y., announces that he has in preparation a large number of new publications of literary and artistic excellence, which he "will bring out in the same general manner as that in which he has put forth the former publications of White, Stokes & Allen, as the manufacturing department has been in his charge." He is also "preparing many novel and original styles of binding and make-up for forthcoming publications of various natures."

Messrs. ARNOLD & Co. of Philadelphia have published 'Canning and Preserving,' by Mrs. S. T. Rorer. In this attractively printed volume Mrs. Rorer discusses at length the canning and preserving of fruits and vegetables, with the kindred subjects of marmalades, butters, fruit jellies and syrups, drying and pickling. As in her larger work, the 'Philadelphia Cook Book,' the recipes are clearly and simply given, while an exhaustive index affords easy reference to every subject.

TWO pieces in Mr. Browning's new book, it may be interesting to note, have appeared before. One is the 'Spring Song'—

Such as one makes now,—say when Spring repeats
That miracle the Greek bard sadly greets—

with which the parleying with Gerard de Laressa, the Flemish Raphael, concludes. This pretty song was printed some time ago as Mr. Browning's contribution to 'The New Amphion.' The other passage that is already familiar is the description of Joan of Arc bathing, which Mr. Browning introduces to the parleying with Francis Furini in order to point his moral about the nude in art. This scene has appeared before, not in Mr. Browning's own poetry, but in his son's picture at the "Grosvenor" last season, entitled 'Joan of Arc and the Kingfisher.' Says Mr. Browning—

Paint this! Only, turn
Her face away—that face about to turn
Into an angel's when the time is ripe!
That task's beyond you.

Was this a paternal injunction, or were Mr. Browning's lines written *ex post facto*?

THE number of books copyrighted in the United States last year was 11,124, as against 2,076 in 1880. So says "T. W. H." in *Harper's Bazar*, an accurate writer; but we should like to know whether the number for 1886 (more than twice that of English copyrights in the same year) is exclusive of works produced on this side of the Atlantic.

BARON TAUCHNITZ has celebrated the fiftieth anniversary (*Athen.*, No. 3083) of the foundation of his famous house by publishing a volume compiled by his son, recording the history of the firm. Several extracts are printed from letters by authors whose works have appeared in the well-known collection beloved of the British tourist, such as Dickens, Disraeli, Lord Lytton, Mrs. Gaskell, Carlyle, Thackeray, Sir Arthur Helps, Kingsley, Lever, Ainsworth, Macaulay, Charles Reade, and Anthony Trollope, all of whom seem to have been on the friendliest terms with their German publisher. Macaulay the Baron visited two or three weeks only before his death. Lists are added not only of the collection of British authors, but of the collection of German authors, the admirable edition of ancient classics, the valuable works on jurisprudence, and other books that the Baron may well be proud of having brought out.

ON the occasion of the fourth centenary of the foundation of the University library at Copenhagen the professors of the University and of the higher educational establishments in Denmark, have founded a society for the collection and publication of documents connected with the literary and philological history of the country. The society has adopted as its name *Universitets Jubileets Danske Samfund*. It has inaugurated its publications with a very remarkable dictionary of the ancient Danish language, entitled: 'Ordbog til det ældre Danske Sprog.'

EDWARD ALLEN FAY, of the National Deaf Mute College at Washington, has printed in a supplement to *Modern Language Notes*, a tentative list of words used only by Dante, of which he invites criticism. It will be revised for his forthcoming 'Concordance of the Divina Commedia.'

OF Mr. Rider Haggard's 'She' Mudie's Library in London took 2,000 copies and of 'King Solomon's Mines' 1170 copies. Of Hayward's Letters the Library took 750 copies, of Griville's 'Reign of Queen Victoria' 1,000, of Sir F. H. Doyle's Reminiscences 1,000, of Stevenson's 'Kidnapped' 1,000, and of Rhoda Broughton's 'Doctor Cupid' 775.

THE *Frankfurter Zeitung* says that the Grand Duchess of Saxe-Weimar has sent to the administrative committee of the "Goethe-Haus" at Frankfurt a series of documents which will be of great service to them in their "restoration" of the poet's house, or more strictly of his "Vaterhaus." They were found amongst the collections at Weimar, and consist of a complete set of bills relating to the rebuilding of the house by the poet's father, an account of which is given by his son Wolfgang in the 'Wahrheit und Dichtung.' These bills reach as far as the year 1755, and throw the fullest light upon every detail of the construction of the house, from the color-washing of the ceiling and the hanging of the walls "mit Tapeten" down to the simplest door-latches. The rooms can thus be "restored" to their exact appearance at the time in which Goethe's parents lived in them.

MEDALLION portraits of a dozen literary men and women of America have been on exhibition at the Century Club, before being sent to the Public Library of Springfield, Ill., for which they are intended. They are by a Danish-American sculptor, Mr. Carl Roehli-Smith, and represent Emerson, Longfellow, Poe, Whittier, Stedman, Mrs. Stowe and others.

At a recent sale at Sotheby's, a box full of MSS. by George Borrow the author of 'Lavengro' was sold for—\$27.50!

FROM Cambridge, Mass., Mr. Cushing writes:—"If Mr. Demmon will look at the new British Museum Catalogue under Boccaccio, he will find that 'Stories from Boccaccio,' London, 1852, is by James Payn, but that 'Tales from Boccaccio,' London, 1846, is anonymous."

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HALKETT LORD, LITERARY EDITOR.

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THE BOOKMART.

VOL. V.

JULY, 1887.

Whole No. 50.

GHOSTS IN THE LIBRARY.

Suppose, when now the house is dumb,
When lights are out and ashes fall,—
Suppose their ancient owners come
To claim our spoils of shop and stall,
Ah me! within the narrow hall
How strange a mob would meet and go,
What famous folk would haunt them all,
Octavo, quarto, folio!

The great Napoleon lays his hand
Upon this eagle headed N,
That marks for his a pamphlet banned
By all but scandal-loving men,—
A libel from some nameless den
Of Frankfort—*Arnaud, a la Sphere*,
Wherein one spilt, with venal pen,
Lies o'er the loves of Molière.¹

Another shade—he does not see
“Boney” the foeman of his race—
The great Sir Walter, this is he
With that grave homely Border face.
He claims his poem of the chase
That rang Benvoirlich's valley through;
And *this*, that doth the lineage trace
And fortunes of the bold Buccleuch;²

For these were his, and these he gave
To one who dwelt beside the Peel,
That murmurs with its tiny wave
To join the Tweed at Ashestiel.
Now thick as motes the shadows wheel,
And find their own, and claim a share
Of books wherein Ribou did deal,
Or Roulland sold to wise Colbert.³

What famous folk of old are here!
A royal duke comes down to us,
And greatly wants his Elzevir,

1 'Histoire des Intrigues Amoureuses de Molière et de celles de sa femme. (A la Sphère.) A Francfort, chez Frédéric Arnaud, MDCXCVII.' This anonymous tract has actually been attributed, among others to Racine. The copy referred to is marked with a large N in red, with an eagle's head.

2 'The Lady of the Lake,' 1810.

'The Lay of the Last Minstrel,' 1806.

"To Mrs. Robert Laidlaw, Peel. From the Author."

3 'Dictys Cretensis.' Apud Lambertum Roulland. Lut. Paris, 1690. In red morocco, with the arms of Colbert.

His Pagan tutor, Lucius.⁴
And Beckford claims an amoros
Old Heathen in morocco blue;⁵
And who demands Eobanus
But stately Jacques Auguste de Thou!⁶

They come, the wise, the great, the true,
They jostle on the narrow stair,
The frolic Countess de Verrue
Lamoignon, ay, and Longepierre,
The new and elder dead are there—
The lords of song, and speech, and pen.
Gambetta,⁷ Schlegel,⁸ and the rare
Drummond of haunted Hawthornden.⁹

Ah, and with those, a hundred more,
Whose names, whose deeds, are quite forgot:
Brave 'Smiths' and 'Thompsons' by the score,
Scrawled upon many a shabby 'lot.'
This play book was the joy of Pott—;¹⁰
Pott for whom now no mortal grieves:
Our names, like his, remembered not,
Like his, shall flutter on fly-leaves!

At least in pleasant company
We bookish ghosts perchance may flit;
A man may turn a page and sigh,
Seeing one's name to think of it.
Beauty, or Poet, Sage, or Wit,
May ope our book and muse awhile,
And fall into a dreaming fit,
As now we dream, and wake, and smile!

ANDREW LANG.

4 'L. Annæ; Senecæ Opera Omnia.' Lug. Bat., apud Elzevirios, 1649. With book-plate of the Duke of Sussex.

5 'Stratonis Epigrammata.' Altenburgi, 1764. Straton bound up in one volume with Epictetus! From the Beckford Library.

6 'Opera Helii Eobani Hessi.' Yellow morocco with the first arms of De Thou. Include a poem addressed "LANG, decus meum." Quantity of penultimate "Eobanus" taken for granted, *metri gratia*.

7 'La Journée du Chrétien.' Coutances, 1831. With inscription "Leon Gambetta. Rue St. Honoré. Janvier, 1842."

8 Villon's 'Homer.' Venice, 1788. With Tessier's ticket and Schlegel's book-plate.

9 'Les Essais de Michel.' Seigneur de Montaigne. "Pour François le Febvre de Lyon, 1695." With autograph of Gul. Drummond, and *cipresso e palma*.

10 "The little old foxed Molière," once the property of William Pott, unknown to fame.

A LIST OF ABBREVIATIONS USED IN BOOK CATALOGUES.

EDITED BY E. H. WOODRUFF, ASSISTANT IN CORNELL UNIVERSITY LIBRARY.

(The Library Journal.)

ENGLISH.	
Abbreviation.	In full.
baz.	bazil, red sheep
bd.	bound
bds.	boards
cf.	calf
cf. extr.	calf extra
for.	forel, parchment
g. e.	gilt edges
glt.	gilt
hf.	half
hf. bd.	half bound
hf. cf.	half calf
hf. mor.	half morocco
mor.	morocco
musl.	muslin
parchm.	parchment
pts.	parts
rn.	roan
Roxb.	Roxburghe style of binding
Russ.	Russia
sd.	sewed
shp.	sheep
st.	stitched
unb.	unbound
unct.	uncut
vel.	vellum

GERMAN.	
Abbreviation.	In full.
Abb., Abbild.	Abbildung
Abdr.	Abdruck
Abchn.	Abchnitt
Abth.	Abtheilung
Anm.	Anmerkungen
Auf., Af.	Auflage
Ausg.	Ausgabe
ausgeb.	ausgebessert
B., Bde.	Band, Bände
beigeb.	beigebunden
Bg., Bog.	Bogen
Bl.	Blatt
br.	broschirt
cart.	cartonnirt
clpt.	complet
Ctb.	Cattunband
durchsch.	durchgeschossen
Einb.	Einband
erg.	ergänzt
folg.	folgende
Fr., Frz., Fz.	Franz
Frbd., Frazb., Frb., Frzbd., Fzb., Fzbd.	Franzband
gb., geb.	gebunden
gedr.	gedruckt
geh.	geheftet
Goldschn.	Goldschnitt
gr.	gross
Hds., Hdschrft., Hs.	Handschrift
Hbctb., Hctb.	Halbcattunband
Hbfrz., Hfr., Hfrz. Hfz., Hfzbd., Hlibfrz.	Halbfrenz
Hbldr., Hlbdrb., Hlibd., Hldr., Hlibrd.	Halblederband
Hbldw., Hln., Hlnw., Hlw., Hlwd., Hlwnd.	Halbleinwand
Hbprgt., Hlibpg., Hperg., Hpg., Hpgt.	Halbpergament
Hbfsn.	Halbsaffian
Hft., Hfte.	Heft, Hefte
hfb.	halb
Hlzbd.	Holzband
Hlzschn.	Holzschnitt
hrg., herausg.	herausgegeben
Jahrg., Jhrg.	Jahrgang
Jchtd., Jchtn., Jchtnb.	Juchtenband
kl.	klein
Kpfrt.	Kupfertafel
Ktnb., Ktnbd.	Kattunband
Ldr.	Leder
Ldb., Ldrb., Ldrbd.	Lederband
Lfg., Lfgn.	Lieferung, Lieferungen
Lnwd., Lw., Lwd.	Leinwand
Lnwb., Lnwdb., Lwb.	Leinwandband
m.	mit
mar.	maroquin
cuts	cuts
impression	impression
section, part, chapter	section, part, chapter
division, section	division, section
notes, remarks	notes, remarks
edition	edition
issue	issue
repaired, pieced out	repaired, pieced out
volume, volumes	volume, volumes
bound with	bound with
sheet	sheet
leaf	leaf
sewed, stitched	sewed, stitched
boards	boards
complete	complete
bound in muslin	bound in muslin
interleaved	interleaved
binding	binding
completed	completed
following	following
calf	calf
calf binding	calf binding
bound	bound
printed	printed
stitched	stitched
gilt edges	gilt edges
large	large
manuscript	manuscript
half muslin binding	half muslin binding
half calf	half calf
half leather, half sheep	half leather, half sheep
half linen	half linen
half parchment	half parchment
half morocco	half morocco
part, parts	part, parts
half	half
bound in wood	bound in wood
woodcut	woodcut
edited	edited
year, annual course	year, annual course
Russia binding	Russia binding
small	small
copperplate	copperplate
bound in muslin	bound in muslin
leather, sheep, calf	leather, sheep, calf
leather binding, sheep, calf	leather binding, sheep, calf
number, part	number, part
linen, cloth	linen, cloth
bound in linen, cloth	bound in linen, cloth
with	with
morocco	morocco

1 This list necessarily does not include all the technical abbreviations which have been or may be used in describing the material condition of books; but it will show the meaning of the more usual abbreviations to be found in book catalogues,—especially in those issued by booksellers. It includes twice the number of abbreviations published in the 'Library of the Cornell University,' vol. 1., no. 1, 1873, and has been compiled from that list, from lists given in Ottino's 'Manuale di bibliografia,' 1885, Cousin's 'De l'organisation et de l'administration des bibliothèques,' 1882, Rouveyre's 'Connaissances nécessaires à un bibliophile,' 3e éd., 1882, and from other sources, including catalogues themselves.

Abbreviation.	In full.	Translation.
N. F.	Neue Folge	new series
Perg., Pg., Pgm., Pgmt., Pgt.	Pergament	parchment
Pgb., Pgmtbd., Prgmtb.	Pergamentband	bound in parchment
Pp.	Pappe, Papier	paper, pasteboard
Pb., Pd., Ppb., Ppbd.	Pappband	pasteboard binding, boards
rep.	reparirt	repaired
russ.	russisch	Russian
S., Ste.	Seite	page
Sf., Sfn.	Saffian	morocco
Sfnb., Sfnbd.	Saffianband	morocco binding
Schwlbr., Schwalsdr.	Schwarzenleder, Schweinsleder	hogs skin, pigskin
Sldrb., Schwalsdrb.	Schweinslederband	hogs skin binding
Smtdb.	Sammetband	velvet binding
Stahst.	Stahlstich	steel engraving
Stnt.	Steintafel	lithograph
Taf., Tfl.	Tafel	plate
Th., Thl., Thle.	Theil, Theile	part, parts
u.f., uff.	und folgende	and following
übers.	übersetzt	translated
unaufg.	unaufgeschnitten	uncut
unbesch.	unbeschnitten	uncut
ungeb.	ungebunden	unbound
v.	von	by
Vel.	Velin	vellum
vergr.	vergriffen	out of print
wohlf.	wohlfeil	cheap
FRENCH.		
A.	année	year
à comp.	à compartiments	panelled
à dent.	à dentelle	with tooling
à fil.	à filets	with filets
anc. rel.	ancienne reliure	old binding
app.	appendice	appendix
bas.	basane	bazil, sheep
bel ex.	bel exemplaire	fine copy
br.	broché	sewed, stitched
broch.	brochure	brochure, pamphlet
c. d. R.	cuir de Russie	Russia
c. et ferm.	coins et fermoirs	corners and clasps
c. f.	cum figuris	with figures
cart., carton.	cartonné	boards
cart. Brad.	cartonnage Bradel	Bradel binding, boards or paper for temporary preservation of books
ch. m.	charta magna	large paper
chargr.	chagrin	Russia, shagreen
couv. imp.	couvert imprimé	printed cover
d., dem.	demi	half
d.-mar.	demi-maroquin	half morocco
d.-rel.	demi-reliure	half binding
d.-toile	demi-toile	half cloth
d.-veau	demi-veau	half calf
d. s. t.	doré sur tranche	gilt edges
dent.	dentelle	tooling
dent. int.	dentelle intérieure	inside tooling
des.	dessins	designs, drawings
dor.	doré	gilt
dor. s. pl.	doré sur plat	sides gilt
dor. s. tr.	doré sur tranche	gilt edges
dos de vél.	dos de vélin	vellum back
éd.	édition	edition
en f.	en feuilles	in sheets
en livr.	en livraisons	in numbers, in parts
en portef.	en portefeuille	in portfolio.
en t.	en toile	in cloth
en vél.	en vélin	in vellum
ens.	ensuite	next, after, with
env. d'aut.	envoi d'auteur	with author's sentiment
f. atl.	format atlantique	atlas folio
f. comp.	filets à compartiments	filets panelled
f. d.	filets d'or	gilt filets
f. d. s. l. p.	filets d'or sur les plats	gilt filets on the sides
f. ob., form. obl.	format oblong	oblong
ferm.	fermoir	clasp
ff.	feuillet	leaves
fig. col.	figures coloriées	colored figures
fig. s. b.	figures sur bois	figures on wood, woodcuts
fl.	filets	filets
fl. d. l.	fleurs-de-lis	flower-de-luce
form.	format	size
front. gr.	frontispice gravé	engraved frontispiece
g. p., gr. pap.	grand papier	large paper
gt.	gaufre	goffered
goth.	gothique	Gothic
gr. marg.	grandes marges	wide margins
grav.	gravures	engravings
Grol.	Grolier	Grolier style of binding

Abbreviation.	In full.	Translation.
m. ant., mar. ant.	maroquin antique	morocco antique
m. b., mar. b.	maroquin bleu	blue morocco
m. br., mar. br.	maroquin brun	brown morocco
m. cit., mar. cit.	maroquin citron	lemon-colored morocco
m. d. d. m., mar. d. d. m.	maroquin doublé de maroquin	morocco binding lined with morocco
m. d. d. t., mar. d. d. t.	maroquin doublé de tabis	morocco binding lined with tabby
m. d. L., mar. d. L.	maroquin du Levant	Levant morocco
m. n., mar. n.	maroquin noir	black morocco
m. r., mar. r.	maroquin rouge	red morocco
m. v., mar. v.	maroquin vert	green morocco
m. voll., mar. voll.	maroquin violet	violet morocco
marb., marbr.	marbré	marbled
min.	miniatures	miniatures
mouill. et piq.	mouillures et piqures	stains and worm-holes
n. ms.	notes manuscrites	manuscript notes
n. r., non rel.	non relié	unbound
non coup.	non coupé	uncut
non rogn., n. rogn.	non rogné	uncut
p. de H.	papier de Hollande	Holland paper
p. f., p. fers., pet. f.	petits fers	tooling worked out by the combination of single patterns from small dies
p. v.	papier vergé	laid paper
p. vél.	papier vélin	vellum paper
paroh.	parchemin	parchment
peau de Russ.	peau de Russie	Russia
peau de tr.	peau de truie	hogskin
peau de v.	peau de veau	calf
perc., percal. angl.	percaline	muslin
piq.	piqures	worm-holes
pl., plob.	planches	plates
pl. enl.	planches enluminées	illuminated plates
plaq.	plaque	thin volume bound
ptr., ptrs.	portrait, portraits	portrait, portraits
qq.	quelques	some, few
rac.	raccommodé	repaired
rel., r.	relié, reliure	bound, binding
suppl.	supplément	supplement
t.	toile	cloth
t. pl.	toile pleine	full cloth
tête dor.	tête doré	gilt top
tit. r. et n.	titre rouge et noir	title red and black
tr.	tranche	edge
tr. cis.	tranche ciselée	ornamentation cut in the edges
tr. dor.	tranche dorée	gilt edge
tr. jasp.	tranche jaspée	sprinkled edge
tr. m.	tranche marbrée	marbled edge
tr. p.	tranche peigne	comb edge
tr. r.	tranche rouge	red edge
v.	veau	calf
v. anc.	veau ancien	old calf
v. ant.	veau antique	calf antique
v. b., v. bl.	veau bleu	blue calf
v. br.	veau brun	brown calf
v. dor.	veau doré	calf gilt
v. éc.	veau écaille	tortoise calf
v. f.	veau fauve	plain calf
v. fil.	veau avec filets	calf with filets
v. jas.	veau jaspé	mottled calf
v. m., v., marbr.	veau marbré	marbled calf, mottled calf
v. p.	veau porphyre	porphyry calf
v. r., v. rac.	veau racine	tree calf
vél.	vélin	vellum
vél. bl.	vélin blanc	white vellum
vign.	vignette	vignette
ITALIAN.		
a mezza perg.	a mezza pergamena	half parchment
bas., basan.	basana	basil, sheep
ca. gr.	carta grande	large paper
ca. vel.	carta vellina	vellum paper
carat. got.	caratteri gotici	Gothic characters
carat. ton.	carattere tondo	round character
cart.	cartone	boards
dor.	dorado	gilt
dor. in testa	dorado in testa	gilt top
dor. sui fol.	dorado sui fogli	gilt edges
esempl.	csemplare	copy
in p.	in pelle	in calf
in perg.	in pergamena	in parchment
in t.	in tela	in cloth
int.	intonso	uncut
leg.	legato	bound, binding
leg. ant.	legatura	old binding
leg. bod.	legatura antica	Bodoni style of binding
leg. ol.	legato alla Bodoniana	Dutch binding
leg. in pel.	legatura olandese	bound in calf
leg. ¼ pelle	legato in pelle	half calf
leg. ½ tela	legato in ¼ pelle	half cloth

¶ In English a book is said to be uncut when its edges have not been trimmed by the binder; the book may or may not have been cut open for reading, and yet be "uncut" in the technical sense of the term. In French and German a distinction is made between "uncut" as applied to those books which have not been trimmed by the binder, and those which have merely not been cut open for reading; in the former case they are said to be respectively "non rogné" and "unbeschnitten;" in the latter, "non coupé" and "aufgeschnitten."

Abbreviation.	In full.	Translation.
m.	mezza	half
m. leg.	mezza legatura	half binding
macch.	macchiato	stained
mar.	marrocchino	morocco
ott. cons.	ottima conservazione	excellent condition, or preservation
p.	pelle	calf
perg., pergam.	pergamena	parohment
pico.	piccolo	small
t.	tela	cloth
taglio r.	taglio rosso	red edge
tari.	tariato	worm-holes

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

It is not the least test of the charm which Philip Sidney threw over his contemporaries that it is of him and not of his great descendant that Englishmen think when they hear mention of the name. It seems strange at first sight that the life of the Politician, led in the fierce light of a great civil struggle, consecrated to the service of England's liberty, and sacrificed finally for the cause, should have less power to stir our hearts than the life of the Gallant, passed in the sunshine of Courts, in the solitude of the Muses, and, though closed at last heroically on the field of battle, little marked throughout its brief span by the shock of public events.

But the truth is, that the life of Philip Sidney diffuses a charm that we seek for in vain in the stern record of Algernon's self-struggle against tyranny,—a charm so penetrating, so profound, that we no longer wonder at the effect it produced upon a society peculiarly open to the impressions of chivalrous worth, so alive to the promptings of the imagination.

For Philip Sidney, though knight without fear and without reproach, was, it must be remembered, poet as well. It was his destiny, and a destiny nobly fulfilled, to head the great imaginative movement of his time as men of rougher mood and coarser fibre led that movement in its practical issue. The opening of the New Worlds to English adventure, the capture of galleons loaded with pearls, the desperate triumph at Cadiz, the dismemberment of the Armada off Gravelines,—these were the deeds of men such as Drake, men of action alone, bluff soldiers and sailors, daring, reckless hearts. But Sidney's life lay in a different sphere, and was shaped to ends differently ordered. He was indeed the spiritual pioneer of discoveries greater than any of Drake's. He too was an explorer of golden seas. To him no less than to Drake, Hawkins and Frobisher, strange lands hitherto untrodden yielded up precious spoils; but it was to no Eldorado of the Spanish Main that the author of the 'Arcadia' opened the eyes of his countrymen. It was to that strange country which lies round each one of us, have we only a mind to see it, that he was the director and guide. Like the great Devonshire sea-captain himself, Sidney too had his vision from Darien. But the ocean across which he stretched his ideal gaze was wider than any Pacific, and contained richer and rarer treasures than any which Drake drew from Spanish galleons, or than Raleigh dreamed of in the mines of Peru.

The period of imaginative life is not usually

marked by stirring adventures. It was not the fate of Sidney, till the close of his career, to find himself an active agent in the conflict which England was everywhere waging against Spain. Not that his fiery spirit was unmoved by the clash of arms. The man who "never heard the old story of Percy and Douglas that he did not find his heart stirred more than with a trumpet," and who, in an age when chivalry had been revived as much as learning, was accounted the best master of horse and weapon in England, was not likely to have proved a sluggard if his country's service had called him to the field. He indeed volunteered in 1585 for Drake's second expedition against the Spaniards in the West Indies; but it was the unusual fortune of Sidney to be appreciated in full by his contemporaries, and Elizabeth herself, fearful lest she should lose the jewel of her dominions, peremptorily forbade him to embark.

He was born on the 20th of November, 1554, at Penshurst, in Kent, and fortune favored him in his birth. His father was Sir Henry Sidney, a favorite of Edward VI., who had served his country both in France and Ireland, and his mother was own sister to Robert Dudley, the celebrated favorite of Elizabeth. Young Sidney, who from the first was distinguished for an intelligence and gravity beyond his years, was sent to school at Shrewsbury and thence passed to Christ-church, Oxford, where he was entered in 1569.

His life at Oxford was not marked by any particular event save a projected marriage between himself and a daughter of Sir William Cecil, which fell through; and after a residence of two years at the University Sidney started for that European tour which had already begun to be considered an essential finish to the education of a man of breeding.

He travelled in stirring times. He reached Paris only to be a spectator of one of the most ruthless butcheries perpetrated since the days of the Cæsars. It is easy to conceive the horror and the loathing which must have filled the noble mind of young Sidney during the three days devoted to the massacre of the Huguenots. Nor can it be doubted that that Mirror of true Knighthood went further than expressing his loathing for the holocausts that filled the streets. Many Huguenots no doubt sought and found safety at the house of Sir Francis Walsingham, the English ambassador to whom Sidney carried letters of introduction from his uncle the Earl of Leicester, and under whose roof he himself sheltered till the tyranny was overpast. After

leaving Paris he passed through Belgium, Germany, Hungary and Italy. At every pause of his journey he made fresh friends and won golden opinions. At Frankfort he became acquainted with the celebrated Hubert Languet. At Vienna he devoted himself to horsemanship; and at Venice he is said to have enjoyed the friendship of Tasso.

Be this as it may, there can be no doubt that young Sidney came back to England with all the inspiration of the Italian Renaissance fresh upon him. Young, beautiful, learned, an accomplished swordsman, a graceful poet, he soon made his mark in a Court to which he was introduced under a favorite's auspices, and of which had he willed it there is no doubt he might have been a favorite himself. But there was a kind of spiritual elevation in Sidney's character, a sort of serene enthusiasm for all that was noble in life, which sets him above the other brilliant figures of his day in a sphere peculiarly his own, and saved him from falling into the snares and pitfalls which surrounded the steps of Leicester and Essex and Raleigh, and which so often humiliate even genius itself when its sole aspiration is to keep a Queen's favor. Sidney's ambition was of a purer cast. Courted, yet careless of the flattery of Courts, famed beforehand by a noble report of his accomplishments, and yet graciously indifferent to such fame, so highly prized in the good opinion of the Queen herself that she thought the Court deficient without him, and yet showing her only in return the most courtly homage, young Sidney seems a foreshadower almost of young Milton, the Milton of the 'L'Allegro' and the Court of Charles the First, more gallant in the highest sense of the word it may be, and more skilled in arms, but filled with as lofty and less narrow-minded enthusiasm for chivalrous virtue, and guarded seemingly in his steps by unseen presences, which prevented his feet from falling in the miry places of Court intrigue, and allowed him to touch even pitch and remain undefiled. Sidney lived about the Court for over a year, during which period his first poetic attempt, a Masque entitled the 'Lady of May,' was performed before Queen Elizabeth at Wanstead House; but it may well be believed that the favorite of the Muses, as he had already begun to be called, preferred the green fields and grey towers of his Kentish home to the gorgeous ceremonial surrounding the Court of the Virgin Queen, and to the irksome cares of diplomacy forced upon him by the mission with which he was intrusted to the Court of Vienna in 1576.

Another incentive was now to direct his life into that channel to which both his genius and his inclination urged him. Already no doubt in the hurry of the gay Court life, the young poet had heard the voices of the Muses, calling him to forsake the unsatisfying pleasures of worldly ambition for the quiet which comes of poetic reverie, and for that charmed society which is only found in solitude. On his return from Vienna in 1577 Philip Sidney made the acquaintance of Edmund Spencer. The

charming story of the poet waiting in the anteroom while the munificent patron of genius pored over the pages of the 'Shepherd's Calendar' and sent out sums of money gradually increasing with his admiration, till he had to shut the book to avert his own ruin, is treated with that discredit by all recent biographers of Spencer which biographers of poets seem to love to attach to any incident in the lives of their heroes which rises for a moment from the level of prose. But it is certain that the first meeting of Sidney and Spencer gave birth to a friendship and admiration on one side, and a sort of devotional reverence and affection on the other, which death only could break, and over whose memory, while the English language lives, death will have no power.

The continual intercourse of the Mirror of all true Knighthood, and the Poets' Poet lasted but three years, during which time Spencer lived almost entirely at Penshurst. It would however be difficult to exaggerate the results which this beautiful friendship of two noble men worked on the intellectual life of England. "The nobility of the Spencers," says Gibbon, "has been illustrated and enriched by the genius of Marlborough, but I exhort them to consider the 'Faery Queen' as the most precious jewel of their coronet." This dictum might almost be applied to the fame of Sidney, if that fine spirit needed further praise than the homage of three centuries for a life nobly led; for it is not too much to say that to Spencer's continual intercourse with his friend and patron England owes the 'Faery Queen.' It was at Penshurst at all events that the 'Faery Queen' was begun, after a long companionship with a man who remained all life through the poet's hero. In Sidney the poet saw his ideal knight; from Sidney he caught no doubt that flavor of the Italian Renaissance which pervades the great faery epic; from Sidney he would have received—and from what more ardent medium could he have received it?—such pictures of the colored life of Italy, such word-paintings of Rome's pictures, and Venice's sunset-lighted lagoons, as no other living Englishman could have supplied him with. From Sidney too he may have received something of that high spiritual refinement, that chastity of fancy, which is not observable in his earlier work, but which gives to the luxurious allegory of Una and the false Duceess the force of a great spiritual design.

But whatever may have been the result of this notable companionship between the most imaginative Poet of the day and the Gallant whose life was one long poem, it was destined soon to be severed. In the latter part of the year 1580 Spencer was sent to Ireland as Secretary to Lord Grey of Wilton—an appointment he owed to the Earl of Leicester, his friend and patron's uncle.

The two friends parted never to meet again. Spencer to complete the great design already commenced, Sidney also to break the silence which had long fettered his fine fancy. His first effort in literature however bore small resemblance to sweet-

ness long drawn out which was to make the groves of Wilton immortal. Before Sidney was to lay claim to the title of Romancer, he was to show that the duties of a Statesman were not beyond his grasp. England was at the moment profoundly moved by the rumors of the Queen's approaching marriage with the Duke of Anjou. After much vacillation Elizabeth seemed at last to have made up her mind to the match. In the midst of the pomp which attended the anniversary of her coronation she was seen after a long and intimate discourse with her royal lover to take a ring from her own finger, and to put it on his. The spectators naturally concluded that the act was tantamount to an engagement of marriage and was intended to convey the announcement to the world. A general consternation reigned. The memory of the last foreign match was fresh yet in the people's minds. Tracts denouncing the step were distributed in the streets. The hangman was busily engaged in cutting off authors' right hands. All the courtiers whom Elizabeth trusted entreated her to abandon her intent. But she remained steadfast in her purpose, and it was at last supposed that that purpose would not be shaken.

It was now that Philip Sidney gave solid proof that had he chosen to devote himself to politics, no goal of political ambition would have been beyond his reach. He took the liberty of writing the Queen a letter which has extorted the unstinted praise of historians little inclined to panegyric. The letter indeed is something more than a letter, it is a piece of profound statecraft stated with the utmost eloquence and reasoned with consummate force. Sidney told the Queen that the security of her government depended entirely on the affection of her Protestant subjects, that she could not by any means more effectually disgust them than by marrying a prince who was a son of the perfidious Catherine, brother to the cruel and perfidious Charles, and who had himself dipped his hands in the blood of innocent and defenceless Protestants; that the Catholics were her immortal enemies, and that her chief security at the present against the efforts of so numerous, rich, and united a faction, was that they possessed no head who could conduct so dangerous an enterprise; he reminded her that the Duke of Anjou had shown a very restless and turbulent spirit, and having often violated his loyalty to his elder brother and sovereign, there remained no hope that he would passively submit to a woman whom he might in quality of a husband think himself entitled to command; and that the French people, so populous, so much abounding in soldiers, so full of nobility devoted to arms and plunder, would supply him with partisans. He reminded her that the plain and honorable path which she had followed of cultivating the affections of her people had hitherto rendered her reign secure and happy; and after adding a long series of further arguments equally cogent, concluded by declaring that however she might remain childless, even though old age should grow upon her, the singular felicity and glory of

her reign would preserve her from contempt; the affections of her subjects and those of the Protestants in Europe would defend her from danger; and her own prudence without other aid or assistance would baffle all the efforts of her most malignant enemies.

The answer to this letter was a conference between the Queen and the Duke of Anjou; from which the intended husband departed in great disgust, throwing away the ring the Queen had given him and uttering many curses on the mutability of women and of islanders. Sidney himself suffered nothing for an audacity which its foresight so well excused, and instead of losing a hand for warning the Queen of her danger, stood higher in her favour than before. It may be believed however that his high and gentle nature was wearied of Court life,—of its shams, its restless ambitions, its mean bickerings, its petty discontents; for it would be hard to believe that his final retirement to the solitude for which he had so long pined was brought about by so paltry an agent as a quarrel with the Earl of Oxford in a tennis court.

It was after this occurrence however, in which Sidney is reported to have behaved, as he naturally would, with great spirit, that he retired to Wilton, the seat of his brother-in-law the Earl of Pembroke, and gave himself up body and soul to the Muses. It was here that he wrote his 'Arcadia.' Wandering among the stately avenues and over the green Wiltshire uplands he passed no doubt the happiest years of his life in the composition of the pastoral medley long drawn out, but full of beauties still. In an age when Spencer is voted tedious the 'Arcadia' is naturally not read. We have no time to study the Elizabethan euphuists, for have we not euphuists of our own? But Sidney's Romance is interesting from this point of view alone, that not only does it exhibit the whole of his nature, his chivalry, his learning, his thirst for adventure, his tenderness, his childlike simplicity of heart, but that, universally read and admired as it was at the time of its publication, it gave a greater impulse to the national taste for the romantic style of fiction than any single work before or after.

In 1581, Sidney wrote his next work, 'The Defence of Poetry,' which did not appear till after his death—but in which the flexibility, the music, and the clearness of the style are as apparent as in the 'Arcadia'—and three years afterwards he married. The fact that a man so gifted should have been a disappointed suitor is but another mystery added to the great riddle Love, and may well set people considering with the Chorus in 'Samson Agonistes' as to what may be the one attraction in man most certain to snare the heart of woman. In Sidney's case at all events, or rather in the case of Lady Penelope Devereux, the "Philoclea" of the 'Arcadia,' the "Stella" of the poems, it was not

Virtue, wisdom, valour, wit,
Strength, comeliness of shape, or amplest merit,
That woman's love can win or long inher

But what it is hard is to say,
Harder to hit.

Harder indeed! In default of the fickle Penelope, Sidney chose his wife from the family of an old friend. He married Frances, only daughter of Lord Walsingham, to whom he had been introduced eleven years before, when he had started on his European travels, and under whose ambassadorial roof he had sheltered in Paris when the massacre of St. Bartholomew had broken out. Sidney's marriage was no love-match in the common acceptation of the term. It had commenced in a friendship, and when this developed at last into love, it was into that more enduring form of affection which is born of a mutual esteem. No vision of the fickle Penelope was allowed to mar the happiness of married life. Whatever regrets may have at times wrung Sidney's bosom, he was true knight enough not to let his wife know of them, and Lady Sidney, we may well believe, had no cause to complain of the fidelity of the chivalric husband who must have made her the most envied woman in England and who finally died in her arms.

It was only however shortly after his marriage that Sidney was knighted. In the ensuing year the ties of relationship and the recollection of past benefits prompted him to the only work which one regrets that such nobility should have undertaken. The pleading of an angel, however, may make the very devil look less black, and if any flickering doubt rests in the mind that the Earl of Leicester may not have been the murderous, mean, poisoning, incompetent and contemptible time-server that contemporary evidence makes out, the doubt is due solely to his nephew's advocacy. Sidney's discourse in defence of the Earl of Leicester in answer to Parsons's the Jesuit's tract called 'Leicester's Commonwealth,' did much to rehabilitate that nobleman's somewhat tarnished reputation at the time, and at all events produced the chief result which his designing nature aimed at, through his nephew's advocacy, in restoring him after one of the many temporary alienations to the dotting favour of the Queen.

Sidney's brief life was now drawing to a close, and it was indirectly through the blundering incompetency of his uncle, whose character he had so gallantly defended, that he finally met his death. The war between Spain and Holland was now being carried on, under cover of which the Spanish designs upon England were being hurriedly matured. Elizabeth, who had early in 1585 forbidden Sidney's intention of joining Drake's expedition to the West Indies from fear of losing the jewel of her dominions, now saw that the crisis was come in which she must hazard even her jewels if she wished to save her crown. At the end of the year she appointed Sidney Governor of Flushing; and the Earl of Leicester was sent over to Holland shortly afterwards at the head of the English auxiliary forces. Under the vacillating direction of this incompetent favourite, the advantages which Sidney's enterprise

had gained over the Spaniards were soon avenged. The campaign languished. Venlo surrendered to Parma. Nuys was taken by assault while the garrison were treating for a capitulation, and Leicester, thinking himself too weak to attempt to raise the siege of Rhinberg, which was garrisoned by twelve hundred English under the command of Colonel Morgan, endeavoured to draw off the Prince of Parma by another enterprise. He sat down before Zutphen. The Spanish commander hurried to the relief of a town so important. The Marquis of Guesle advanced under his orders with a convoy which he intended to throw into the place. They were favoured by a fog, and were on the point of carrying out their designs when they fell by accident upon a body of English cavalry, and a furious action ensued. The engagement took place under the very walls of Zutphen, and the convoy were prevented from provisioning the place. But the victory was dearly bought. After having had a horse shot under him and in his third charge, Sidney received a musket-ball in the left thigh a little above the knee. The wound proved mortal, but a lingering agony enabled the dying hero to give one more proof of that chivalrous humanity which was with him an instinct, and which had directed his whole life. "As he was leaving the battle-field," writes his friend Lord Brooke, "in which sad progress passing along by the rest of the army, where his uncle the general was, and being thirsty with excess of bleeding, he called for some drink, which was presently brought to him; but as he was putting the bottle to his mouth he saw a poor soldier carried along, who had eaten his last at the same feast, ghastly casting up his eyes at the bottle; which Sir Philip perceiving, took it from his head before he drank, and delivered it to the poor man with these words, 'Thy necessity is yet greater than mine.'"

After many days of suffering, Sidney died at Arnheim in the arms of his wife, on the 7th of October, 1586, in the thirty-third year of his age. The body was conveyed to England, and was buried in St. Paul's on the 16th February, 1587. A nation's mourning marked its sense of its loss; and the voice of the nation found immortal expression. Spencer, though they had been parted six years, had not forgotten the image of that chivalrous form which had served for the one model of all that was highest and noblest in his eyes. His grief for his lost friend found vent in a passionate outburst, which rises far above the common run of verse written for like occasions.

The man thus celebrated needs no further praise. But I would point out the qualities which in my opinion distinguish Sidney from his brilliant contemporaries and set him on a pinnacle of greatness entirely his own. It was not only that he united in one character the wisdom of a grave councillor and the romantic chivalry of a knight-errant; it was not only that his genius and his learning made him the centre of the great literary world which was at

the moment springing into birth; it was not only that, friend of England's most imaginative poet, he too was gifted with the magic virtue, with the power to see the beauty which the eye cannot see, and to hear that music only heard in silence;—these qualities he shared with his contemporaries. In Raleigh's blood the tide of romance beat as strongly; Essex was as brilliant an ornament to the Court, and a more munificent patron of genius; Drake showed as dauntless a courage in the face of his country's foes. But in a spiritual elevation of character which rose far above the standard of the age, and to which none of his contemporaries attained, Sidney stands alone. He was the bright figure of Christian chivalry in times full of grossness. He was the Bayard of an age in which most men knew no fear; but in which he alone among them was without reproach.

W. OUTRAM TRISTRAM.

RICH LITERARY TREASURES.

George Washington Childs owns one of the finest private libraries in America. Perhaps it is not the largest private collection of books, but it contains the greatest number of expensive prints and historical manuscripts.

The library of Mr. Childs fills one entire end of one of his three magnificent residences. The book-cases are of real ebony, beautifully carved, and all of the books have been rebound uniformly in dark green leather and embossed in gold.

Of course the collection includes the standard works, but the value of nearly all of them is greatly enhanced from the fact that they are authors' editions, and contain either the simple autograph of their writers or, as is more often the case, they have autograph letters from the author presenting them to Mr. Childs, while in not a few cases several pages of the original manuscript are to be found bound into the initial volume.

In the centre of the principal room stands an elaborately carved table made from wood brought from Africa to Mr. Childs by M. Paul du Chailu. Upon the table lie several books, and in the centre of it the little green harp which once belonged to Tom Moore in the days of his greatest triumphs as poet and singer, and which was carried by him to the homes where he was welcomed.

Guests of Mr. Childs are asked to register their names in a book which lies upon the writing desk that Lord Byron used for years, and which bears his name, hacks of his penknife, spots of ink from his quill, and his monogram and crest.

The treasure that occupies the place of honor in Mr. Childs's library is the original manuscript of 'Our Mutual Friend.' It is the only manuscript of any of Dickens's stories in existence outside of the South Kensington Museum. Opening the first of the two morocco-bound volumes, there is found opposite the title page the following autograph letter:

GADSHILL PLACE, HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT, {
WEDNESDAY, NOV. 4, 1868. }

MY DEAR MR. CHILDS: Welcome to England! Dolby will have told you that I am reading again—on a very fatiguing scale—but that, after the end of next week, I shall be free for a fortnight as to country readings. On Monday next I shall be in town, and shall come straight to pay my respects to Mrs. Childs and you. In the mean time will you, if you can, so arrange your engagements as to give me a day or two here in the latter half of the month? My housekeeper daughter is away, hunting in Hampshire, but my sister-in-law is always in charge, and my married daughter would be charmed to come from London to receive Mrs. Childs. You cannot be quieter anywhere than here, and you certainly cannot have from any one a heartier welcome than from me. With kind regards to Mrs. Childs, believe me, faithfully yours always,

CHARLES DICKENS.

A study of this interesting manuscript reveals Dickens's method of going about his story writing. At the head of the first sheet there is a date, Thursday, 4th January, 1868, which was the day on which the tale of 'Our Mutual Friend' was sent to the printer. On the same sheet, near the top, is the signature of the author, entered just as newspaper correspondents sign their manuscript's.

From this manuscript of Mr. Dickens it is clear that he first conceived a plan of his story, then thought it out carefully and fixed the plot firmly in his mind, together with the prominent traits of each character. This completed, he made his skeleton from which to work in the details. Then came the finished story. In the case of 'Our Mutual Friend' he filled sixteen quarto pages with his skeleton, and even then seems to have left it unfinished. Here is how his skeleton notes begin:

OUR MUTUAL FRIEND.

CHAPTER I.

On the Lookout.

The man in his boat, watching the tides.
The Gaffer—Gaffer—Gaffer Hexam—Hexam.
His daughter rowing, Jen or Lizzie.
Taking the body in tow.

His dissipated partner, who has "robbed a live man!"
Riderhood—this fellow's name.

CHAPTER II.

The Man From Somewhere.

The entirely new people.
Everything new—grandfather new if they had one.
Dinner party—Twemlow, Podsnap, Lady Tippins, Alfred Lighthouse, also Eugene—Mortimer, languid, and tells of Harmon, the dust contractor.

These notes continue throughout the skeleton, and in them can be traced suggestions of the story now so familiar to thousands of readers. The summary of the notes appears near their end in this fashion:

FOUR BOOKS.

- I. The Cup and the Lip.
- II. Birds of a Feather.
- III. A Long Lane.
- IV. A Turning.

Throughout all of the sixteen pages of notes appear such sentences as this: "Work in the girl

who was to have been married and made rich." "Don't make Podsnap too pronounced, but keep him within good bounds." "Remember the lane is to turn just here."

These notations are written in all sorts of shape, sometimes across the page, sometimes diagonally, and often right through the other written words.

The paper which Mr. Dickens used is light blue and heavy, and the ink is dark blue. He wrote a peculiar hand, the lines very close together, the letters very small; and the frequent marks of erasure and change prove that that inimitable literary style which we so much admire was not natural and spontaneous, but the result of hours of patient labor.

At times whole lines are scored out to be replaced by other selections of words by different modes of expression, or to be dropped altogether. Sometimes the lines run down hill, as we say. Every inch of paper throughout the manuscript is covered as though paper was dear and scarce. Although the present owner of the manuscript has had each sheet bound into a heavy calendered leaf and the whole fastened together in green morocco leather, yet the names and numbers of the compositors who set it up into type the first time are still there, so that it is possible to pick out each "take," as it is also possible to find sooty spots from the touch of the compositors' type-stained fingers.

The second volume has even a longer skeleton than the first, and there is an extra note to suggest that Mr. Boffin is to have a little more to say and do. Instead of a preface there is a postscript, which is remarkably free from erasures or changes.

At the bottom of the postscript there is the statement that the story was finished Sept. 2, 1865, which does not agree with the previous assertion that it was finished nearly six months later. The two dates are there, and are contradictory.

Another unique thing to be seen here is an edition of the works of Lord Byron, in the first volume of which there is bound the original manuscript of the 'Bride of Abydos.' It is in Lord Byron's own hand. So also is a curious parody or doggerel that is pasted into the inside of the cover of the sixth volume. As is well known, Lord Byron detested William Wordsworth, and when the latter's 'Peter Bell' appeared, Byron cut it out, pasted it at the beginning of a copy of his own works, and upon the margin wrote a parody of Wordsworth's lines. The original begins thus:

There's something in a flying horse,
And something in a huge balloon;
But through the clouds I'll never float
Until I have a little boat
Whose shape is like the crescent moon.

And now I have a little boat
In shape a very crescent moon, &c.

In a scrawl across the top margin of the slip on which 'Peter Bell' is printed Lord Byron writes, "Ravenna, March 23, 1820," and signs his name.

Following it in the original is the following in Byron's own hand:

There's something in a stupid ass
And something in a heavy dunce;
But never since I went to school
I heard or saw so damned a fool
As William Wordsworth is for once.

And now I've seen so great a fool
As William Wordsworth is for once,
I really wish that Peter Bell
And he who wrote it were in hell,
For writing non-*en-~~e~~* for the nonce.

I saw the "light in ninety-eight,"
Sweet babe of one and twenty years!
And then he gives it to the nation,
And deems himself of Shakspeare's peers.
He gives the perfect work to light!
Will Wordsworth—if I might advise,
Content you with the praise you get
From Sir George Beaumont, Baronet,
And with your place in the Excise.

Among other original manuscripts of Mr. Childs are: A sermon by Cotton Mather; the first half of the 'Iliad,' first book, translated by William Cullen Bryant, together with a copy of 'Thanatopsis,' in the handwriting of the author, and as it originally appeared; James Russell Lowell's June idyl, 'Under the Willows;' James Fenimore Cooper's 'Life of Captain Richard Somers;' 'The Murder in the Rue Morgue,' and a great lot of correspondence from Poe when the latter was seeking a publisher for his writings; the original draft of President Grant's address at the opening of the Centennial Exhibition, in the President's own hand, and an inscription upon it giving it to Mr. Childs.

He has the Tom Moore Bible, in which are entered in Moore's hand the birth and death dates of his children; the original of N. P. Willis's 'The Need of Two Loves;' the Rev. Dr. Pakradenny's manuscript translation of Milton's 'Paradise Lost,' into Armenian, with the portrait and autograph of Queen Victoria, to whom the work was dedicated.

Then there is the manuscript of Harriet Martineau's 'Retrospect of Western Travel,' and the 'Habitations of our Kings,' covering four closely written quarto pages, and embracing the time from William the Conqueror to the Georges. It was composed and written by Gray, the author of the 'Elegy.'

John Howard Payne, whose affianced died the other day and had buried with her the original of 'Home, Sweet Home,' had equal bad luck with a play that he wrote for Charlotte Cushman. It is in four acts; but Miss Cushman declined it, and so it was never printed. Mr. Childs has it handsomely bound.

He also has the last letter which Washington ever wrote, and which is dated six days only before his death; the original manuscripts complete of Mrs. Mary Cowden Clarke's 'Concordance of Shakspeare,' Bulwer's 'Pilgrim's of the Rhine,' Longfellow's 'Building of the Ship,' in the poet's hand, but not

the original copy, and hundreds of autograph letters from about every person of distinction in this country or Europe during the past half century.—*Boston Globe*.

COWLEY'S PROSE.

Cowley's Prose Works. With Introduction and Notes. By the Rev. J. Rawson Lumby. (Cambridge: University Press.)

The fact that Cowley's prose attracts sufficient attention to receive a place in an educational series is one of some interest and presumably also of some promise. It is indeed a scandal that boys should still be taught laboriously to produce the cracked clink of feeble Latin hexameters while they remain uninstructed in the literature of their own tongue, that literature furnishing precisely the means by which the very highest ends in education may be reached; and when one thinks of the stark inefficiency of English secondary education, one rejoices to see any effort, however mildly tentative, that may impart to it a greater elasticity and range of movement. We require to have that secondary system totally metamorphosed; but meanwhile we must be glad to find English literature being seriously considered at all.

It is something—from one point of view, a great deal—to have Cowley's prose brought thus distinctly into notice. We want to have good working editions of all our prose and verse that is suitable for educational purposes, especially of such works as are not merely of personal and circumscribed interest, but contain also the substance of literary history and the capability of being made pivots of historical teaching. Such a work in the highest sense is Sidney's 'Defence of Poesy,' and so, in a humbler degree, is the volume of essays before us. It is the work of one sufficiently important in himself, the most precocious of poets, the most striking of intellectual acrobats in verse, and the head, though not the founder, of a school. The book also is of intrinsic importance. When Cowley laid aside those fantastic singing-robes of his in which he contrived verse that is nowadays not only unread but unreadable, when he dropped his fantastic professional macaronics and spoke rational prose, his genuine cleverness found natural course in a style conspicuous for its ease and purity. There are not infrequent lapses into the lumbering mode of his predecessors; but sometimes it runs along with the facile ripple, and is brilliant with the light sparkle of a clever conversation. We require to go down as far as Addison before we can parallel this facility; and when we add Cowley's semi-negligent grace and light instinctive wit, we must even wait until we reach Goldsmith's 'Bee' before we find something quite similar. Again, these essays have a literary-historical significance, in that they represent English prose style in its formation—i. e., in its process of perfection into an artistic vehicle. There is a whole diameter of difference between the prose of

the seventeenth and that of the eighteenth century; and to trace that development, to explain the growth of that style which is present in Addison and absent from Taylor—if not to indicate the cause that contributed to effect the change, at least to illustrate the various stages of its progress—that is the business of one who takes in hand the literary history of the period.

Dr. Lumby does not seem to regard his book as in any sense a contribution to literary history. We have an introduction of some length, and notes to the extent of sixty pages; but nowhere have we any evidence that Dr. Lumby has even divined the existence of anything noteworthy in Cowley's prose, unless it be here and there a vocable. He tells us who Sir Philip Sidney was, and Ben Jonson, and Menelaus and Agamemnon and Aristotle. He has countless notes upon all the persons mentioned in the text from Guy Fawkes to Beelzebub. He records that Horace had a Sabine farm, that Thermopylæ was the scene of a famous battle, that Methuselah lived nine hundred and sixty-nine years. He quotes Columella to the extent of six lines at a time, and gives on the average about ten learned references per page without quotation. But to awaken either the personal or the historical interest in Cowley and in his essays, I can find no intelligent attempt from beginning to end of this arid and promiscuous farrago—a commentary of which there is not a page that does not contain something that is tedious or ill-judged, or out of place, or absurd. Witness p. 227:

"*Tyrian beds*. The luxury of Tyre and especially the splendour of the robes and furniture of Tyrians, are well known. Cf. *Tyris amictus*, Ovid, *A. A.* ii. 297. *Tyris murice saturata palla*, Ovid, *Met.* ii. 166. *Tyris purpura*, Cicero, *Contra Verrem*, v. 54. Also Tertullian, *De Habitu Mulieb.* chap. i."

And desiccating pedantry of this kind passes for scholarship, and in the name of scholarship boys are to be made feed upon such dust!

What do we mean by scholarship? and what is implied in a scholarly acquaintance with an author or a book? It implies a knowledge (1) of the text, and (2) of the matter; and, passing beyond these, a knowledge (1) of the man, and (2) of his age. It implies nothing more, and differs from ordinary information chiefly in point of accuracy. But this information must have that concreteness and solidity within itself, without which information is no better than shot-rubbish. That is scholarship in the true sense. It brings us nearer to the man and his work. It lets us see the fibre of the age and feel its throb. And such scholarship is not merely the true and valuable, it is also the most interesting. It would be a simple affair for a good teacher to make Cowley's essays one of the most interesting and instructive of text books—to make acquaintance with this single work a centre of acquaintance with the entire literary movement of the latter half of the seventeenth century, the movement, both in point of matter and in point of form, the scientific

and philosophic movement proceeding from the later development of the Baconian Inductive, and so clarifying thought and so again clarifying style, and the new attention to form in prose as well as in verse, passing on through Dryden and Temple to Addison and the next century. And if easy for a good teacher, why difficult for a good editor? Why should an editor go irrelevantly drumming with the dried bones of Columella when his author still waits to be presented, and ignore the substantial interest of his subject for an incoherent jumble of gun-powder and lacteal veins?

There is a certain promise in the air that English literature we assume its position as an educational subject of first-rate importance. The danger we have to encounter on the way is not so much from sciolism as from waste pedantry. JOHN G. DOW.



THE MESSAGE OF ROBERT BROWNING.

Robert Browning has conquered. The far-off words of Walter Savage Landor are at last realised, though it has taken time for the prophecy to be fulfilled:—

Shakspeare is not our poet, but the world's;
Therefore on him no speech; and brief for thee,
Browning! Since Chaucer was alive and hale
No man hath walked along our roads with step
So active, so inquiring eye, or tongue,
So varied in discourse!

Robert Browning has realised Emerson's principle: Stand on your instincts, and the world will come round to you. He has waited, and all things have come to him, as they are said to come to all who wait in faith.

This study of Browning to-day is not a mere craze or passing fashion. It is the homage of human nature to a prophet and a seer whose meaning and value the world is now beginning to find out. Humanity always is glad to sit at the feet of its true teachers in every age. Robert Browning is at last discovered as a mine of thought and inspiration; and the people, always eager to follow a spiritual leader, are laying their offerings at the feet of the man who has given them new faith and insight into the meaning of life.

All these societies, with the parent society in London, mean that Browning has conquered. He has waited, and the world has come round to him.

But Browning has not only conquered; he has created. He has given us a new art method of expression. We have had poets before who have given us rhythm, melody, sonnet, heroic verse, Alexandrine line, lyric chant, hexameter, distich, and soliloquy; but Browning has invented a new form of poetical expression. He has created the art form of dramatic dialogue. His poems of 'Saul,' 'The Flight of the Duchess,' and the 'Soliloquy in a Spanish Cloister' are noticeable illustrations of this.

His poem of 'The Last Duchess' is one of the

most striking instances of this multiplied, myriad-handed imagination, which he expresses by the form of the dramatic dialogue. The speaker speaks, and then you imagine all that is said by those around him. The scene, the place, the time, the surroundings, are all reproduced by this wonderful creative mind, through this art-form of dramatic dialogue. This is the true meaning of poetry to Browning, as expressed by Balaustion in the poem of Balaustion's adventure:—

What's poetry except a power that makes,
And speaking to one sense inspires the rest,
Pressing them all into its service? So
That who sees painting seems to hear as well
The speech that's proper for the painted mouth;
And who hears music feels his solitude
Peopled at once.
And who receives true verse at eye or ear
Takes in (with verse) time, place, and person too.

Who hears the poem therefore sees the play.

Robert Browning has not only conquered and created; he speaks to this age with a definite message of faith and cheer. His faith is intuitive. It keeps welling up from the hidden springs within him. Nothing can keep it back. It must flow forth to bless and cheer the world. The meaning of life as a definite probation in the ascent of being; the never-ending incomparable value of the human soul; the tests of human nature in the evolution of life's experiences; the meaning of the ever-present, ever-felt antithesis between the flesh and the spirit; the value and potency of faith as a primordial spiritual faculty of man—all these form the rich material out of which he produces his message of cheer and reason to the tempest-tossed life of man to-day. And thus Browning stands forth to-day most conspicuously as a spiritual and moral interpreter of the life of man and of nature. He sees into the beyond, and forces us to see his vision. He speaks to us by the way in which he reveals our spiritual apprehension, and, laying hold of our dim and vague and uncertain aspirations, drags them into the foreground of existence, and bids us handle these things as realities, which before we had thought were only unsubstantial dreams.

He makes us feel that doubt is to be experienced in order that it may be conquered; that sin is the shadow of evil pursuing us from the pit on purpose to wreck our lives; that death is nothing but a physical necessity in the evolution of being, and that God's light is ever around us and before us in the toilsome journey of life, if we will but see it. Shakspeare and Goethe and Dante are the world's poets. But our age has given another poet to the world, and the study of this man and his message is a revelation of light to this age.

W. WILBERFORCE NEWTON, D. D.

A NEW two-volume book by Mr. Andrew Lang is in the press, and will be published by Messrs. Longmans & Co. The title is 'Myth, Ritual, and Religion.'

ALICE CARY.

The hum of bees in clover blooms,
 The Sabbath quiet in the air,
 The summer odors everywhere,
 The lights amid the woodland glooms,
 The swaying lines from spiders' looms
 With beaded jewels large and fair
 Resplendent with the colors rare
 That Iris weaves in crystal rooms,
 Were dear to thee, O singer sweet!
 Who in the haunts of Clovernook
 Wast wont to pore on nature's book,
 While feathered songsters oft did greet
 Thy presence in their green retreat
 By meadows broad, or purling brook.

T. J. CHAPMAN.

Pittsburg, Pa.

THE ALDINE PRESS.

Reviewing Catharine Mary Phillimore's 'Studies in Italian Literature,' in *The Academy*, Mr. H. F. Brown says:—

The fourth essay, on 'The Prince Painters of Italy,' deals chiefly with the relations between Aldus and the PII of Carpi, and with the history of the Aldine Press. The history of that press has been so thoroughly worked out by Renouard, Didot, and others, that we can hardly hope for much new light upon the subject. Our author adds nothing to our knowledge, but she presents a readable account of the Aldine Press drawn from the approved sources. It is clear, however, that Mrs. Phillimore knows less about the history of printing than about general literature. The result is that the essay is marred by frequent exaggeration. It is quite wrong to represent all the princes of Italy, the owners of great libraries, as rejoicing over the invention of type, and assisting in the multiplication and diffusion of their treasures. The case is quite otherwise. There was great jealousy on the part both of owners and copiers of MSS.; and Aldus himself mentions, among the difficulties he had to overcome, the reluctance of owners to lend him their codices. The predecessors of Aldus receive very scanty recognition at Mrs. Phillimore's hands. We are inclined to deny to the elder Manutius the title of "father of Italian typography"; and to dispute his claim to have improved the art of printing, when we remember such books as the 'Epistolæ Familiæ' by John of Speyer and the 'De Evangelica Præparatione' by Jenson. Aldus was, in fact, a great Hellenist and scholar, a good printer, and a bookseller who democratized learning by the introduction of his octavo editions and the *caratteri cancellati*; but he was not the greatest, any more than he was the earliest, of the Venetian typographers.

In speaking of the relations between Aldus and the Princes of Carpi our author says:—

"Aldus, on the other hand, had the highest esteem

for his young pupil, and paid a striking tribute to his zeal for learning in dedicating to him the first volume of his magnificent edition of Aristotle of 1496, called *Editio Princeps*."

We hope we are not doing an injustice to Mrs. Phillimore, but this passage looks suspiciously as though *Editio Princeps* were taken to mean the Prince's Edition, which would be a very bad mistake; any way the author's peculiar use of such a well known term is awkward. We cannot agree that, after acknowledging his debt to Francesco di Bologna, Aldus was under any further obligation to that artist for cutting the italic type of the Virgil of 1501. Aldus employed Francesco as he might have employed any other workman, paid him for his work, and the types were most emphatically Aldus's property. There is no proof that Aldus's body was ever removed to Carpi, as his will directed; and the Church of San Paternian, which Mrs. Phillimore mentions, is not at Carpi, but at Venice, near Aldus's second home. In that church his body lay in state, surrounded by books, previous to being deposited in a temporary grave, awaiting removal to Carpi (see Saundó. *Diarii*. February 8, 1514-15).

A NEW LIFE OF DICKENS.

Great Writers.—Life of Charles Dickens. By Frank T. Marzials. (Scott. London.)

Notwithstanding the mass of matter that has been printed relating to Dickens and his works, the numerous "lives," "recollections," "reminiscences," "anecdotes," and so forth, we should, until we came across this volume, have been at a loss to recommend any popular life of England's most popular novelist as being really satisfactory. The difficulty is removed by Mr. Marzials's little book. It has, it is true, no claim to originality. There are no new facts or even deductions, but the writer has taken the pains to sift carefully the materials ready to his hand, to preserve what was worth preserving, and to omit the rubbish. He has consequently produced a clear, intelligible, and interesting memoir, and he has further expressed fairly and temperately opinions which will, on the whole, recommend themselves to all but the most blindly devoted admirers of his author's writings.

Mr. Marzials has, it seems to us, been most successful where his predecessors have conspicuously failed, namely, in his record of Dickens's strange and miserable childhood, and much of his success here may be ascribed to the good use he has made of Mr. Robert Langton's untiring investigations as recorded in his monograph, 'The Childhood and Youth of Charles Dickens.' It is surprising, however, that after telling this pathetic story as he has here written it, Mr. Marzials can have so misunderstood Dickens's character as to have come to the conclusion that there was in his references to these early days "a tone of exaggeration." When

Dickens's extraordinary memory for the least details is remembered, his great imaginative powers, his boundless love for, and sympathy with children, it is easy to understand and appreciate the paralyzing sense of horror and loathing which overpowered him whenever his mind went back to those days of childhood. His suffering was caused not so much by the shame of having been in so degraded a state as by the knowledge that it was owing to the cruel neglect of those to whom he should have been most dear that the young bright spirit, which they were bound to tend and nurture to the best of their ability, was nearly crushed and killed.

After telling the history of his hero's early days, Mr. Marzials proceeds, in a few well-arranged chapters, to give just so much of the history of each of the larger works, and such criticisms of them, as are likely to prove useful to the ordinary reader. As we have already intimated, with most of his criticisms we are inclined to agree, though we regret to find him following the popular judgment in speaking slightly of 'Great Expectations' and 'Our Mutual Friend,' which we ourselves place higher than most of the novels of Dickens's intermediate stage. We especially dissent from the criticisms on Dickens's supposed sympathy with Eugene Wrayburn. The following passage is worth quoting as an instance of how a generally sound judgment may be misled by an evidently preconceived theory or idea which had to be supported:—

"Now the amazing part of this story is, that Dickens's sympathies throughout are with Wrayburn. How this came to be so I confess I do not know. To me Wrayburn's conduct appears to be heartless, cruel, unmanly, and the use of his superior social position against the school-master to be like a foul blow and quite unworthy of a gentleman. Schoolmasters ought not to beat people about the head and neck. But if Wrayburn's thoughts took a right course during convalescence, I think he may have reflected that he deserved his beating, and also that the woman whose affection he had won was a great deal too good for him."

If there is any accusation that would have surprised and wounded Dickens more than another, it would probably have been this. Dickens, the author of the story of the guilty loves of Steerforth and Little Em'ly and of the terrible sequel, sympathize with Wrayburn, or try to enlist his reader's sympathies with one who, in a careless, half-hearted, weak way, was trying to ruin poor Lizzie! One can imagine how he would have repelled such a suggestion. It is hardly necessary to refute it for him, for the whole of the interview between Wrayburn and Lizzie before the attack by Bradley Headstone is an unsparingly truthful exposure of a selfish, weak man, whose latent sense of honor was deadened by passion, and of the cruel effect of Wrayburn's conduct upon the poor girl, and it disposes conclusively of any idea of sympathy with Wrayburn on the part of the author; while the expressions used by the

shattered wreck of a man, terribly and justly punished for his intended crime, show that he did feel his unworthiness of such a love as Lizzie's.

We must also express dissent from Mr. Marzials's views on the subject of Dickens's illustrators. He may be right in thinking the great George Cruikshank to have been too much of a caricaturist to make a suitable illustrator for the works of a writer who delighted in caricature, though, for our part, we know of no books of Dickens more suitably illustrated than were 'Sketches by Boz' and 'Oliver Twist.' He cannot, however, be right in condemning "Phiz's" creations. He remarks: "The value of Dickens's works is perennial, and Browne's illustrations represent the art fashion of time only." It is difficult to accept such a statement. Phiz's drawings of Sam Weller, his father, the red-nosed man, Pecksniff, Tom Pinch, Ralph Nickleby, Smike, Mrs. Gamp, Uriah Heep, and dozens of other characters have helped the world to realize what Dickens meant. They are contemporary illustrations; they represent, if Mr. Marzials likes, "the fashion of a time only," but that was the fashion of the time when the author wrote; they were executed under Dickens's own superintendence and satisfied him, and we are not to be put out of conceit with them now.

A word of special praise is due to Mr. John P. Anderson's bibliography. We considered that we knew as much as most people about the various "Dickensiana," but we have learnt more from Mr. Anderson's list than we could teach him in return. As the volume will probably soon be in a second edition, some slight omissions in his bibliography may, however, be pointed out, and a suggestion or two made. A reference to Allibone's 'Dictionary of English and American Authors' would, we think, furnish some, not many, additional reviews. We find no reference to Mr. Percy Fitzgerald's *Book Fancie* or to Mr. Andrew Lang's 'Letters to Dead Authors,' or to Prof. H. Morley's 'History of English Literature in the Reign of Victoria.' The "Chronological List of Works" requires some additions; for instance, if 'Mr. Nightingale's Diary' is included, why not 'Is She his Wife? or Something Singular'? If 'Memoirs of Joseph Grimaldi' is given a place, why should 'The Picnic Papers' be excluded? We should like to see some reference to 'A Curious Dance round a Curious Tree'; and *Le Livre* for July, 1885, and January, 1886, should be added to the foreign department, which has been by no means neglected by Mr. Anderson. Correction is needed for an unfortunate misprint on p. xi., which causes Mr. Kitton to appear as the author of 'Charles Dickens and Rochester,' in exchange for which he is made to resign the authorship of 'Dickensiana' to Mr. Langton. When these alterations have been made it will be difficult to improve the bibliography, the compilation of which probably cost labor equal to, if not greater than, the writing of the life itself.

Shakespeariana.

ALL COMMUNICATIONS RELATING TO THIS DEPARTMENT SHOULD BE ADDRESSED TO
 ALBERT R. FREY, The Astor Library, New York.
 EDITOR OF THIS DEPARTMENT.

PERSONAL.

We have received the following, which explains itself:—

NEW YORK, MAY 19, 1887.

My Dear Mr. Frey:—At a late meeting of the New York Shakespeare Society you read a paper announcing that, after considerable study, you had formed the opinion that Shakespeare was the author of the 1594 play *The Taming of a Shrew*, that you were aware that such was not the general opinion, but that for reasons which you gave at length, it so emphatically now seemed to yourself. To this paper Mr. Furnivall, director of the New Shakspeare Society (London), retorts, that he cannot understand your proposition, unless it be "a specimen of American humour."

Mr. Furnivall has never been able to understand, why, when he has given his opinion upon any subject, anybody should look further into the matter; least of all, infringe upon his exclusive copyright of all known or unknown Shakespearian subjects, and anybody else's researches must appear to him as "humour," if nothing worse. But let that pass. If your studies anent *The Taming of a Shrew* are "a specimen of American humour," they are certainly a lamentable failure as compared with the specimen of Furnivall humour which meets my eye upon opening the Griggs fac-simile quarto of that play, which Mr. Furnivall has kindly edited and supplied with "Forewords." Mr. Furnivall has enriched Shakespeare in that effort with a detailed record of the athletic performances of his son Percy, in bicycling, cricketing, and other admirable exercises, in which no doubt Mr. William Shakespeare, had he been living, would have been largely proficient, and for the light thrown upon the quarto text by the prizes taken by the junior Furnivall in those exercises, we can hardly be too grateful.

But, to treat the matter a little more seriously, I regret extremely that Mr. Furnivall should fail to recognize that nineteenth-century Shakespearian literature is already overburdened with Furnivall, senior, without imposing upon it the Furnivall juniors *in esse* or *in posse*. Individuality is one thing; but an insistent and eternal individuality,—especially if constantly and ever offensively peculiar and apart from what is ordinary human nature's daily food,—is apt to become tiresome. The study of Shakespeare is, I have always been led to imagine, a recreation, and, moreover, the recreation of gentlemen. Nor should it, lest it lose this character, bend from the fitness of things, from,—let us say—the dignity of the subject itself.

And yet, what contribution to the dignity of the subject has Mr. Furnivall ever made? *The Com-*

pany of Pligsbrook and Co., was certainly not, to the eyes of an American gentleman at least, a very dignified or elevating pamphlet. In a late issue of your own esteemed BOOKMART (vol. iv., p. 401) you allude to his cavalier treatment of the late Dr. Ingleby, who was as true a gentleman as ever breathed, as all his friends know well. Finally, not two years ago, an esteemed lady who had spent her life in the very studies of which Mr. Furnivall claims monopoly, and who, arriving at a conclusion adverse to a Furnivall conclusion, had most courteously called Mr. Furnivall's attention thereto, received from him a letter which her charity alone has kept from the light, but one which, I venture to say an American aborigine—let alone an American humorist—would scarcely have cared to sign his name to.

I am fully aware that certain Englishmen prefer to look at the United States, ("America," as they call this republic), as the home of humorous, rather than of serious or scholarly literature; but what sort of literature it would be supposed to be the home of, were Mr. F. J. Furnivall a native on this side sea, I have never been exactly able to conjecture. The "verse-test" system of studying Shakespeare appears to be known as Mr. Furnivall's because he is the noisiest in asserting its infallibility; but unless I am in error, both Mr. Spedding and Mr. Fleay preceded him in inventing it.

Believe me, dear sir, yours very faithfully,

APPLETON MORGAN.

NOTINGS ON THE PILGRIMAGE TO PARNASSUS.

All English scholars must have felt some excitement at the news of the recovery of the first two plays of this trilogy, and that Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps's contemporary copy of the 1601 *Return* was for the first time to be utilized. Hence, and though I have been somewhat disappointed with the general character of the recovered plays, a few remarks on the text and phrasings of *The Pilgrimage* may be acceptable, and should they prove so I will follow them up with some on *The Return*.

L. 98.—

That leads to Parnassus where content doth dwell.

This line being a syllable too long, a note would have been useful to say that, as in ll. 268, 269, we should read *Parnass*.

L. 146.—

The echoing wood with thy praise shall ringe.

Finger-counting scansion can make a full line of this, but to, I think, a rhythmic ear there is a syllable wanting after "thy," not improbably "high."

L. 550.—

I doe not whet my tongue againste poetrie.

Certainly read 'gainste.

L. 88.—

The court a lookinge glass from morne till nighte.

It may be that, as the editor says, we should read *That* for "*The*"; but it seems preferable to read *They*, because we have the same spelling of "*the*" for *they* elsewhere, as in l. 429. The scribe, in fact, seems sometimes to have thus spelt *they*, just as, by a reverse usage, he, as noted in the preface, wrote "*they*" for *the*.

L. 444, "*Philo*."—This speech is too sudden a change for Philomusus, and therefore out of character; neither does it go well before his next speech (ll. 462-7), which is the newly expressed assent of a man won over by Amoretto's enticing suggestions. Hence, and as this speech (ll. 444-53) perfectly agrees with Amoretto's character, and with his preceding and following speeches (ll. 378-4.8 and ll. 457-61), it may without hesitation be transferred to Amoretto. In the after plays there are instances of the wrong attribution of speeches.

L. 496, "*Melte in Venus surquerie*."—Here "*surquerie*" is not, I believe, as the editor says, "apparently intended for *suquerie*, sugariness," a word unknown to me either in French or English, but, as I take it, is intended for a word specially affected by Marston, viz., *surque[d]rie*. "*Melt*" was at that time often used as a figure of speech, wholly—though here not wholly—regardless of the context words.

L. 249, "*Cursing my witless head that woulde suffer my headlesse feete to take such a tedious journey*."—Here "*headlesse*"—heedless, for (1) we have this last word so spelt l. 488; and (2) the repetition of words, though more common then than now, was not anything like so common as the frequent use of two similarly sounding words, used as though the second had been suggested by the sound of the first. We find this tendency in various proverbial sayings; and in *The Whipping of the Satyre*, by a Cambridge man, in 1601, this affectation is the most freely indulged in.

L. 393, "*Thou loves*" should, of course, be *loves[t]*, pronounced as *lovest*.

L. 566, "*Whiter*" should be *whitt[h]er*.

L. 631, For "*founing pauch*" read *panch* or *pauch*.

L. 666, "*Chearfulle let's warke*."—"Warke" may be taken by some as evidence of a northern author, and it may truly be said of academics that they work. But here they are metaphorically employed in *A Pilgrimage to Parnassus*, and on this point I would especially direct attention to ll. 667-70 and to ll. 711-4. From these considerations, and as the interchange of *r* and *l* is not an uncommon error, I would read *walke*.

L. 87, "*Smother-dangled*."—A form, I think, of "*smoother-dangled*," (1) for the writer somewhat unduly affects comparatives, possibly for metre's sake; and (2) because, though it may be due to ignorance, I know of no English fashion of wearing the hair so that it could be said to smother the wearer.

L. 157, "*Poore English skinkers*."—Here "*skinkers*," or *lapsters*, is used metaphorically, by one whose thoughts ran in that line, for the poor English literates who drew their small pint or quart from the stored barrels of Greek and Roman literature.

L. 372, "*I' faith &c.*"—That is, the actor was to use any one or two other words extempore, so as to allow time and naturalness for Stupido's shocked ejaculations.

L. 175. In like manner Madido must appear to compose and recite some English verse translation of Horace, for Philomusus entering exclaims—

In faith, Madido, thy poetrie is good;
Some, &c.

L. 681, "*Laye thy legg over thy staffe*."—Every pedestrian when halting and resting would naturally do this, neither is there anything comic in the action. Hence the stage clown must, I think, not only have done this, but afterwards have apparently attempted to move his staff onward as being about to recommence walking, and then have shown a farcical astonishment, first at their being an obstacle, and secondly at his discovery of that obstacle. The circus clown does now—or at least a few years back did—things equally absurd, to make the audience laugh at him.

L. 708, "*O nature, why diddest thou giue mee see good a looke*."—Here the effect of this speech was probably heightened by his producing a pocket-glass from his hat-band, &c., where it was then the custom for gallants to carry them, and complacently contemplating himself. *BR. NICOLSON*,—in *Notes and Queries*.

REVIEWS.

An index to the works of Shakspeare, giving references, by topics, to notable passages and significant expressions; brief histories of the plays; geographical names, and historical incidents; mention of all characters, and sketches of important ones; together with explanations of allusions and obscure and obsolete words and phrases. By Evangeline M. O'Connor. New York. Appleton. 1887.

The lengthy title of this book indicates what it purports to be, and, we may add, what it is. The author quaintly observes that "it may at first sight seem unnecessary to add another to the multitude of books on Shakspeare's works, and aids to the study of them. But I think it will be found that no other of the same character—none that is properly an index, as distinguished from a concordance—has been published." Very true, and we agree with her that it differs from Ayscough, Twiss, Clarke, and Adams, but she could have made it far more useful had she collated more Shakespearian literature. What we mean is this: On page 69 we find, *Comedy of Errors*, the entire subject being disposed of in fourteen lines. If now, the author were to quote a few more references, such as the allusion in Meres, the dates assigned by various commentators, and the criticisms, say of Schlegel, Hallam, Stevens, White, etc., and in subsequent editions gradually increase her collections, she would produce a book which the

student will absolutely require, and which the scholar would not care to be without. The collective headings are the best part of the work, thus "Diseases," "Law," "Omens," etc., under which all references in the plays are grouped, and here we suggest that a brief bibliography would not be inappropriate. The definitions of obsolete words, the condensed plots, and the descriptions of the characters are excellent, and we seriously advise the author to follow the example of another American lady who revised her book and published two editions of it within a year. An occasional typographical error has crept in, but in works of this kind, where at least four kinds of type are employed, this is excusable. If we were asked, "would you advise me to buy the book," we would frankly answer "Yes, but interleave it, and allow space for additions, of which you can make many."

Was Shakespeare Shapleigh? A Correspondence in Two Entanglements. Edited by Justin Winsor. Boston and New York. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1887.

Within the past ten years certain Shakespearian critics in this country have amused themselves by making ostensible discoveries relative to the poet and his works, and these discoveries have assumed a printed form. They cannot be considered as forgeries, they seem rather to have been issued as indirect blows at such people who are ready to believe anything and everything about their favorite author—some of them being even willing to have his right to the matchless collection of plays in the 1623 folio usurped by a Bacon or a Raleigh. First came Mr. Vining's *Mystery of Hamlet*, in which, although seemingly thorough arguments were produced to show that the Dane was of the "gentler sex," the hoax was too palpable, and the well-written little book is now almost totally forgotten. Next in order comes Mr. Heard with his ingenious *Shakespeare's Insomnia*, which made quite a stir among the non-Shakespearian world, among the semi-critics, (if we can call the reviewers of some of our journals by that name), who swallowed the bait, and seriously descanted upon Elizabethan strikes, non-payment of salaries, and money-lending. And now comes a third production, edited by the librarian of Harvard University, charmingly written, ostensibly full of grave facts, and yet bearing underneath a rich vein of humor, which seems so say: "My predecessors did their work bunglingly and you discovered all, but I will most certainly lead you astray."

Mr. Winsor's book informs us of two remarkable Shakespearian discoveries. The first of these is the finding of the 1596 *Lucrece*, which no modern editor has ever seen, but which Malone declares he had heard of. This volume contains

A dedication by Shakespeare himself to William Heminge, speaking in it of his brother John Heminge, the player, who was one of those engaged in editing the first folio of Shakespeare's plays after his death.

Here is the mysterious initialed "W. H." of that volume, which has puzzled everybody so long. Lady Beecham and I are going to make a proclamation on this discovery by and by.

This extract gave us the first intimation that a hoax had been intended. For, in the first place F. 1, never contained "the mysterious initialed 'W. H.'," (which occurs in the 1609 edition of the *Sonnets*), and secondly, a critic making such a discovery would not wait for ten years, (the correspondence is dated 1877) to give it to the public, but would at once announce it to the Shakespearian world through the medium of a reprint, and not barely allude to it in a dozen lines as is the case in this instance. We lay stress upon this assertion, because the editor seems to be unaware that if it were true it would be a far more important matter than his subsequent revelations.

The book next proceeds to recount the finding of an old portrait, the face and the inscription both corresponding with the famous death-mask. Considerable correspondence is involved, most wonderful discoveries are made, a piece of board in Berkshire is fitted to another piece in Northamptonshire, a carpenter with the name of Flotsam (think of it) is introduced, a play upon the names Kennelton and Kesselstadt, and there is a description of a voyage to America in the seventeenth century; Shakespeare and Shapleigh are ingeniously brought together, the links are closed, and the proof is seemingly complete. Finally Mr. Winsor makes the "W. H." correction in some afterwords, and the work is finished, ready to be reviewed in the West, where Mr. Winsor will no doubt also find a purchaser for the original Shapleigh-Kennelton correspondence.

We have only to add that the book is the most beautiful, as far as typographical appearance goes, of any Shakespearian work issued this year, and we say to our readers: "buy this dainty volume, it will do you no harm, and will certainly amuse you."

The Visits of Shakespeare's Company of Actors to the Provincial Cities and Towns of England, illustrated by extracts gathered from Corporate Records by J. O. Halliwell-Phillipps, F.R.S. Brighton. Privately Printed. 1887.

Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps is one of the few Shakespearian critics who in our estimation cannot write enough to satisfy us. Whenever a new work is announced by him we know beforehand that it will contain no idle speculations, but that it will add to the facts which we already possess concerning the poet and his associates. And so it is in this case. Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps says:—

About twenty years ago I commenced a search amongst the corporate records of England and Wales for materials likely to be illustrative of Shakespearian biography and the history of the contemporary stage. Devoting a portion of every summer since then to the prosecution of the task, I have up to the present time, with the kind permission of the various councils, consulted the archives of upwards of seventy towns.

As the result of this task we learn the following facts: On St. Stephen's Day, (Dec. 26), 1594, Shakespeare acted before Queen Elizabeth, at Greenwich Palace, and was one of the company of players distinguished as the Lord Chamberlain's Servants. He belonged to that company, which upon the accession of James was known as the Company of the King's Servants, to the end of his theatrical career. The corporate records thus far examined indicate that the players were at Bath some time between Oct. 14, 1596 and the same date of the following year. They were there probably in the former year, or at any rate in the spring of the latter, as in the summer of 1597 we find them at Faversham, in August at Rye in Sussex, in September at Bristol and Dover, and in December at Marlborough. The next definite account of their movements is in 1603, when they were at Shrewsbury, Bath, and Coventry. In May or June, 1604, they visited Oxford, in the summer of 1605 Barnstable, in October Oxford again, and between October, 1605 and 1606 Saffron-Walden and Maidstone. In the year 1606 they were at Oxford in July, at Leicester in August, at Dover in September, and at Marlborough in November. In September of the following year they were for the fourth time at Oxford, and in 1608 they visited both Coventry and Marlborough once more. We find them at Shrewsbury after March, 1609, and at Hythe and New Romney in May. They were again at Shrewsbury in the spring of 1610, at Dover in July, and at Oxford in August. New Romney and Shrewsbury were both visited in the spring of 1612, and Folkstone before September 8, 1613. Oxford was visited for the sixth and last time in the latter part of 1613, and Coventry between November 16, 1613 and the same date in the following year.

It will be seen that Oxford was most frequently visited, probably they were always welcome at that city. At Folkstone they only received two shillings, (although Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps is inclined to believe that this is an error for two pounds), and if they were present at Bath when the King's accession to the throne was proclaimed by the local authorities, the following curious entries no doubt refer to them:—

Item, given to a fensor that did plaie before the shott with the sword att the proclayminge of our dreade and soveraigne Kinge, ij. s. vi. d.

Item, given to the musicions att the same tyme iiij. s. iiij. d.

Item, paid for fyve gallons of clarrett wyne given the shott uppon the Kinges hollidate, xij. s. iiij. d.

Item, paid for a pound and halfe of suger att the same tyme, ij. s. iiij. d.

Item, given to the musicions att the same tyme, v. s.

Item, given to the Kinges players, xxx. s.

Item, paid for two gallons of beare given to the shott uppon the Kinges holliday, viij. d.

paid for a glasse that was loste att the same tyme, ij. d.

paid more for cakes give to the shott att the same tyme, v. s.

The author states that but meagre results were obtained from the corporation archives of both Worcester and Gloucester, and still less from those

of Warwick. Coventry, "considering the lead taken by the inhabitants of that city in the theatrical amusements of its county, and its singularly voluminous collection of documents," was also a disappointment.

It is noticeable that none of the entries contain any allusion to Shakespeare himself, but Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps has hopes, and enumerates a list of places where the searcher may be rewarded. We can only say in reply, that he is pre-eminently the best person to do it, and we hope that we shall have him among us for many more years, and that his labors in this direction will be crowned with success in the end.

The Legend of Hamlet Prince of Denmark as found in the works of Saxo Grammaticus and other writers of the twelfth century. By George P. Hansen. Chicago. C. H. Kerr & Co. 1887.

Mr. Hansen was appointed United States consul to Denmark by President Lincoln in 1863. "During this time," says the editor, (for the work is a posthumous one), "he had access to public records and rare manuscripts, at Elsinore and Copenhagen, and he then collected the material on which this book is based." The Hamlet-saga as here related does not exhibit such minute study as is to be found in Dr. Gericke's *Hamlet-Quellen*, and the work appeals rather to the student than to the critic. The latter will require this subject in a far more enlarged form, but the student whose resources are limited will find it of considerable assistance. The last chapter—the one on Hamlet's burial-place—contains several new facts, and is worthy of careful perusal. The low price of the book (fifty cents) ought to insure a good sale for it.

MISCELLANY.

Shakespeare was the man who, of all modern and perhaps ancient poets, had the largest and most comprehensive soul. All the images of nature were still present to him, and he drew them not laboriously, but luckily. When he describes anything, you more than see it,—you feel it too. Those who accuse him to have wanted learning give him the greater commendation; he was naturally learned; he needed not the spectacles of books to read nature; he looked inwards, and found her there.—*Dryden*.

A SONNET.

Shakespeare!—to such name's sounding what succeeds

Fitly as silence? Falter forth the spell,—
Act follows word, the speaker knows full well,
Nor tampers with its magic more than needs.

Two names there are: That which the Hebrew reads

With his soul only; if from lips it fell,

Echo, back thundered by earth, heaven and hell,

Would own "Thou did'st create us!" Nought impedes

We voice the other name, man's most of might,

Awesomely, lovingly: let awe and love

Mutely await their working, leave to sight

All of the issue as—below—above—

Shakespeare's creation rises: one remove,

Though dread—this finite from that infinite.

ROBERT BROWNING.

UNPUBLISHED POEM ATTRIBUTED
TO COWPER.

A few years since I was staying with my sister at Weston-super-Mare. In the same house was Mrs. Gabert, the widow of a clergyman. Being confined to the house by rain, I found a volume of Cowper, lent me by Mrs. Gabert, very useful. I read to the lady, and I suppose said so much to her in praise of my favorite poet, that a few days after I had left she handed to my sister a copy of 'Bless my heart, how cold it is!' endorsed, in her late husband's handwriting, "From a manuscript by Cowper, hitherto unpublished," saying, "Send this to your brother; it may interest him." I read the piece over and over again, and came to the conclusion that it was what it professed to be, a genuine production of the poet. When I came to "Humanity, delightful tale," I could not doubt. Here was all the poet's tenderness. His humor and healthy tone, I thought, too, were both apparent. Being, however, a nobody myself, I sent a copy to the Rev. Wm. Benham, the editor of the Globe edition of Cowper. He replied to me thus:—

"I am very much obliged to you for your kind letter and interesting enclosure. The latter is really a remarkable document. I am very much inclined to think it genuine. It is one of that sort of effusion which he was in the habit of throwing off, like 'The Journey to Clifton' and 'Which nobody can deny.'"

Finding that a kinsman of Cowper, the Rev. Wm. Cowper Johnson, was still living, I sent him a copy. He wrote to me from Northwold Rectory, Brandon, Norfolk, thus:—

"The delay in my acknowledging your kind note has arisen from my having changed my abode lately. Let me thank you for recognizing in so unworthy a man the son of my father, the kinsman of Cowper (the Norfolk Johnny of Cowper's letters). Your love for the poet cannot surpass mine. Whatever had been so much as even lying in his drawer I should in some sort value. But this very love for him will make us both cautious how we attribute to his muse lines which, in the sort of opinion that an uncritical judge may form, seem to fall short of his inspiration. The general spirit of these lines is in keeping with Cowper's exquisite sympathies, but the wording of them I think is scarcely up to his work."

The kinsman, you see, has not been so kind to my judgment as the stranger. My object in sending the lines to you is that, should you think proper to print them, they may reach the eye of the some one who has the manuscript, and thus solve the riddle. Mrs. Gabert found the copy among her husband's papers; but I have failed to discover the possessor of the manuscript of Cowper.

BLESS MY HEART, HOW COLD IT IS.

Hark! the blustering Boreas blows
See! the waters round are froze.
The trees that skirt the dreary plain
All day a murmuring cry maintain:
The trembling forest hears their groan,
And sadly answers moan for moan.

Such is the tale,
O'er hill and dale,
Each traveller may behold it is;
While low and high
Are heard to cry,
"Bless my heart, how cold it is!"
Now slumbering sloth, that cannot bear
The question of the piercing air,
Lifts up her unkempt head, and tries,
But cannot from her bondage rise;
The while the housewife swiftly throws
Around the wheel, and quickly shows
The healthful cheek industry brings
(It is not in the gift of kings).
To her long life,
Devoid of strife,
And justly, too, unfolded is,
The while the sloth
To stir is loth,
And trembling cries, "How cold it is!"

Now lies Sir Fopling, tender weed,
All shivering like a shaken reed,
"How sharp the wind attacks my back!
John put some list across that crack;
Go sandbag all the sashes round,
And see there's not an air-hole found."

Indulgence pale
Tells this sad tale
Till he in furs enfolded is;
Still, still complains,
O'er all his pains,

"Bless my heart, how cold it is!"

Now the poor newsman from the town
Explores his way across the down,
His frozen fingers sadly blows,
And still he seeks, and still it snows.
"Go take his paper, Richard, go,
And give a dram to make him glow."

Such was the cry,
Humanity,
More precious far than gold it is,
Such gifts to deal,
When newsmen feel,
All clad in snow, how cold it is.

Humanity, delightful tale,
When we feel the winter gale,
May the old in ermined coat
Lend his ear to sorrow's note;
And when with misery's weight oppressed
A fellow sits, a shivering guest,
Full, ample may his bounty flow,
To cheer the bosom dulled by woe.

In town or vale,
Where'er the tale
Of real grief unfolded is,
Oh, may he give
The means to live
To those who feel how cold it is.

Perhaps some soldier, blind or maimed,
Some tar for independence maimed;
Remember these. For thee they bore
The loss of limbs, and suffered more.
Oh, pass them not; for if you do,
I'll blush to think they fought for you.
Through winter's reign

Relieve their pain,
For what they've done, sure bold it is;
Their wants supply
Where'er they cry,
"Bless my heart, how cold it is!"

And now, ye sluggards, sloths, and beaux,
Who dread the breath that winter blows,
Pursue the counsel of a friend
Who never found it yet offend,
When winter deals his blasts around,
Go beat the air and pace the ground;
With cheerful spirits exercise,
'Tis there life's balmy blessing lies.

O'er hill and dale,
Though sharp the gale,
And frozen you behold it is,
Your blood shall glow,
And swiftly flow,
And you'll not cry, "How cold it is!"

JOHN TAYLOR.

Notes and Queries.

ELIA.

In his paper on Charles Lamb in the second series of 'Obiter Dicta,' Mr. Augustine Birrell, says the *Academy*, is at his best:—

His defence of Lamb's character, his assertion of his true nobility of nature, of the actual grit and real moral fibre in the man, is particularly good, and not altogether unneeded just at the present time.

"It should never be forgotten that Lamb's vocation was his life. . . . He had a right to deport himself on paper, to play frolic with his own fancies, to give the decalogue the slip, whose life was made up of sternest stuff, of self-sacrifice, devotion, honesty, and good sense."

It is positively refreshing to see with how fine a scorn the essayist flings back the miserable shreds of pity which it has been too much the fashion in some quarters to bestow upon the memory of Elia.

"One grows sick of the expressions, 'poor Charles Lamb,' 'gentle Charles Lamb,' as if he were one of those grown-up children of the Leigh Hunt type, who are perpetually begging and borrowing through the round of every man's acquaintance. Charles Lamb earned his own living, paid his own way, was the helper, not the helped; a man who was beholden to no one, who always came with gifts in his hand, a shrewd man capable of advice, strong in council, Poor Lamb indeed! Poor Coleridge, robbed of his will; poor Wordsworth, devoured by his own *ego*; poor Southey, writing his tomes and deeming himself a classic; poor Carlyle, with his nine volumes of memoirs, where he

'Lies like a hedgehog rolled up the wrong way,
Tormenting himself with his prickles'—

call these men poor, if you feel it decent to do so, but not Lamb, who was rich in all that makes life valuable or memory sweet. But he used to get drunk. This explains all. Be untruthful, unfaithful, unkind; darken the lives of all who have to live under your shadow, rob youth of joy, take peace from age, live unsought for, die unmourned—and remaining sober you will escape the curse of men's pity, and be spoken

of as a worthy person. But if, amidst what Burns called 'social noise,' you so far forget yourself as to get drunk, think not to plead a spotless life spent with those for whom you have labored and saved; talk not of the love of friends, or of help given to the needy; least of all make reference to a noble self-sacrifice passing the love of woman, for all will avail you nothing."

LIBRARY NOTES.

MRS. RICHMOND, of Batavia, N. Y., widow of the late Dean Richmond, has given \$25,000 for the purpose of erecting a library building in that place.

THE Council of the English Library Association have fixed as the subject of the competition for Mr. Borrajo's prize this year 'The Bibliography of English Library Economy.'

A PROPOSAL has been made to found a new Museum and Public Library at Canterbury, England, in honor of the centenary of the birth of the Rev. Richard Harris Barham, the author of the 'Ingoldsby Legends.' Mr. Barham's father was an alderman of Canterbury.

IN memory of their parents, the late Judge and Mrs. Asa Fowler, Miss Clara M. Fowler and Mr. Wm. P. Fowler will present to the city of Concord, N. H., a building for a free public library.

THE third annual report of the Portsmouth, England, Free Public Library contains some interesting and surprising statistics. The reference and lending libraries contain 14,102 volumes; there are 6,572 borrowers; and the issues for 1886 were 299,391 volumes, or a daily average issue of 1,080 volumes. There is not more than one lending library in Great Britain which circulates more books than the Portsmouth Library.

THE last report of the London Library indicates a steadily growing prosperity in the affairs of that institution. There are now 1,983 members on the register, among whom have been circulated 116,858 volumes in the course of the year. Since last meeting 4,250 volumes have been permanently added to the shelves of the library by gifts and by purchase, the amount spent on books being \$4,815. The sixth edition of the catalogue is now going through the press.

THE Chilean Government has bought for £10,000 the library and MSS. of the late Don Benjamin Vicuña Mackenna, who had devoted much money and many years to collecting materials for the history of Chili.

AT the meeting of the trustees of Columbia College in May \$2,200 was appropriated for constructing a new gallery around the college library. The work on this gallery has now begun and it will be finished in August. At the last meeting of the trustees a letter was received from a friend of the college offering to give \$1,000 for the fitting up of fifty desks for students of the senior classes. Room

for these desks could be obtained, it was stated by Librarian Dewey, by building a floor over the alcoves of the library. The offer was considered by the trustees, and referred to a committee for action. The college library now numbers about 98,000 volumes, and is steadily increasing. Among recent gifts, showing the interest that has been taken in it, are 1,500 volumes from the library of Professor Short, 500 volumes from G. D. L. Harrison, and 500 volumes from the Hoe Library. The class of '82 has also indicated its intention of placing, as a memorial, a stained-glass window in the east end of the library, and several other classes have asked to have windows retained for them for similar purposes.

MR. FREDERICK H. RINDGE has made the people of Cambridge a present worth \$125,000 in the shape of a new public library. The matter has agitated the public mind for some time, and the Cambridge Club decided to raise funds for a new library by subscription. It fell to Mayor Russell's lot to see Mr. Rindge and ask his financial assistance in the matter. The outcome of the Mayor's mission was the giving of 115,000 square feet of land and a building to be erected at an expense of between \$70,000 and \$80,000, making the value of the gift at least \$125,000. The site for the library is bounded by Broadway, Cambridge, Trowbridge, and Irving streets, a whole square, 225 by 600 feet. Mr. Rindge says in a letter to Mayor Russell that he is ready to have the scheme pushed forward immediately. The only condition that has been stipulated by Mr. Rindge is that a number of tablets be placed in the building with scriptural and other suitable passages and maxims inscribed upon them. The Cambridge Library now comprises some 20,000 volumes. Frederick H. Rindge is a son of Samuel H. Rindge. Until the past few years both father and son have lived in Cambridge, but since have made California their home. The younger Mr. Rindge was a member of the Class of '79 at Harvard University, being in the same class as Mayor Russell.

BIBLIOPHILIANA.

A SPANIARD, Don Carulla, has versified the whole of the Bible.

THE *Deutscher Anzeiger* contains a notice by Dr. C. Fromm on a hitherto unknown manuscript of the 'Imitation of Christ,' which has been discovered in the City Library of Cologne.

THE REV. Lucas W. Collins, the originator and editor of the series 'Ancient Classics for English Readers,' and the author of 'Etoniana,' has died recently.

A STATUE of Balzac has been recently erected in Tours, the great novelist's birth-place. In honor of the occasion Dr. Fournier, the mayor of Tours, has published an interesting and luxuriously gotten-up study of the life and works of Balzac.

TILL recently the most ancient document discov-

ered favoring Gutenberg's title to be considered the father of printing is dated 1499: M. Steber of Basle has now published an earlier—dated 1472. It is a letter in Latin from Guillaume Fichet to Robert Gaguin expressly alluding to Gutenberg as the inventor of the art of printing (*qui primus omnium impressoriam artem excogitavit*). Fichet who established the first printing press in Paris probably knew what he was writing about as he had in his employ three men trained by Gutenberg himself—Ulrich Gering, Michel Friburger, and Martin Crantz, "already," said he, "as skilful as their master."

MR. ELLIOT STOCK has secured the balusters from the staircase of the house in Fetter Lane, London, in which Dryden is said to have lived, and of which the destruction has been completed. Messrs. Sampson Low & Co. have just erected a handsome set of buildings for themselves exactly opposite.

LOVERS of English art and artists should take note that in the church of St. Olave, Old Jewry, London, the demolition of which is announced as imminent, was buried John Boydell, Alderman of London, and in 1790 Lord Mayor; engraver, print-seller, and promoter of the 'Shakspeare Gallery,' and, as the inscription on the mural tablet within the church records, "a Christian [who] attended within these walls with exemplary constancy and fervent devotion. He departed from this life on the 12th Day of December, 1804, aged Eighty-six years." A bust of Boydell was erected by his niece Mrs. Mary Nichol, wife of George Nichol, of Pall Mall, Bookseller to the King, whose name is known to bibliographers. The newspapers tell us that the remains interred within the church of St. Olave are to be "decently interred" at Ilford Cemetery.

In the little churchyard of Shirley, not far from the residence of the Archbishop of Canterbury, there is a ponderous gravestone, bearing the following characteristic inscriptions:—

Here rests, from day's well-sustained burden, John Thos. Ruskin, born in Edinburgh, May 10, 1785. He died in his home in London, March 3, 1864. He was an entirely honest merchant, and his memory is to all who keep it, dear and helpful. His son, whom he loved to the uttermost, and taught to speak truth, says this of him.

Here, beside my father's body, I have laid my mother's. Nor was dearer earth ever returned to earth, nor purer life recorded in heaven. She died December 5, 1861, aged 90.

A RARE prize, though by no means a good bargain, has just been picked up at a small sale room in Oxford street, London. Among a heap of rubbish an enterprising bookseller discovered the rarest and most sought after of all the works illustrated by George Cruikshank, the popular German stories by the Brothers Grimm. The finder of the treasure, fearing lest he might not be able to pay the price it would bring if any one were present who knew its value, straightway fetched Mr. Robson, of Messrs. Robson & Kerslake, who, to the surprise of the

auctioneer and the disgust of a well known collector who was bidding for the book, secured the treasure for the unprecedented price of \$240.

BROTHER QUARITCH offers for sale a copy of the first folio, bound by Bedford, and measuring 12½ by 8½ inches at the reasonable price, condition considered, of \$3,725. Mr. Quaritch describes it as "quite perfect, undoctored, genuine, sound, and fine."

MR. MORTON MCMICHAEL has recalled some fragments of Thackeray's conversation, when the novelist was in America and frequented the McMichaels home in Philadelphia. Some one expressed the opinion that Lord Farintosh was not as strongly drawn as most of his characters; to which Thackeray replied that he had made a careful study of 'the high bred, high fed, petted and not over-wise young-man-about-town,' and 'thought he had made a good picture of the class,' but that the English novelist of to-day was hampered by restrictions, however wise, of which Fielding knew nothing when he drew 'Tom Jones,' Smollett when he created 'Roderick Random,' or Paul de Koch when he exposed 'The French Student' to the gaze of the whole world.

THE Chapter Coffee-house in Paternoster row, London, a noted resort of wits in former days, is about to be pulled down. Among its frequenters were Churchill, Bonnell Thornton, Goldsmith, and Chatterton.

THE *Leipziger Zeitung* records the death of a godson of Goethe at Chemnitz. The Bezirkschullehrer Wolfgang Engau received the Christian name Wolfgang because the poet stood as his godfather. Engau's father at the time of his son's birth was manager of the printing office at Weimar which worked for Goethe. The printer and the poet were constantly in intercourse, and Goethe's friendliness was so manifest that the printer ventured to ask the great man to stand sponsor to his son.

MOST people suppose that Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe received a small fortune from the sale of 'Uncle Tom's Cabin.' As a matter of fact she never realized anything but a very inconsiderable sum. The story was originally written for a periodical, and was published against the advice of Henry Ward Beecher, who told his sister that the time for publishing such a work had not yet come. However, she went ahead, and the book was published here and afterwards printed by a London firm and put in book form. But it failed to take in England. Even the critics of the newspapers could not be prevailed upon to notice it. The entire edition was left upon the publishers' hands, and they put it up in the trade sales. The first copy went off at a penny, then another and another, until the whole number went off at the same price, amid the laughter and plaudits of the spectators. But it proved the best investment the publishers ever made. The books

were read, and then there came a demand for it from all parts of the Kingdom. Edition after edition was printed, until over 1,000,000 copies had been sold. But not a single penny did Mrs. Stowe receive from the gallant and gentlemanly Britishers. It was the same in other countries—for the book was translated into every European language—not a publisher thought of paying the authoress. In these later days we have heard a great deal from Charles Reade and other English authors about "American pirates" and the Yankee love for the "almighty dollar," but no such specimens of conscienceless greed has ever been found here to match that of the London publishers of 'Uncle Tom's Cabin.'

A VALUABLE Goethe find was announced at the second annual meeting of the Goethe-Gesellschaft, recently held at Weimar. It consists of a manuscript containing some twenty scenes of 'Faust' in prose, which were copied in 1775 by Fräulein von Göchhausen. The version of the 'Urfaust,' as the Germans call the original composition, is far more vigorous than the poetical version, and will probably be published before long.

DR. WILHELM VOLLMER, for many years the literary manager of the firm of J. G. Cotta, in Stuttgart, has died in that city in his fifty-ninth year. He was born at Horb in 1828, and was originally a student of theology, but, having taken part in the revolutionary movement of 1848, became a journalist. During the last twenty years he has been employed with Goedecke, Hermann Uhde, Bernays, and others in the editing of Schiller and Goethe literature.

IN his 'Life of D. G. Rossetti' Mr. Joseph Knight writes:—One mad idea which Rossetti ventilates at this period deserves to be mentioned as anticipating in a remarkable manner a portion of Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson's brilliant romance—the 'New Arabian Nights.' It is propounded by Rossetti to his brother and close ally, writing to whom he says; "Apropos of death, Hunt and I are going to get up among our acquaintances a mutual suicide association, by the regulations of which every member, being weary of life, may call at any time upon another to cut his throat for him. It is all, of course, to be done very quietly, without weeping or gnashing of teeth. I, for instance, am to go in and say: 'I say, Hunt, just stop painting that head for a minute and cut my throat,' to which he will respond by telling the model to keep the position, as he shall only be a moment, and, having done his duty, will proceed with the painting." If there is any one to whom this wild pleasantry seems distasteful, it must be remembered that its originators were lads of twenty, or thereabouts, whose schemes shortly afterwards all but revolutionised art, and who, before they reached the age at which the responsibilities of manhood are supposed to begin, were to see themselves pilloried for work which their enemies could neither equal nor grasp.

The Bookmart.

July, 1887.

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Literary communications and Books for Review, Address Halkett Lord, Editor, Jersey City, N. J.

All Business and Financial matters, ADDRESS, BOOKMART PUBLISHING CO., Pittsburg, Pa., U. S. A.

THE Prices of the Du Bois Sale of Books sold by Messrs. Geo. A. Leavitt & Co. were published immediately after sale. The Prices for Parts 3 and 4 of the Cist Autograph Sale, sold by Messrs. Bangs & Co., we shall have ready for delivery early this month, and should we receive sufficient orders for Prices for the Hoe Sale sold also by Messrs. Bangs & Co., we will print them without delay.

HENRY MARCH GILBERT's address in Catalogues Received in our last issue was made London. It should be Southampton.

Our subscribers will please continue to present THE BOOKMART to their friends, soliciting subscriptions.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Leipzig, May 24th, 1887.

To the Editor of The Bookmart.

Dear Sir:—I beg to draw your attention to an erroneous statement in the May number of THE BOOKMART. You say (p. 499) that an *autograph* letter of Columbus realized lately at a Cologne sale \$1200. This is not correct as it was not an *autograph* letter but the first *printed* edition (Rome, 1493) of Columbus' first letter relating to his discovery of the New World (compare HARRISSE's *Bibliotheca Americana Vetustissima*. No. 1). It was bought for a well-known American collector and realized, including expenses, 6600 Marks, a price which may be considered *cheap* for the *first printed document* on America. Indeed, I can add that it would have fetched a much higher price, if a coincidence of bad luck had not prevented another collector to send his commission in time. Believe me to be, Dear Sir,

Yours faithfully,

OTTO HARRASSOWITZ.

BOOK REVIEWS.

'THE WORLD WENT VERY WELL THEN.' By Walter Besant. (Seaside Library). As the competition in novel-writing increases, novelists will be likely to practice collaboration more frequently than has hitherto been the case. In fiction, as in other matters, two heads are better than one, unless that one happens to be endowed with exceptional genius. As this must be a rare occurrence, and inasmuch as it is desirable that as many stories as possible should be good, it follows that collaboration should be encouraged. Another point in its favor is, that if all novelists collaborated, there would be only half as many novels as there are at present. These remarks are apropos of the fact that one of the most successful pair of collaborators of late years has been Messrs. Besant and Rice. Their 'Ready Money Mortibory' and 'Golden Butterfly' brought them fame on both sides of the Atlantic, and money on at least one. Mr Rice died not many years ago, but Mr. Besant still labors at his profession: and he produces stories which, though different in character from the collaborated ones, less replete with incident and vivacity, are perhaps superior to them in literary quality. Among the latest of the new series is that whose title is quoted above. It is a novel of the last century, supposed to be related by one of the characters in it; and the author evidently took great pains with his local color and style. Outwardly, it recalls somewhat Thackeray's 'Esmond,' though of course it cannot be compared with that great novel in the painting of human character and life. But a book may be a very good book, and yet not so good as 'Esmond'; and 'The World Went very well Then' is a very good book. It is a tale of adventure, with a naval and piratical flavor in it. The home scene is at Deptford, near the mouth of the Thames, and the period is when wars with France and Spain were of chronic occurrence, and when privateers and pirates sailed the Spanish main and explored the South Seas: and smuggling was a prevailing trade on the channel. The best character is an ancient mariner who has already been all over the world,—on the west coast of Africa, in the slave-trade; among the islands of Australasia; along the "Island of California" and down the coast of South America, and in other semi-mythical regions. He has been a member of a pirate's crew, and assisted at the capture of a Spanish Galleon, laden with upwards of a million dollars worth of treasure. But the crew, after burying their treasure at the foot of a tree on one of the nameless islands of the Pacific, gradually disappeared; being either killed in fights among themselves, or carried off by sickness, or else yielding to the temptation of slothful ease offered by the climate and conditions of Australian life, and settling down to marriage with the native women. Mr. Brinjes, however (such is the ancient mariner's name) surmounts all these dangers and temptations, and arrives at last in England, the sole heir of the vast treasure buried in the antipodal island. He takes up his residence in the seaport town, where he does business as a physician, and is suspected of being in league with the evil one, and able to either cure a patient off hand, or smite a healthy man with sore and sudden sickness or calamity. He is represented as being anywhere from seventy to one

hundred years old at the opening of the story: and he lives all through it, and is left at the end of it looking not a day older. The semi-magical quality, of which he is one of the exponents, runs through the book, and is tolerably well managed: the intention being to leave the reader in agreeable doubt as to whether certain events occur by the direct agency of witchcraft, or only as surprising coincidences. The art is not quite perfect, however: and, indeed, the feat is one which very few writers have successfully accomplished. But as a picturesque and characteristic accessory, it is not amiss. Mr. Brinjes, notwithstanding his stirring history, is the quietest old gentleman imaginable, and lives a life of strict regularity, including a long nap every afternoon. His temper, among his friends, is equable and sociable, and he has a very graphic and effective manner of relating a story, so that it seems true, no matter how strange it is. But the hero of the book is not Mr. Brinjes, but the boy Jack, who begins as a midshipman in the navy, and, after a variety of absorbing adventures, ends (or, at least, disappears from the reader's view) as captain of a pirate in the South seas, where he and the undying Mr. Brinjes have found the buried treasure, and are living in peace and luxury, tempered by murder and robbery on the high seas. Associated with Jack's fortunes or misfortunes are two women, one black-haired and beautiful, the other beautiful and fair-haired; and Jack falls madly in love, and is faithless, and finally returns to his allegiance: these changes of feeling on his part seeming, perhaps, a little improbable to the reader, though plainly essential to the story. There are a number of good fights in the story, both in the nature of general engagements and personal encounters; of these, the bout at quarter-staff between Jack and his rival is, upon the whole, the best; but any fight is always acceptable in a novel. The conclusion of the story is not arranged in the conventional manner, and I am not sure that the variation is, in all respects, an improvement. Jack, who, of course, is the bravest of the brave, has been behaving very badly to the black-haired girl; and she tells him that Providence will catch him where the hair is shortest, or words to that effect. Accordingly, in his next naval action, he being in command of a ship, and everything pointing to victory, he suddenly finds himself impelled, by some irresistible inner voice, to run to the halliards and haul down the British flag, thereby surrendering his vessel to the astonished Frenchman, who hesitated to believe his own eyes. Jack, the next day, retakes his ship single-handed from the prize crew that had been put on board of her, and brings her back to Deptford. But he is court-martialled for the surrender, and condemned to be shot. There are two legitimate conclusions available here: either that he be shot, or that he be pardoned at the last moment. The author, however, contrives a third alternative, which the reader may investigate for himself. I will only remark that it severely strains my sympathy with Jack. It may be said that such a solution is realistic; but, after reading three or four hundred pages of charming romance, we do not wish to be brought up short at the end with a round realistic turn. It is not in keeping. Mr. Besant's heroine is carefully and consistently done, but, somehow or other, the impression of sex is not conveyed. The power to do this is rare in contemporary English

novelists: Thomas Hardy leads all others in that respect; Stevenson can make a woman seem like a woman, and so, in a less degree, can Rider Haggard. But we do not fall in love with Mr. Besant's heroine. It would be difficult to say exactly what is wanting, but something is, nevertheless, the novel is an excellent one, and, in spite of the numerous startling episodes, there is a great use of quiet description and comment, and well-conceived local color.

'SEA SONG AND RIVER RHYME.' Selected and edited by Estelle Davenport Adams. (London. Redway). This is a pretty book, well conceived and executed. No subject is more poetical than the ocean, and some of the best descriptive passages of the poets have the ocean for their subject. Such, at all events, is the case with the poets of England and America. River scenery also has its quiet charms, but they are generally so mingled with land beauties as scarcely to claim a place by themselves. Nevertheless, the selections are acceptable for the beauty that is in them. The volume contains upwards of 300 pages, and probably all the more important or striking references to the sea have been included in it. Of all modern poets, Mr. Swinburne is perhaps the one whose passion for the sea is the strongest, and who has most frequently sounded its praises in his verse. Nor is he a dry-land sailor, like Barry Cornwall, who never was afloat in his life, and whom the very sight of the ocean made seasick: so that there is a certain dry humor in his apostrophes to "The sea, the sea, the open sea!" and in his assertion that he has "tried, since then, in calm and strife, full fifty years of a sailor's life," and his aspiration that "Death, whenever he comes to me, shall come on the wild, unbounded sea!" No: Mr. Swinburne is a genuine "salt;" he is a famous swimmer, and one summer, while swimming off the Normandy coast at Etretat, he was caught by the outer current, which sweeps past the headlands with great swiftness, and was carried two or three miles eastward, and would infallibly have been drowned, had not a chance fishing-smack picked him up. He has had his baptism of salt water, therefore, and deserves the title of Laureate of the ocean. The present volume has, by way of preface or introduction, Swinburne's recent poem 'A Word for the Navy'—a spirited and melodious piece, conveying the sound sentiment that the sea is England's strength, and exhorting her not to forget it. Mrs. Adams's extracts run from Chaucer to the latest poets: Chaucer being represented by a single quotation of no poetic merit from the 'Boke of Cupid.' Mr. Longfellow is one of the authors most largely drawn upon; yet I note the absence of one of his best couplets, from 'The Bells of Lynn':—

"Down the darkening coast run the tumultuous surges,

"They clap their hands and shout to thee, O bells of Lynn!"

Joaquin Miller is not quoted from at all, though he has several passages in which the ways of ocean are painted in a comparatively original way. But, as Mrs. Adams intimates, everything cannot be got into one book. The volume is illustrated by some etchings which owe quite as much to the printer as to the etcher, and reflect no particular credit on either.

'THE FRENCH IN THE ALLEGHENY VALLEY.' By T. J. Chapman, M. A. (W. W. Williams, Cleveland). As Mr. Chapman remarks in his preface, "we have grown to be a great nation, and the end is not yet. It is well to preserve from oblivion the history of our humble beginnings, that future generations may continue to revere the memory of the brave men by whose labors and sufferings the wilderness was redeemed and the foundation of our liberties were laid." The little book which he has produced in this spirit is in every respect an admirable achievement. Within the compass of a couple of hundred pages, it contains a vast deal of authenticated and systematised information. All the best authorities have been consulted, and the result is a monograph of permanent value and interest, and the first one which has been yet published on this subject. The narrative begins in 1748, when a number of English colonists formed themselves into an association called 'The Ohio Company,' with a view of making settlements west of the Allegheny mountains: and is carried down to 1784, when representatives of Pennsylvania and of Virginia acting as joint commissioners, established the revised boundaries of Pennsylvania on the south and west. The intervening period, as will be seen, is one of no small historical interest, comprising as it does Celoron's early voyage down the Allegheny, Washington's first services in the field, the defeat of Braddock, and the episodes of Fort Duquesne and Fort Pitt. The entire picture is ably and comprehensively drawn: the style is clear, solid and simple. Mr. Chapman may be congratulated on having done a real service to history.

'AMERICA HERALDICA.' Edited by E. de V. Vermont. (Brentano). Mr. Vermont has taken up an interesting but hitherto neglected topic, and has so treated it that his work may be considered the final word on the subject, as it is the first. The work consists of a series of carefully designed and colored plates of the coats-of-arms, crests and mottoes of such prominent American families as were settled in this country previous to the year 1800. The plates are accompanied by full descriptions and explanations, compiled with scrupulous care and authoritative knowledge. Such a volume should be of value not only to those whose names appear in it, but even more to whomsoever feels an enlightened interest in the historic roots from which our western civilization has been developed. M. Vermont has proceeded in the best scientific spirit, and has not allowed himself to be hampered by any personal or private considerations. No special understanding has been suffered to exist between himself and any one of the families that are here represented. A magnificent volume is the result, which does credit to its author, and is likely to be given a prominent place in the libraries of all cultivated Americans.

JULIAN HAWTHORNE.

AMERICAN NOTES.

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS announce a new edition of Mr. H. Scudder's 'Men and Manners in America a Hundred Years Ago.'

A NEW edition of Mr. W. Elliot Fette's compilation, in two volumes, of dramas and dialogues from Dickens's stories and sketches has been issued by Messrs. Lee & Shepard.

MR. ALGERNON SWINBURNE's selections from his poetical works is published in this country by the Worthington Co.

LUCY C. LILLY contributes to *Lippincott's* for July an article on the 'Mistress of the White House,' which gives some pleasant personal gossip about the President's wife.

MESSRS. GINN & Co. will publish during the summer a revised edition of Slevin's 'Grammar of Old English,' translated by Albert S. Cook, Ph. D., the University of California.

THE complete novel in *Lippincott's* for July is 'At Anchor,' by Miss Julia Magruder.

MISS AMELIA RIVES, the author of 'A Brother to Dragons,' has another story of Old English life in the July number of *Lippincott's Magazine*, entitled 'The Farrier Lass o' Piping Peabworth.'

HARPER & BROTHERS will publish in the fall a collection of engravings by the members of the Society of American Wood Engravers. It will contain twenty-five proofs by fifteen engravers, all (but a fresco by Giotto engraved by Mr. Cole) being from American paintings. The edition will consist of 100 copies *de luxe* from the wood, on Japan paper, by a hand press. The mounts will be 18½ x 12½ inches within a cardboard mat; the cover will be canvas with white leather back and tips. The ordinary edition is from electrotypes. The text is by Mr. W. M. Laffan.

M. B. H. GAUSSERON has translated into French and M. Quantin has published Dr. Holmes's 'The Last Leap,' (la Dernière Feuille), with illustrations by George Wharton Edwards and Hopkinson Smith. The edition is limited to 800 numbered copies, 25 francs each.

FOR Christmas E. P. Dutton & Co. will have ready Tennyson's 'Enoch Arden' with thirty-two full page illustrations, each in a tinted border. This edition has been in preparation for two years.

A NOVEL undertaking in periodical literature is outlined in the prospectus of the *Modern Muse*, a quarterly magazine, of which C. W. Moulton & Co., Buffalo, N. Y., are to be the publishers. The *Modern Muse* will be devoted exclusively to poetry and the study of poetry; it will publish contributions from the best known American and English writers, and authors living and dead will be reprinted by selections and extracts, accompanied by biographical and critical notes, while "all the best and brightest productions that appear in the current American and English periodicals" will be represented. In connection with this unique review, bibliographical supplements will be issued. With the first number (announced for Jan. 15, 1888) is to be sent out a bibliography of the periodical verse of 1887, and with the second number a bibliographical list of all the verse, English and American, issued in book form during the same year.

THE last volume of the "Riverside" edition of Browning (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) will have a full index to all Browning's poems together with a table of first lines.

MR. THEODORE ROOSEVELT has withdrawn from his special partnership in the house of G. P. Putnam's Sons, and his place has been taken by Mr. Walter Howe, who makes a similar investment for

a term of five years from the 14th inst. Mr. Howe is a lawyer, a member of the Union League, Century, University, and Commonwealth Clubs, and has been prominent in the work of municipal and civil service reform in New York. He is a Republican, and was associated with Mr. Roosevelt, two or three years ago, in the passage by the Legislature of the measures for the reform of the City Charter.

MR. J. G. CUPPLES, of Boston, has taken in a partner—Mr. Alfred Dennis Hurd, for some time associated with Houghton, Mifflin & Co. The firm-name will be Cupples & Hurd.

JOHN C. BUCKBEE, for fifteen years a member of the firm of S. C. Griggs & Co., of Chicago, has gone into business on his own account, taking with him a number of books hitherto published by his former partners.

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS will print at once, in their series of Questions of the Day, Edward Atkinson's recent address before the Boston Labor Union, on 'The Margin of Profit.' They also announce 'Taxation: Its Principles and Methods,' a translation of 'First Principles of the Science of Finance,' by Prof. Luigi Cossa of the University of Pavia, with an introduction by Horace White; 'Gleanings from Matinecock, and other Studies,' sketches and stories illustrating the Dutch traditions of Long Island and the banks of the Hudson, by 'John Quod;' and 'The Lost Wedding Ring,' a study of present social conditions, by 'Pixley Winter' and 'Little Boy.'

JOHN BARTLETT, whose 'Familiar Quotations' and 'Shakspeare Phrase-Book' are valued books of reference, has copyrighted 'A New and Complete Concordance or Verbal Index to the Dramatic Works of Shakspeare.' The text adopted is that of the Globe Edition, Edited by Clark and Wright; and the passages quoted will be given with such fulness 'that in most cases it will be found unnecessary to consult the Plays themselves.' The volume will contain about 1,600 large and well-printed pages.

MESSRS. TICKNOR & Co. have recently published 'The Sunny Side of Shadow.' Reveries of a Convalescent. By Mrs. S. G. W. Benjamin. 'Letters of Horatio Greenough To his Brother, Henry Greenough,' with Biographical Sketches, and some Contemporary Correspondence, edited by Frances Boott Greenough. 'Nights with Uncle Remus: Myths and Legends of the Old Plantation,' by Joel Chandler Harris. 'The Nigritians,' Division 1 of the Social History of the Races of Mankind, by A. Feathermann; and 'The Melanesians,' Division 2 of the Social History of the Races of Mankind, by A. Feathermann.

THE new edition de luxe of Thackeray's works which the Worthington Company are preparing to publish will be complete in twenty volumes at \$3.50 a volume. The size will be that of the large-paper edition of Longfellow's works and the fifteen hundred illustrations—by Thackeray, Doyle, Cruikshank and others—will be printed on fine Japanese paper and mounted in the text. There will be only 250 copies, each of which will be numbered and registered. The first volumes will be issued in July.

IN *The Critic* "The Lounger" writes:—"Subscribers to John Payne's translation of 'The Arabian Nights' will be glad to know that their sub-

scriptions can now be filled. It may be remembered that a little over a year ago, just after two of the promised nine volumes had been published by R. Worthington, Anthony Comstock made a raid upon the books, and the publication was stopped. Mr. Worthington had taken probably 400 subscriptions at \$45 per set, and his subscribers were clamorous. They saw two odd volumes on their hands, with little prospect of completing the set. Now, however, they can be happy again, for a firm in Canada, 'Macmullen & Co.,' of Toronto, have printed the lacking seven volumes and shipped them to New York, where all orders may be filled. There is no publisher's imprint on the new volumes. The title page of the first two say 'printed for Richard Worthington,' but these are 'printed for subscribers only.'"

DR. OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES has written the opening article for the 'Beecher Memorial' now being prepared for Mrs. Beecher and her family, by Mr. Edward W. Bok of Brooklyn, N. Y., to which Mr. Gladstone, President Cleveland, the Duke of Argyll and some seventy-five other distinguished Americans and foreigners have also contributed articles. Only one hundred copies of the 'Memorial' are intended for the public.

D. APPLETON & Co. have published in book-form, under the title of 'The College and the Church,' the 'How I Was Educated' papers and the denominational "Confessions" from *The Forum* magazine; an enlarged edition of Bain's 'English Composition and Rhetoric,' and an auxiliary volume thereto, entitled 'On Teaching English, with detailed examples, and an inquiry into the definition of poetry;' 'Tempest Driven,' a romance, by Richard Dowling; and new and cheaper editions of 'Arius the Libyan' and 'In the Golden Days.'

FOREIGN NOTES.

MR. A. H. BULLEN has almost completed in MS. the second series of his 'Early English Lyrics,' which will contain some choice poems from unique books and MSS.

MESSRS. MACMILLAN have published a "Victoria" edition of Shakspeare, in three volumes, dedicated by special permission to the Queen. The text is that of the "Globe" edition, with a new glossary.

The Babylonian and Oriental Record for May contains a paper by Dr. L. C. Casartelli on two discourses of Chosroës, King of Persia, A. D. 579, greatly resembling that of Cyrus on the immortality of the soul, as recorded by Xenophon and quoted by Cicero in his treatise on 'Old Age.'

MESSRS. WARD & DOWNEY have in the press a new work by Mr. D. Christie Murray, entitled 'A Novelist's Note-Book.'

PROF. BARRERE's work on 'Argot and Slang' is now ready. The number of the edition being very limited, many subscriptions were necessarily rejected, the whole having been subscribed for some months before publication.

MESSRS. TRUBNER & Co., have nearly ready the fourth volume of the 'Jataka,' together with its commentary, being tales of the anterior births of Guatama Buddha, for the first time edited in the original Pali, by V. Fausboll.

A PROJECTED series of works of theology and devotion, gathered from all sources, to be entitled "The Ancient and Modern Library of Theological Literature," begins with the most famous of the second class, 'The Imitation of Christ,' by Thomas à Kempis, a newly revised translation (Griffith, Farran & Co., London.) The editor has revised the translation published in 1677, bringing the Scripture quotations into harmony with the Authorised Version and the Prayer-Book Psalms, and restoring some passages of the original hitherto omitted. He has also added occasional notes.

WE would call the attention of our Scotch readers to a pamphlet written by Dr. O. Hahn, and published by Gaertner, of Berlin, at the price of one mark, entitled 'Zur Verbal- und Nominal-Flexion bei Robert Burns.'

MR. DAVID STOTT announces a new volume of poems by the Earl of Lytton, entitled 'After Paradise; or, Legends of Exile.'

MR. FROUDE is engaged in writing a work on his recent visit to the West Indies.

THE current number of *Deutsche Dichtung* brings some very interesting, hitherto unpublished letters of Heine, on the *régime* of Louis Philippe, on whom the writer is very severe. These contributions, supplied by Dr. Gustav Karpeles, will be concluded in the next number.

MESSRS. J. HETZEL & Co. have just published the first volume of a new tale of adventure by the ever fresh and versatile Jules Verne, entitled 'Nord contre Sud.'

MR. BRANDER MATTHEWS's 'Ballads of Books' is to be republished—edited by Mr. Andrew Lang—in England.

THE first edition of Miss Devey's 'Life of Rosina, Lady Lytton,' was sold out within three weeks of publication.

THAT most accomplished of English bibliopoles, Mr. J. R. Tutin of Hull, is printing for private circulation an edition of two hundred copies of the poems of Richard Crashaw, 1613-1650. The size will be crown 8vo, hand made paper, plain cloth, uncut edges; the price two and sixpence, post-paid.

M. FELIX RABBE's 'Shelley sa Vie et ses Œuvres,' with a portrait of the poet by Th. Bérangier, has been issued by Savine of Paris. Price four francs.

L'IDEAL,' the tenth—and last—part of the 'Nouveau Décaméron' has been published by Dentu & Co., who have also issued M. Jules Claretie's 'Candidat!—(La Succession Charvey).'

WE understand that Mr. George Saintsbury's work on 'Elizabethan Literature,' that he has undertaken for Messrs. Macmillan & Co.'s 'New History of English Literature,' is now far advanced towards completion.

M. CHARPENTIER has in the press Arsène Houssaye's 'Madame Lucrèce.'

M. Em. Turquem of Paris has published Leon Vallée's Supplement to his 'Bibliographie des Bibliographies.' It contains 10,246 additional titles.

THE last volume published of the 'Nouvelle Collection Moliéresque' (Librairie des Bibliophiles, Paris) is 'Lettres Sur Molière: Sa Vie, Ses Œuvres et les Comédiens de son Temps,' with

notes and a notice by Georges Monval. The same house has recently issued, with an introduction and notes by G. Bengesco, 'Lettres et Billets inédits de Voltaire,' from originals in the British Museum.

PERRIN & Co., of Paris, publish Mr. F. Marion Crawford's 'Zoroastre,' with a preface by Ernest Chesneau.

M. QUANTIN has published in a large octavo of 400 pp., 'Œuvres Posthumes et Correspondances Inédites de Charles Baudelaire' with a biographical study by Eugène Crépet. Prefixed to the book is an unpublished portrait of Beaudelaire.

MISS GILDER, of the *Critic*, and Miss Helen Gray Cone have been engaged for some time on a work in two volumes, entitled 'Pen Portraits of Literary Women.' Except the sketches of George Sand and Harriet Beecher Stowe these portraits relate to English literary women, from Hannah More to George Eliot. Miss Cone has written a concise biographical sketch of each lady, which will be followed by descriptive anecdotes compiled from many sources.

A TRAVELER who has been visiting the British metropolis writes: "I take it that the old book trade in England is in a flourishing condition, and mainly so on account of the immense traffic which has sprung up with America and Australia. The wholesale trade in new books is thriving, for the same reason; but the retail new book business is in a deplorable condition, and is likely to remain so until the dealers can come to some general understanding in the matter of discounts."

M. ALBERT SAVINE of Paris announces for immediate publication Chaucer's 'Canterbury Tales' translated into French, for the first time, by M. Ch. Simond.

WITH thirty-two etchings by Kauffman, M. P. Arnould of Paris has just published Laurence Sterne's 'Voyage Sentimental en France et en Italie.'

MM. Gruel & Engelmann have published M. Léon Gruel's 'Manuel Historique et Bibliographique de l'Amateur de Reliures.' Appended is a bibliography of works relating to book-binding. The edition is limited to 1,000 copies of which 50 are on Imperial Japanese paper.

A ROMANCE by Mr. Oswald Crawford, entitled 'Beyond the Seas: being the Surprising Adventures and Ingenious Opinions of Ralph, Lord St. Keyne, told and set forth by his kinsman Humphrey St. Keyne,' is in the press, and will be published by Messrs. Chapman & Hall.

IN M. VICTOR HUGO's 'Choses Vues' are chapters on 'Béranger,' 'The Death of Balzac,' and 'Thiers and Rochefort.'

M. CALMANN LEVY has issued M. Bérard-Varagnac's 'Portraits Littéraires,' a work crowned by the Académie Française.

The July volume of "The Camelot Series" will be 'The Natural History of Selborne,' edited, with introduction, by Richard Jefferies; of 'The Canterbury Poets,' 'The Poetical Works of Bowles, Lamb, and Hartley Coleridge,' edited, with introduction, by William Tirebuck; of "Great Writers," 'Charlotte Brontë,' by Augustine Birrell.

M. MALOINE, of Paris has issued a 'Bibliographie Méthodique des Livres de Médecine: Chirurgie, Pharmacie, 1860-87-17, &c., with an alphabetical list of authors.

Mr. H. J. MATHEWS, of Exeter College, Oxford, is carrying through the press Joseph Kimchi's grammatical treatise called 'Sepher Haggaluy,' from the unique Hebrew MS. in the Vatican Library.

PROF. KNIGHT, of St. Andrews, to whom Wordsworthians are already under so many obligations, is far advanced with a work that will have a wider attraction for all interested in the literary history of the early years of this century. In the course of his researches into fresh material for the Life of Wordsworth, he has been fortunate enough to discover at Cole Orton Hall, in Leicestershire, a large number of letters addressed to Sir George Beaumont, the painter-baronet, not only by Wordsworth, but also by Coleridge, Southey, Scott, and others. The Coleridge letters are specially important, as they throw light upon the obscure period of his residence in Malta. This literary *trouvaille* is sufficiently large to fill two volumes, which will be published in the course of the present year by Mr. David Douglas, of Edinburgh.

THE Royal Irish Academy, Dublin, is issuing a photo-lithographic reproduction of an Irish language MS. of the fourteenth century in the Academy's possession, known as the 'Book of Ballimote.' The subjects are historical, genealogical, poetical, and miscellaneous. There is a short introduction prefixed in English, but there is no English translation.

MR. EDWIN ARNOLD, C.S.I., who has, by the way, now in hand another volume of poems, has just presented to the Indian Institute at Oxford, through the Vice-Chancellor of the University, the Buddhist manuscripts and Pali books given to him by the priests of Ceylon during his recent visit to that island.

DENMARK is also going to have its 'National Biography.' The work is designed for ninety-six parts, to be finished within the next twelve years. The Secretary of the State Archives will be the editor.

It is expected that the sum of 100,000 Marks will be collected by the end of this year for the monument to be erected in honor of the brothers Grimm. The committee intend inviting, in the first instance, German artists only to take part in the competition.

GENERAL NOTES.

FOR Mr. Swinburne's new poem 'A Word for the Navy,' Mr. Redway paid at the rate of five dollars a line—truly a royal remuneration. Mr. Redway managed, however, to persuade Mr. Swinburne to grant him the copyright—the only one Mr. Swinburne has ever parted with.

At a recent sale at Sotheby's a box full of MSS. by George Borrow, the author of 'Lavengro,' was sold for \$27.50!

FROM Boston Mr. Rideing writes to *The Critic*:—Carpenters and painters are busy with the new house of Cupples & Hurd, and when they have finished we shall have a sumptuous book-parlor overlooking the lovely Public Garden with its fountains and masses of flowers and swan-shaped boats. That is what it is to

be—a parlor, not a shop, where the bibliophile will find costly bindings and choice editions, which he can examine before the open fire-place or in a corner of the old colonial windows.

WRITING to the Editor of the *Book Buyer* Mr. Rider Haggard says:—'King Solomon's Mines' was written as an experiment in boys' books. It would be impossible for me to define where fact ends and fiction begins in the work, as the two are very much mixed up together. I may add that its success was quite unexpected by me, as the work, undertaken at haphazard, was carried out at odd hours for the most part after a long day at chambers."

'THE BOOKE OF OLDE MANCHESTER AND SALFORD' has been issued in connection with the Manchester Exhibition. It describes the old Manchester buildings which form one of the most attractive features of that celebration, and contains many illustrations and much information respecting the city from Roman times onward. It is printed in brown ink, and is got up in a very tasteful manner. (John Haywood. Manchester, Eng., 2s. 6d.)

SHAKESPEARE'S 'Julius Cæsar' and 'Pepys's Diary, 1664-5,' are the two most recent additions to Cassell's National Library. The former volume contains a lengthy critical introduction and illustrative selections from North's 'Plutarch.'

MR. WM. STEVENS, late proprietor of the London *Family Herald*, a weekly story paper, left personalty sworn at \$1,446,905.

A GROUP of admirers of Balzac, including M. P. Bourget, M. Guy de Maupassant, M. Zola, and others, have founded a Diner des Balzaciens in Paris. This club will meet once a month.

ANDREW LANG, in *The Independent*, accuses Coleridge of inconsistency in not admiring Virgil, of whom he said, 'If you take from Virgil his diction and metre, what do you leave him?' 'Yet Mr. Coleridge,' says Mr. Lang, 'had defined poetry as "the best words, in the best order"—that is "diction and metre." He, therefore, proposed to take from Virgil his poetry, and then to ask what was left of the Poet!'

A DISCOVERY of some interest to the lovers of old ballad literature has recently been made in the finding, in an old house in Cheshire, of a MS. book of early Jacobean date, put together by one Robert Hassall. It contains the ballad on the death of the Earl of Essex beginning,

Sweet England's pride is gone, walle-a-dale, walle-a-dale,

differing somewhat from known copies; also a complete copy in sixteen verses of 'A Lamentable Mone of a Souldier for the Loose of his derely beloved Lorde,' as well as further ballad and other entries that seem to be entirely original. The pith of the book will shortly be given to antiquaries through the pages of the *Reliquary*.

MR. WELSH, in his paper on 'Coloured Books for Children: Part I. Present,' read to the Setts of Odd Volumes, divided his subject into three periods, the early, middle, or ante-Crane-Caldecott, and the modern. The first named was represented by the books in which the pictures were coloured by hand, at the end of the last and the beginning of the present century; the middle period by the toy-books with which the market was flooded soon after the invention of steam lithography; the modern period began with the toy-books of Mr. Crane, Mr. Caldecott, and Miss Kate Greenaway. The productions of each year, from 1870 down to 1886, were shown classified. Mr. Welsh, while describing in some detail the methods of manufacture, exhibited the original pictures and the proofs in various stages of the development of the picture.

THE sentence of fifteen months' imprisonment recently inflicted in Berlin upon Dr. Lasenberg, who had been convicted of the crime of bookstealing (which he endeavored to qualify as kleptomania) in several instances, reminds us of the frequency of such frauds, and the difficulty of detection in most cases. Mr. Quaritch has lately suffered the loss of a valuable MS., abstracted by a thief who contrived to disarm precaution by presenting the card of Mr. Wenderlich the of New York. The man whom he personated was actually in London at the time, and making heavy purchases at the Boodleuch sale; but, as the victim only ascertained when it was too late, the real Simon Pure was a tall blond German of powerful frame, speaking English well, while the thief was a little Dutch or German Jew, dark in complexion, and having an imperfect knowledge of English. The MS. was a small duodecimo *Libre d'Heures*, elegantly illuminated and written on vellum, of French execution, and dating from about the middle of the fifteenth century. It was in an old black morocco binding, with silver clasps, and contained a remarkably pretty set of miniatures in *camoteu-gris*. Mr. Quaritch offers a reward of \$50 for the return of the MS.

M. PETROS PAPAGEORGIOU, a Greek scholar living in Philippopolis, has discovered an ancient manuscript containing passages of Aristotle's works. It is believed to be of the fourteenth century, and consists of 180 pages. The manuscript is in excellent preservation, the vellum being clean and strong, and all the letters being perfectly legible. It bears marginal annotations which are probably of the fifteenth century. M. Papageorgiou is now comparing the manuscripts with existing editions of Aristotle's works, and he finds that the text differs in many important passages from these editions, and notably from Didot's, which is in general use on the Continent.

MR. SHUGIO delivered a lecture on Japanese books and printing at the Groller Club last month, and an interesting collection of books and printing material was shown to the members of the Club. Specimens of the early scroll books, and of the folded books which formed the next stage in Japanese bibliographical development; fine examples of modern colored lithographic work by Japanese workmen trained in Paris; and newspapers, New Years' cards, political caricatures, and art-books painted in water-colors, were included in the exhibition. The Japanese use cherrywood blocks for their printing, which is done by hand except in the case of newspapers.

THE Kongl. Bibliotekets Handlingsar of the Royal Library at Stockholm, states that in 1884 there were published in Sweden 576 books, and 6,163 pamphlets of less than 100 pages.

THAT books forwarded from foreign countries to editors of American periodicals, for review, should be subject to duty is one of the paltry and vexatious restrictions of which our tariff regulations are full. The amount it brings into the Treasury is insignificant and the annoyance it causes is very great. As to the ways of appraisers they are past finding out. A French bookseller's catalogue recently mailed to us was appraised at four dollars, its "actual value at the place of shipment," at which the law directs the appraisal of imported goods, being about twenty-five cents. A New York appraiser fixing the value of a book presents as ridiculous an appearance as a monkey with a slice of *pate de foie gras*.

WE read in *Le Temps* that La Chambre Syndicale des Libraires et Marchands de Journaux held a meeting on Sunday, May 22nd, in the Salle Rivoli, Paris, to consider alleged grievances caused by the law of 1861

for the suppression of the sale of improper publications. One speaker asked if booksellers were expected to read every book they had in stock; while another speaker dilated on the wrongs inflicted by the law in question on blind and illiterate booksellers! After more oratory to the same effect, it was decided to summon a grand public meeting of members of both chambers and municipal councillors for the defence of the corporation.

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2	BELGENLAND	Antwerp	1.00 P. M.
6	EMS	Southampton & Bremen	3.00 A. M.
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7	BOTHNIA	Queenstown & Liverpool	8.30 "
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21	SCYTHIA	Queenstown & Liverpool	7.00 A. M.
23	CATALONIA	Queenstown & Liverpool	12.30 P. M.

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23	OHIO	Queenstown & Liverpool	10.00 A. M.
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*** Those critics who have followed the course of certain branches of contemporary fiction, will easily apprehend the significance of the subjoined "Romance." But there may be detected in it, also, a semi-grotesque prophetic element, of a more or less personal tendency, ingeniously but not impenetrably veiled under an original verbal symbolism. We shall not spoil the reader's pleasure by revealing the key to the parable: the secret is an open one to such as can see between the lines.—EDITOR.

CHAPTER I. THE DINKUNABULUM.

Alphonso was an orgle. Let not this be catastrophied. His mother trolloped years before his birth; while his imposthumed father terrapined her on the self-same day. Far, far away, among the solemn salamanders of the Past, they slob, those trolling bulgaroons; and echo, billiwinking nimbly on its proboscent, murmurs "Kap!unka!"

Such was the simple gyration of Alphonso's golliwomblies.

CHAPTER II. SALAMANCA.

In his seventh year, Alphonso was screened: and, as that purkle morning lacquered its competitors, the squinly swells and mullioned plimeters of the ancient castle stimpored like paradising chutneys above the snow-hurtled gattlegreens of some barrowless raveneer. Forth rode the brilliant Alphonso, staining his pinioned belfry: his wizand was up, and his brash glances gallowied, stither-and-spin, over the climaxed assemblage. He was young, and youth's cathartic dream still wrapt him in soft cundundrums: marvel not, therefore, if, amongst all the amber plaudits that begraffied his lusty spindle, none raked him so sweetly as the modest fumor of the raddled Salamanca! O Love! Love! How many jerkins are conditioned in thy name!

CHAPTER III. INTRIGUE.

To such a flagon, indeed, what other bilbo could be invector?—Destiny is like the Lambrequin: it may membrenate for a time; but, sooner or later, like the sprangle in the measured brace of Deucation, it rushes to the Periwinkle, and all is o'er! Even so was it with Alphonso: he brachiated;—and, from that very hour, his break was jostled!

—See, beneath the twiddling moonbeams, where yonder tumid form steals, with ophiclidean grace, amongst the mercurial oilyanders! Is it not Salamanca? And list! what manly step crockles along the dizzy brink of the horoscope? It is—'tis not—ah! can it be the encysted tread of the maroon Alphonso?

CHAPTER IV. A CRISIS.

Yet once again, be it said, ere the murid and flasky brooch of his bonded spigot quite caudled, Alphonso approved himself the trite orient of his haughty anchovies. Deep in the wardrobe of the hoary calumet, hidden from all eyes save those of the shy Colocynth, lanterned a stately pidget. Its morpid branches were ravid with balloons of gravy; and amidst its bustard greeves the floughs of the bare wheeled their bequests. Here, in the ghastly crawl of the midnight, stood Alphonso; for one instant, he decantered; then, commending his soul to microbia, and with a sty riven from the iron crotch of the acanthus, he moddled his face in his pillory, froddled forward, and was seen no more. . . Hark!—the weird jaundice of the boodle night is his only requiem!

CHAPTER V. EMULSION.

There is little left to filtrate. But when, on wormy spights, the sad music of the Embrocationer—the nascent teetotum—alone impales the billous, a mystic eczema still seems to caracole the polycarp. 'The crapusculous may sneer: but the deep-seeing Dotard recalcitrates the soul of Alphonso, dementing his frosted dates, and bemoaning the trackless plantigrade of his fluted influenza!

THE END.

THE GROLIER CLUB.

The patron saint of the Grolier Club would never have been a great personage if he had not been a lover of books. Jean Grolier's caprice was for beautiful books and for as much attention to the adorning of them as would be given to the hilt of a sword. The book maniac of his age was not yet the legendary book maniac, the lap of whose coat goes down to his heel by the weight of a dusty volume, and the gentlemen who were collectors of books then were book collectors because it was their duty and "noblesse oblige," wherefore not to be praised, so that there were only four occasions in Grolier's life to make his name known to the world. In 1544 he quarreled with Benvenuto de Cellini, and Cellini wrote in his memoirs that he had put an end to a discussion with him by threatening to throw him out of the window; in 1558 he was Director of the Chantilly Art Collection; in 1559 he was President of a commission for the recoinage of moneys; in 1561 he was defendant in a suit for peculation and was acquitted. When he died in 1565 there were 3,000 volumes in his library; they were dispersed at auction in 1676

after the death of an heir among persons unknown, and Le Roux de Linçy, who spent many years upon a study of the collector and his work, could only find trace of 350 of his books. Their rarity is not, however, as with most books, the principal element of their value. Who has not seen a real Grolier book cannot appreciate how much art there is in its make-up. It seems true that it may be "tossed from the summit of Snowdon to that of Cader Idris" without injury and there is a rare elegance about the covers that come together with a graceful bend at the ends.

At the Techenersale a book was sold for 28,000 f., not because it was a rare edition of Monstrelet, (there was wanting a leaf,) but because it was a book of Grolier. It was bought for New York, and the purchaser's agent at the Hôtel Drouot shouted, "Vive L'Amérique" to the crowd of European collectors that have a "Société des Amis des Livres" and a London equivalent but no Grolier Club.

The Grolier Club was founded in 1864 by William L. Andrews, Theodore L. de Vinne, A. W. Drake, Albert Gallup, Robert Hoe, Edward S. Mead, and Arthur B. Turnure. There are 184 members, 35 of whom are non-resident members, elected in accordance with the by-laws that say "candidates for membership must be men of known devotion to the object of the club," and the object of the club is the literary study and promotion of the arts pertaining to the production of books. There are three committees in the club to fulfill that object—a Committee on Publications, a Committee on Library, and a Committee on Arrangements. The Committee on Publications have given to the world books that are models for printers. The Committee on Arrangements have given exhibitions of books, buildings, illustrations, and lectures by specialists. The Committee on Library have begun a collection of books on books, out of gifts from members and an inroad upon the Treasurer, whose coffer is filled with entrance fees (\$25 for resident and \$15 for non-resident members) and yearly dues that have been \$15 and are to be hereafter \$25 for resident and \$10 for non-resident members, and with the profits on the publications of the club.

The first publication of the club was a reprint of 'A Decree of Star Chamber' concerning printing in the time of Charles I. The price to subscribers among the members—for all the members are not necessarily subscribers, and no one can be a subscriber who is not a member—was \$2, afterward advanced to \$4. There were, in accordance with a rule of the club, two copies of the book printed on vellum, to be sold at auction among the members, and when that was done the first choice was knocked down for \$45. The modest Publication Committee were not in love with the vellum copies. The vellum was not good; the pages were blurred; the vellum copy of the second choice had been presented to the club; the vellum copy of the first choice was sent by its owner to Paris to be bound by Lortie Frères. The cost of the binding—described "crush-

ed brown Levant morocco gilt, and blind tooled, paneled, in the centre of which is let in the heraldic bearings of the Grollier Club, Grollier's arms, in colored and mosaicked leathers, 'doublé,' with red crushed Levant morocco, gilt tooled borders, leather joints, and watered crimson silk ends, gilt edges, in leather-lined cloth case"—was \$40. It therefore cost its owner \$85, and at the sale of his collection two years after at auction it fetched \$170, certainly not a bibliographical compliment to the book, but to the Grollier Club. The second publication was the 'Rubāyāt of Omar Khayyām,' in Fitzgerald's translation, the first choice of the two vellum copies of which was sold for \$80. The book at public auction fetched \$1,700. The third publication was Irving's 'Knickerbocker's History of New York,' from the original manuscript, revised and amplified by the author, with two full-page etchings after water-color drawings by Boughton, furnished especially for that edition. The subscription price was \$30 for the set on paper, its value at public auction was \$50. The club have also published 'Historical Printing Types,' an address delivered by Mr. Theodore L. De Vinne, and the 'Art of Bookbinding,' an address delivered by Mr. Robert Hoe. These books fetch four and five times their subscription price at public auction. The Publication Committee are now at work upon an edition of de Bury's 'Philobiblon,' for one of the two great books of the year, and will probably print the interesting addresses that were delivered by Mr. William Matthews on 'Modern Bookbinding Practically Considered,' by Mr. Charles F. Chandler on 'Photo-Mechanical Processes of Book Illustration,' by Prof. Knapp on 'Thierry Martens and the Early Spanish Press,' by Mr. W. J. Linton, N.A., on 'The Wood Engravers of the Fifteenth and Sixteenth Centuries,' by Prof. R. A. Rice, Ph.D., on 'The Etchings of Charles Storm Van Gravesande,' and by Mr. Brayton Ives on 'Early Printed Books.'

To hear these addresses, delivered with illustrations that are nowhere of greater effect than in bibliographical studies, the members may invite their friends, and the rooms of the club, at 64 Madison Avenue, are a realization of a wish of Socrates to have a house small enough to contain none but true friends. It is a pretty ideal, but the club intends to be practical as well as artistic, and to have no guests that come to scoff or are indifferent, and it has a building fund that is zealously hoarded.

Thursday evening is the informal meeting time in season and out of season, and then there are no mundane engagements that can keep the faithful out of the club rooms. One who would drop in unaware would find himself in a strange assembly. They talk of books and nothing but books—editions, dates, printers, bookbinders, illustrations, book plates, autographs, subjects that are not of interest to others apparently, but that ought to be, and that settles the question. At one of these informal book talks one may learn how to write a book for the editor, and how to write it for the printer; how to

print it, how to bind it, how to criticize it, and how to sell it. Mr. W. Lewis Fraser has spoken the clearest history of book illustration; Mr. Samuel W. Marvin has stopped praising woodpulp paper to engage in a friendly dispute with Mr. William Matthews, who asks how a bookbinder can do his work well if a publisher does his work badly; and there is more serious, intimate knowledge to be derived from an informal book talk at the Grollier Club than from entire bibliographical collections. The influence of the club may be divined by its list of members, that has among book collectors William L. Andrews, George W. Childs, Hamilton Cole, Rush C. Hawkins, Robert Hoe, Brayton Ives, A. A. Low, Peter Marié, Cornelius Vanderbilt; among printers, Theodore L. De Vinne; among bookbinders, William Matthews; among publishers, Appleton, Harper, Scribner; among artists, Tiffany, Pennell, Pyle; among others, Morgan Dix, White-law Reid, Horace Howard Furness, and then there have been the following exhibitions in a year: Bookbindings executed previous to 1800; bookbindings executed since 1800; Edwin A. Abbey's drawings to illustrate Oliver Goldsmith's 'She Stoops to Conquer;' exhibitions of Gravesande's etchings, of the wood engravings of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, and of early printed books.

One of the objects of the Grollier Club is to impress upon bookmen that they are only Trustees of their precious volumes, such as the Mazarin Bible that, at Lord Crawford's auction sale, was valued at \$12,250, and that their duty is not, as Mr. Leuox had it, to close the doors of their library rooms to prevent students, or to bequeath public libraries that shall not be for the public, or to be guarded in monuments that shall be like cenotaphs. The Grollier Club has the entire gamut of book madness, nevertheless. There is Edward H. Bierstadt, who is for Swinburne and Browning; Beverly Chew who contends that 'Old Books are Best,' and is a poet about them; Gen. Rush C. Hawkins who will not deign to look at a book printed after 1500, unless it is on the civil war in the United States of America; and Robert Hoe, who is mad after Grollier, and Brayton Ives, who is not content with getting the first Greek books and the Mazarin Bible but reads them as if he was a Benedictine monk; and W. M. Laffan, who errs on Chinese language and porcelain; and Heromieh Shuglo, who, being a native of Japan, knows it and does his best to make it admired; and William L. Andrews, who has a falling for Aldus and the binder Roger Payne. Then there are, naturally, those who want masterpieces on vellum, because there are so many on paper! and those who are ambitious to be bibliographers; and those who will put Chambolle-Duru's twenty-dollar binding on a one-dollar book, as if they should dress their scullions in ermine. As a club, however, they are implacable critics, and have to be severe judges of themselves because the world is looking at them, and perhaps they will be held to account for the artistic taste of their country. They exchange

books with the Société des Amis des Livres, who has sent them the 'Orientales' for the 'Knickerbocker's History of New York,' Victor Hugo for Washington Irving, a Roland for their Oliver, and their President, Mr. Robert Hoe, has the distinction of being the only American member of the Société des Amis des Livres, of which the Duc d'Aumale, prince of bibliophiles, is President.

DAVID GAMUT.

—*New York Times.*

GEORGE MEREDITH'S POEMS.

'Ballads and Poems of Tragic Life.' By George Meredith. (Macmillan & Co.)

Mr. Meredith rarely says anything not worth hearing. He has too much ability for that; and, besides, he is strenuously in earnest about his work. He has a noble sense of the dignity of art and the responsibilities of the artist; he will set down nothing that is, to his mind, unworthy to be recorded; his treatment of his material is distinguished by the presence of an intellectual passion (as it were) that makes whatever he does considerable and deserving of attention and respect. Unhappily for us, however, the will is not seldom unequal to the deed; the achievement is often leagues in rear of the inspiration; the attempt at completeness is too labored and too manifest—the feat is done, but by a painful and ungraceful process. There is genius, but there is not felicity. That, one is inclined to say, is the distinguishing note of Mr. Meredith's work, in prose and verse alike. There are magnificent exceptions, of course, but they prove the rule, and, broken though it may be, there is no gainsaying its existence. To be concentrated in form, to be suggestive in material, to say nothing that is not of permanent value, and only to say it in such terms as are charged to the fullest with significance—this would seem to be the aim and end of Mr. Meredith's ambition. Of simplicity in his own person he seems incapable. The texture of his expression must be stiff with allusion, or he deems it ill spun; there must be something of antic in his speech, or he cannot believe he is addressing himself to the Immortals; he has praised with perfect understanding the lucidity, the elegance, the ease of Molière, and yet his aim in art (it would appear) is to be Molière's antipodes, and to vanquish by congestion, clottedness, an anxious and determined dandyism of form and style. There is something *bourgeois* in his intolerance of the commonplace, something fanatical in the intemperance of his regard for artifice. "Le dandy," says Baudelaire, "doit aspirer à être sublime sans interruption. Il doit vivre et dormir devant un miroir." That, one is tempted to believe, is Mr. Meredith's theory of expression. "Ce qu'il y a dans le mauvais gout," is elsewhere the opinion of the same unamiable artist in paradox, "c'est le plaisir aristocratique de déplaire." Is that, one asks oneself, the reason why Mr. Meredith is so

contemptuous of the general public—why he will stoop to no sort of concession, nor permit himself so much as a mite of patience with the herd whose intellect is content with such poor fodder as Scott and Dickens and Dumas? Be it as it may, the effect is the same. Mr. Meredith is bent upon being "uninterruptedly sublime"; and we must take him as he wills and as we find him. He loses, of course; and we suffer. But none the less do we cherish his society, and none the less are we interested in his processes, and delighted (when we are clever enough) with his results. He lacks felicity, as has been said; but he has charm as well as power, and, once his rule is accepted, there is no means of shaking him off. The position is that of the antique tyrant in a commonwealth once republican and free. We resent the domination, but we enjoy it too, and, with or against our will, we admire the author of our slavery.

In the present volume there is—one need hardly note it—an abundance of matter for dispute. It is hard, for instance, to follow the poet through the tortuosities of 'Archduchess Anne'; it is a ballad, and to break the secret of a ballad one should not need a dark lantern and a set of jemmies. There is good matter in 'A Preaching from a Spanish Ballad'; and though the verse is somewhat obvious in movement, and the phrase is often a trifle dark with excess of brightness, it claims and commands more readings than one. In 'Aneurin's Horn' we find a notable warning to the England of to-day set forth with admirable energy and directness, and in 'The Song of Theodolinda' the expression of a vexed and troubled soul in terms of singular intensity. The effect of 'Bellerophon' is that of one of Rembrandt's most tragic portraits; that of 'Periander'—which in two verses of its opening stanza,

A woman who is wife despotic lords
Count faggot at the question, Shall she live,

contains an enigma which would break the heart of a Shakspearean commentator—one rather of heroic intention than complete achievement; that of 'The Young Princess,' one romantic, lyrical, and dramatic in a breath; that of 'The Nuptials of Attila,' the impression that this is Mr. Meredith's right work, and that if he always wrote as here, and were always as here sustained in inspiration, rapid of march, nervous of phrase, apt of metaphor, and intoxicating in effect, he would be delightful to the general, and that without sacrificing on the vile and filthy altar of popularity. In this last, indeed, he is successfully himself. *C'est tout dire.* We clap for Harlequin, and we kneel to Apollo. Mr. Meredith doubles the parts, and is irresistible in both. Such fire, such vision, such energy on the one hand, and on the other such agility and athletic grace, are not often found in combination.

A higher level is reached in 'France, December, 1871,' an ode—irregular in form, lofty in inspiration, in symmetry a little broken, somewhat excessive in length—in which the poet laments the ruin wrought on

Her that sunlike stood
Upon the forehead of our day,
An orb of nations, radiating food
For body and for mind alway.

Here the issues are human and tragic; and, as is usual with Mr. Meredith when this is so, the antic vein is stopped, the style is strong and simple, the inspiration masculine, the effect immediate and profound. We have marked more passages than one for quotation, but the thing should be read as a whole: the eloquence is too vigorous, the poetry too constant and sustained, to be shown in samples. That, too, is the case of 'Phaëthôn,' an achievement in the galliambic measure, which, as we read it, contains but one line to many (we shall not quote it), and which, if less elegant and correct than the Laureate's 'Boadicea,' is touched with a quality of imagination that is almost epic, and should be read, not as galliambics, but as poetry pure and simple, while English poetry endures. But we have quoted nothing from Mr. Meredith as yet; and one passage of the 'Phaëthôn' is so striking and so complete that to refrain from citing it is impossible:—

Now a wail of men to Zeus rang: from Olympus the
Thunderer
Saw the rage of the havoc wide-mouthed, the bright
car superimpending
Over Asia, Africa, low down; ruin flaming over the
vales;
Light disastrous rising savage out of smoke inveter-
ately;
Beast-black, the conflagration like a menacing shadow
move
With voracious roaring southward, where aslant in-
sufferable,
The bright steeds careered their parched way down an
arc of the firmament.
For the day grew like to thick night, and the orb was
its beacon fire,
And from hill to hill of darkness burst the day's appa-
rition forth.
Lo, a wrestler, not a God, stood in the chariot ever
lowering:
Lo, the shape of one who raced there to outstrip the
legitimate hours:
Lo, the ravish'd beams of Phœbus dragged in shame
at the chariot-wheels:
Light of days of happy pipings by the mead-singing
rivulets!
Lo, lo, increasing lustre, torrid breath to the nostrils;
lo,
Torrid brilliancies thro' the vapours lighten swifter,
pen trate them,
Fasten merciless, ruminant, hueless, on earth's frame
crackling busily.
He aloft, the frenzied driver, in the glow of the uni-
verse,
Like the paling of the dawn-star withers visibly, he
aloft:
Bitter fury in his aspect, bitter death in the heart of
him.
Crouch the herds contract the reptiles, crouch the
lions under their paws.
White as metal in the furnace are the faces of human
kind:

Inarticulate creatures of earth, dumb all await the
ultimate shock.

To the ear that lingers with ecstasy upon the 'Atys' the music of this passage may sound rough and arbitrary enough. Attempts of the kind Mr. Meredith has made are seldom successful. It is doubtful, however, if the peculiar genius of the metre could be recalled in alien material with greater daring or a finer prodigality of diction; and it is certain that if the passage be nothing else it is poetry at least, and poetry of a good type and high quality.—*Athenæum*.

BOOKISHNESS AND LITERATURE.

Sir John Lubbock, in his panegyric on the pleasures of reading to the Wimbledonians the other day, guarded himself against its being supposed that he wished the English people to become mere book-worms, adding:—"Of that, indeed, I think there is not much fear. Englishmen happily combine with the love of literature, a keen and healthy delight in fresh air and field sports." Well, on that we should remark that we doubt if ever there was a people less imbued with a general love of literature than the English; and that, so far from that fact being at all unfavorable to the character of England literature, it is, we suspect, the very reason why our literature is as great as it is. A bookish people do not make great books. The Germans are, we suppose, the most bookish people in the world; and though they make magnificent encyclopædias, the most learned of disquisitions, and scientific treatises beyond all praise; though they edit classics as few but German scholars ever edited them; though they master the principles of comparative grammar, and exhaust the views which can be taken on the philosophy of history, and treat "the categories" of all things nameable with a thoroughness that both bewilders and enraptures less masterly logicians; though their dry prolegomena to drier studies enlarge our conceptions of the range of human industry, and their revisions, which they characteristically term "be-laborings" (*Bearbeitungen*), of former works betray not only their extraordinary fidelity of diligence, but their immense humility; yet when all is said that you can say of the vast merits of this literary people, you certainly cannot say that they have a literature to compare with the English. And the reason is, we believe, simply this,—that a bookish people cannot produce the greatest books, if we mean by the greatest books something more than monuments of investigation or learning,—namely, living powers, powers that stir the heart, books whose words have, as Luther, the most unbookish of men, called it, "hands and feet" that can wring us in their living grasp. That is where Homer beats even the tragedians of the great Athenian age: he was not bookish, but for that very reason wrote a book that had the life of the whole world in it; while Euripides, Sophocles, and possibly even

Æschylus were in a sense bookish, and make you feel that the life they dealt with was, as it were, the distilled water of life, not the water of life as it bubbled up from the fresh earth. So Virgil and Horace were in the highest sense literary men; they saw life as reflected in a polished surface, not in its primitive vigor and simplicity. And yet it is certain that in proportion as the modifying process goes on by which life becomes subdued to the literary type and manner, in that proportion we lose that special charm of freshness which constitutes the chief difference between the books of bookish men and the books of out-of-doors people who are not bookish at all. Consider only the greatest English writers. One of the greatest, Milton, was perhaps in the main a bookish man, a man who had lived on books, and whose imagination was schooled even more by books than by actual contact with life. But where would Milton stand beside Shakspeare, who is the most unbookish man who ever wrote great books,—whose greatest charm was but very inadequately described even in Milton's own beautiful phrase, when he contrasted "Jonson's learned sock" with the delights to be experienced when

"—sweetest Shakspeare, Fancie's child,
Warbles his native woodnotes wild?"

That Shakspeare must have concerned himself more or less with books, no one doubts, or he could not have accumulated the material he did. But his great charm consists in his power to make us believe that we are in direct contact with human life, with the clowns, the rustics, the men-at-arms, the travelling players, the courtiers, the lovers, the ambitious statesmen, the more ambitious women, the dreamers of dreams, the plotters of revenge, the dull bourgeois, the stately nobles, and the shrewd fools, who move about in that majestic imagination with as much ease and sureness as if they trod the solid earth itself. If ever there were a writer who could not have been what he was, if he had been in the main a bookish man, it was Shakspeare, and yet there is hardly even a French or German, or an Italian or a Spanish writer of any worth who will not put Shakspeare far above the great authors of his own country. And who comes next to Shakspeare in our literature? Probably either Chaucer or Scott, and whether you put Chaucer above Scott, or, as the present writer would do, Scott above Chaucer, again you have that very same distinguishing note, that the freshness of the contact with life is precisely of the kind which indicates a man who was not bookish, and could write great books just because he was not bookish. We are not, of course, denying that there are great levels in literature which are appropriate to men of the literary type. Sophocles was in some sense such a writer, and, as we said, Virgil and Horace. Bacon, again, was a man of the desk. One of the most amazing of the mad criticisms of the world, is the criticism which professes to find in Shakspeare's plays, hints of Bacon's genius. Just conceive those stately bookish

essays proceeding from the voice which "warbled his native woodnotes wild!" Conceive Shakspeare beginning a work with the equivalent of the sentence, "Franciscus Baconus sic cogitavit!" Ben Jonson, again, was a poet of the desk. And still more was Pope and even Dryden. But then, as men of literature, all these belong to the writers who do not touch the hearts of common Englishmen. If you come, even in the eighteenth century, on a book that is eagerly read by the unbookish world, like Burns's songs, you may be sure that its popularity is due to the savour of the "clods fresh-cloven by the plow" which distinguishes it from the works of men of letters." Or go to prose. 'Robinson Crusoe' is read by unbookish men with a wonderful eagerness. And is it not because De Foe had so strange a power of giving to his earthly imaginations the very impress of real clay? Or come to our own day. What is the book which in our own times has probably appealed to the hearts of the largest number of human beings who find reading as a rule hard work? Perhaps 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' a book of fresh out-of-door genius if ever there were one; or perhaps 'Oliver Twist,' or 'Nicholas Nickleby,' or some other production of that strange genius which was always bringing the microscope of the human naturalist and the quaintly distorting lens of the humorist to bear upon the minutest fragments of city life, and then always interpolating among the inimitable effects so produced, patches of screaming melodrama or excruciating pathos. Still, it is the contact with real external fact, the unbookishness of Dickens, that gives him almost all his vast popularity.

And may we not say the same of those writers who here and there carried the British world by storm with some masterly book of travels or some vivid ballad of human suffering? What, for instance, is the great charm of 'Eothen,' the most delightful of all books of Eastern travel, except that it contains in it a flash of unbookish, buoyant life, as different as possible from the elaborate art of the historian of the Crimean War? Why were Kingsley's 'Sands of Dee' and his fishermen's and poachers' ballads so fascinating to those who never read, except that there was the same breath of out-of-doors life, of direct sympathy with unbookish woes, in all of them? Why does 'Tom Brown's Schooldays' rivet boys as it does, except because it conveys in a book the strong impulses of a fresh, unbookish mind? Why, again, have Stevenson and Rider Haggard fascinated the modern world of boys and men alike as few authors since the author of 'Robinson Crusoe' ever fascinated them, except that neither of these men rise to their best until they are breathing the free air of 'wild and daring enterprise'? We believe most profoundly that it takes a nation which is not bookish in its habits to produce the greatest and most living books. Only a descendant of the wild Borderers, with more Borderers' than authors' blood in his veins, could have achieved the great successes in making Scotland

what she now is to us, which have placed Scott perhaps second in the long roll of British literature. Only the profoundly vernacular sympathies of the great Dorsetshire writers, Barnes and Hardy, could have given to these two singularly unbookish writers the power which they have certainly achieved of charming unbookish men with their books. Indeed, we believe we might say that though there will always be a field for highly cultivated genius,—for instance for a students' poet, like Milton, or Herbert, or Henry Vaughan, or Wordsworth (who had, however, in him a streak of the hardy shepherd and mountaineer), or Coleridge, or Keats, or Tennyson, or Matthew Arnold,—the men who will make the great popular books of the world, the books which dominate the unbookish, will always be fed chiefly on first-hand experience of men and things, and only by accident, as it were, on literary studies.—*Spectator*.

THE OXFORD BOSWELL.

'Boswell's Life of Johnson;' including Boswell's Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides and Johnson's Diary of a Journey into North Wales. Edited by George Birkbeck Hill. In 6 vols. (Oxford: Clarendon Press.)

Dr. Birkbeck Hill has long been known as an accomplished writer, and as a scholar deeply versed in Johnsonian lore. It was natural, therefore, that considerable interest should attach to the appearance of his long promised edition of Boswell's 'Johnson,' of which great expectations had been formed. These have been fairly fulfilled. Dr. Hill's editorial labors have been carried out in a manner that is creditable to his industry and his scholarship, and the result is, in many respects, worthy of the "first of biographies," and of the famous press from which it is now issued.

Full justice is rendered in the preface to the industry of Croker, and to the valuable information which he collected; but not much use is made by Dr. Hill of the labors of former editors. The plan of the present edition is conceived in a manner to some extent different from that of those which have previously appeared. Though a great variety of topics are discussed in the notes, their general tendency is decidedly literary, and there is very little of the gossip in which Croker took such a keen interest. Dr. Hill delights in explaining an obscure phrase or allusion in the text by a passage from contemporary literature, or in tracing to its original source some quotation from an author who is now little read. A note, for instance, occurs in vol. i. 376 on the reply made to Johnson when he was a guest on board a man-of-war. He enquired the use of some place on the ship, and was informed that it "was where the loplolly man kept his loplolly." He was extremely offended with the reply, which he considered as "gross, disrespectful, and ignorant." No one, not even Mr. Croker, has been able

to explain this mysterious language; but Dr. Hill shows by a passage from Smollett's 'Roderick Random' that the sailor had no intention of being rude, but was using the common naval phraseology to say that it was where the Doctor kept his medicine. Another note, in vol. iv. 104, gives the reference for a quotation made by Wilkes at a dinner party at Mr. Dilly's house. He said that "it was observed of Apelles's Venus that the flesh seemed as if she had been nourished by roses." We are here told that the statement was made on the authority of Plutarch, and the passage referred to is duly supplied by Dr. Hill. Boswell, in describing a party at Reynolds's house, gives a quotation by Johnson, from Janus Vitalls, in which "lebzascunt" is misprinted "labescunt." This error, hitherto unnoticed, and common to all the editions of Boswell, is pointed out in a note, and the passage supplied in full.

The only noteworthy deficiency in the new edition of Boswell's 'Life' appears to be the scarcity of topographical notes. Hardly any information is given about the places and buildings connected with Johnson, and this is the more to be regretted as so many of the old haunts of London and other large cities are fast disappearing. On the few occasions where notes of this sort are supplied they add very much to the interest of the narrative. There are no more delightful pages in the 'Life' than those which tell of Johnson's visit to Birmingham in 1776, when he was accompanied by Boswell. The dinner-party at Mr. Lloyd's house, when Johnson was so violent against the Quakers, of which society his host was a member; his flat denial of the truth of a statement, which he had too hastily read, in Barclay's 'Apology' (the very copy is still in the possession of the family); the meeting with Mrs. Careless (the sister of Mr. Hector), Johnson's first love, are all told in Boswell's inimitable style. The visitors naturally saw a good deal of Mr. Hector, Johnson's old schoolfellow; and all readers of the book will be grateful to the editor for his note which tells us about Mr. Hector's house (now, alas, pulled down!) in the "Old Square." He was one of Johnson's oldest friends, and had been brought up with him at the Grammar School of Lichfield, where they were close comrades. On leaving Oxford, Johnson passed some months with Hector at Birmingham while the former was translating Father Lobo's 'Voyage to Abyssinnia.' A curious memorial of this friendship was sold a few weeks ago at the sale of Sir Henry Meysey Thompson's collection in Sotheby's rooms. One of the lots contained Father Lobo's 'Voyage to Abyssinnia' (1735) and another of Johnson's works, 'The Lives of the Poets' (1781), published nearly half a century later. These had both been given to Hector by Johnson, and contain presentation inscriptions in the author's handwriting.

Dr. Hill's notes give much curious information about Boswell. The famous biographer is so well known for his 'Life of Johnson' that it is not uncommonly supposed that this was his only work,

though there is, perhaps, a vague idea that he also wrote something about Corsica. He was, in fact, however, constantly engaged in authorship, and his first essay in literature was made in 1761, when he was only twenty-one years of age. It was an 'Elegy on the Death of an Amiable Young Lady' . . . published anonymously but recommended by an eulogistic preface and three letters, one of which is signed with his own initials. His next production—an 'Ode to Tragedy'—appeared about the same time. It was also issued without the writer's name, but inscribed to James Boswell, Esq.; and the dedication commences, "I have no intention of paying you compliments." Soon afterwards he was a contributor to a 'Collection of Original Poems,' which he also assisted in editing. In 1763 he published the 'Cub (misprinted in the notes "Club") at Newmarket.' It is hardly necessary to say that Boswell was himself the "Cub," and he succeeded by his poem in gaining some unenviable notoriety and making himself extremely ridiculous. A still more impudent work—'Letters between the Honorable A. Erskine and James Boswell'—was brought out by him the same year as his introduction to Johnson. But it is needless to give a list of all his works, and it is probable that many of them have never been identified.

Boswell's early attempts in literature were not more foolish than his eccentricities in private life; and the most simple explanation of these absurdities is that they were the result of his passion for notoriety, and of his indifference, or blindness, to the ridiculous position in which this falling often placed him. It is, however, fair to state that there are other reasons which may account for some of the weak points in his character. His father and mother were cousins, and it is supposed that his mental peculiarities were partly due to the close relationship of his parents. But notwithstanding these peculiarities, or, partly, perhaps, as Macaulay suggests, on account of them, he was the author of the biography on which the great essayists have exhausted all the language of eulogy; which has been reprinted in nearly every form and size; and of which the present is the third magnificent edition that has appeared within the last four years. But if, as Carlyle states, Boswell, "out of the fifteen millions that then lived, and had bed and board in the British Islands, has provided us with a greater pleasure than any other individual," he himself found more pleasure in this world than most of his fifteen million contemporaries. His capacity for enjoyment was almost unbounded, and was increased by his exceeding good humor, which, Burke said, was so natural in him that he deserved no credit for it. There was hardly a desire in his life that was not fulfilled, or an ambition that was not realized. He managed even to find gratification from those sources which, to ordinary mortals, yield only pain and annoyance. He loved wine and he loved good fellowship, as he often confessed, and in those days there were many opportunities of indulg-

ing these tastes. On the morning after a night's carouse, when smarting from his over-indulgence, he felt immense pleasure in remorse, and in his solemn vows of reformation; and a few hours later, after he had partly got over the effects of his debauch, he persuaded himself (to use his own words) that "his last night's riot was no more than such a social excess as may happen without much moral blame." When his health was seriously injured from a course of these drinking bouts he imagined himself the victim of hypochondria, and was conscious of a certain dignity in suffering from the same complaint as his "revered friend." Another strange feature of Boswell's character was his morbid love of being present at executions; and he probably attended at more of those disgusting scenes than any of his contemporaries, with the exception of the hangman and the ordinary of Newgate. He delighted in making the acquaintance of celebrated characters, and he had a keen appreciation of the charms of female society; and, in his intimacy with Mrs. Rudd, he was able to gratify both these desires at the same time.

It would be easy to point out other weaknesses in Boswell; and there is undeniably a certain satisfaction in discovering failings in the personal character of those who have achieved great success. But we all have a liking for Boswell, though most of us are presumptuous enough to mix up with that feeling some degree of contempt and pity. Mr. Birrell writes very truly in his new series of 'Obiter Dicta':

"Be untruthful, unfaithful, unkind; darken the lives of all who have to live under your shadow; rob youth of joy, take peace from age, live unsought for, die unmourned; and—remaining sober, you will escape the curse of men's pity, and be spoken of as a worthy person."

Boswell, however, had other and better pursuits. He must have been fond of literature, and his knowledge of books was tolerably extensive. His own work on 'Corsica' exercised much more influence than was generally acknowledged. Gray confessed that it moved and pleased him strangely; and yet—such was Boswell's reputation for folly—to the poet's mind it only showed that "any fool may write a valuable book by chance." It must be allowed that Boswell possessed most of the virtues usually mentioned in an epitaph. He was a fond (though not a good) husband; he certainly was an affectionate parent, and he was a sincere friend. He must, too, have had other sterling qualities to gain the friendship of two such men as Reynolds and Johnson; and he left behind him a work which will be a more enduring monument of the great man whose life it records than all the statues erected in his honor. If Prof. Seeley is right in his belief of a coming time when a hundred millions of the Anglo-Saxon race are to spread the knowledge of the English language over the greater part of the habitable globe, there will be a grand future for English authors; but the new generations of readers will still love some of the old-world books, and among

them Boswell's 'Life of Johnson' must always find a place.
F. GRANT.

FINAL MEMORIALS OF HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

EDITED BY SAMUEL LONGFELLOW.

This volume corresponds accurately to its title. It forms a supplement to the 'Life of Longfellow' published last year, and contains a number of miscellaneous items serving to extend and illustrate that. The editor felt that in the 'Life,' through fear of overloading his book, he had told the story of Longfellow's last fifteen years at less length than was their due. Accordingly in the present volume he gives letters and journals pertaining to those fifteen years, along with many earlier letters, some of them only recently obtained. He reasonably remarks that he has made this compilation in the interest of such readers only as considered the previous two volumes insufficient; it is practically admitted that for a very large number of other readers such an addition was not needed. To this view of the matter no valid objection can be raised. The materials of the present volume, though not of primary importance, are generally interesting and agreeable. Their absolute value is enough to make them acceptable in proportion to the estimate which is formed of their hero; and the large public which appraises Longfellow very high will hail with satisfaction this supplement to his biography.

The book contains sixteen chapters of the poet's journals and correspondence from 1829, when he was travelling to Düsseldorf, up to his death in 1882. This is the bulk of the volume, but by no means the whole of it. Two chapters of the reminiscences of friends follow; then "Tributes" in the nature of *oraisons funebres*; also table-talk, which consists of written jottings—aphorisms, "criticism of life," and the like—some of which may have been actually talked at table as opportunity offered; and after this fragments of verse. A description of the poet's study at Craigie House ensues, and an account of the Longfellow memorial in Westminster Abbey. Beyond this there is an appendix of seven items, the more substantial ones being the genealogy of the poet, the bibliography of his works, and a brief note as to the prices paid to him. The title of this volume shows that the editor, who is the poet's brother, here relinquishes the biographical task; whatever else is done will have to be performed by some different hand.

Stainless and lovable in his character as in his writings, Longfellow continues to appear with all the greater advantage the more we are told about him. To this extent the present volume may be said to reinforce previous knowledge; it does not modify that, and adds to it in point only of detail and amplitude. On this occasion, therefore, there is little to be said in the way of estimate or review; we shall best consult the interest of our readers by

dipping into the pages for anecdote or extract here and there.

Longfellow was of Yorkshire decent on the side of both his parents. His paternal ancestors were domiciled at Horsforth, and are traced as far back as 1486. The first of the race who went to America, in 1676, was William Longfellow, baptized in 1650.

Among the "Reminiscences" of friends is a passage from the journal of the publisher Mr. Fields, which records the indignation of Longfellow at the attitude assumed by England during the American Civil War, 1863:—

"Longfellow's patriotism flamed. His feeling against England runs more deeply and strongly than he can find words to express. There is no prejudice nor childish partisanship, but it is hatred of the course she has pursued at this critical time."

In his later years the poet suffered much from sleeplessness. There is a noticeable passage in a letter which he addressed in August, 1871, to a friend:—

"After so many sleepless nights—so many years of sleepless nights—I have made a great discovery, and to me of infinite value: I can put myself to sleep by an effort of the will. When I go to bed at night, I will myself to sleep; and the next thing I am conscious of is that it is morning, and the birds are singing."

A letter to the same friend, November, 1874, seems to show that sound sleep still continued then habitual with him; but this was not to last permanently. "Alas, I cannot sleep!" appears in a third letter to the same correspondent, September, 1876.

Longfellow was an enemy of fox-hunting, and of "all pleasures that spring from the pain of dumb animals." He was also, and we think rightly, an enemy to much revision and alteration of poems once completed and published. We find him writing in May, 1876, to Mr. Lowell:—

"I hope you will be sparing of omissions and corrections: as a general rule, I think that poems had better be left as they were written—their imperfections are often only imaginary."

He was, however, a very heedful writer. Mr. F. H. Underwood says:—

"His work was done in morning hours. Doubtless he had his bright and his dull days, but he never gave way to idleness or ennui. When the inspiration came he covered a large space with verse; but he had the power to go back, and to forge anew or retouch before the fire had cooled. His methods were careful to the last degree: poems were kept and considered a long time, line by line, and he sometimes had them set up in type for better scrutiny. They were left so perhaps for months, and when they appeared it was after rigorous criticism had been exhausted."

At times he talked freely and well; but

"He was not really a talker—the natural reserve of his nature made it sometimes impossible for him to express himself in ordinary intercourse."

He

"was no naturalist; he did not know our birds spe-

officially, and flowers are sometimes found blooming at extraordinary seasons in his poetry."

The details given about the poet's literary incomes are rather disappointingly meagre. They begin with the year 1826, and so on (if we interpret aright the vague term employed) to 1852, the year following the publication of 'The Golden Legend'; there are a few sparse details as to later years also. The earnings in the year of 'The Golden Legend' were 2,500 dollars; in that of 'Evangeline,' 1847, only 1,100. The one rather noticeable price recorded is for 'The Hanging of the Crane,' 3,000, in 1875. The copyrights, it will be understood, remained the author's own property.

Three references to other writers which occur in these pages are worth noting—Burns, Coleridge, and Madame D'Arblay. The poem upon Burns which Longfellow published in 1880 brought him a letter from Scotland, writer unnamed, which gives an anecdote we do not remember seeing before regarding the Scotch poet's deathbed. It was sent to Longfellow for the purpose of convincing him that Burns, as having "had no personal experience of the human soul created anew in Christ Jesus," must necessarily have become a denizen of "the place of eternal woe." "When Burns was on his deathbed in Dumfries," so runs the statement,

"One of the baillies of the town went to his bedside, and endeavored to get him to express a belief of, and trust in, Christ. Instead of doing so, Burns replied, 'In a hundred years they will be worshipping me.' Of the truth of these facts there is no room for doubt; as the baillie told the foregoing to Miss H——, of Dumfries, who was an elderly lady in my young days, and she told it to me."

Longfellow possessed Coleridge's own copy of the first edition of the 'Sibylline Leaves,' with notes in the author's handwriting. In 'The Ancient Mariner,' after the stanza "The naked hulk alongside came," was printed another stanza:—

A gust of wind sterte up behind,
And whistled through his bones;
Through the holes of his eyes and the hole of his
mouth,
Half whistles and half groans.

These ugly verses were very judiciously marked by Coleridge "To be struck out."

Madame D'Arblay is thus mentioned by her physician Sir Henry Holland, in a conversation which he held with Longfellow in 1860:—

"He had known Wordsworth, Byron, Moore, Coleridge, and Campbell, as their medical attendant. He said also that he had attended Madame D'Arblay in the last years of her life; that she had a great aversion to water, and had not washed for fifteen years."

Lord Tennyson is known to be anything but a copious or effusive correspondent; a letter of his, when it does turn up in print, is therefore all the more attractive. Here is one which he wrote in 1876 to Longfellow, who had addressed him expressing the pleasure with which he had read the drama of 'Harold':—

"Thanks for your generous letter. I have had many congratulatory ones about 'Harold,' but scarce any that I shall prize like yours. 'What old ancestor spoke through you?' I fear none of mine fought for England on the hill of Senlac, for, as far as I know, I am part Dane, part Norman. When are you—or are you ever—coming to England? We are both getting old—I am, I believe, the older of the two: but I hope that we shall come together again before we pass away forever."

Much has been written from time to time about the animosity of Edgar Poe against Longfellow. It is therefore some satisfaction to find in this volume a letter addressed by Poe to Longfellow in 1841, assuring "the author of the 'Hymn to the Night,' of 'The Beleaguered City,' and of 'The Skeleton in Armour,' of the fervent admiration with which his genius has inspired me"; and to learn from Mr. William Winter that Longfellow, taking up a volume of Poe's poems, "particularly commended the stanzas entitled 'For Annie' and 'The Haunted Palace.'" And, indeed, he could not have selected two more consummate examples of Poe's special and fascinating genius.—*Athenæum*.

A GERMAN LIFE OF COLERIDGE.*

Under the title of 'Samuel Taylor Coleridge and the English Romantic School,' Professor Brandl, of the University of Prague, has published a book that forms a very valuable contribution to the study of our literature. There is an unmistakable fitness in the circumstance, that the great master of criticism, who, with the single exception of Carlyle, did more than any other man to foster a sound appreciation of German literature in England, should in his turn be indebted to a German scholar for what is on the whole the most complete and satisfactory presentation of his personality contained in any single volume. Lady Eastlake has undertaken the task of introducing this valuable work to the English reader, and has accomplished it in a very praiseworthy manner, although her English rendering is not without an occasional taint of German idiom, as when Charles Lamb is described as "the self-sacrificing guardian of his sometimes insane sister," or when she writes "decennium" for decade.

Of Coleridge's school life at Christ's Hospital, Professor Brandl has nothing new to say; but he lays stress on the early influence exerted in Coleridge, as well as in Southey and Wordsworth, by the now-forgotten Bowles—that maudlin prince of mournful sonneteers, as Byron styles him. Sickly sentimentalist as he was, Bowles, by appealing to the heart rather than to the understanding, recognized an essential element of poetry which had been

* Samuel Taylor Coleridge and the English Romantic School. By Alois Brandl, Professor of English Language and Literature, German University of Prague. English Edition by Lady Eastlake, assisted by the Author. With Portrait. John Murray. London. 12s.

too much overlooked by Pope's school. As to Coleridge, "these gentle influences awakened fancy, love, and sympathy in him, converting him from a speculative philosopher, and dedicating him as a true poet." But the less exceptional influences of Milton and Spenser also played their part in fostering his genius. Coleridge's life at Cambridge, the mysterious incident of his enlistment, and the growth of his revolutionary opinions, and of the communistic scheme of the Pantisocracy, are very carefully detailed.

Southey's falling away, and the consequent impossibility of attempting to carry the Pantisocracy into effect in the New World, made Coleridge pause. Gradually the current of his opinions changed and began to bear him towards Conservatism. It was at this time that the fortifying and bracing influence of Wordsworth began to act upon him, and it was now that 'Kubla Khan' and 'Ancient Mariner' were written. This period of poetic activity was short, for the indulgence in opium, into which Coleridge fell, though at first stimulating ended by arresting his productiveness.

'Christabel' was written in 1798, and Professor Brandl chooses the time when Coleridge's muse fell into a long silence, as a fitting opportunity to examine into the nature of the poetic movement in which Coleridge played so large a part, and to discuss the relative positions of the earlier and later members of the school. The passage merits to be quoted at length.

THE "ROMANTIC" SCHOOL.

The term is much misused, and requires a little elucidation. Shakspeare is usually called a romantic poet. He, however, never used the expression, and would have been surprised if any one had applied it to him. The term presupposes opposition to the classic style, to rhetorical deduction, and to measured periods, all of which were unknown in the time of the Renaissance, and first imported in that of the French Revolution. On the other hand, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Southey, Lamb, and Walter Scott's circle all branched off from the classical path with a directness and consistency which sharply distinguish them from their predecessors, contemporaries, and successors. Their predecessors had not broken with the Greek and Latin school, nor with the school of Pope; Chatterton copied Homer; Cowper translated him; Burns in his English verses, and Bowles in his sonnets, adhered to what is called the "pigtail period"! The principal poems composed in the last decennium of the eighteenth century—not to be reckoned by the birth or death-year of the composer, but the date of his most individual work—such works, as far as they had no connection with "our poets," adhered still more to classic tradition. In London the satires of Mathias and Gifford renewed the style of the 'Dunciad,' and the moral poems of Rogers that of the 'Essay on Man.' Landor wrote his youthful 'Gebir' in the style of Virgil, and originally in Latin itself. The amateur in German literature, William Taylor, of Norwich, and Dr. Sayers, interested themselves especially for those works by Goethe which bear an antique character—for 'Iphigenia,' 'Proserpina,' 'Alexis and Dora.'

Only when the war with France drew near was the classical feeling interrupted. Campbell, the Scotchman, and Moore, the Irishman, both well schooled by translations from the Greek, recalled to mind the songs of their own people, rendered them popular with the fashionable world—though only by clothing them in classic garb. How different to the "artificial rust" of Christabel; to the almost exaggerated homeliness of 'We are Seven'; and to the rude 'Lay of the Last Minstrel'! When at last, with the fall of Napoleon, the great stars—Byron, Shelley, Keats, and later the mature Landor—rose in the hemisphere, they had all imbibed from the Romantic school a warmer form of thought and feeling, and a number of productive impulses, though, Euphorion-like, they still regarded the antique as their parent. They expressed much appreciation of the Romantic school, but their hearts were with Æschylus and Pindar. They contended for national character, but only took pleasure in planting it on classic soil. Byron's enthusiasm for Pope was not only caprice; nor was it mere chance that Byron should have died in Greece, and Shelley and Keats in Italy. Compared with what we may call these classical members of the Romantic school, Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Scott—and the rest—may be said to have taken nothing, whether in the form of translation or imitation, from classical literature; while they drew endless inspiration from the Middle Ages. In their eyes Pope was only a lucid, able, and clever journeyman. It is, therefore, fair to consider them, and them alone, as exponents of the Romantic school. Such discussions upon a term may appear pedantic. But distinctions in words define differences in conception. They are the landmarks for every progress in knowledge, though the individual inquirer may find at last that in the complexity of life no frontier lines can be laid down with mathematical precision.

We must pass over the well known troubles of Coleridge's middle life, and all estimate of his important work in the department of literary criticism, to say a word on his latest development as a thinker, which is assuredly one of the most important features in his intellectual life, although completely ignored by Mr. Hall Caine in his recent monograph. Mill has admirably characterized this side of his work in styling him "the great awakener of the spirit of philosophy within the bounds of traditional opinion." In the course of his life he passed from Unitarianism to an acceptance of the Established Church, and to the service of the latter he devoted the closing years of his life in a gigantic effort to reconcile the teachings of Christianity with the latest developments of philosophy. His work lacked finality, and failed to commend itself to later generations; but it bore fruit, immediately, in Stirling and Irving, and, later, in Maurice and Kingsley and the Broad Church, and, judged by its results, must always hold an important place in the history of English opinion. Professor Brandl gives a very able appreciation of Coleridge's philosophical position in its strength and in its weakness. Altogether his work is one that may be commended both to lovers of poetry and to students of the history of opinion.—*Literary Opinion.*

'THE DEDICATION OF BOOKS.'

It is interesting to notice how graceful prefaces such as Professor Church indites to the public have now superseded the fulsome dedications to patrons of earlier days. Decidedly the change is for the better; for 'The Dedication of Books' is not on the whole a very edifying chapter in the history of literature. The custom which began in classical antiquity out of a laudable desire to connect the writing of a book with some friend or patron who inspired it soon sank to the level of begging letters or commercial bargains. Indeed, a good deal of the facts which Mr. Wheatley has here brought together in convenient form ('The Dedication of Books.' By Henry B. Wheatley. Elliot Stock) suggests the reflection that literary men, if the wisest, are also sometimes the meanest of mankind. As Young happily put it:—

All other trades demand—verse-makers beg;
A dedication is a wooden leg.

Even the dedications to the Higher Powers which were once much in vogue may be suspected of a somewhat prudential motive. James the First in dedicating to "the Eternal Sonne of the Eternal Father" his answer to Conrad Vorstius no doubt thought it would be derogatory to a King to couple any less exalted name with his; but other authors thought perhaps by such dedications to buy off hostile criticism. For how could a critic dare to damn a book of such quality as to be inscribed "to the honour and glory of the infinite, immense, and incomprehensible majesty of Jehovah"? Mr. Wheatley is quite right in saying that modern dedications are much better; for one thing, they are so much fewer; but he has hardly proved his case as fully as he might. Many more living authors deserved mention for their dedications than the few here selected. In particular, Mr. Browning's 'One Word More,' in which he dedicates 'Men and Women' to his wife, should not have been omitted; it is one of the most beautiful dedications in the language, finer even than Mill's in his 'Liberty' or Shelley's in the 'Revolt of Islam.' But Mr. Wheatley's judgment of what is excellent in this style differs somewhat from ours, if we may judge from his describing the following dedication to a wife in Sir Humphrey Davy's 'Elements' as "very pleasant":—

There is no individual to whom I can with so much propriety or so much pleasure dedicate this work as to you. . . . Receive it as a proof of my ardent affection, which must be unalterable, for it is founded upon admiration of your moral and intellectual qualities.

The force of prosaic bathos surely could no further go.

MORE than two hundred thousand copies of the different translations of 'Faust' have been sold since Mr. Henry Irving produced his play at the Lyceum Theatre, London

BOOKWORLD.

When the dim presence of the awful night
Clasps in her Jewell'd arms the slumbering earth,
Alone I sit beside the lowly light
That like a dream-fire flickers on my hearth,
With some joy-teeming volume in my hand—
A peopled planet, opulent and grand.

It may be Shakspeare, with his endless train
Of sceptered thoughts, a glorious progeny
Borne on the whirlwind of his mighty strain,
Through vision lands for ever far and free:
His great mind beaming through those phantom
crowds,
Like evening sun from out a wealth of clouds.

It may be Milton, on his seraph wing,
Soaring to heights of grandeur yet untrod;
Now deep where horrid shapes of darkness cling,
Now lost in splendor at the feet of God:
Girt with the terror of avenging skies,
Or rapt in dreams of infant Paradise.

It may be Spenser, with his misty shades,
Where forms of beauty wondrous tales rehearse,
With breezy vistas, and with cool arcades
Opening for ever in his antique verse:
It may be Chaucer, with his drink divine,
His Tabard old, and pilgrims twenty-nine.

Perchance I linger with the mighty three
Of Glorious Greece—that morning land of song—
Who bared the fearful front of tragedy,
And soared to fame on pinions broad and strong:
Or watch beneath the Trojan ramparts proud
The dim hosts gathering like a thunder-cloud.

No rust of time can sully Quixote's mail,
In wonted rest his lance securely lies;
Still is the faithful Sancho stout and hale,
For ever wide his wonder-stricken eyes:
And Rosinante, bare and spectral steed,
Still throws gaunt shadows o'er their every deed.

Still can I robe me in the old delights
Of Caliph splendid and of Genli grim,
The star-wealth of Arabia's thousand nights
Shining till every other light grows dim:
Or wander far in broad voluptuous lands
By streams of silver and through golden sands.

Still hear the storms of Camoens burst and swell,
His seas of vengeance raging wild and wide;
Or wander by the glimmering fires of hell
With dreaming Dante and his spirit guide:
Loiter in Petrarch's green, melodious grove,
Or hang with Tasso o'er his hopeless love.

What then to me is the gay sparkling dance,
Wine-purpled banquet, or vain fashion's blaze,
Thus roaming through the realms of rich romance,
Old Bookworld, and its wealth of royal days:
Forever with those brave and brilliant ones
That fill time's channel like a stream of suns!

JAMES MACFARLAN.

YE SETTE YE OF ODD VOLUMES.

At a recent reception given by the President of Ye Sette, at Willis's Rooms, London, the centre of the spacious hall was occupied with illuminated manuscripts and early products of the typographic art which ordinary bibliophiles may have read of, but never before had such an opportunity of inspecting. They were, for the most part, selections from the abundant store of Mr. Bernard Quaritch, illustrative of liturgical history; but there was one volume brought by the Roman Catholic Bishop of Portsmouth, which he had recently discovered (in company with a first folio of Shakspeare and the fragment of an unknown work by Wynkyn de Worde) in the library collected by Bishop Milner, in the Roman Catholic church at Winchester. The manuscript was a 'Book of Hours' on vellum, exquisitely and lavishly illuminated, and elicited from Mr. Quaritch enthusiastic admiration. It was high praise which he bestowed upon it, considering the treasures which he had himself brought. These included the Mendham Psalter, a square folio MS. on vellum, with scenes of Biblical history, executed, for the most part, at Mendham Priory, about A.D. 1160, and valued at \$5,000; the Talbot Prayer-Book, an illuminated MS. on vellum, which was for twenty-eight years the companion of Sir John Talbot, first Earl of Shrewsbury, who met his death at the battle of Castillon, in 1453, and which is also priced at \$5,000; the Mentz Psalter, in folio, printed on vellum, in 1459, the second printed book that bears a date, and "perhaps the grandest effort of ornamental typography ever achieved," with an estimated value of \$25,000; a Sarum Missal on vellum, a square folio MS. of date about A. D. 1300; some illuminated service books from Abyssinia, which passed from the possession of King Theodore to the Governor of Bombay, who presented them to Mr. Quaritch; besides a number of other rarities, with an average value approaching to nearly \$500. Mr. Quaritch, at the call of the President, sketched the history of Christian liturgy, which he regarded as having been formed entirely upon Judaic models, the division of the day into "canonical hours" having the same precedent. At a prior period to A.D. 1200 each altar had to be furnished with a Psalterium, a Lectionarium, an Evangelistarium, a Graduale, and a Sacramentarium. In the fourteenth century the more necessary parts were embodied in the Mass-book (the word "Missa was an acrostical symbol obtained from uniting as a single word the successive initials of a secret formula, such as "Mysterium incruentum sacri sanguinis agendum") and Breviary. The various "Uses," such as that of Sarum, differed chiefly in the saints mentioned in the calendar, those revered in the North differing from the South, while the Celts had their own saints. In the course of his remarks, Mr. Quaritch mentioned that Mr. Bradley was about to write a dictionary of the miniaturists of the Middle Ages, with whose productions he said none of the illus-

trated books of the nineteenth century could compare.

A WOULD-BE MAGLIABECCHI.

It is commonly said that Mr. Spofford, the librarian of Congress, knows something about the contents of every volume in the library. This means that he has stowed away in a moderate sized head six hundred thousand volumes of various sizes and bindings. A member of Congress facetiously said, "I don't read books, I read Spofford." In that way, he added, he got the whole library at one glance. A figure of speech, but not so broad as it sounds. If a member or senator wants a quotation that cannot be found in any of the 'Familiar Quotations,' and is of obscure origin, he goes to Mr. Spofford. If he wants the best authority on any subject, or, indeed, if he wants to learn anything that may be found in any of those thousands of volumes, he goes to the same source. Members seldom think of looking at the catalogues.

Mr. Spofford is probably the most rapid reader in this country. Some time ago a Washington *Star* reporter sought some information of him. Simultaneously, within a space of five minutes, he conversed with the reporter, "read" through completely a twelve page New York paper, dictated a letter to a stenographer, and gave directions to two assistants. He commenced all at the same time and finished them together. A remark—a sentence dictated aside—a direction—a sentence dictated—a remark and so on, apparently without an effort, and all the time his eyes were running over the paper almost as fast as he could turn from page to page.

The reporter asked him afterwards how he did it.

"Oh it comes natural for me to give my attention to two or three things together that way. I do it by a sort of intuition without thinking of it."

HOW TO READ RAPIDLY.

"But how do you read so rapidly?"

"I acquire the subject matter," said Mr. Spofford. "I pick out the meat—the pith. I pay no attention to the verbiage. I scarcely see the words, and never note the form of sentences. I have learned, by long practice and having a natural tendency for it, to get the information without the rhetoric. In this way the thought is got at a glance. It is not the words you want. When your time is all too short for your work you can't afford to waste it on words. In reading there is so much that is of no use to you—a worthless lot of verbiage. By practice you can avoid all this. Nearly all books or papers are taken up mostly with rhetoric and have the fact and substance stored away in a very small space, if you only know how to find it. I seldom spend more than half an hour, and never more than an hour and a half in the reading—or reconnaissance of the largest volume. For instance, I take this," and he took a volume from the shelf, "No," looking at the title, "this is hardly the proper book to illustrate it

with. This is Carlyle; he has to be read; every word. He is one of the few authors who cannot be read as I have described. You must read every word, and well it pays you for the time. But it is only such a rugged and extraordinary writer that it is necessary to read that way. All those thousands of books, with smooth easy running sentences, they are all alike, and you don't want to waste time on the language, you want to seize on to the soul and devour it in an instant. Like this, now," and he reached another book (not Carlyle), and went down the pages one after another, as an expert accountant would go down a column of figures. "Nothing there I want, nor there, nor there." Then occasionally striking something to the point and getting the thought in an instant. He went over probably fifteen or twenty pages in this way in a length of time hardly worth reckoning, and without even making a break in the conversation.

THOUGHTS AND NOT WORDS.

"Many people," Mr. Spofford went on, "have the time-wasting habit of pronouncing every word in their mind and noticing every pause and punctuation as they go along, as if reading aloud. All these words and sentences, with the capitalization and punctuation—the commas, the colons, the semicolons, the periods and the paragraphs, are only the signs to be followed but not to be recorded in the mind. The mind must take note of the thought only. Many readers, perhaps most readers, chuck their heads up with commas and colons instead of thoughts.

"Can you estimate how many books you have read?" asked the *Star*.

"Oh, I could not begin to make an estimate. That is, of the books I have read in this way. As to reading, as I would read Carlyle, they are comparatively few. There are hundreds of young ladies in Washington who have read more books than I have. Many—very many—read as many as twelve books every week. I do not begin to read the number of books they do. I don't see how they get through them."

"Novels," suggested the reporter.

"No, not in all cases. There are some who read nothing but fiction, but there are many other works read by these reading young ladies."

"I do not have time to read. I read fiction when I travel, but probably at no other time."

KEEPING TRACK OF 600,000 BOOKS.

"It is said," suggested the reporter, that "you know every book in the library?"

"In a general way. I know where to find every book, its size and general appearance, and its subject matter. I could not tell you the contents of the books, but merely what they are about. There are some six hundred thousand volumes, arranged in forty-four subdivisions, which are again subdivided. I have the library arranged according to what I conceived to be the common-sense plan. The books are arranged alphabetically by subject. The

fiction only by authors. You are now in the alcove containing biographies of Englishmen. The alcoves are arranged alphabetically by subjects, and the books within arranged in their alphabetical order. For instance, take Cromwell; all the biographies of Cromwell are together, and next is another "C," progressively. Suppose some one wants a certain work on finance. I know it is in that alcove up there. I know what book it is, by association, and just where it is. But that alcove is overflowed and the books are all piled up on the floor and along there in front. Suppose they ask for a book of comparatively recent date. I know it is not on the shelves, because they were filled long before its publication. So it must be in that pile some where. I know the size of the book and its appearance; I can recognize it; for it passed through my hands to get into the library. For the past twenty years every book that has come into the library has gone through my hands and I remember it. In a general way I know its size and appearance and about what is in it. Any one of them you mention, I will remember it and what it is like. It is all a working of the mind by association."

FINDING QUOTATIONS BY ELIMINATION.

"How about finding quotations?" asked the reporter.

"Well, if a member wants to use a quotation that is not in 'familiar quotations,' and is from a poet who has no concordance—Byron and Burns, for instance, have no concordance—and he wants to know the exact words and where it comes from, he will probably come to me. He will likely remember in a general way what it is—a few of the words—or what it is about and the metre. I may be able to tell by its sound who the author is, and I can form an idea anyhow as to the period it belongs to. Then I discard all poems of an earlier or later period, then I discard all authors I know could not have written it, and then I discard again all poems of a different metre and all upon subjects wherein the quotation could not occur. In this way I narrow my field of research, and then I generally have little difficulty in finding what I want."

"It is the same principle throughout—discard all that you don't want."

"Are n't you always thinking of books?" asked the reporter. "Can you ever get your mind off them?"

"My wife tells me that sometimes, not often, I talk of books in my sleep—never of anything else—but I never think of books after I leave here. I cut myself loose entirely, leaving the library behind."—*Washington Star*.

ROBERTS BROS. have in preparation 'For a Song's Sake, and other stories,' by Philip Bourke Marston, which will contain eighteen short stories by him, a memoir by Wm. Sharp, and portrait. They will also publish 'Ballads and Poems of Tragic Life,' by George Meredith, the novelist.

Shakespeariana.

ALL COMMUNICATIONS RELATING TO THIS DEPARTMENT SHOULD BE ADDRESSED TO

ALBERT R. FREY, The Astor Library, New York.

EDITOR OF THIS DEPARTMENT.

ON OLD AND MODERN TYPOGRAPHY, WITH SPECIAL REFERENCE TO THE FIRST FOLIO.

It is the custom of writers on both sides of the Atlantic, when they meet with apparent abnormalities in old printed books, to refer at once to modern processes for the explanation, which is nearly certain to lead to error. Typography has always had these common general properties. The types are composed and fixed in an iron frame, smeared with an oily pigment, and pressed on paper. Since the time say of James the First, the mode of effecting this has been altered in every particular.

The first great change in printing was brought about by Earl Stanhope, who not only invented the screw iron press that bears his name, but effected other improvements and alterations (such as doing away with kerned letters, which was given up as they were so ugly). The iron press was an immense improvement on the wooden presses which preceded it, but the platen would be considered very weak at the present time. In fact it has been immensely strengthened. The improvement next in importance was reforming the case, the object aimed at being to arrange it so that the sorts most in use should be nearest to the hands of the workman, with boxes of sizes proportioned to the number of letters generally used. Previous to this time each office was a law unto itself.

The next great change commenced with the invention of the steam perfecting machine, and, what was as important, of the composition for rollers and balls, which by gradual progress has brought about so complete a change that but few printers know how their own craft was carried on a half a century ago.

The writer was inducted into the mysteries of printing in 1835, commenced reading in the last year of his apprenticeship; and he has till a few years ago led a most active life in connection with the business. During that long period but few people in London can have had more badly written manuscript pass through their hands. At the time alluded to, the changes were going on; but the printer's grammar, etc., in use, had relation to old ways. Even then a large number of men looked at both press and case, according as employment was obtainable, and it may be taken as certain that in the time of James the First a man was simply a *printer*, and did everything he was appointed to do. In the very old presses, the bar seems to have been like that of a standing press, with not even a pulley to carry it back; the best of the press was of stone; and the forme was inked by means of balls of wood covered with sheepskin, which was kept in order

by being immersed in a nameless liquid, the stirring of which has been said to be something to remember. This was altered by dipping its face in roller composition. These balls were very apt to draw letters out in consequence of the way of working them.

That it was not the custom of printers to send proofs in early times is shown by a letter of Thomas Heywood to his publisher Okes, which contains the following passage:—

The infinite faults escaped in my book of *Britain's Troy*, by the negligence of the printer, as the misquotations, mistaking of syllables, misplacing half-lines, coining of strange and never-heard-of words: these being without number, when I would have taken a particular account of the errata, the printer answered me, he would not publish his own disworkmanship, but rather let his own fault lie on the neck of the author.

This shows that neither of the parties knew anything of *author's proofs*. With regard to the half-lines, the folio Shakespeare abounds with this fault, and in addition divides ten-syllable lines in two in hundreds of cases, there being about sixty in *Romeo and Juliet* alone. With regard to the 'strange and never-heard of words,' it occurs to everybody who has to do with crabbed manuscript to meet with words that he cannot make out, even in consultation. This has happened in numbers of instances in the quartos and folio of Shakespeare. The custom of printers in these cases used to be to put in letters to occupy the space as near as could be made out like what was written. In the changed circumstances this is done now sometimes, at others by putting a quadrat and leaving the reader to deal with it. This is the explanation of the funny-looking words in Shakespeare. Although unlettered enough, the printers were not such idiots as to suppose that "veruensis," "betmes," "carite," "worell," "montnoe," etc., represented real words. In a far larger number of cases a word would be inserted which was considered to bear a resemblance to that in the manuscript, although it would not make sense. The preceding are not the same as mere mistakes.

Without this information from Heywood, whoever goes through these quartos and the folio cannot fail to see that nobody who had the slightest acquaintance with a foreign language had any hand in their issue, and their acquaintance with common English was very small indeed. It is probable that Jaggard and Blount were really stationers, with a printing office attached, and that they read the proofs, which would account for the number of technical errors, which could not well have been passed by persons who had manipulated type.

In one of the treatises of Bacon, the editor (Stebbing) found his copy and one in the British Museum to differ in some places, and he accounts for this by supposing that a *proof* had been bound up with one of these before being corrected. We have seen that there were no proofs known. The explanation is very simple. There had been a *cancel* after the issue of a certain number. In the early time of the writer, in all particular work, cancels were done in sections. The reason of this was that otherwise two single leaves had to be pasted down which was messy, and the book would not open fairly at these places. It was customary to put an asterisk at the first page of the cancel, but it was not always done, and it may not have been done at all in early times. Thus suppose a quarto, if the error was at p. 7, pp. 1 and 2 would be cancelled as well, and unless the star could be found, it might be difficult now to say which was the actual cancel. In the case alluded to, the author seems to have altered the diction as well, and mistakes have crept in. It is all different now. The reason for printing such works as the folio Shakespeare in sections was, the the paper being very thin, the thread would have been more than the paper at the back, and the binding would have been weak.

It might have been supposed that our Shakespearians would have devoted themselves to providing an edition of the poet which should represent, as nearly as could be ascertained, his poetry, with its diction, number and quantity of the syllables, and rhymes; instead of the brewage filled with the barbarisms of copyists and printers—"double *hen'd sparrow*" passages, etc.

Here is a sample of their handiwork. The first line of the 128th sonnet is given us as

How oft, when thou, my music, music playst.

The word should be "mistress," and the whole sonnet is made nonsense by the startling blunder.

In sonnet No. 20, line 11, we have "the" for "men"; the writer himself has lost nothing by the freak of nature.

In sonnet No. 7, line 10, my copies give "tract" for "track," the path of the sun!

GEORGE GOULD.

Bermondsey, England.

THE SOURCES OF MARLOWE'S 'DR. FAUSTUS.'

Will you allow me a little space to discuss a question of some interest to students of Marlowe, the question, namely, whether Marlowe used the German *Faustbuch* or an English translation in composing his play 'Dr. Faustus'? The question has often been discussed, but never decided, chiefly because editors have not known of the existence of the most important piece of evidence. This is the earliest English translation of the *Faustbuch*, a probably unique copy of which is in the British Museum. The date is 1592, but we see from the following words on the title-page that this is not the first edition of the translation—"newly imprinted and in convenient places imperfect matter amended."

A few years ago the earliest translation known to exist was that of 1616, and naturally no one took the trouble to compare this with Marlowe's play which was written more than twenty years before. Dyce noticed a trifling coincidence of expression in the agreement with Mephistopheles, and this point has been repeated by subsequent editors. Even Mr. Bullen, who mentions the translation of 1592, and seeks to show that Marlowe used it, confines himself to this single instance. If he had read the book which he discusses he would have found conclusive proof. This translation is almost exactly the same as that of 1616 and the later translation republished by Thoms in his *Early English Prose Romances*. The only difference which I have been able to discover is the change of a word or two on the title-page, and the omission of a short and unimportant chapter near the end of the book. I have compared Marlowe's play throughout with the German original and with the translation. In several passages he is clearly following the translation, whereas he in no case appears to follow the original. He seems, however, to have used the translation very little, taking it up to supply himself with material in a few scenes, but generally trusting to his recollection of the story and to his imagination. Consequently the points to be noticed are not very numerous.

1. The contract with Mephistopheles. (a) Articles 2 and 3 in the German appear in the reverse order in the translation and in Marlowe. Dyce noticed the verbal similarity of the third article; Marlowe writes, "shall do for him and bring for him whatsoever"; the translation runs, "that Mephistopheles should bring him anything and do for him whatsoever." (b) Articles 4 and 5 are compressed into Article 4 in the translation and in Marlowe. (c) Article 5 is very similar in expression in both the English translation and the play. (d) The last paragraph of the contract contains verbal similarities.

2. In the description of Naples, Venice, and Rome Marlowe's debt to the translation is obvious, for he mentions sights in these cities which are not mentioned in the original. In the following passages from the translation the words in italics have nothing corresponding to them in the German, but are used by Marlowe:—

(a) "[Faustus] went to Campania in the kingdom of Neapolis, in which he saw an innumerable sort of Cloisters, Nunneries, and oburobes, great and high houses of stone, the streets fair and large, and straight forth from one end of the town to the other, and all the pavement of the city was of brick . . . There saw he the tomb of Vergil; and the highway that he cut through that mighty hill of stone in one night, the whole length of an English Mile."

(b) "He wondered not a little at the fairness of St. Mark's place and the sumptuous church standing therein, called St. Mark's: how all the pavement was set with coloured stones and all the rood or loft of the church double gilded over."

Marlowe's rendering of the last clause is very

strange: "and roof *aloft* with curious work in gold."

(c) "Rome which lay . . . on the river Tiberis, the which divideth the city in two parts: *over the river are four great stone bridges, and upon the one bridge called Ponte St. Angelo is the Castle of St. Angelo, wherein are so many great cast pieces as there are days in a year, and such pieces that shoot seven pieces off with one fire, to this castle cometh a privy vault from the church and palace of St. Peter, through which the Pope (if any danger be) passeth from his Palace to the Castle for safeguard.*"

3. In the scene with the Pope I would call attention to the fact that in the German he has no guest, in the translation he entertains the Cardinal of Pavia, in the play the Cardinal of Lorraine. According to the translation the Pope sent commandment to curse Faust "with bell, book, and candle." This expression, for which there is no equivalent in the German, is repeated by Marlowe.

4. The appearance of Helena to the students. Faust's speech begins in Marlowe, "Gentlemen, for that I know your friendship is unfeigned." This he has copied from the translation, "For that you are all my friends." There is nothing of this in the German.

5. Throughout the scene with the emperor, Marlowe has kept very close to the translation. He has also used it in the scene with the Duke and Duchess of Vanholt.

I may add that I believe these to be the only passages in which Marlowe made direct use of the book. W. E. P. PANTIN, in *The Academy*.

REVIEWS.

The Works of William Shakespeare. The Victoria Edition. Vol. I. Comedies. Vol. II. Histories. Vol. III. Tragedies. London and New York. Macmillan. 1887.

This work, which was issued if we remember rightly on the day of the fiftieth anniversary of Queen Victoria's accession to the throne, will always be of value to both scholar and student for the subjoined reasons: the text, in the first place, is that of Clark and Wright, unexpurgated; the type is clearly cut, and the typography is distinct, due to the snowy-white paper. The reprint of the first folio here presented,—for the variations are so slight that it may be so termed,—has always been the favorite edition employed for purposes of citation, for quarto-comparisons, etc.; but it is seldom that we have beheld it in such convenient form, and with a page so attractive looking. The line-numberings and extensive variorum notes of the original Cambridge edition are not inserted. The former, we may here remark, are more or less confusing to the student; for until we have a line-numbering such as is advocated by Mr. Adey, (i. e. a play to be numbered from 1 to 3745, or whatever the case may be, and not iv. 3. 87) critics will always be disputing, and we do not find fault with the publishers for omitting the numeration altogether. The meanings and definitions of obsolete and archaic words and phrases which constitute a great portion of the notes in the original Cambridge edition, are here embodied

in a most comprehensive glossary of seventy-four pages. We have tested this glossary most thoroughly, we think, and to give the reader some idea of its extent, we append the comparison. We selected from our shelves three glossaries,—the one appended to Skottowe, the one in the Rosetti edition, and Jervis' *Dictionary of the Language of Shakespeare*,—and counted the entries under the letter P, with the following result:—

Skottowe 346.

Rosetti 147.

Jervis 387.

Victoria 430.

Such figures as those we have quoted speak for themselves, and we offer them in lieu of criticism. We have only to add that the poems and sonnets are also embraced within the volume.

Cassell's National Library. No. 23, Hamlet. No. 30, The Merchant of Venice. No. 39, Macbeth. No. 49, As You Like It. No. 61, The Tempest. New York. Cassell & Co. 1886-87.

During the present heated term, when so many people are leaving the city, there are certain ones who wish to provide themselves with literature "deeper" than fiction, and yet of such a nature that its perusal will not tax the brain too extensively. It is to these that we recommend the above volumes. Their size is a small duodecimo, the type is distinct, and the reader will find no notes, emendations, etc. Each play is edited by Professor Henry Morley, who contributes a brief introduction, in which the sources of the plot and the chronology are discussed. Those who desire æsthetic and philosophical criticism will find a few remarks thereupon, after the legitimate external evidence is finished. In most cases some illustrative pieces are appended; thus in the volume devoted to *The Merchant of Venice*, there is also printed *The Adventures of Gianetto*, the "pound of flesh" story from Silvayn, and the ballad of *Gernutus, the Jew of Venice*. Mr. Morley has confined his introductory remarks to about a dozen pages,—just enough to keep one interested—and he is never prosy. The price of the volumes, (ten cents in paper covers, and twenty-five when bound in cloth), we think, should be a sufficient inducement for the traveller to put them in his valise before he departs for the country.

Richard the Third and the Primrose Criticism. Chicago. A. C. McClurg & Co. 1887.

It will be remembered that on Washington's Birthday Mr. James Russell Lowell delivered a speech in Chicago in which he said among other things:

I ask you to listen to a few words: first, a few general remarks on criticism, and then an illustration of them from the play of *Richard III.*, or rather from the absence of certain things in the play of *Richard III.*, which, to my mind, seems to indicate that it is not Shakespeare's work.

I propose to say a few words on one of the plays usually attributed to him,—a play in respect of which I find myself in the position of poor Peter Bell, seign

little more than an ordinary primrose when I perhaps hoped to see a plant, a flower of light. I mean the play of *Richard III.*

Of course Mr. Lowell was promptly attacked for expressing such sentiments, and the newspapers contained a large number of "protests." The anonymous writer of the volume now before us has produced the most comprehensive reply to Mr. Lowell's arguments of any we have seen. The first part, entitled 'The Primrose Criticism,' rehearses the canons laid down by the Peter Bell school, one of which we will quote.

Shakespeare never wrote deliberate nonsense, nor knowingly indulged in defective metre. *Richard III.* contains deliberate nonsense and premeditated defective metre. Ergo: Shakespeare never wrote the historical tragedy of *Richard III.*

The external evidence is then produced; beginning with the nine quartos the writer discusses their value, and then calls attention to the great mass of contemporary and other allusions. His quotations extend from Meres in 1598 to Milton in 1690. This is followed by the opinions of eighteenth and nineteenth century critics, and lastly we find here an excellent discussion of the dramatic unities. The second part is devoted to "The Historical Basis," and gives the principal sources,—Holinshed, Grafton, Hall, More, etc., with remarks upon the merits of each. The last part, "The Historic Richard," is confined to the great actors who have achieved success as impersonators of the hump-backed king. The author has succeeded in gathering within the 164 pages of his book an enormous quantity of interesting matter. All of it, we admit, was known before, but it is certainly a convenience to have everything concerning a play embodied in one octavo volume. We can properly term it a variorum of the history and chronology, and it can well claim a place by the side of a variorum of the text.

MISCELLANY.

ONE day, in 1778, Voltaire and Diderot were discussing things in general at the Hotel de Villette, the very house in which Voltaire died. Shortly afterwards the conversation turned upon Shakespeare, "Ah, monsieur," exclaimed Voltaire, violently, "can you prefer a monster devoid of taste of Virgil to Racine? I would as lief that we should abandon the Apollo Belvedere for the St. Christophe of Notre Dame." Diderot remained discountenanced and embarrassed for a moment, then: "But what would you say, monsieur, if you saw that immense Saint Christophe walking and coming forward in the streets with his limbs and colossal stature?" This Saint Christophe was a gigantic statue, a kind of colossus, that had been placed in the nave of Notre Dame by Antoine des Essarts, chamberlain of Charles VII. It disappeared in 1784 before the Revolution broke out. We quote the words of Voltaire to show that he cherished his animosity against Shakespeare up to the very last, for he died on May 30, 1778. As for the comparison that Voltaire employed it was afterwards admirably

worked up by Diderot, who said: "Moi, je ne comparerais Shakespeare ni a l'Apollon du Belvedere, ni au Gladiateur, ni a Antinous, ni a l'Hercule d'Glycon, mais au St. Christophe de Notre Dame, colosse informe, grossierement sculpte, mais dans les jambes duquel nous passerions tous sans que notre front touchat ses parties honteuses."

Of more interest to us than the contents of the entire treasure house of the old shrine of Mooned Astarte, interesting as they are, is a single plain seal ring which was dug up on the 10th day of March, in the year 1810, near the mill close adjoining the churchyard of Stratford-on-Avon. It was found by a laborer's wife and was by her sold to a gentleman living in the town for thirty-six shillings, the current value of the gold. It bears the initials W. S., and is believed by Halliwell and others to be an authentic relic of Shakespeare. It is evidently a gentleman's ring of the time of Elizabeth, and as there was no other citizen of Stratford bearing Shakespeare's initials save one Wm. Smith, whose device is known, and differed from that of the recovered ring, the inference is strengthened that it may really have belonged to the poet. Hayden writes to Keats on learning of the discovery:—"My dear Keats, I shall go mad. In a field at Stratford-upon-Avon, which belonged to Shakespeare, they have found a gold ring and seal with the initials W. S. and a true lover's knot between. If this is not Shakespeare's, whose is it? A true lover's knot. I saw an impression to day. * * * and as sure as you breathe and that he was the first of beings, the seal belonged to him." Oh Lord! To those who are able, like Hayden, to believe in the authenticity of the jewel, it must be by far the most interesting object of the kind in the world. The crown of Solomon, and the jewels of the high priests, sculptured with the names of the tribes, all the blazoned regalia of India, would turn pale beside it. If it was indeed his, it is the only existing object which can be definitely traced to his possession. It is of modern fashioning compared with that one which was taken from the tomb of Canute in Winchester Cathedral in 1796, but one would give much if its verity were established by equally good evidence.—*Exchange.*

NOTES AND QUERIES.

In 1820 there was published a folio work with the following title: *An Analysis of the Illustrated Shakespeare of Thomas Wilson, Esq.; can you inform me what has become of this collection?*

X. R.

Who is the author of a parody on Garrick's Ode on Shakespeare's statue, entitled: *The Ode on dedicating a Building and erecting a Statue to Le Stue, Cook to the Duke of Newcastle at Claremont, with Notes by Martinus Scriblerus; to which are prefixed, Testimonies to the Genius and Merits of Le Stue.* London, 1760. 4to.

STUDENT.

We are inclined to attribute this parody to George Stevens, who wrote several strictures and wittolisms upon the Stratford Jubilee. Conf. Davies, *Life of Garrick*, (ii. 226-228, edit. 1806).

COLLECTANEA.

"Books should to one of these four ends conduce: For wisdom, piety, delight or use."—*Denham*.

"SPEAKING of too many books, Hobbes once said, 'If I had read as many books as some other men I should know as little.' And Southey, in the library of the British Museum, exclaimed, 'Had I studied in this place, I should have been too distracted by all this literary wealth to bring any subject to perfection.' The mind, like the mill, can only convert to use a certain quantity. Excess clogs it.

"THERE is a set of collectors, alas! whose inclinations are not virtuous. The most famous of them, a Frenchman, observed that his own collection of bad books was unique. That of an English rival he admitted was respectable,—'*mais milord se livre a des autres preoccupations!*' He thought a collector's whole heart should be with his treasures."—*Andrew Lang*.

"NEVER write on a subject, without having first read yourself full of on it; and never read on a subject, till you have thought yourself hungry on it."—*Richter*.

"THE best books for a man are not always those which the wise recommend, but often those which meet the peculiar wants, the natural thirst of his mind, and therefore awaken interest and rivet thought."—*Channing*.

"THE poet looks through lower things upward; the humorist looks through higher things downward. The poet has more intellectual sympathy; the humorist, more emotional. The poet, in his work, deals with the loftiest things to which his vision attains; the humorist, uses his lofties attainments to illustrate what is humblest. The humorist includes the poet in his view; the poet is rather shy of the humorist. The poet dreads and resents ridicule; but who can ridicule the humorist? The poet, in his poetic frenzy, aims at gravity; the humorist cannot but smile, even at the breaking of his own heart. Only very few poets (Shakspeare, Heinrich Heine, who else?) have been humorists; the humorist generally cannot bring himself to take himself seriously enough to be a poet. The greatest poets have been humorists who took to poetry from fancy, not from necessity; not men who "do but sing because they must," but men who regard their music—as they do everything else,—not as absolute, but as relative, and whose music is, for that reason, vastly richer and more varied than that of the poet proper—the poet of necessity."—*Spectator*.

"LIBRARIES are the shrines where all the relics of saints, full of true virtue, and without seclusion and imposture, are preserved and reposed."—*Bacon*.

"IN the best books, great men talk to us, give us their most precious thoughts, and pour their souls into ours. God be thanked for books! They are the voices of the distant and the dead, and make us heirs of the spiritual life of past ages. Books are the true levellers. No matter how poor I am; no

matter though the prosperous of my own time will not enter my obscure dwelling; if the sacred writers will enter and take up their abode under my roof,—if Milton will cross my threshold to sing me of paradise,—and Shakspeare to open to me the worlds of imagination and the workings of the human heart,—and Franklin to enrich me with his practical wisdom,—I should not pine for want of intellectual companionship, and I may become a cultivated man though excluded from what is called "the best society" in the place where I live."—*Dr. Channing*.

"WONDEROUS indeed is the virtue of a true book. Not like a dead city of stones, yearly crumbling, yearly needing repair; more like a tilled field, but then a spiritual field: like a spiritual tree, let me rather say, it stands from year to year, and from age to age (we have books that already number some hundred and fifty humanages; and yearly comes its new product of leaves, every one of which is talismanic and thaumaturgic, for it can persuade men."—*Carlyle*.

"A GOOD book never comes too late."—*Paul's Letters*.

"BOOKS are the legacies that genius leaves to mankind, to be delivered down from generation to generation, as presents to the posterity of those who are yet unborn."—*Addison*.

"BOOKS are not absolutely dead things, but do contain a potencie of life in them to be as active as that Soule whose progeny they are."—*Milton*.

"A TASTE for books is the pleasure and glory of my life."—*Gibbon*.

"WORTHY books are not companions—they are solitudes; we lose ourselves in them and all our cares."—*Bailey*.

"THE giving a bookseller his price for his bookes has this advantage,—he that will do soe shall have the refusal of whatsoever comes to his hands, and soe by that meanes get many things which otherwise he should have never seene."—*Selden*.

"AMONG so many things as are by men possessed or pursued in the whole course of their lives, all the rest are baubles besides (*sic*), old wood to burn, old wine to drink, old friends to converse with, and old books to read."—*Alphonsus, King of Arragon* (*quoted by Sir William Temple*).

"LIGHT reading does not do when the heart is really heavy. I am told that Goethe, when he lost his son, took to studying a science that was new to him. Ah, Goethe was a physician who knew what he was about. In a great grief like that you cannot tickle and divert the mind, you must wrench it away, abstract, absorb—bury it in an abyss, hurry it into a labyrinth. Therefore, for the irremediable sorrows of middle life and old age, I recommend a strict chronic course of science and hard reasoning. Counter irritation brings the brain to act upon the heart."—*Lord Lytton*.

"HE that loveth a book will never want a faithful friend, a wholesome counsellor, a cheerful companion, and affectionate comforter."—*Dr. Barrow.*

"THERE is a kind of physiognomy in the titles of books no less than in the faces of men, by which a skilful observer will as well know what to expect from the one as the other."—*Butler's Remains.*

"WE breathe but the air of books."—*Hazlitt.*

"THEY are for company the best Friends—in Doubts Counsellors, in Damps Comforters, Time's Prospective, the Home Traveller's Ship or Horse, the busie man's best Recreation, the Opiate of idle Weariness, the Minde's best Ordinary, Nature's Garden and Seed-plot of Immortality."—*Richard Whitelock's Zootomia, 1654.*

"WHO reads
Incessantly, and to his reading brings not
A spirit and judgment equal or superior,
Uncertain and unsettled still remains:
Deep versed in books, but shallow in himself."

—*Milton.*

"WE may read, and read, and read again; and still glean something new, something to please, and something to instruct."—*Hurdie.*

"BOOKS, books again, and books once more!
These are our theme, which some miscall
Mere madness, setting little store
By copies either short or tall.
But you, O slaves of shelf and stall!
We rather write for you that hold
Patched folios dear, and prize 'the small,
Rare volume, black with tarnished gold.'"

—*Austin Dobson.*

"GIVE books! They live when you are dead;
Light on the darkened mind they shed;
Good seed they sow from age to age,
Through all this mortal Pilgrimage;
They nurse the germs of holy trust;
They wake untired when you are dust."

—*Stourney.*

"NOW the only Cræsus that I envy is he who is reading a better book than this!"—*Phillip Gilbert Hamerton.*

"WHEN there is no recreation or business for thee abroad, thou may'st have a company of honest old fellows in their leathern jackets in thy study which will find thee excellent divertisement at home."—*Thomas Fuller* (died 1661).

THE PLEASURES OF A LIBRARY.

THAT place that does contain
My books, the best companions, is to me
A glorious court, where hourly I converse
With the old sages and philosophers;
And sometimes for variety I confer
With kings and emperors, and weigh their counsels,
Calling their victories, if unjustly got,
Unto a strict account, and in my fancy
Deface their ill-placed statues.

—*Beaumont and Fletcher.*

LIBRARY NOTES.

AT a recent meeting of the Town Council of Hastings, England, a communication was made from Lord Brassey offering to present to the corporation a reference library, which offer was gratefully accepted. One of the speakers at the meeting estimated the value of the present at \$75,000.

THE public library of Zante, founded in 1883, contains fifty-three manuscripts, partly Greek, partly Italian, most of them belonging to the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. The Greek MSS., which came mainly from monasteries and private libraries, are chiefly devoted to theological and liturgical subjects, and are of little interest to a palæographer or an historian. The Italian are far more attractive, such as the Libro d'Oro of the nobility of Zante. Most of them contain material throwing much light on the history of the Ionian Islands under Venetian, French, Russian, and English sway. The town records of Zante also comprise a great deal of importance from this point of view; a register of the fiefs on the island in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, decrees of the Venetian Senate, a register of letters of the Doge, and books of "Ordini" from 1487.

BIBLIOPHILIANA.

"HE touched nothing that he did not adorn," is a hackneyed phrase, but it applies so truthfully to Thackeray that one is justified in repeating it. The great novelist could not have been commonplace if he had tried; everything in his hands took on grace and humor. Here, for example, is a "recommendation" written for one Joseph, a servant, and now first published by courtesy of its owner, a New Yorker of literary tastes:

Having, during a period of three days, had many opportunities of studying the character of JOSEPH; the undersigned has great pleasure in recommending him to the travelling nobility and gentry of the British Nation.

Joseph is active in body, gentlemanlike in manner, in the execution of commissions he is rapid, dexterous and faithful; he has many agreeable social qualities and will often amuse the solitary tourist by appropriate anecdotes, which he will recite over a glass of beer or wine at the coffee house, or will introduce as he conducts his client through the city; he is, in a word, everything that a Valet de place should be—conscientious yet not squeamish, modest, willing, sober and discreet.

Furthermore it may be stated that he has a wife and six children; and though these latter qualifications are such as he possesses in common with many other persons of far less merit, yet they are stated here, because, for the prayers of Meritorious Poverty British Benevolence has always a kindly ear; and because the Stranger, in exercising his generosity toward JOSEPH, may have the satisfaction of thinking that he benefits at the same moment six little

innocent invisible Josepha, whose daily dinner depends upon the exertions of their father.

(Signed)

Done at the Hague }
the 13th day of August } Michael Angelo Titmarsh
A.D. M.D.CCC.XLIII. }

P. S.—It may not perhaps be irrelevant to state, that the Landlord of the Marshal de Turenne possesses some of the finest Maderia in Europe.

"ESSINGTON" writes in *Notes and Queries*:—During my boyish days, when Dickens always stayed at Broadstairs, near Ramsgate, it was generally remarked among his friends and acquaintances that he had taken all the names of the characters in 'Pickwick' from persons residing in Ramsgate. There was Weller, the straw hat manufacturer and hosier in high Street, near the market; Mr. Tupman and Mr. Snodgrass lived higher up; Mrs. Bardell also lived near; and more names than I can now remember were inhabitants of either Ramsgate or Broadstairs. Dickens hardly ever laid his friends under contribution either for ridicule or notoriety. When he found earnest men doing good work unobserved he might draw aside the veil of obscurity to depict "the silver lining" to the black clouds of life, such as in the case of the Brothers Cheeryble; but daily life and peregrinations at midnight furnished him with a such a world of incident that his task was more that of a cheerful historian than of an imaginative novelist.

PROFESSOR C. MAURO, Vio Lanzzone, Milan, Italy is anxious for information concerning the following pseudonymous book:—"Scornabecco Pandolfo (Giuseppe Baretta), Biancia nella quale si pesa la dottrina di Vincenzo Martinazza (Vincenzo Martinelli), Londra, Guglielmo Binsley, 1768, in 4to."

SOOTHEY'S have been selling the library of the late Master of Trinity College, Cambridge. As might have been expected, there were a good many scarce little volumes of poetry by celebrated Cantabrigians scattered through the sale. The most valuable was a copy of Tennyson's 'Lover's Tale,' which brought \$320. It was purchased for a well known poet by Mr. Quaritch. The booklet of sixty pages was bound at the end of another volume by Tennyson, and had escaped notice by Sotheby's cataloguer. 'The Strayed Reveller'—collectors prick up your ears—was also placed unnoticed in a bundle of six other books. But at the place of sale some one "spotted" this, and the purchaser had to pay \$21.87 for the lot. And still the book was cheap. But all round Dr. Thompson's books realized something like 15 or 20 per cent. over their real market value.

THE *Dial* of Chicago says that Mr. J. G. Speed of Kentucky, the editor of an elegant edition of the works of Keats published in New York a few years ago, has in his possession the original MSS. of most of the poet's works, including 'Endymion,' and the 'Diary Letters,' and intends to present his collection to the British Museum. Mr. Speed is a grandson of

Keats's younger brother George, who settled in America.

MR. HERMANN MERIVALE'S paper in the June number of *Temple Bar*, 'With the Majority,' is a collection of personal reminiscences of Charles Reade, Macaulay, Dickens, and others. He remembers, as an odd comment on Sydney Smith's classic joke about Macaulay's flashes of silence, "how our family-party fell in with him once on a Geneva Lake steamer in my school-boy times, and he discoursed so much history and antiquities about every point we passed that I retired alone into the cabin and ordered something to eat. The rebukes of my parents afterwards I shall not forget for forfeiting such opportunities, nor the gloomy way in which I murmured my wish that the great man would 'write more poetry and talk less prose.'

AN interesting paper on 'Clothes: From the Novelist's Point of View' will be found in the London *Lady's World*. The writer points out the characteristics of various novelists: is describing the dress of their heroines, from the primary colors of "the Oliphant and Mulock School" to the elaborate costumes of Balzac. Mr. Black's young ladies, "clothed in one color, 'relieved'—Black's great millinery word—with one other," naturally receive attention, and the impressionist effects of Ouida are duly noticed.

EXPERTS now declare that Mrs. Shelley's novel of 'Lodore,' published in 1835, contains a number of details bearing upon Shelley's career, especially the poverty which he and she endured in London towards the close of 1814; and that the preface to 'Frankenstein' is the writing of Shelley, not of his wife. Professor Dowden has published in his 'Life' several poems by Shelley hitherto unknown. It appears that his manuscript book containing the pieces intended for publication in the spring of 1813 is still in existence. It is said that the details heretofore given about the alterations made in the poem of 'Laon and Cythna,' so as to bring it into its present form, 'The Revolt of Islam,' are not correct, "the fact being that Shelley, although indignantly opposed to the total suppression of 'Laon and Cythna,' acquiesced at once in the publisher's proposal that a certain number of passages should be changed, and carried the changes into effect with alacrity."

A VISITOR to Abbottsford records in the *Cleveland Leader* his failure to find a single American book among the 20,000 volumes collected there.

MR. WALFORD writes to *Notes & Queries*:—The following inscription on a wayside fountain at Shanklin is by the poet Longfellow, and as it probably is not printed among his poems, it may well stand recorded in 'N. & Q.':—

O traveller, stay thy weary feet.
Drink of this fountain pure and sweet;
It flows for rich and poor the same.
Then go thy way, remembering still
The wayside well beside the hill,
The cup of water in His name.

The Bookmart.

August 1887.

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THE Printed Prices of Parts 1, 2, 3 and 4, of the Cist Sale of Autographs, sold by Messrs. Bangs & Co., New York, are now ready. The catalogues of this important sale are limited and with prices will continue to advance.

THE copartnership heretofore existing between E. W. Nash and John Pierce, New York, under firm name of Nash & Pierce, has been dissolved. E. W. Nash will continue at his old stand, 80 Nassau Street, and John Pierce at 73 Nassau Street.

WE shall await further responses for the Printed Prices of the Hoe Auction Sale before we shall publish them. So far the number of orders do not justify the cost entailed on us. We hope that a few more orders will come in that we may be able to publish them. Price, 50 cents.

A VOICE from California. Mr. P. J. Healy, of San Francisco, adds with his business correspondence, the following:—Did you notice the curious coincidence that happened in your last issue? Mr. — of Indianapolis advertised 2 volumes of Wheeler's 'History of India,' and immediately under him, I advertised the volume necessary to complete the set. Two days before THE BOOKMART arrived, I received two telegrams for the volume I had—one from the Lennox Library, New York, and the other from the Public Library, Milwaukee. The western man was a day late, and I presume the Lennox Library has the complete set cheaper than it could be had in London. This fact ought to be widely known to dealers having odd volumes.

Yours truly,

P. J. HEALY.

BOOK REVIEWS.

ALLAN QUARTERMAIN: by H. Rider Haggard. (Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago). Mr. Haggard improves as he goes on, though it is more than possible that he will never become a fine literary artist, like Mr. Stevenson, who seems to be the only literary artist, in the best sense of the term, who is now writing fiction. Mr. Thomas Hardy and Mr. Blackmore are, it is true, writing delightful stories, which the reader not only enjoys, but respects and admires, because the observation is so fine, the sympathetic insight into character so rare, and the execution so humorous and quiet. Their stories seem so good, that it is difficult to believe that anything can be better—until we open one of Stevenson's books; and then we remember that there is a certain magic and miracle in words which surpasses the best "good" work as much as the enchanted castles and mountains of the clouds surpass the castles we live in and the mountains we climb over. What is the secret of this magic? Is it the spiritual quality? It is produced, at all events, by some essentially spiritual faculty in the writer, enabling him to exercise a finer discrimination and be sensible of a loftier vision than other writers. The other writers are by no means to be blamed for not rivaling the magician, any more than the beaver, shaping his dam with his tail, is to be blamed for not rivaling Praxiteles, educing a heaven-sent inspiration out of Pentelic marble. Heaven-sent inspirations are not among the commodities within the reach of beavers. Instead of inspiration, they possess a caudal instinct. The spectacle of a disciple of the realistic school—of Mr. Howells, for instance—industriously and gravely manufacturing mud pies, cannot fail to excite the sympathy and respect of the spectator, who restrains his smile out of consideration for the earnest good faith and self-satisfaction of the manufacturer. Besides, there is a great deal to be said for mud pies: in the first place, they are made of mud, which is an actual, tangible, and therefore truthful substance, and which is commonly understood to be an important ingredient of human beings. Moreover, the human mind, at a certain stage of its development, experiences a peculiar appetite for mud pies. Of course, however, when a disciple of the realistic, or beaver school of novelists clamors for the annihilation of Praxiteles and all his works, we are not bound to listen to him. It is natural that he should be impatient with Praxiteles; but the well-wishers of both parties are aware that the world is somewhat larger than the others suppose. Let us concede—it can do no harm—that Praxiteles is a "counter-current." The mighty tide of ocean was a "counter-current" to Mrs. Partington and her mop. Mrs. Partington was indignant, and she did her best to suppress the ocean; but natural laws will have their way, and, with due respect to Mrs. Partington, there are advantages in ocean tides. The romantic school of fiction has been in prosperous existence since the time of Homer, let us say, or for thirty centuries more or less. During the last few months or years, the school of Mr. Howells has materialised itself, and it claims all truth as its province and portion. Mr. R. L. Stevenson and Mr. Rider Haggard, in obedience to everlasting planetary laws, begin to arise and submerge the coast. Mr. Howells womanfully brundles his mop. Let us turn away our eyes for a moment.

What has become of Mr. Howells? "Where is that barty now?" in the words of Breitmann. Well, here, at all events, are Mr. Stevenson and Mr. Haggard, and here is 'Allan Quartermain.'

An eminent critic has expounded the opinion that Mr. Haggard possesses invention rather than imagination. As regards the detail of his work, this is perhaps true. But the broad conception of his stories shows a robust imaginative power. I am speaking of his stories of adventure,—'King Solomon's Mines,' 'Allan Quartermain,' and 'She.' In these tales he has always aimed at the highest object that was in sight, and his aim has been remarkably successful. It was not enough that the adventurers should find a rich mine in Central Africa; it must be King Solomon's mines,—the richest and most wonderful in the world. No less ambitious was the conception of 'She,' although imperfect acquaintance with the mystical aspects of speculation prevented the working out of the idea from being as effective as it might otherwise have been. In 'Allan Quartermain' the objective point is the fabled white race which, for a century and more past, has been described as living in an inaccessible region of the Dark continent. In his account of this race, Mr. Haggard is to be congratulated on not having attempted anything in the way of social or political satire. He gives a picture of a nation such as might possibly exist. It is a fine, hearty story: there is nothing in it that the reader would wish away from it; if there be anything that he would wish added to it, it is difficult to specify what that thing is. It may be said, however, that the episodes of the narrative are even more interesting than the story as a whole. The descriptions, especially of the battles, are in the writer's best vein; and higher praise could scarcely be given to them. It was perhaps a mistake to dwell so much upon the little daughter of the missionary, and upon the beauties of her flower-garden; our expectation is attuned for higher game. But we are led on from good things to better things; and the closing pages, in which the death of the gallant Quartermain is foreshadowed and told, are full of manly pathos, and touch a chord in the reader that completes the artistic effect. It is the best written story Mr. Haggard has yet produced, and it is as vigorous in its movement as anything he has done. I hope he will confine himself to this vein of literature, and not write any more books of the "Jess" order. 'Jess' is well done; but the vitality of 'Allan Quartermain' is a thousand-fold greater. The writer modestly says that it was written for girls and boys. It certainly has a quality in it which makes boys and girls of hundreds of thousands of readers who fancied they were grown up.

The Bureau of Ethnology at Washington deserve the thanks of the American people for the thorough and masterly manner in which they are accumulating knowledge of the condition of this continent and its inhabitants during the period before we made acquaintance with it. Their fourth volume of Proceedings surpasses even the former issues in interest and solidity. Experts in various branches of ethnological research have each explored his or her appointed field, and have brought back reports which are models of comprehensive excellence. They have applied to their work not only competent abilities and sound

judgment, but also an enthusiasm and energy which are actually contagious, and which render the reader, as he peruses their discoveries and interpretations, almost as ardent as themselves. The body of information concerning the Indian inscriptions and records is of absorbing interest, and is copiously illustrated with plates carefully executed in facsimile of the originals. Another section describes the methods employed by the Aborigines in the manufacture of pottery, with engravings of the ancient vessels and utensils found in the mounds and other hiding-places of the vanished race. Among the contributors to former volumes will be found the names of Mrs. Erminnie Smith; and in these pages are the reports of Lieut. Cushing, the white chief of the Zunis, Col. Garrick Mallery and W. H. Holmes, names which, if they stood alone, would be sufficient to command for the book the widest circulation and confidence. The opening pages are devoted to a general introduction by the editor which more than vindicates the wisdom of his selection for that responsible office; and it ends with an exhaustive index, which, in a compilation of this kind, is of great value. The volume is bound and printed in a manner befitting its sterling merits. If the other Departments of State were equal to the Bureau of Ethnology in their diligence, their achievements, their competence and, it may be added, in their economy, the United States would be in practice as well as in theory a model for the world.

JULIAN HAWTHORNE.

AMERICAN NOTES.

A WEALTHY woman of Chicago holds that the girls of her city have not received justice at the hands of novelists; and she offers to pay all the expenses of publishing a story which shall reveal the fair beings as they are.

MR. W. J. LINTON has lately printed at the Appledore Private Press a little collection of a hundred lyrics, entitled 'Love Lore.' Only fifty copies have been printed; but we hope that the book will soon be issued for general circulation.

A SERIES of articles of 'The Poets and Prose Writers of the Wyoming Valley,' by Prof. W. S. Monroe, which has been appearing in the *Sunday Argus* of Scranton, Pa., is now in press for publication in book form. Only a limited edition of 150 copies will be issued.

MISS KATHARINE PRESCOTT WORMLEY is the translator of Roberts Bros. edition of Balzac, and in future her name will appear on the title-pages.

MR. J. C. FILLING of the Bureau of Ethnology has in preparation a bibliography of the Sioux language.

DR. BRINTON is about to add to his valuable collection of early American works a volume entitled 'Ancient Nahnatl Poetry.' It will contain a number of songs in the Aztec or Nahnatl language, most of which were composed before the Spanish conquest. They will be accompanied by translations and notes.

TOLSTOI's 'What People Live By' and in 'Pursuit of Happiness' have been translated for D. Lothrop & Co. by a Russian lady.

MESSRS. HENRY HOLT & Co. will have ready in time for Christmas Perry's 'Greek Literature,' a philosophical account of the growth of Greek literature, and of its relations to the physical surroundings and political and social history of the people. It will be fully illustrated.

W. H. Low has prepared twelve full-page drawings for the volume of 'Odes and Sonnets of Keats' which the J. B. Lippincott Company are getting ready for next Christmas. The book will be of the same size as the 'Lamia' also illustrated by Mr. Low. The drawings will be reproduced by the Forbes Company of Boston, and the book promises to be beautiful.

JOAQUIN MILLER is quoted as saying that he will finally retire from literary work as soon as he finishes the poetical 'Life of Christ' upon which he is engaged.

A. E. JENKS, of Yale '88, has taken the prize offered by *Lippincott's Magazine* for the best article on "Social Life at Yale."

'HOW TO BE ENTERTAINING THOUGH STUPID,' is the odd title of a book which Miss Kate Sanborn is preparing to publish.

J. F. WHEELRIGHT and T. R. Sullivan are both writing novels. Mr Sullivan has contributed to the August *Scribner* a story called 'The Lost Rembrandt.'

R. S. PEALE & Co., Chicago, have in press Ignatius Donnelly's work on the authorship of Shakespeare's plays, entitled 'The Great Cryptogram, or, Francis Bacon's cypher in the so-called Shakespearean plays.' The book, which represented nine years of hard work, will be issued in London simultaneously with its production here.

MESSRS. J. W. RANDOLPH & ENGLISH have published 'Pocahontas, alias Matoaka, and her Descendants through her marriage at Jamestown, Virginia, in April, 1614, with John Rolfe, Gentleman'; with biographical sketches by Wyndham Robertson, and illustrative historical notes by R. A. Brock.

UNDER the title of 'Village Types,' Julian Hawthorne presents in *The American Magazine* for August, sketches of the more noted characters that are usually to be found in our small rural communities. In the same number Col. I. Edwards Clarke writes of recent methods of education. Col. Clarke's connection with the Bureau of Education at Washington should enable him to give a trustworthy review of the changes which he regards as the beginning of a new era.

MACMILLAN & Co., announce a curious work by Henry T. Finck, musical editor of *The Evening Post*, entitled 'Romantic Love and Personal Beauty: Their Development, Casual Relations, Historic and National Peculiarities.'

MESSRS. PUTNAM announce among their autumn publications: 'The Land of Sleepy Hollow,' a series of photogravure representations of the scenes about the home of Washington Irving, together with a reprint of Irving's 'Legend of Sleepy Hollow,' and 'The Chronicle of Wolfert's Roost'—a letterpress edition, limited to 600 copies; 'Decisive Battles Since Waterloo,' a continuation of Creasy's 'Decisive Battles of the World,' by Col. T. W. Knox; illustrations. 'The Isles of the Princes;

or, The Pleasures of Prinkipo,' by the Hon. S. S. Cox, ex-Minister to Turkey; 'Kaloolah: The Adventures of Jonathan Romer,' by W. S. Mayo, illustrated by Alfred Fredericks (new edition); 'The Life of George Washington,' by Edward Everett Hale. 'The Best Reading: A Classified Bibliography for Easy Reference,' third series, presenting titles of publications for the five years ending Dec., 1886; 'The Art of Conversation,' by Prof. John P. Mahaffy; and 'The Revolution in Tanner's Lane,' by Mark Rutherford, edited by his friend Reuben Shapcott.

FOREIGN NOTES.

M. QUANTIN has published a limited edition of the 'Memoires Authentiques de la Vie Galante de L' Abbé Aunillon de Launay du Gué,' Embassadeur of Louis XV. to the Prince Elector of Cologne, (1700-1744).

M. M. MAISONNEUVE and Ch. Leclerc have issued in Paris M. J. G. Icazbalceta's 'Bibliografia Mexicana del siglo XVI,' a quarto of xxix. 419 pp., with 50 facsimiles. The price is 55 francs.

LECENE and Oudin of Paris have published, in their "Collection des Classiques Populaires," Victor Hugo: 'Son Œuvre Poétique,' by Ernest Dupuy, and 'Montesquieu,' by Edgar Zévort.

'LE ROMAN AU TEMPS DE SHAKESPEARE,' is the title of a two franc volume, by M. J. J. Jusseraud, recently published in Paris by M. Ch. Delagrave; the same bibliophile has also issued a new edition of Pascal's 'Les Provinciales,' with notes and an introduction by M. Ernest Havet of the Institute.

FOR the Société des Anciens Textes Français Firmin-Didot & Co. have published the first volume of the poetical works of Christine de Pisan — Balades, Virelais, Lais, Rondeaux, Jeux, Rondes, and Complaintes Amoureuses.

IN Sir John Lubbock's volume on 'The Pleasures of Life,' by Messrs. Macmillan & Co., the chapters have the following titles: "The Duty of Happiness," "The Happiness of Duty," "A Song of Books," "The Choice of Books," "The Blessing of Friends," "The Value of Time," "The Pleasures of Travel," "The Happiness of Home," "Science" and "Education."

THE second part of Mr. Gomme's 'Romano-British Remains' volume of the "Gentleman's Magazine Library" is now finished, and only awaiting the printing off of the index. The volume to succeed this will be on 'Literature,' and will consist of the following sections: Book-making and book-selling, libraries and book-clubs, bibliographical notes, curiosities and notes, drama, manuscripts, great authors, diaries and articles in series. Among the curious subjects treated of are contemporary accounts of libraries in London in the reign of Queen Anne and in the later part of last century; the history of cataloguing, almanacs, etc.; besides a great mass of valuable notes on books and book-men.

MESSRS. A. & C. BLACK, of Edinburgh, have issued a prospectus and specimen plates of a sumptuous work on musical instruments, to be published in the autumn. The drawings, which are in the

highest style of chromo-lithography, represent instruments specially interesting from their rarity, their history, their intrinsic value, or the beauty of their ornamentation; and an introduction and descriptive notes are supplied by A. J. Hipkins, F.S.A. The work promises to be one of great artistic beauty, and doubtless the novel venture will be adequately appreciated, especially by musical artists and amateurs.

AMONG the immediately forthcoming volumes of "Great Writers"—subsequent to Mr. Birrell's 'Charlotte Brontë,' which we recently announced—will be 'Carlyle,' by Dr. Richard Garnett, and 'Keats,' by Mr. W. M. Rossetti.

MESSERS. GREINER & CARO, of Berlin, have secured the copyright of Berthold Auerbach's literary remains, among which there is a complete novel, with the title of 'Der Lateinische Bauer.'

E. PLON, NOURRIT & Co., of Paris, publish Henry Gréville's 'Fille de Dosia,' at 3 fr., 50.

EGGERS & Co., of St. Petersburg, have published in a large octavo of lxii-703 pp., an analytical bibliography of the works of M. Marie-Félicité Brosset. The price is 12 francs.

THE editing of the new 'Pickwick,' shortly to be published by Messrs. Chapman & Hall, which it is proposed to call 'The Victoria Edition,' has been entrusted to Mr. C. P. Johnson, the author of 'Hints to Collectors of Dickens's Works.' The book will be in octavo, as was the original edition, but will be issued in two volumes and on hand-made paper of a special shape, so as to give a better lateral margin to the plates. The illustrations are being reproduced in exact facsimile by Messrs. Annam & Swan from the original drawings, and will include several unpublished drawings by R. W. Buss, Hablot K. Browne (Phiz), and John Leech. It is intended to print from the latest edition revised by the author, and to add all former announcements, prefaces, and notices, so as to make the text as complete as possible. The edition will be limited in number, probably to 2,000 copies, one-half of which will be reserved for the American market.

THE *Centralblatt für Bibliothekswesen* for June contains an article of great research by Dr. Hennen, of Trier (Trèves), on 'The Book Printer's in Art in Trier during the 15th Century,' with contributions to the history of the book printers of Köln at that time. The article is a valuable contribution to the history of printing in Germany in the fifteenth century, and reflects great credit on the industry of Dr. Hennen, whose researches have been strangely brought to a conclusion by the action of the Town Council at Trier, which has interdicted any search in the town archives on the ground of their not being arranged!

BESIDES his elaborate work, in two volumes, on 'Myth, Ritual, and Religion,' which is now in the press, Mr. Andrew Lang will also publish in the autumn 'Johnny Nut and the Golden Goose,' translated from the French of Charles Deulín, with illustrations by Aun. Lynen.

A BOOK of no little interest for the student of Goethe's writings has just appeared in Goethe's 'Minchen: auf Grund ungedruckter Briefe geschildert,' by Karl Theodor Gaedertz. The story of

Wilhelmine Herzlieb—for such was Minchen's name in full—is sad. Left an orphan, at an early age, by the death of her father, Superintendent Herzlieb, she found a second father in the bookseller Friedrich Frommann, of Jena, where she was educated and passed a happy girlhood from her ninth year. In 1807, when a charming young creature of sixteen, she made the acquaintance of Goethe, then in his fifty-eighth year, and of his eccentric friend Werner. So struck were the two poets by the beauty and accomplishments of Minchen that they vied with each other in writing a long series of sonnets to her. Unfortunately Minchen was still more fascinated by the great poet than he was by the young girl. She fell madly in love. Goethe gave vent to his feelings in 'Die Wahlverwandtschaften,' where the attractive qualities of Minchen are found portrayed in Ottilie. As for poor Wilhelmine, after an unhappy marriage with Professor Walch, of Jena, which ended in a separation, she died in a lunatic asylum in 1865.

SOME unpublished letters written by Charles Dickens are in the hands of the printer. They were addressed to a former contributor to *Household Words*.

A NOVEL by a member of the Browning Society will shortly be published by Messrs. Swan Sonnenschein & Co. The plot is based on Browning's 'Waring.' The book will be entitled 'St. Bernardo': The Romance of a Medical Student. The author takes the pseudonym of "Aesculapius Scalpel"; but it is understood that his name is not unknown in the literary world.

UNDER the title of 'An Anthology of the Novels of the Century,' Mr. H. T. Mackenzie Bell has edited a little volume containing a collection of choice reading from the best novels of the last eighty years, with critical and biographical notes. It will be published by Messrs. Chatto & Windus.

A POPULAR Hindu story by K. Viresalingham, Pandit, entitled 'Rajasekhara,' is being translated for English readers by Mr. J. R. Hutchison. It will be published by Mr. Elliot Stock, and will have an introduction by General Macdonald.

MR. H. LING ROTH has finally corrected his 'Bibliography and Chronology of Halesowen,' which is about to be published by the Index Society.

THE *Journal of Hellenic Studies* contains what is to be henceforth a permanent feature, viz., a critical bibliography of recent archaeological publications.

IN the forthcoming volume of the 'Dictionary of National Biography,' which extends from Clater to Condell, Mr. John Morley writes on Cobden; Mr. Leslie Stephen on S. T. Coleridge, Prof. Clifford, Clough, and William Collins; Sir Theodore Martin on Kitty Clive; the Rev. J. W. Ebsworth on Cleveland, the Cavalier poet; Mr. Austin Dobson on Luke Clennell; Mr. Edward Smith on William Cobbett; Mr. G. P. Macdonell on Sir Edward Coke; G. W. Cox on Bishop Colenso; Mr. Richard Garnett on Hartley, Henry Nelson, and Sara Coleridge; the Rev. William Hunt on Jeremy Collier; Mr. G. F. Warner on John Payne Collier; Mr. Joseph Knight

on George Colman, the elder and younger; and Mr. H. R. Tedder on William Combe ("Dr. Syntax").

IN the *Antiquary* Mr. C. E. Plumtre gives an account of Rodger Bacon's treatise on 'A Cure for Old Age,' in which are pointed out some singular parallels of thought and observation between this early philosopher and Spinoza and Herbert Spencer.

THE extra midsummer volume of "The Canterbury Poets" published in July is entitled 'Sea Music,' and is an anthology of the best poems and passages descriptive of the sea to be found in the writings of English poets from Shakspeare to those of the present day. The collection comprises several hitherto unpublished examples.

DEFOE'S 'Capt. Singleton,' with an introduction by Mr. Halliday Sparling, will appear as the August volume of the "Camelot Series"; the corresponding volume of the companion series, "The Canterbury Poets," will be 'Early English Poetry.'

IT is a curious fact that there exists no uniform collected edition of Alexander von Humboldt's works. It took Dr. Wegener upwards of thirty years to collect all his writings, which he generously presented to the Geographical Society of Berlin. Would it not be more judicious on the part of Germany to issue a popular edition of the great *savant's* collected works than to erect clumsy monuments to second or third rate writers?

GENERAL NOTES.

THE *Leipziger Illustrirte Zeitung* states that Lord Tennyson has received from Messrs. Macmillan & Co. for his Jubilee Ode, the sum of \$35,000!

AT a recent sale in Berlin an autograph letter of Lessing fetched the remarkably small sum of 7 marks (\$1.75), and a love song by Rückert only 9 marks.

IN his review of Victorian literature, Mr. Humphery Ward's 'Reign of Queen Victoria,' Dr. Garnett says of George Meredith:—"Nature designed him for a great writer of serious comedy, a compeer of Congreve. He paints and dresses for artificial light; hence the apparent want of nature, which disappears on a fair consideration of his aim. No modern novelist demands so much intellect from his readers, or gives them so much of his own."

THE whole of the literary correspondence addressed to William Jerdan as editor of the defunct *Literary Gazette* was sold by Messrs. Puttick the other day for \$27.50. Some extremely interesting letters were included, from Dickens, Thackeray, Bulwer-Lytton, his wife, Mrs. London, (mother of 'L. E. L.') &c., &c. Not among the least interesting was an autograph letter from Macrone, Dickens's first publisher, calling Jerdan's attention to the first book he had issued, and soliciting a review. The price was absurdly small for such a collection.

TO the *Athenæum* Mr. Andrew Lang writes:—"In my little volume 'Books and Bookmen,' there are statements, quite erroneous as I learn, about a supposed want of permanence in books bound with flat backs. The reference was to some modern examples of great beauty by an English artist, and I wish to point out that these bindings are as permanent as any, as they are much more beautiful than most. I have just been informed by a gentleman of unquestioned authority that "binders used to sew the sheets on cords which formed the bands; they still sew on cords, but sew the backs of the sheets to form a groove, so that the cord is flush with the other part." It seems

that most modern raised bands are mere rudimentary and decorative survivals, adding nothing to the strength of the book. I know not whether Derome le Jeune bound in the modern way, but his flat backs are denounced by M. Quentin Bauchart in his large work 'Les Femmes Bibliophiles de France.'

THE talk had suddenly become religious, or rather antiquarian.

"Before speaking of old books," exclaimed Noffe Neemer, "you should see the old Bible we have at home."

"Is it very old? Are there any peculiarities about it?" enquired one of those present.

"Well, it contains the Decameron," was the triumphant answer, and several prayers were offered up for speedy death, till it was ascertained that Noffe meant the Apocrypha.

MR. W. L. T. BROWN, Hon. Secretary of the Homer-ton Grove, London, Young Men's Institute, wrote to Mr. Ruskin a short time ago, pointing out that in the library connected with the institute the authors who had produced the greatest effect generally were two such opposite ones as Kingsley and himself. Mr. Ruskin was asked how it was that so many should be led to admire two such contraries, and this is his reply:—

Brantwood, Coniston.—My Dear Sir,—That two such opposite authors should take hold of the same minds is entirely probable if the opposites are both a part of the world and its sky. Kingsley liked east wind; I like west. Kingsley stepped westward—Yankee way. I step eastward, thinking the old star stands where it used to. There was much in Kingsley that was delightful to raw thinkers, and men generally remain raw in this climate. He was always extremely civil to me, and to Carlyle, but failed in the most cowardly way when we had the Eyre battle to fight. He was a flawed—partly rotten, partly distorted—person, but may be read with advantage by numbers who could not understand a word of me, because I speak of things they never saw or never attended to. I extremely dislike Kingsley's tragedy myself, but if other people like hearing of girls being devoured or torn to pieces that is their affair. Ever faithfully yours.

J. RUSKIN.

MESSRS. RAND, McNALLY & Co. have published 'A Week in Chicago,' a profusely illustrated guide to that city, containing descriptions of all points of interest, with full directions for reaching them.

THE forty-fourth part of Mr. Walter Hamilton's 'Parodies' (Reeves & Turner, London) contains travesties of 'The Vicar of Bray,' 'Old King Cole,' 'Lord Lovel,' etc., and a parody by Præd of the Lullaby in Guy Mannering.

AMONGST the papers of the eminent historian Von Ranke have been found an interesting diary carefully kept by him, and a MS. containing a series of governmental and political rules and maxims formerly written for King Maximilian II., of Bavaria; these documents constitute by far the most important portion of Ranke's *Nachlass*.

MESSRS. QUANTIN, of Paris, sustain their well-earned reputation by the publication of 'Raphaël, Pages de la Vingtième Année,' one of Lamartine's best works. This publication is enriched with ten superb original compositions by Ad. Sandoz, reproduced in aqua-fortis by Champollion. (25 frs.)

M. O. LORENZ, of Paris, has issued the first instalment of the tenth volume of the 'Catalogue Général de la Librairie Française.' The catalogue will include all works published in French in France, or elsewhere, since the year 1840. (15 frs.)

THE "choice of books fever" has seized that popular and prolific writer the author of 'The Heir of Redclyffe.' Miss Yonge is busy over a little treatise, 'What Books to send and What Books to give.'

ACCORDING to the *N. Y. Tribune* a St. Louis book-seller says: "There is a mania abroad for 'Western Americana,' and I have a line of customers who purchase only such works. I feel safe when I have a 'Reynolds's Illinois,' 'Hunt's Mormon War,' 'Lewis and Clarke's Travels,' or a last volume of the 'Western Journal and Civilian,' an old publication, now very rare. Two that are eagerly sought for are a 'Mormon Bible' and 'The Exempts of St. Louis,' or the parties who claimed foreign protection during the war, many of whom, by the way, have since become citizens, voters and office-holders. Most of the other books sent to a second-hand dealer are rubbish that only an accident will sell."

FROM Messrs. Rand, McMillan & Co., of Chicago, we have received indexed county and township pocket maps of New Hampshire, Wyoming, South Carolina, Georgia, Kentucky, Colorado, Arkansas, British Columbia, Connecticut and Florida.

COLONEL HIGGINSON, like most just observers of American literature, sees the lingering traces of our dependence upon English models. "So long," he says in *The Independent*, "as we look merely outside of ourselves for a standard, we are as weak as if we looked merely inside of ourselves—probably weaker; for timidity is weaker than even the arrogance of strength. There is no danger that the foreign judgment will not duly assert itself; the danger is that our own self-estimate will be too apologetic. What with courtesy and good nature and a lingering of the old colonialism, we are not yet beyond the orange-ing period in our literary judgment. The obeisance of all good society in London before a successful circus manager from America was only a shade more humiliating than the reverential attention visible in the American press when Matthew Arnold was kind enough to stand on tiptoe upon our lecture platform and apply his little measuring-tape to the great shade of Emerson. I should like to see in our literature some of the honest self-assertion shown by Senator Tracy, of Litchfield, Conn., during Washington's Administration, in his reply to the British Minister's praises of Mrs. Oliver Wolcott's beauty. 'Your countrywoman,' said the Englishman, would be admired at the Court of St. James.' 'Sir,' said Tracy, 'she is admired even on Litchfield Hill.'"

THE London *Bookseller* writes:—"A good many years ago Daniel Defoe set people a-thinking by the publication of a pamphlet entitled, 'What if the Queen should die?' A similar thought occurs on looking at the catalogue of Mr. Quaritch. What if Quaritch should die? Is there anyone who could take his place, be present at all the important sales, bid for all and everything, and purchase at unheard of prices. A less important question would be, 'What if Quaritch ceased to buy?' And this is possible. In his recent 'Rough List' he says that during the last five years the disposal of so many fine libraries has induced him to buy more than he has been able to sell. This we fully believe. As Mr. Quaritch has some poetry in his nature he has probably indulged in a measure of poetic licence, or wishes his readers to do so, when he says in the next paragraph, that most of the books in the list are marked at or below prime cost! Still it may be so. There remain still some in the trade who, with the writer of this, can remember the sensation caused by the issue of Mr. Bohn's guinea catalogue; but now Bohn is nowhere. Mr. Quaritch announces the issue of a large paper edition of his general catalogue in six volumes, imperial 8vo, 4,500

pages, containing titles, with description, of 40,000 books and manuscripts, at the price of sixty-three dollars. A seventh volume, containing the index, is to follow, and as only 120 copies are printed, this catalogue may eventually become as scarce, and fetch as high a price as the Mazarin Bible. How much we should like to peep into futurity and hear the remarks of Mr. Quaritch of A. D. 2287, when describing this bibliographical curiosity."

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Publications of the Pali Text Society.

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BOOK AUCTION INTELLIGENCE.

THE sale of the first portion of the extensive library of the late Mr. James T. Gibson Craig, of Edinburgh, commenced at the rooms of Messrs. Sotheby, Wilkinson & Hodge on June 27th. In the first eight days were sold at high prices: Apuleius, *Cupido et Psyche*, with woodcuts by Le Petit Bernard, Madame de Pompadour's copy, \$170. Bible printed in 1676 at Edinburgh, on account of its beautiful binding, \$315. *Bocace traduit par Maçon*, \$105. Boethius *Historia Scotorum*, first edition, on large paper, Grolier's copy rebounded, \$425. Bossuet, *Histoire des Variations des Eglises Protestantes*, first edition, \$145. Bury, *Philobiblon*, \$105. *Cavaleris Romanorum Imperatorum Effigies*, \$220. Cervantes, *Persiles y Sigismunda*, first edition, \$115. *Chronicon Nurembergense*, \$130. *Ciceronis Orationes*, Count Hoym's copy, \$107.50. *Cicero's Cato Major*, printed by B. Franklin, \$150. Dante, *L'Inferno* da Lord Vernon, \$135. De Foe's *Robinson Crusoe*, first edition, \$250. Earl of Haddington's Poems, autograph manuscript, \$327.50; and Printed Poems, \$70. Hesiod's *Opera*, Lougepierre's copy, \$125. *Heures a l'usage de Rome*, printed in 1502 on vellum, \$127.50. Higden's *Polycricon*, printed in 1495 by Wynkyn de Worde, imperfect, \$81.25; Holbein, *Icones Vet. Test.*, first edition, \$125; *Horæ B. Mariæ*, manuscript, circa 1270, by a Scotch scribe, from the Murthly collection, \$1625; *La Fontaine, Contes*, Edition des *Femiers Généraux*, \$172.50; *La Roche, Arismetique*, from the library of the Earl of Boswell, Queen Mary's husband, \$405; *Marguerites de la Marguerite*, \$110; *Nova Legenda Angliæ*, printed by Wynkyn de Worde, \$140; *Oribasii Synopsis*, *Marguerite de Valois's* copy, \$480; *Poliphili Hypnerotomachia*, \$450; and the French version, \$110; *Recueil des Comedies et Ballets*, Madame de Pompadour's copy, \$207.50; *Ragnard, Œuvres*, \$300. The eight days' sale produced \$25,866.

THE CRAWFORD SALE.

At the sale in June last of Lord Crawford's library at Sothebys, the following prices were obtained:—

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\$1,000; first German Bible, \$720; second German Bible, \$425; *Luther's first complete edition*, \$255; *Biblia Latina*, the famous Mazarin Bible, and first book printed with movable types by Gutenberg and Fust, \$13,250; *Biblia Latina*, 1482 edition, printed on vellum, \$5,125; Bible in the Virginian language by Eliot, \$200; first Welsh Bible, \$300; first edition of the Welsh Testament, \$300; *Apocalypsis S. Johannis*, a block-book, and a great rarity, \$2,500; The famous *Giunta Boccaccio*, \$1.50; *Breydenbach, Peregrinatio in Jerusalem*, \$295; *Breydenbach, Peregrinationes de Jerusalem*, \$400; *De Bry, Emblemata*, \$345; *Croniclis of Englonde*, printed at St. Albans in 1483, imperfect, \$255; *Chroniques de Saint Denys*, \$500; *Clementis V. Constitutiones*, printed in 1471 on vellum, \$230; *Dante, col Commento di Landino*, with nineteen excessively rare engravings from the beautiful designs of Sandro Botticelli, \$2,100; *Eusebius de Evangelica Preparatione*, printed in 1470 on vellum by Jenson, \$200; *Fier a Bras, Roman de Chevalerie*, \$230; *Fox's Book of Martyrs*, first edition, imperfect, \$440; *Glanvil de Proprietatibus Rerum*, the edition said to be printed by Caxton at Cologne, but more probably by Goetz, \$450; *Guy de Warwick, Roman de Chevalerie*, \$600; *Hakluyt's Voyages*, with the suppressed *Cadiz Voyage*, \$183; *Holbein, Simulacra de la Mort*, first French edition, \$205; *Holinshed's Chronicles*, the Shakspeare edition, \$180; *Horatii Opera*, first Aldine edition, \$152.50; *Lancelot du Lac*, \$350; *Lascaris, Grammatica Græca*, first edition, \$565. *Liturgia Græca*, printed in 1497 by Aldus, \$300. *Heures à l'usage de Rome*, with autographs of Mary Queen of Scots, L. Cardinal de Lorraine, Catherine de Medici, and Francis II., \$1,125; *Breviarium Illyricum*, the Aldine edition, \$350; *Lovelace's Lucasta*, \$125; *Marco Polo, Reisen*, \$255; *Bateson's Second Set of Madrigals*, \$55; *Byrd's Songs*, \$75; *Cantiones Sacræ Vulgo Motetæ*, \$85; *Este's Third Set of Pastorals, Madrigals, &c.*, \$90; *Gibbon's Madrigals and Motets*, \$60; *Mersenne, Harmonie Universelle*, \$135; *Morley's Madrigals*, \$100; *Pilkington's First Booke of Songs*, \$62.50; *Victoria, Missæ*, \$75; *Ward's First Set of English Madrigals*, \$85; *Weelkes's Ayres and Ballets*, \$62.50; *Wilbye's First Set of English Madrigals*, \$52.50 and \$87.50; and his *Second Set*, \$30; *Yonge's Musica Transalpina*, \$90; and *Palestrina, Hymni*, beautiful specimen of Bedford's binding, with silver statuette and ivory crucifix, \$300. Amongst other rarities were *Palmerin d'Angleterre*, \$90; *Pascal, Lettres Provinciales*, first edition, \$110; *Picart, Cérémonies Religieuses*, \$270; *Plinii Historia Naturalis*, printed in 1472 by Jenson, \$200; *Poliphili Hypnerotomachia*, \$430; *Broadside Proclamations*, including that for suppressing Milton's *Pro Populo Anglicano*, \$245; and other Proclamations, including Queen Anne's offer of £5,000 for the apprehension of the Pretender, \$105; *Purchas his Pilgrimes*, \$300; *Quatre Fils Aymon*, imperfect, \$205; *Raffaele, Loggie, Volpato's* copy, magnificently colored, \$975; *Salviani Aquatiliuni Historia*, \$610; bought in Beckford's sale for \$365; *Sydney's Arcadia*, first edition, \$465; *Tacti Annales*, first edition, \$250; *Terentius*, printed by Ulric Zell, \$240; *Valentin et Orson*, \$250; *Valturius de Re Militari*, first edition, \$345; *Van Dyck, Icones*, \$355; *Vitas Patrum*, printed in 1495 by Wynkyn de Worde, \$375; *Voragine's Golden Legend*, printed in 1527 by Wynkyn de Worde, \$405; a set of the engravings from Turner's *Liber Studi-*

orum, \$1,126. This entire sale of this first portion of the library, comprising 2,149 lots, produced \$95,367.57.

BOOK AUCTION SALES OF THE PAST SEASON.

Since 1864, when was completed, in an edition of 6,000 copies, the 'Manuel du Libraire' of Jacques Charles Brunet, wanting which the book fancier would be out of the line without a password, the price of books has been fixed in special catalogues made by booksellers and by book collectors educated by booksellers. If Brunet's work could be continued to the present time the fact would be shown that most books are quoted at a fanciful value. The fault is in the lack of a Poole's Index to catalogues of book auction sales, and the Index Society might make an example of the book auction sale catalogue, that is a precious book with an index and a commonplace book without an index. If the collector, who knows that the value of a book is the price that it will fetch at public sale, had the ready reference that an index would give, perhaps there would fewer "knock outs" in London, more frequent instances of libraries finding their way in their entirety into shops of booksellers, as in January, Mr. Eugene Pallies went to Morgand's and fewer illustrations of an accepted but vicious proposition that, in book collecting, one has to pay for experience. Paying for one's experience consists in forming a library at the bookseller's and selling it at the auctioneer's; whereas it should be formed at the auctioneer's and sold at the bookseller's. The book collector would be armed to the teeth if he only had indexed catalogues of last season's sales.

In Paris, at the Hotel Drouot, they have had the sale of the library of Techener, the bookseller, who had a fortune in books that he would not sell, although his children were starving. He was put in an asylum for his monomania. The sale aggregated about 700,000f; the average price per book was 800f.; the highest priced book was the *Chronicles of Enguerrand de Monstrelet*, that went for 28,000f. to Mr. Henri Curvillier, representing a bibliophile of New York who shall be nameless. The collection was rich in missals, early printed books, classics of French literature. In London, at Sotheby, Wilkinson & Hodge's, they have had the sale of Lord Crawford's "*Bibliotheca Lindesiana*," containing Bibles, books of hours, romances of chivalry, and, notably, the Gutenberg Bible, for which Quaritch paid £2,650, although the copy was incomplete.

There were sales where volumes upon volumes had a pedigree as well known to bookmen as those of the winners of the Derby and Grand Prix are known to sportsmen; but there were volumes upon volumes in these sales and in many other sales at the Hotel Drouot, in Paris; Sotheby, Wilkinson & Hodge's, in Wellington street, Strand, and Puttick & Simpson's, in Leicester Square, that one had to trace from Brunet through an infinity of catalogues, with the heroism that Payne, the English bookseller, so vividly expressed on his deathbed. Payne, as he helplessly awaited the end, was told that a certain collector had missed Cæsar's '*Commentaries*' at the La Serna sale, because it was offered while he was at dinner. He exclaimed, with much indignation: "When a 1471 Cæsar is for sale one

does not dine"—and died. In Paris every auction sale takes place at the Hotel Drouot; in London every book auction sale either by Sotheby's or at Puttick & Simpson's; in New York books are sold publicly at Leavitt's and Bangs's, and also at the American Art Association's rooms, where the books of Mrs. Morgan were disposed of, and where Henry Ward Beecher's will be sold.

At Leavitt's auction rooms have passed the libraries of Prof. Louis Ellsberg, editor of the '*Archives of Laryngology*'; Mrs. Florence E. M. Jayne, wife of the Treasury expert, and Charles H. Baxter, a little big-wigged man, who was an inveterate Grangerite, bound to make every one of his books unique by inserting prints in them, extending, for instance, the eight volumes of Knight's '*Shakspeare*' to ten volumes, and lettering the tomes on the back: "Illustrated by C. H. Baxter." Leavitt has also sold the law libraries of Robert Jackson and Edward Seymour, and of Judge Sutherland, of the Supreme Court; the medical and general literature library of Prof. Isaac Lionel Cawcours, of New Orleans, a graduate of Guy's Hospital; the reference library of the Rev. Robert Bolton, the Westchester County historian. At the Bangs auction rooms have passed the libraries of Mrs. L. Haight, Clarence A. Henriques, the Rev. Dr. Richey, of Halifax, Nova Scotia; W. H. Kemp, Col. J. Thomas Scharf, of Baltimore, (rebellion books and pamphlets); Bishop C. F. Robertson, of Missouri; William Wheatley, John P. Jayne, F. A. Fowler, Philip Ripley, Prof. Charles Short, of Columbia College, one of the revisers of the Bible, who had a complete collection of the Delphin classics; the law libraries of Erastus New, Charles N. Black, Bernard Koelker, and B. A. Willis.

These sales and those of some consignments from London and Edinburgh were not occasions for bibliophiles to trouble their heads about, even Mr. Baxter, a Grangerite, being a maniac among bibliomaniacs. But the season has been as animated as could be desired for bibliophiles. It began Nov. 15 at Leavitt's, with the sale of the fourth part of Mr. George Brinley's library. Mr. Brinley was a citizen of Hartford, Conn., who, with the spirit of an antiquarian, had traveled among the farmers of New England to buy their old books by the pound. Mr. J. Hammond Trumbull, author of a '*History of Connecticut*,' and librarian of the Wadsworth Athenæum, at Hartford, has been at work for ten years on the catalogue of Brinley's books, the fifth part of which is yet to come. Among these books, bought for a song, were the Bay Psalm Book, three copies of the Eliot Bible, and the Gutenberg Bible, that Mr. Hamilton Cole bought for \$8,500, and sold to Mr. Brayton Ives by way of Quaritch. The "fourth part" of Brinley's library contained the rarest tracts, church books, books of poems, imprints of America's earliest presses, notably the first New York Almanac, printed by William Bradford, in 1697, and the total sale amounted to \$7,380.70. Within a fortnight afterward came vellum manuscripts of the twelfth to fifteenth centuries from the historic Trivulzio Library, of Milan, Italy. The catalogue contains 55 numbers; the amount of the sale was over \$8,000; a Roman Breviary of 422 leaves illuminated by a Venetian artist of the fifteenth century fetching \$1,400; a manuscript of the

same period, a 'Life of St. Francis of Assisi,' in 106 leaves, \$920; a Book of Hours, by an illuminator of the Burgundian school, \$570; a codex of St. Ambrose's works, a folio manuscript compiled by order of Pope Clement VI., \$465. In the first days of December Bangs & Co. sold the library of John B. Moreau, composed principally of books relating to New York State and City; the plays of William Dunlap, the Bradford Club publications, and other works of local interest. Washington Irving's 'Life of George Washington,' a large paper copy of the original edition, Grangerized with 400 portraits and plates, fetched \$152.50. In the same month was sold at Leavitt's the collection of Mr. Boban, who was antiquary of Emperor Maximilian in Mexico. It was a collection of books and manuscripts relating to that country, Central America, the United States, Canada, Peru, and Brazil. The total amount of the sale was \$2,350.09; a collection of Mexican manuscripts of the sixteenth, seventeenth and eighteenth centuries fetching \$80. In February Leavitt sold the library of James L. Claghorn, of Philadelphia; and Bangs, the library of the Hon. Stephen J. W. Tabor, of Independence, Iowa. Mr. Claghorn had sold his collection of prints to Mr. Garrett, President of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, for \$250,000; his library, composed principally of art books, fetched \$4,758.82; C. Gavard's 'Versailles Galeries Historiques' selling for \$195. Mr. Tabor's library was, according to the *Iowa State Register*, the best private library of the State; the price that it fetched is a secret, perhaps because the collection would have been better appreciated on "its native heath." It had works in every department of literature, and it was the collection of a man of letters, not of one fastidious in the matter of bindings and scarcity of editions. There was in it an interesting collection of works on tobacco, tea, and coffee. The highest price paid for any book was \$80 for Marc Lescarbot's 'Histoire de la Nouvelle France.' Paris, 1609.

In March came the collection of Gen. Rush C. Hawkins, upon which was realized, at Leavitt's \$18,013.50. It was the collection of a fervent book lover; there were in it the earliest Americana, voyages, colonial and State histories, the American Revolution, the civil war, illuminated vellum manuscripts, *incunabula*, art books, and standard books in every department of literature. He gave to it the patient erudition of a Benedictine monk. His catalogue, filled with his own notes, will be precious to students of bibliography. There were five Latin choir books in the collection that fetched \$900; three illuminated heraldic manuscripts of Mexico, \$32.50; the Statutes of the Archbishopric of Mayence, \$200; Fust and Schoeffer's edition of 'Cicero,' \$155; the 1474 'Turrecremata' of Peter Schoeffer, \$57; the 'Giunta Boccaccio' of 1527, \$41; the Breeches Bible, bound by R. de Coverly, and Gavard's 'Versailles Galeries Historiques,' (that at the Claghorn sale in February was knocked down for \$195), \$266. Gen. Hawkins has not ceased to be a bibliophile; he is the Nimrod of book hunters. Disdaining the tranquillity of the wealthy bookman who sends his orders and awaits for their fulfillment in his cabinet, he hunts for his books in person in the monasteries of Europe. His object is to form a complete library of the first books of the earliest presses in Europe to the end of the fifteenth century.

Charles W. Frederickson, known to his familiars as "Fred," a mighty collector of Shelleyana, blessed with a wife who is a bibliophile, something that happens once in a blue moon among bookmen, sold Part 2 of his library at Bangs's on March 28. It was composed of Franklin newspapers, newspapers of the Revolutionary period, Washingtoniana, works of Byron, Lamb, Chiswick poets and autographs, that were not appreciated as much as they would have been if "Fred" trusted not too much in the learning of his coreligionists, and was not a Harpagon in the matter of notes in his catalogues. They gave \$37 for a book of Shakspeare's portraits that cost him \$30, and \$55 for a letter of seven lines of Mrs. Martha Washington.

In May Leavitt sold a part of the "Library of a Bibliophile," an "experience" sale of Mr. George B. De Forest, including a reprint by Lemonnyer of Laborde's 'Chansons' that fetched \$72, and a set of Swinburne's first editions in 23 volumes, \$126.50, the total sale amounting to \$1,799.42. Then came at Bangs's the Typographical Library of Mr. Richard M. Hoe, collected at great cost by the agency of Henry Stevens, and sold for about \$3,500. The books made a complete history of the invention of printing, with all the discussions relating thereto, beginning with the 'Chronicle of Cologne' that gave the honor of the invention of Gutenberg, on the one side, and the 'Batavia,' of Hadrian Junius, that gave it to Koster, on the other. Seventeen volumes of typographical miscellanies, consisting of printers' marks, devices, and title-pages fetched \$592, and Chatto and Jackson's 'Treatise of Wood Engraving,' extended from one to three volumes by the insertion of engravings and woodcuts, \$108.

In June the season of book auction sales was closed with the library of Henri Pène du Bois, at Leavitt's. The total amount of the sale was \$17,500.37. The highest prices paid were for 'The Golden Legend' of James de Voraigne, a manuscript of the fourteenth century, \$1,160; a 'Book of Hours' of the fifteenth century, \$575; Henri IV.'s copy of de Thou's History, \$210; Meschinot's 'Lunettes des Princes,' \$300; the Essays of Montaigne, edition of 1595, \$160; the Groller Club's 'Decree of Starre Chamber,' \$170; the Groller Club's 'Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam,' \$150; the collector's own copy of his book on 'Bookbinding,' \$100; a book of 'Hours of Gillet and Germain Hardouyn,' \$170. The collector makes no secret of the fact that his collection fetched \$2,000 more than expert estimate, and \$4,000 more than his expectation; wherefore he says he thinks "Chiaro-oscuro as effective in cataloguing as in painting," because several books belonging to his friends were put in his catalogue by way of contrast with his own. Book collectors of experience are not men to attend public sales in person, having to be watchful of their enthusiasm, but it is their duty to make a visit to the exhibition that precedes an important sale, and there is not one who does not. Their bids are given to agents, as often changed as the brokers of a great speculator, and with the recommendations to secrecy, without which the art of buying books for bibliophiles would be a lost art.

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BOOK MART.

VOL. V.

SEPTEMBER, 1887.

Whole No. 52.

TO MY BOOKS.

Silent companions of the lonely hour,

Friends, who can never alter or forsake,
Who for inconstant roving have no power,

And all neglect, perforce, must calmly take,
Let me return to you; this turmoil ending
Which worldly cares have in my spirit wrought,

And, o'er your old familiar pages bending,
Refresh my mind with many a tranquil thought;
Till, haply meeting there from time to time,

Fancies, the audible echo of my own,
'Twill be like hearing in a foreign clime

My native language spoke in friendly tone,
And with a sort of welcome I shall dwell
On these, my unripe musings, told so well.

CAROLINE NORTON.

A TRANSLATION.

FROM THEOKRITOS, EIDYL VIII.

Menalkas.

O GLADES and rivers, heavenly race, if e'er
Menalkas piped to thee a strain divine,
Feed to his heart's content his lambs, and share
No less to Daphnis when he brings his kine.

Daphnis.

Fountains and grass, sweet growth, if Daphnis vie
In song that equalleth the nightingale's,
Fatten his herd, and let Menalkas hie
With joy to pasture in these bounteous dales.

Menalkas.

There sheep and goats bear twins upon the lawn,
'There bees give honey, there the oaks are fine,
Where lovely Milo comes; should she be gone
Wither alike the herdsman and the kine.

Daphnis.

The spring is everywhere, the grass has grown,
The udders fill with milk, the young are fed,
When my fair mistress comes: should she be gone
The shepherd withers, and the grass is dead.

Menalkas.

Lord of my white goats, to the deep wood go,
Come here for water, little kids of mine,
For He is here; and let my Milo know

That Proteus pastured seals, although Divine.

Daphnis.

To water drought, to trees harsh winter's shade,
To birds the snare, to wild beasts nets bring
bane;

To man his yearning for a tender maid.

Ah! Zeus, thou know'st thyself a lover's pain.

Menalkas.

I ask not golden store, nor Pelops' farms,
Nor racing to outstrip the flying breeze;
But here to sing, and hold thee in my arms,
Watching my flock, by these Sicilian seas.

JAMES INNES MINCHIN.

BESANT ON BOOKS.

BY A BESANT WORSHIPPER.

The latest article which appears in the *British Weekly*, under the title "Books which have influenced me," is from the pen of Mr. Walter Besant. To any one who knows the writer personally and is acquainted with his works, it is most interesting reading. The influence of most of the books which Mr. Besant has mentioned is easily traced in his novels; other books which have probably had no less influence upon him he does not seem to have mentioned at all. The article is, however, well worth reading, if only for the sake of incidental advice which the writer gives. It is thoroughly characteristic of Mr. Besant; so characteristic, indeed, that when one reads some sentences they seem to be pronounced to one exactly in the manner in which he would utter them, voice and gesture being accurately reproduced.

Mr. Besant commenced to read voraciously when he was ten years old, and he tells us that he has read "with equal appetite ever since." Of the many books read in his youth, that which made the greatest impression upon him was Bunyan's 'Pilgrim's Progress.' It seized upon his imagination, he says—a fact which one can easily understand; and its language no doubt had considerable influence upon the purity of his style. Two lessons, above all, it taught him. First, that of the individual responsibility of every man; and, secondly, that "Christianity does not want and cannot have a priest." Later in life, when he discovered that the priesthood was a

mere human invention after all, the discovery only increased his gratitude to John Bunyan. This is the same hater of priestcraft who, writing of Rabelais, said:—"There is no malice in the old man at the close of his long life, save when he speaks of those monks and priests who alone hindered the realization of his dream, as they still hinder it. If the soul of Rabelais is permitted to watch the course of events, he must be sad at heart, and growing daily more sad, to mark how, while the centuries roll on, the falsities over which his soul grew angry know no abatement, and continue to produce their poisonous fruit for the destruction of the human race." It is the same man as he who in 'All Sorts and Conditions of Men' makes it a prime condition of the success of the People's Palace that no visiting lady or young curate shall be allowed to meddle in its management.

The reading of 'Anson's Voyages,' and other books of travel, at an early age, no doubt bears fruit in 'The World Went Very Well Then;' and the essays in the *Spectator* may have roused that interest in last century's people and literature which eventually produced 'Dorothy Forster.'

Mr. Besant is unable to satisfy his own mind as to the influences at work upon the present young man of twenty. He is, of course, too modest to suggest his own works. When he was a young man, Tennyson, Carlyle, and Maurice were the three great prophets. It will be remembered that Froude, also, in his 'Life of Carlyle,' confesses that the two great forces which most strongly bore upon the intellectual life of his youth were 'Tennyson in verse and Carlyle in prose. Indeed, one need only turn to the second and third rate thinkers of the Victorian age to see how, in the first place, their thoughts on immortality are saturated with the sentiments of 'In Memoriam,' and how in the second place, their views on social questions are penetrated by the lofty chivalry of the 'Idylls of the King.' Among the minor prophets of Mr. Besant's youth, Kingsley was the foremost. "I have never read him since my undergraduate days lest I should lose anything of my old love for the man who wrote 'Hypatia' and 'Alton Locke.'" So Mr. Besant writes, in a passage which no young hero-worshipper will read without a pang of regret. Kingsley has such a potent influence upon the young mind, and becomes so easily enshrined as a hero, that it causes great pain to think that a time may come when he will no longer be so keenly appreciated; when the influences which were so powerful in youth shall have given place to influences of a less beautiful and romantic character. Sometimes the writers of youth retain their hold upon the man to the last; and, after again reading one of them, he can say that—

Strangely on the silence broke
The silent speaking words, and strange
Was love's dumb cry defying change
To test his worth.

According to Mr. Besant, the readers of Carlyle and Maurice—that is to say, such readers as Kingsley,

Hughes, and others—became Socialists, but "not such gentry as bawl the Gospel of Destruction and break club windows, but Socialists of the highest type, to whom nothing of humanity is common or unclean."

There is one striking omission from Mr. Besant's list, and that is Rabelais—the cheerful, light-hearted, and preternaturally wise Frenchman. The influence of the cheerfulness of Rabelais appears most markedly, both in Mr. Besant's books and in his character. Is he excluded from the list on account of his coarseness? That can scarcely be: for Mr. Besant says that he read Wycherly and Congreve when a boy, although he did not understand a great deal of what they wrote: and that he still appreciates Lamb's defense of these dramatists, on the ground that they belong to a region where there is no morality. A list of "Books which have influenced me" by Mr. Besant from which Rabelais is excluded is like unto a similar list from the pen of Carlyle without any mention of Goethe.

By way of supplement to the admirable *British Weekly* article, we shall quote a few sentences from a much-treasured letter sent by Mr. Besant a few years ago to a young man who asked him for literary advice, and particularly as to the formation of a style. Mr. Besant's reply has never yet been published. Among other things he says: "Read only the best authors. Thackeray, of course, is one of the best. Kingsley, also, I would recommend. Scott, also, of course. You should also read George Meredith, who is a great master of style, though he wants tenderness."

To conclude, we cannot do better than quote Mr. Besant's last paragraph. It is not only the coping stone of his advice; it is an unfolding, as it were, of the man's cheerfulness, geniality, and kindness of heart:—"There is, lastly," he concludes, "a book into which some of us are happily led to look, and to look again, and never to tire of looking. It is the Book of Man. You may open that book whenever and wherever you find another human voice to answer yours, and another human hand to take in your own. This Book naturally follows the reading of the boy, because all books that ever were written are only valuable as they help him to read this Book, and to understand the language in which it is written."

THE BOOK-FANCIER.

Books about books have of late been plentiful; but they have been written with different objects, and there is no competition between works like Mr. Frederic Harrison's and the amusing gossip and curious information brought together by Mr. Fitzgerald. Ignorant persons are apt to suppose that the chief end of books is to be read; but this is not the opinion of the bibliomaniac. In his eyes, books are made to be hunted as the sportsman hunts game and his joy is in discovering not what is good, but what is scarce. A writer of our day has said, with

pleasant exaggeration, that the loss of an arm or a leg would be a slight price for a genuine student to pay, if only he could discover one new fact about Shakspeare's history; but if this is true of the student, it is quite as true of the book-hunter. What sacrifice will he not make, what weeks, months, and even years will he not spend, in search of some volume precious for its rarity, or possibly for its binding? The pursuit is one, but the quarry is various; and as Mr. Burton, a famous "hunter," has said, a man may be a "black-letter man, or a tall copyist, or an uncut man, or a rough-edge man, or an early-English dramatist, or an old-brown-calf man, or a Grangerite, or a tawny moroccoite, or a gilt topper, or a marbled insider, or an *editio-princeps* man." Whatever field the collector chooses, the pursuit is equally exciting, though the prizes differ in value from the possession of a Mazarin Bible to the ownership of a first edition of Keats or of Tennyson. The joy is in the search almost as much as in the possession. A well-known naturalist describes how his breath came gaspingly and thick, and his heart almost ceased to beat, on discovering, when in the East, a new butterfly; and this is the kind of tremulous feeling with which the excited book-hunter pounces on his prey. Unfortunately, every year the game grows rarer, and its value is better understood. Mr. Fitzgerald almost seems to imply that the collector's "happy hunting days" are well-nigh over. "The system," he writes, "of 'old-book dealing' has been so perfected or methodised, that the days for the patient explorer going his rounds with the certainty of 'picking up,' as it was called, some treasure or rarity, seem to have departed. The value of everything really worth anything is known; no hunting in book-boxes or on the outside shelves of the stall will discover a prize. The finding an old quarto Shakespeare bound up with a lot of tracts is a dream." We do not believe, however, that the stall-haunting collector's vocation is over, though his prizes may be fewer than of old. Mr. Fitzgerald states in the Preface that there has of late years been "a revival of the old and elegant taste;" but surely this revival indicates that the pursuit still brings its recompense. As Southey and Macanlay loved the book-stalls years ago, so, the writer informs us, Mr. Gladstone does now; but the man of letters, unlike the collector, picks up books not to put them under glass cases, but to use them.

Mr. Fitzgerald has much to say that is interesting about early printed books, and he points out that every incident connected with the making of a book was to be found within ten years of the introduction of printing almost the same as it is now; and he adds that the very first editions of Homer, Virgil, Horace, Dante, and the 'Imitation of Christ,' "remain, strange to relate, the most dignified forms in which they have ever appeared. They are grand, solid, substantial, well printed, and well edited (for the time)." The careful hand-labour of

those days produced far more perfect work than the machinery of our time, and though many of the volumes now issued are extremely attractive in appearance, it may be questioned whether either paper or print will stand the test of time. Too often the one is flimsy and the other becomes faint or discoloured, shoddy, unfortunately, being frequently favoured in the book trade as well as by Manchester manufacturers. Among the best nineteenth-century printers were the Ballantynes. Their press, Mr. Fitzgerald observes, "under the inspiration of Sir Walter Scott, issued marvels of brilliant and effective printing which seem to ripen with age;" and he adds, with perfect truth, that the author's favorite edition of the "Waverleys," published nearly sixty years ago, is superior in brilliance of type to later editions of more show and pretence. And the first editions of the poems and novels are beautiful specimens of the printer's art, books which it is a pleasure to look at as well as to read.

At the recent Conference of Librarians, Mr. Zehnendorf spoke of another notable defect in the manufacture of modern books, the sheets being carelessly sewn, or not sewn at all, but kept together by glue. The result is that almost every cloth-bound volume comes to pieces after a little use, and sometimes has loose pages and loose plates before it has been used at all. Every book-buyer knows the truth of this, and he knows, too, that the defect, which is not confined to cheap books, belongs to the present time, and is rarely to be found in volumes published earlier in the century. Mr. Fitzgerald protests against the hateful custom, now so much in vogue, of "ploughing" the leaves of books in order to save readers the trouble of using the paper-knife. Few will complain of this convenience in the case of "shilling dreadfuls," and of books that have no claim to a place in the library, but no work worthy of careful treatment should be degraded in this fashion. "Under the old system of a knife used by the hand, it was possible to apply a certain delicacy and do little more than trim the rough edges. But when the book is issued with shaved edges, a portion of the margin is cut away; and when it is sent to be bound formally, there is a second shaving, and it becomes a maimed, cut-down, poor thing."

Of the eccentricities of the book-binding art the author has several anecdotes to tell:—

"In a bookseller's catalogue we read of a Latin copy of Apuleius' 'Golden Ass,' bound in ass's skin. The Duke of Roxburghe's library contained a collection of pamphlets respecting Mary Tofts (who pretended to be confined of rabbits), of Godalming, Surrey, bound in rabbit-skin. The Hon. George Napier had a work relating to the celebrated dwarf, Jeffrey Hudson, bound in a piece of Charles I.'s silk waistcoat. At Perry's sale, a copy of the 'New Year's Gift,' also bound in a piece of the waistcoat of Charles I., sold for £8 8s. . . . 'Tuberville on Hunting,' was bound by Whittaker in deer-skin, on the cover of which was placed a silver stag. Fox's historical works were bound in fox-skin, and Bacon's works in hog-skin. It

is said Dr. Askew had a work bound in *human skin*, for the payment of which his binder prosecuted him. One offspring of the horrors of the first French Revolution was this grim humor of binding books with the skins of human beings."

Among the oddities of binding, the expensive and foolish fancy may be mentioned of drawing a landscape or figures on the edges of the leaves. When the book is closed, nothing is visible; but when the leaves are slightly separated, the picture, if such it may be called, appears. There is, as Mr. Fitzgerald observes, a Swedish Bible in the library of the British and Foreign Bible Society with a figure of Christian on his journey to the Heavenly City painted on the leaves; and the writer of this article has a pretty copy of Rogers's poem's, published in 1822, and adorned in a similar fashion.

All hobbies are ridiculous when carried to excess, and the craze of the book-collector becomes as absurd as the mania for accumulating walking-sticks or postage stamps. Yet the pursuit of books has an extraordinary fascination alike for poor men and for rich. It is said that Queen Charlotte was in the habit of paying visits to second-hand book-stalls, and "the old Duke of Roxburghe wandered industriously and zealously from book-shop to book-stall over the world, just as he wandered over the moor king the deer." It is a joyful moment when the stall book-collector discovers a treasure, and strange are the places in which treasures may be found. Poggio discovered 'Quintillian' on the counter of a book-merchant; Sterne's 'Diary' was found in a plate-warmer; and Boswell's 'Letters to Temple' were captured in a shop in Boulogne, in use for wrapping-paper; Lamb's 'Poetry for Children' disappeared for years, and Mr. Fitzgerald relates how large rewards were offered for a copy which turned up at last in one of the Colonies. From many anecdotes relating to the book-hunter's pursuit given in this volume, a few may be selected. In the last century, a man known as "Snuffy Davy" picked up in Holland Caxton's 'Game of Chess,' one of the first books printed in England. For this treasure he gave 2d., and then sold it to Osborne (Dr. Johnson's Osborne) for £20. The bookseller parted with it for £85, and on the death of the purchaser, the Windsor Library secured it for £370. At the present time it would be worth £1,000. An old tragedy, printed in 1594, cost Henderson, the actor, 4d., and was sold at the Heber sale for £39. A well-known bookseller of our century bought a volume of rare tracts for 3½d., and sold it for £50. Two years ago, a copy of the Mazarin Bible—only five copies are known—was knocked down to Mr. Quaritch, the famous possessor of inestimable treasures, for £3,900, the largest sum ever paid for a book; but this enormous sum was surpassed a few days later, when the *Psalmorum Codex*, four years earlier in date, was also secured by Mr. Quaritch for £4,950, that bookseller saying that in his experience of forty years he had never before handled a copy. It needs a long purse to hunt game like this; but the excitement of the

sport does not depend upon the value of the prize. Moreover, it would be unwise to rank Mr. Quaritch, who is a man of business, with the bibliomaniacs, who may be accounted the veritable book-hunters. Of these, one of the most notable in our century, and one of the craziest, was Mr. Heber, the brother of the Bishop, who bought libraries without seeing them, and died before he had seen all the books he possessed. The poor man—for poor he was, save in the ownership of countless volumes—died, it is said, broken hearted and without a friend to close his eyes. Yet his ruling passion, according to Mr. Dyce, was strong to the last, and on the morning of his death he wrote out some memoranda about books which he wished to be purchased for him. And then came the sale, that certain end of a collector's labors, which extended over some months, the catalogue filling six thick and closely printed volumes. Of another of the race, Magliabecchi, we read that books covered every portion of his house. "When he wished to sleep, he would throw an old rug over any books that were on the floor, and stretch himself upon them, or he would cast himself, completely dressed, into his unmade bed, which was filled full of books, taking a basin of coals with him. Often he thus, quite unintentionally, set himself and his bed on fire. Notwithstanding this confusion, he could lay his hand on any book at any moment."

Men like Scott, and Southey, and Macaulay, have loved books as warmly as the bibliophiles who accumulate uncut copies; but they loved them as friends and wise counsellors, and knew well how to use them. A passion of this kind for books has something noble in it; it expands the narrowest life, it adds an interest and a charm to the fullest and most conspicuous. On the other hand, the veritable bibliomaniac, who loves the most contemptible of books if it is rare, and apart from rarity cares nothing for the greatest works of literature, is not much wiser, although more harmless, than the unhappy inmates of our lunatic asylums. In 'The Ship of Fools,' as Mr. Fitzgerald does not forget to mention, this folly is thus sharply satirised:—

"Still am I busy bookes assembling,
For to have plentie it is a pleasant thing
In my conceyt, to have them ay at hand,
But what they meano do I not understande."

COLUMBIA'S MODEL LIBRARY.

The library of Columbia College is a modest and unobtrusive institution when seen from without among the cluster of college buildings, but it is fast obtaining the enviable reputation of being one of the most completely equipped libraries in this country. In referring to it M. M. B. Buisson, who was recently sent to this country as an expert by the French Minister of Instruction, says in his report that the Columbia College Library cannot be surpassed in its organization and the facilities it affords for work and study. He reaches the conclusion after visiting the library of Harvard and those of Ox-

ford and Cambridge, in England, and the libraries of several of the German universities; and he adds, that to him, it realizes the ideal of a university library, not as yet in the number of its volumes, "but in equipment and organization and in a character of its own that deserves to be studied."

The library is comparatively new; four years ago, the number of its volumes was little more than 25,000. Now they number nearly 100,000, and under the direction of Melvil Dewey the library has made effectual strides. The trustees of the college have taken increased interest in the library and the alumni are showing their recognition of it. The class of '82 is about to place a memorial window in the east end, and the knowledge of their intention has determined other classes to follow the example. Changes are now being made by the direction of the trustees to provide room for the increasing number of books, and last week an offer of \$1,000 was made by one of the friends of the college for fitting up fifty desks for the special use of the faculty and senior classes. This will be a new feature and it will be of especial value to those students who are obliged to make constant use of the library. While intended chiefly for the use of the college, its students, faculty and alumni, the library is open to all who present letters of introduction, and it is consulted frequently by those who have discovered its worth. It is open daily, except on Sundays, from 8 in the morning until 10 at night.

The library building is in the east wing of the college. It is lighted on all sides and the main hall is 113x75 feet. The hall is 58 feet high, giving room for a great number of shelves and one of the additions now being made is a new gallery by means of which more shelves can be placed. Not only is the lighting and ventilation looked after, but the chairs and tables are arranged with every attention to comfort and convenience. The furniture and woodwork are of oak, like that throughout the new college buildings. There are forty oak tables fitted with extension slides and adjustable electric lamps, at which 160 persons can sit comfortably. There are also six small reading rooms which will accommodate 100 readers. The library is lighted at night by 300 incandescent electric lamps. In addition to the catalogue about 30,000 volumes are kept in bookcases open to the readers, without making application to the librarians. The books are classified in shelves in subject-grouping, and an exhaustive classification is now being made by which all books, periodicals, pamphlets and newspaper clippings on a given subject will be grouped together. A glance at the index gives the number of the subject and the catalogue cards and shelves are arranged in numerical order.

From the Columbia College Library under Mr. Dewey has grown the Columbia College School of Library Economy. Its object is to provide by a two-years' course a thorough and systematic training for librarians. It is the first and is as yet the only school of this character that has been organized, and thus far its results have been more than satisfactory. The school was established by the college trustees in

1884. It was to be conducted under the direction of the chief librarian, but it was not opened until last January. There are now twenty students besides the Columbia staff, seventeen of whom are women. They come from all parts of the United States and one is from England. Three hours are given daily to direct instruction in the old library rooms of the college, and lectures are delivered every afternoon. Mr. Dewey opened the lecture course on "Library Economy," George H. Baker began a course on "Bibliography," and Mr. Biscoe on "Catalogues and Classifications." Regular lectures have also been given on Saturdays on subjects relating to these studies, and it is intended to include in the course lectures by the best librarians in the country. Among those that have been given are "Literary Property from the Publisher's Point of View," by George Haven Putnam; "A Course of Reading," by Professor R. C. Davis, librarian of the University of Michigan; "Methods of Studying Literature," by Professor G. A. Scribner, of Columbia College; "Bookbuying and Bookbinding," and "What to Read, and When to Read, and How to Read," by A. R. Spofford, librarian of Congress. In the 4,000 libraries now in the United States Mr. Dewey estimates the number of assistants needed will be doubled within ten years. For the training of librarians in these duties, and especially for women, he anticipates a result that will be of great benefit to readers all over the country, and will the sooner develop the library of the future.

—♦— "BOOKS WHICH HAVE INFLUENCED ME."

BY MR. ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

The following is the substance of an article which Mr. R. L. Stevenson contributes to the series under the above head in the *British Weekly*:—

The editor has somewhat insidiously laid a trap for his correspondents, the question put appearing at first so innocent, truly cutting so deep. It is not, indeed, until after some reconnaissance and review that the writer awakes to find himself engaged upon something in the nature of autobiography; or, perhaps worse, upon a chapter in the life of that little, beautiful brother whom we once all had, and whom we have all lost and mourned; the man we ought to have been, the man we hoped to be. But when word has been passed (even to an editor) it should, if possible, be kept; and if sometimes I am wise and say too little, and sometimes weak and say too much, the blame must lie at the door of the person who entrapped me.

The most influential books, and the truest in their influence, are works of fiction. . . . Shakspeare has served me best. Few living friends have had upon me an influence so strong for good as Hamlet or Rosalind. . . . Perhaps my dearest and best friend outside of Shakspeare is d'Artagnan—the elderly d'Artagnan of the "Vicomte de Bragelonne." I know not a more human soul, nor, in his way, a finer; I shall be very sorry for the man who is so

much of a pedant in morals that he cannot learn from the Captain of Musketeers. Lastly, I must name the 'Pilgrim's Progress': a book that breathes of every beautiful and valuable emotion.

But of works of art little can be said; their influence is profound and silent, like the influence of nature; they mould by contact; we drink them up like water, and are bettered, yet know not how. It is in books more specifically didactic that we can follow out the effect, and distinguish and weigh and compare. A book which has been very influential upon me, fell early into my hands, and so may stand first; though I think its influence was only sensible later on, and perhaps still keeps growing, for it is a book not easily outlived: the 'Essays' of Montaigne. That temperate and genial picture of life is a great gift to place in the hands of persons of to-day; they will find in these smiling pages a magazine of heroism and wisdom, all of an antique strain: they will have their "linen decencies" and excited orthodoxies fluttered, and will (if they have any gift of reading) perceive that there have not been flattered without some excuse and ground of reason; and (again if they have any gift of reading) they will end by seeing that this old gentleman was in a dozen ways a finer fellow, and held in a dozen ways a nobler view in life, than they or their contemporaries. The next book, in order of time, to influence me, was the New Testament, and in particular the Gospel according to St. Matthew. I believe it would startle and move any one, if they could make a certain effort of imagination, and read it freshly like a book, not droningly and dully like a portion of the Bible. Any one would then be able to see in it those truths which we are all courteously supposed to know and all modestly refrain from applying. But upon this subject it is perhaps better to be silent.

I come next to Whitman's 'Leaves of Grass,' a book of singular service, a book which tumbled the world upside down for me, blew into space a thousand cobwebs of genteel and ethical illusion; and, having thus shaken my tabernacle of lies, set me back again upon a strong foundation of all the original and manly virtues. . . . Close upon the back of my discovery of Whitman, I came under the influence of Herbert Spencer. No more persuasive rabbi exists, and few better. How much of his vast structure will bear the touch of time, how much is clay and how much brass, it were too curious to inquire. But his words, if dry, are always manly and honest: there dwells in his pages a spirit of highly abstract joy, plucked naked like an algebraic symbol, but still joyful.

Mr. Stevenson then goes on to mention Lewes's 'Life of Goethe,' Martial, Marcus Aurelius, and Wordsworth, and continues:—

I should never forgive myself if I forgot 'The Egoist.' It is art if you like, but it belongs purely to didactic art; and from all the novels I have read (and I have read thousands) stands in a place by itself. Here is a Nathan for the modern David; here is a

book to send the blood into men's faces. Satire, the angry picture of human faults, is not great art; we can all be angry with our neighbor; what we want is to be shown not his defects of which we are too conscious, but his merits, to which we are too blind. And 'The Egoist' is a satire; so much must be allowed; but it is a satire of a singular quality, which tells you nothing of that obvious mote, which is engaged from first to last with that invisible beam. It is yourself that is hunted down, these are your own faults that are dragged into the day and numbered, with lingering relish, with cruel cunning and precision. A young friend of Mr. Meredith's (as I have the story) came to him in an agony: "This is too bad of you," he cried: "Willoughby is me!" "No, my dear fellow," said the author, "he is all of us." I have read 'The Egoist' five or six times myself, and I mean to read it again; for I am like the young friend of the anecdote—I think Willoughby an unmanly but a very serviceable exposure of myself. I suppose, when I am done, I shall find that I have forgotten much that was most influential, as I see already I have forgotten Thoreau and Hazlitt, whose paper 'On the Spirit of Obligations' was a turning point in my life, and Penn, whose little book of aphorisms had a brief but strong effect on me, and Mitford's 'Tales of Old Japan,' wherein I learned for the first time the proper attitude of any rational man to his country's laws—a secret found, and kept, in the Asiatic islands.

In conclusion Mr. Stevenson makes some remarks upon "the gift of reading":—

It consists (he says) first of all, in a vast intellectual endowment—a free grace, I find, I must call it—by which a man rises to understand that he is not punctually right, nor those from whom he differs absolutely wrong. He may hold dogmas; he may hold them passionately; and he may know that others hold them but coldly, or hold them differently, or hold them not at all. Well, if he has the gift of reading, these others will be full of meat for him. They will see the other side of propositions and the other side of virtues. He need not change his dogma for that, but he may change his reading of that dogma, and he must supplement and correct his deductions from it. A human truth, which is always very much a lie, hides as much of life as it displays. It is men who hold another truth, or, as it seems to us, perhaps, a dangerous lie, who can extend our restricted field of knowledge, and rouse our drowsy consciences. Something that seems quite new, or that seems insolently false or very dangerous, is the test of a reader. If he tries to see what it means, what truth excuses it, he has the gift, and let him read. If he is merely hurt, or offended, or exclaims upon his author's folly, he had better take to the daily papers; he will never be a reader.

THE most interesting announcement already made for the Christmas season is an *édition de luxe* of all Randolph Caldecott's "Picture Books," printed on the finest handmade paper, from the original blocks, by Edmund Evans.

HAWTHORNE.

The sweetness of thy name hath entered in,
 And all our thoughts of thee suffused
 With fragrance, such as Drummond used
 To greet by hedgerow walks, when buds begin
 Their milk-white petals to expand, and in
 The trembling air are sounds diffused
 Of rustling leaves, or song confused
 With insects' trill so varied, sharp and thin;
 On upland slopes the tender lambkins play;
 The odors of the morning blown
 Across the meadows newly mown,
 Beguiled thee oft by orchard paths to stray,
 Or rest beneath the flowering hawthorn spray
 On wayside rock by moss o'ergrown.

T. J. CHAPMAN.

Pittsburg, Po.

LESLIE STEPHEN'S FAVORITE BOOK.

I had the good fortune, when a boy, to read what is to me, I will confess, the most purely delightful of all books—I mean Boswell's 'Life of Johnson.' I read it from cover to cover, backwards and forwards, over and over, through and through, till I nearly knew it by heart; and I should like nothing better than to read it again to-morrow. Just consider to what a circle you are introduced. There are the two main figures, forming a contrast in real life scarcely surpassable by Don Quixote and Sancho Panza—Johnson, physically a giant, deformed by disease and infirmity; intellectually one vast mass of common sense and human shrewdness, masked by outrageous prejudices, and, morally, hiding a woman's tenderness and a hero's independence of spirit under the roughness of a street porter; a man who begins by disgusting you, who soon extorts your respect, and who ends by making you love him like a dear friend. And Boswell, the inimitable, who has something amiable in all his follies, even, if I may say so, in his vices; whose vanity is redeemed by an unstinted and hearty appreciation of excellence which amounts to genius; with whom we sympathize because he lays bare so unsparingly weaknesses of his own, which, as our own conscience tells us, are not quite without certain corresponding germs in our own bosoms, who thus makes a kind of vicarious confession for us, which we enjoy though we would not imitate; whose indomitable gaiety, whose boundless powers of enjoying every excitement, even the excitement of confessing his sins and making good resolutions for the future, disarms all our antipathies—this unparalleled fool of genius attracts us as much as the master whose steps he dogged, and whose very follies he copied. And this delightful pair are only the centre of a circle. Boswell opens the door to the whole literary history of the century. Johnson comes into contact in his youth with Pope and Swift, who had known the wits of Charles's days, and in his age with Hannah More, who made a pet of Macanby, and with Miss Burney, who lived long enough

to have made, if she had chosen, a pet of me. By friendship or hostility he touches all the great Englishmen of his time. Think only of three friends, of all of whom Boswell gives us the most intimate glimpses; Burke, incomparably the greatest writer upon political philosophy whom these islands have ever produced; Goldsmith, who 'touched nothing that he did not adorn,' author of some of the most exquisite poetry, and of the most exquisite idyl of country life in our language; and Reynolds, the first of English painters, who still preserves for us the most admirable representation of his great contemporaries.—*Cornhill Magazine*.

THE BYRON QUARTO OF 1806 REPRODUCED IN FACSIMILE.

From a circular lately issued by Mr. Quaritch it appears that he has managed to obtain a few copies of the reprint, issued last year for private circulation, of the quarto volume entitled 'Fugitive Pieces,' printed and destroyed by Byron in 1806. When Moore put on record in 1830 the circumstances under which Byron was persuaded to destroy this first work of his, with the exception of "two, or, at the utmost, three" copies, it became fairly certain that, sooner or later, one of those copies would serve the turn of the world's curiosity; and perhaps the wonder is that so long a time as eighty years should have passed before this happened. It has been a standing grievance, indeed, with students of Byron that they had no means of forming a judgment on the rights of this book-burning, seeing that there was but one perfect copy known to exist, and that was not accessible. Indeed, for many years, it was as completely lost to sight as if it had never been printed, nor has it even yet found its way into the British Museum; but this privately printed facsimile will, of course, remedy the student's grievance in certain sense, as the reproduction is sure to find a place in public and other important libraries, and be available to those who are not fortunate enough to obtain copies. It is stated in the preface that "the poems are given word for word, letter for letter, and point for point" that the reprint is "a type facsimile," the characteristic types of the original being still extant; "that all the quaint obsolete ornaments, rules, etc., have been re-engraved by that capital artist and facsimilist Mr. Hooper"; and that even the typographical blunders are re-produced with absolute fidelity.

There is certainly something to be said for the theory on which, according to the preface, this reprint has been made, namely, that

"after all that the mature Lord Byron gave forth of ribald and harmful, these peccant juvenilities can scarcely inflict an injury on his present reputation, and they may save posterity from dreaming of his youthful literary escapades as being of so flagrant a kind as some reporters would have us believe."

The preface ends with the following paragraphs:—

"So far as public records extend, the Becher copy remains practically unique, seeing that the other copy known to be extant, the Newstead copy, is imperfect, wanting, of all things, the poem on pages 17 to 19 which so shocked Mr. Becher as to make him wish that none but he should have the chance to read it.

"That old wallet of Time's, my Lord, in which he carries so vast a store of 'alma for Oblivion,' is getting worn and leaky. Perhaps Mr. Becher knew this, and foresaw that, if he dropped his prize into it, it would eventually slip out, before Oblivion came to his own."

It is true that, so far as public records extend, the Becher copy stands alone as representing the entire book; but the words "two, or, at the utmost, three," show Moore to have been in doubt on the subject. Perhaps he knew two copies (*whole* copies) were extant, but was not sure whether the example now at Newstead had been destroyed or only mutilated. However that may be, a second complete copy does exist, in very sorry condition, it is true, and badly stained and damaged, but with a special interest, and with manuscript notes which help us to certain conclusions. The tale of this copy's transmigrations since 1806 has not come down; but a year ago it was in the hands of Mr. J. H. Brammall, who was not aware how it came into his possession, there being two sets of archives in his keeping, to either of which the book might belong.

This copy we have carefully examined, and it has afforded us the opportunity of settling once for all the vexed question whether Byron gave away portions of the 1806 quarto as well as copies of the complete book. This third example (or second complete example) answers in all respects to the description which we gave of the Becher copy; it is, moreover done up in the same way and in the same sort of stiff paper wrapper. But it is revised and written upon by Byron, and affords a curious piece of evidence. The fly-title, 'Fugitive Pieces,' bears the following inscription in the author's handwriting; "October 21st. Tuesday. 1806. [Hæc poemata ex dono sunt] Georgii Gordon Byron.—Vale.—" Now nothing can be plainer than that a part of the book with that page (at the foot of which, by-the-by, are the Byron arms, drawn in Indian ink with brush and pen, but by whom we know not) was presented to some one unnamed on the 21st of October, 1806. The poem 'Eliza! what Fools are the Mussulman Sect,' forms pages 41 and 42 of the book; and those pages are the subject of a peculiarity of what bibliographers call collation not hitherto accounted for. The leaf on which those pages are printed is a single leaf, with the signature M. All the rest of the book, both before and after this poem, is in fours; that is to say, each signature belongs to four pages, with the sole exception of the final signature, which belongs to a single leaf (two pages). The poem to Miss Pigot is dated October 9th, 1806, twelve days before the presentation; the next poem, 'The Tear,' printed on pages 43 to 46, is dated October 26th, 1806, five days after the presentation; the next is dated October 27, 1806; the next,

October 28, 1806; the next two not at all; then come one dated November 7th, 1806; five undated, and a final one dated November 16th, 1806. Thus it is perfectly clear that the Latin inscription cannot have referred to any more of the book than the fly-title, dedication, preface, and first forty-two pages; and that the book was meant to end with the last page referred to is obvious from the fact of the single leaf. When the poet began to add to his booklet, the printer started again as a matter of course in "fours," and only resorted to the single leaf in the one instance where the "copy" was exhausted—that is at the final close of the book. Of course the reason for his doing this in regard to signature M was the same, and the book, as far as he knew, finished.

There never was any need to assume that the quarto had been preceded by a book of which Moore knew nothing; and the evidence afforded by the missing, and now recovered, copy does away with even the semblance of such a need. In the absence of evidence we have no right to regard the allusions to poems printed or at press contained in Byron's letters of August, 1806, as allusions to anything but that of which we have knowledge, to wit, the sheets of the quarto then printed or at press. The third example of the quarto described above is a solid fact, and contains an authoritative statement; it answers to all other known facts relative to Byron's first experiences of poetry-printing; and there is absolutely no ground for doubting the title of the quarto of 1806 to be considered Byron's first book.

It may be added that the facsimile of last year is a careful and beautiful piece of typography, bound in some creamy-white material of which we can give no account, and very tastefully ornamented in gold.

Athenæum.

VICTOR HUGO'S 'CHOSÉS VUES.'

The literary event of last June was the publication of 'Chosés Vues.' by Victor Hugo. It is from a manuscript found among his papers after his death. It is chatty, and consists mainly of gossip pen sketches of notable men and incidents which have come under his notice. The work is so entirely unlike Victor Hugo's regular writing, that it has attracted great attention. Nothing in the book is more interesting than his recital of what was done with the brain of the brilliant Talleyrand, who died in 1838. He says: "The doctors have embalmed the corpse. In order to do this, they, after the manner of the ancient Egyptians, removed the bowels and brains. This done, after having transformed Prince Talleyrand into a mummy and having nailed it up in a coffin, lined with white satin, they went away, leaving on the table the brain—that brain which had thought so much, inspired so many men, constructed so many ambitious edifices, managed two revolutions, deceived twenty kings and held the

world in check. The doctors gone, a servant entered and saw what they had left. Not knowing that it was wanted, and regarding it as a loathsome object, he gathered it together and threw it into the sewer in front of the house."

He gives the following sketch of a chat which he had with King Louis Philippe: "The king said to me one day: 'I never was in love but once in my life.' 'And with whom, sire?' 'With Mme. Genlis.' 'Beh! she was Your Majesty's preceptress.' The king laughed, as he said: 'It is as you say, and she was a harsh one, too. She trained my sister and me with absolute ferocity. We had to rise at 6, summer and winter, and were fed on milk, roast meat and bread; never a sweet. All work, no pleasure. It was she who taught me to sleep on planks. She taught me innumerable things. Thanks to her, I know a little of all trades. I am a carpenter, mason, blacksmith, jockey—in fact, what you will. She was systematic and severe. I was always afraid of her. As a boy, I was weak, idle, and cowardly. I was afraid of mice. She made of me a resolute man with a heart. In growing up I perceived that she was pretty. I did not know what was the matter with me when I was near her. She comprehended and divined my feeling from the first. It was at the time when she had an intrigue with Mirabeau. She treated me very badly. She would say to me: "Monsieur de Chartres, you great booby, why are you always burrowing against my petticoats?"'

Victor Hugo also describes a supper with noted actresses and members of the demi-monde, which surpasses any naturalism of Zola. The book is filled from end to end with interesting and strong character pictures.

A LOST MASS BY BYRD.

It may be of interest to lovers of old English music to know that two manuscript copies of one of the lost masses of William Byrd have been recently discovered in the library of the Fitzwilliam Museum, Cambridge. From a 'Catalogue of all the Musick-Bookes that have been Printed in England, either for Voyce or Instruments,' sold by John Playford, it was known that Byrd had published three masses, for three, four, and five voices respectively. They were probably all printed in separate voice parts, without title-pages, like the only known example of that for five voices, which is preserved in the Library of the British Museum. The two which have been hitherto lost can be traced (under the names of 'Bird's Kirries' and 'Byrd's Motettos') until the sale of James Bartleman's library in 1822, when they were sold in a lot of twenty sets of madrigals, in six volumes bound in vellum, which fetched twelve guineas. The lot also included works by Morley, Weelkes, Gibbons, Bateson, Watson, Kirbye, Yonge, Vecchi, Croce, and Molinaro. Since then the masses for three and four voices have entirely disappeared. That for five voices was edited from the part-books

now in the British Museum, but formerly in the possession of Mr. William Chappell, and was published in score by the Musical Antiquarian Society in 1841.

Amongst the manuscript music in the Fitzwilliam Museum are two scores of Byrd's mass for three voices, one complete, and the other imperfect. The complete copy was made by John Immyns, the founder of the Madrigal Society, and is throughout in his handwriting. It formerly belonged to Mr. William Scroggs, of the Vale of Berkshire; it was afterwards sold to Edward Score, a bookseller in Exeter, from whom it was bought in 1777 by Thomas Bever, and finally acquired by Lord Fitzwilliam on June 8, 1796. The work was written for cantus, altus, and tenor—a rather unusual combination of voices—and is in the key of F major. The second copy is incomplete, wanting all the "Kyrie," and the "Gloria" up to six bars before the words "Domine Deus"; the volume in which it occurs formerly belonged to Vincent Novello, by whom it was presented to the Fitzwilliam Museum in 1841.

It used to be supposed that Byrd's masses were early and unimportant works, though it seems strange that such a conclusion should be arrived at by any one acquainted with the work published by the Musical Antiquarian Society. But recent research has proved that Byrd was all his life a Catholic at heart, and that though in London he was officially connected with Queen Elizabeth's Chapel, in Essex, where he lived, he was looked upon with little favor by the ecclesiastical powers, and regularly presented every year in the archidiaconal court as a papistical recusant." This in some respects explains the strange form in which the masses were published, and the fact that only a single printed copy of each has been known to exist. The type of the mass for five voices shows that it was probably printed about 1587 or 1588; it is the same as that used by Thomas Easte, to whom, about the latter year, Byrd assigned his monopoly of printing music. From a cursory examination of the newly discovered mass seems fully equal to that for five voices; indeed, both works show that when they were written the composer must have been at the height of his powers.

W. BARCLAY SAIRE.

IMAGINARY PORTRAITS.

BY WALTER PATER.

In this volume are brought together four studies which have appeared in *Macmillan's Magazine* between October, 1885 and May, 1887. They have in common this characteristic, that they are rather products of the imaginative faculty than of the critical, though their production implies a keen and exquisite critical effort and much learning. Another characteristic which they have in common is that they deal with the endeavor at various periods of history—the endeavor in various forms—of the human soul after liberty, light, the better part. Again, the four studies deal each with an unfulfilled endeavor—a failure to reach the crowning goal, how-

ever great the gain obtained on the way and by the way.

"A Prince of Court Painters," the first study in the volume, is an effort to understand the true soul of Watteau, whose biography is imperfectly known. Antoine Pater, engraver, of Valenciennes, had a son, Jean Baptiste Pater, nine years younger than Watteau, whose pupil he was, and an important painter of that school. Whether Jean Baptiste's sister really lived I do not know; but we have here extracts from the journal which she kept while she dwelt at Valenciennes, and watched the career of her fellow-townsmen. Watteau was born in 1684, and died in 1721—and our "extracts from an old French journal" begin with September 1701, and thence follow the events of his life, introducing with skilful touch all the characterization of him which has descended to us from those who knew him, and more—essayng with imaginative genius to penetrate to the inward being. The style, both in the sense of texture of prose, and in the larger sense of style, the choice and grouping of details, is very beautiful.

What does the lady, the writer of the diary, think of the inner being of her fellow townsman, her friend from early youth, Antony Watteau, whose name to most of us brings only associations of frivolous delicacy and grace, of silken courtiers, and ladies of the *ancien régime*?

"Methinks Antony Watteau reproduces that gallant world, those patched and powdered ladies and fine cavaliers, so much to its own satisfaction, partly because he despises it: if this be a possible condition of excellent artistic production. . . . Himself really of the old time—that serious old time which is passing away, the impress of which he carries on his physiognomy—he dignifies, by what in him is neither more nor less than a profound melancholy, the essential insignificance of what he *wills* to touch in all that; transforming its mere pettiness into grace. . . . For in truth Antony Watteau is still the mason's boy, and deals with that world under a fascination, of the nature of which he is half conscious methinks, puzzled at 'the queer trick he possesses,' to use his own phrase. You see him growing ever more and more meagre, as he goes through the world and its applause. Yet he reaches with wonderful sagacity the secret of an adjustment of colors, a *coiffure*, a toilette, setting I know not what air of real superiority on such things. He will never overcome his early training: and these light things will possess for him always a kind of worth, as characterizing that impossible or forbidden world which the mason's boy saw through the closed gateways of the enchanted garden. Those trifling and pretty graces, the *frivolités* to him of that nobler world of aspiration and idea, even now that he is aware, as I conceive, of their true littleness, bring back to him, by the power of association, all the old magical exhilaration of his dream—his dream of a better world than the real one."

The writer of these words is a beautiful creation, and were it not for the name of the study one might for a moment wonder whether *she* were not the Imaginary Portrait. But it is not so. The device of her existence permits Mr. Pater to essay a Portrait of Watteau without assuming direct responsibility for it.

With two more short extracts I leave this study:

"For the rest, bodily exhaustion, perhaps, and this new interest in an old friend, have brought him tranquillity at last, a tranquillity in which he is much occupied with matters of religion. Ah! it was ever so with me. And one *likes* also most reasonably so. With women, at least, it is so, quite certainly. Yet I know not what there is of a pity which strikes deep, at the thought of a man, a while since so strong, turning his face to the wall from the things which most occupy men's lives.

"He died with all the sentiments of religion. He has been a sick man all his life. He was always a seeker after something in the world, that is there is no satisfying measure, or not at all."

In 'Denys l'Auxerrois' it is sought to embody "a quaint legend of a return of a golden or poetically gilded age, as it happened in an ancient town of mediæval France." In beautiful Auxerre Mr. Pater found in some old stained glass and tapestries "a figure not exactly conformable to any recognized ecclesiastical type"—the builder of the organ of the cathedral of St. Etienne in Auxerre.

"Certainly, notwithstanding its grace, and wealth of graceful accessories, a suffering tortured figure. With all the regular beauty of a pagan god, he has suffered after a manner of which we must suppose pagan gods incapable. It was as if one of those fair triumphant beings had cast in his lot with the creatures of an age later than his own, people of larger spiritual capacity and assuredly of a larger capacity for melancholy."

The Middle Age Renaissance in France has ere now been studied by Mr. Pater in its manifestation in early French poetry. That "outbreak of the human spirit" is here again the theme; but an effort is made to grasp and typify in one personality that "many-sided but united movement." Here, however, what is prominent is not so much the love of things of the intellect and imagination as the primal longing of the multitude to cast off all the useless trammelling influences of centuries, to enter into the joy of their lives, to add to political liberty, lately acquired, liberty of heart, liberty of spirit, liberty to be glad.

Denys l'Auxerrois—gardener, vine-dresser, organ-builder—closely resembles Hawthorne's Donatello. Suddenly and oddly he appeared in the public life of Auxerre, a lad of eighteen; and it was as though by his compelling presence people abandoned daily work, and joined in heedless merriment, revel and dance; for a while life was like a sunny stage-play. This could not last; the reaction of sorrow and suffering came, and the life of Denys, regarded by the people as the author of all their evils, was attempted. Secluded from public hatred in conventual garb and life, the wonderful personality now mightily influenced the throng of artists laboring to finish the cathedral of St. Etienne:

"He defined unconsciously a manner, alike of feeling and expression, to those skilful hands at work day by day with the chisel, the pencil, or the needle, in many an enduring form of exquisite fancy. In three successive phases or fashions might be traced, especially in the carved work, the humors he had determined. There was first wild gaiety, exuberant in a wreath of lifelike imageries, from which nothing really present in nature was excluded. That, as the soul

of Denys darkened, had passed into obscure regions of the satiric, the grotesque and coarse. But from this time there was manifest, with no loss of power or effect, a well-assured seriousness, somewhat jealous and exclusive, not so much in the selection of the material on which the arts were to work as in the precise sort of expression that should be induced upon it. It was as if the gay old pagan world had been blessed in some way. . . .

But Denys was to have one memorial more definite, more positively due to himself, than the sculpture or painting in which he was the inspirer of other artists:

"Above all, there was a desire abroad to attain the instruments of a freer and more various sacred music than had been in use hitherto—a music that might express the whole compass of souls now grown to manhood. . . . It was Denys, at last, to whom the thought occurred of combining in a fuller tide of music all the instruments then in use. Like the Wine-god of old, he had been a lover and patron especially of the music of the pipe in all its varieties. . . . And the building of the first organ became like the book of his life; it expanded to the full compass of his nature, in its sorrow and delight."

The organ music is heard but once while Denys still lives. For immediately afterwards, on his taking part in a pageant, the smothered fury of the people blazes up, and Denys is torn to pieces. Mr. Pater brings the sketch to a close with these words:

"So the figure in the stained glass explained itself. To me, Denys seemed to have been a real resident at Auxerre. On days of a certain atmosphere, when the trace of the Middle Age comes out, like old marks in the stones in rainy weather, I seemed actually to have seen the tortured figure there—to have met Denys l'Auxerrois in the streets."

When Sebastian van Storck was a lad, his tutor wrote to his parents concerning him:

"He seems to me to be one practical in this sense, that his theorems will shape life for him, directly; that he will always seek, as a matter of course, the effective equivalent to—the line of being which shall be the proper continuation of—his line of thinking."

The line of thinking inevitable to Sebastian was meditation on the Absolute, the One Substance beneath all the accidental, the passing, show called the world—the Universal Mind which alone gives unity and real existence to the conglomerates called matter. Analysis, metaphysics absorbed all the powers of Sebastian, and grew by what it fed on, so that he came to contemplate seriously the duty of relieving the Absolute of that accident his finite existence. Mr. Pater, in the following passage, sets forth the position:

"The one alone is: and all things beside are but its passing affections, which have no proper right to be. As but its accidents or affections, indeed, there might have been found within the circumference of that one infinite thinker, some scope for the joy and love of the creature. There have been dispositions in which that abstract theorem has only induced a renewed value of the finite interests around and within us. Center of light and heat, truly nothing has seemed to lie beyond the touch of its perpetual summer. It has allied itself to the poetical or artistic sympathy, which feels challenged to acquaint itself with and explore the various forms of finite existence all the more intimately, just because of that sense of one lively spirit circulating through all things—a tiny particle of

the one soul in the sunbeam, or the leaf. Sebastian von Storck, on the contrary, was determined, perhaps, by some inherited satiety or fatigue in his nature, to the opposite issue of the practical dilemma. . . . What he must admire, and love if he could, was "equilibrium," the void, the *tabula rasa*, into which, through all those apparent energies of man and nature, which, in truth, are but forces of disintegration, the world was really settling."

The finest effect is obtained by giving the portrait of this being the rich warm setting of Dutch life in the seventeenth century. The beauty of detail is very great: the life of a prosperous cultivated noble people is set before our eyes; their art, their commerce, the "grave old-world conservative beauty" of their homes, their heroic industry. Incidental mention of the great and ardent souls of whom Holland has been a fruitful mother touches our sympathy, and heightens the wonder of Sebastian's cold existence—a wonder which confounded those who lived beside him. The confessor of Sebastian's Spanish mother, however, thought of the matter most justly.

"The aged man smiled, observing how, even for minds by no means superficial, the mere dress it wears alters the look of a familiar thought, with a happy sort of smile as he added (. . . quoting Sebastian's favorite pagan wisdom from the lips of Saint Paul, 'In Him we live and move and have our being.'"

Sebastian's fanaticism terminates at length in a black melancholy. He seeks, after a crisis in his history, the cure of the influences of external nature as he loved it, a desolate house amid the sands of Helder, the haunt of sea-birds. A strong wind changing not for fourteen days floods that portion of the province, and Sebastian's problem is solved. Only when his body was found, a child lay asleep swaddled warm in his heavy furs in an upper room of the old tower, to which the tide was almost risen. In the saving of this child with a great effort Sebastian had lost his life.

The background of the last portrait of the volume is Germany in the beginning of the eighteenth century; the subject is a young German duke whose desire is "to bring Apollo with his lyre to Germany." In his endeavor to fulfil this desire he is at first terribly astray, for his ideal is the contemporary French ideal—"Apollo in the dandified costume of Louis XIV." But the mistake, inevitable for a German who lived before Winkelmann and Lessing, was largely repaired by the truthful and vigorous spirit in which it was made:

"In art, as in all other things of the mind, much depends on the receiver; and the higher informing capacity, if it exist within, will mould an unpromising matter to itself, will realize itself by selection, and the preference of the better in what is bad, or indifferent, asserting its prerogative under the most unlikely conditions. People had in Carl, could they have understood it, the spectacle, under those superficial braveries, of a really heroic effort of mind at a disadvantage."

It is hardly possible within the limits of a review to say more than that Carl's aspiration is not after better art alone, he really hungers for a fuller, nobler life in every sense—an enlightenment, *Aufklärung*. The reader must judge for himself of the beauty of Mr. Pater's description of his flight from the little

duchy, and the long ramble from city to city by the Rhine until the Italian mountain gates are seen. At length this conviction comes to Carl:

"Straight through life, straight through nature and man, with one's own self-knowledge as a light thereon, not by the way of the geographical Italy and Greece, lay the road to the new Hellas, to be realized now as the outcome of home-born German genius."

The aspirations of which Mr. Pater means Duke Carl to be an embodiment, found their fulfilment in the later half of the century. Goethe's mother describes the genius of the *Aufklärung*, for whom Lessing and Herder had made straight paths:

"There skated my son like an arrow among the groups. Away he went over the ice like a son of the gods. Anything so beautiful is not to be seen now. I clapped my hands for joy."

"In that amiable figure," remarks Mr. Pater, "I seem to see the fulfilment of the *Resurgam* on Carl's empty coffin—the aspiring soul of Carl himself in freedom and effective at last." T. W. Lyster.

—:O:—

'FAME'S MEMORIAL' BY JOHN FORD.

Ford's dull and pompous lament for Charles Blount, Baron Mountjoy, who was created Earl of Devonshire in 1603 by James I., has suffered a general, and perhaps merited neglect. I wish to call attention, however, to a few points connected with it, which may not be without interest either to the biographical or bibliographical student. The subject of the poem, it will be remembered, was for some years before his death a lover of Lady Rich, better known as Sir Philip Sidney's 'Stella.' This lady lived from the first very unhappily with her husband, and about Nov. 15, 1605, she obtained a divorce from him. On December 26 following she was married to the Earl of Devonshire at Wanstead, in Essex, by William Laud, at that time his chaplain.

This event caused considerable scandal at Court, where before both parties had enjoyed great favor. The legality of the marriage was disputed, and in turn defended by the earl in a learned protest addressed to the king. James remained obdurate, and when the earl died, April 3, 1606, the heralds, it is said, refused to quarter his wife's arms on his tomb. Public opinion, however, was divided. Lamentations for the deceased appeared as usual, and among them was what seems to be Ford's first poetical effort. A MS. of 'Fame's Memorial' is preserved in the Bodleian Library (Malone, 298). It is a beautifully written small quarto. When purchased, Malone says in a note, it had gilt edges, and is in all probability the actual copy presented to the widowed countess. A comparison of this MS. with the first edition, printed by Christopher Purset, 1606, and I believe, all subsequent editions, reveals three stanzas more in the MS., 151 against 148, and different, apparently contradictory, dedications. I will notice the latter first. After a few lines common to both, the Epistle Dedicatory (which, by the way, is quaintly addressed to the "Rightlie right Honorable La-

die, the ladie Penelope Countesse of Devonshire") in the MS. runs:

"Yet ere I committed it to the presse (for fame vndulged is an hidden minerall) being vnkowne vnto you, I might haue benee imputed as much impudent as fond if I had not first presented it to your milder view: Earnest to vnderstand whether your acceptation and liking may priuledge the passe vnder your honorab e conduct: which if it may, I shall deeme my willing paines, (though hitherto confined to the Inns of Court a Studie different) highlie guerdoned; and myne vnfeathered Muse richlie graced with ye Plumes of soe worthe a protectresse. The honourer & Louer of your Noble perfectione, John Ford."

The parallel passage in the first edition runs:—

"Let not therefore (worthe Countesse) my rasher presumption seem presumptuous folly, in the eyes of your discreeter iudgement, in that without your priuile (being a meere straunger altogether vnkowne to you) I haue thus aduentured to shelter my lines vnder the well guided conduct of your Honorable name: grounding my boldnes upon this assurance that true gentility is euer accompanyd (especially in your sex, more specially in your selfe) with her inseparable adjunct singular Humanity, principally towards those whom neither Mercenary hopes or seruile flattery haue induced to speake but with the Priuledge of troth. . . . Thus (Madame) presuming on your acceptance I will think my willing paines," &c.

The two dedications, I have said, appear contradictory. But it seems most unlikely that Ford should have abstained from presenting his lament to the Countess of Devonshire after having it copied by a professional transcriber for the purpose. The explanation is probably that Lady Devonshire disliked to appear to sanction the publication of a poem which treated very frankly various matters concerning herself and her late husband, and this view is supported by the fact that the three verses omitted from the printed edition are more directly addressed to her and more personal than any others in the work. The second especially describes very forcibly the contrast between Lady Devonshire's position at Court before and after her second marriage. The differences between MS. and printed text gain in interest if we may conclude that they were desired by her. The following are the omitted stanzas. They occur after the verse beginning "O sad disgrace" (v. 94), which, with the previous one, is slightly altered from the original MS. :—

Lyue thou vntoucht forever aboue fame!
More happie yet thou canst not be more haplesse!
The wordes of malice are an vsual game,
Whose mouth is lawlesse, whose invention saplesse,
Their breast of hony turnes to poison paplesse
Still be thine cares to sufferance tun'd readie
In mynde resolu'd in resolution stedie,

What hee, amongst the proudest of contempt
Whiles as thy sunshine lasted, did not bend
Vnto thy presence? flattery redempt
Which seruice on their seruice did attend?
All stryving to admire, protest, comend,
Which now by imputation black as hell
They seeme to derogate from doing well.

Thy virtue caus'd thy honor to support thee
In noble contract of vndoubted merit,

His knowledge to his credence did report thee
A creature of a more then female spirit,
Concord of musick did thy soule inherit,
Courtiers but counterfeited thy Rarity
For thy perfections brookt no parity.

The next verse begins as in the printed editions,
"Even as a quire."

RACHAEL POOLE.

—:O:—

TWO INTERESTING HEINE LETTERS.

A late number of the *Deutsche Dichtung* contains two unpublished letters from the poet H. Heine. They were written after the Revolution of 1848 to the editor of the *Augsburger Zeitung*, of which paper Heine was the Parisian correspondent. The first gives a description of King Louis Philippe, whom Heine often, and not without reason, called *le bon Roi*. The King had granted the sick man a pension, by the aid of which his "mattress-grave" was made more endurable to him. "Louis Philippe," says Heine, "was good and amiable; cruelty and hot temper annoyed him; he was a peaceable King, whose sceptre was an olive branch; war was his personal enemy. He was well versed in all branches of science: the toleration, philanthropy, and culture of the eighteenth century had penetrated him, heart and soul. He was sound, body and soul. He had not only been vaccinated in the ordinary way, but the spirit of revolution had been injected into him, and it had freed him from that hereditary ill humor from which his cousins of the elder line had always suffered. He had splendid strong children, magnificent descendants. He rode well, and showed the most courageous presence of mind at the approach of danger, particularly when the danger threatened him personally. At Court festivities and in private conversation one had always to admire his amiability, his grace, and his charming manners. This Louis Philippe had all the virtues of the good citizen and none of the vices of the aristocracy; he was as virtuous as a Scotch country parson, as sober as a Bedouin, as industrious as a professor of the Göttingen University—he had, in short, every possible good quality, yet one fine morning the French threw him from his throne, and hustled him out of doors with all the injuries of their répertoire. At the moment when the unfortunate monarch put his foot on board the vessel which took him to dull England, he cried: 'With me you are burying French royalty. I have been the last King of the French.' He was right; Louis Philippe was the only possible King for the French, and they have driven him away after a trial of eighteen years. They cannot bear any longer the poetical dress of Royallism; they are too grand for the Roman dress, with its golden fringe; it does not please them any more; the seams are cracking everywhere, and they have exchanged it for the loose coat of the Republican, too large for them, it is true, but allowing them more liberty of motion. Now they have a Republic, and it does not matter much whether they like it or not. They have it, and when people have it they

have it for a long time—for ever, indeed, as one has a rupture, or a wife, a German Fatherland, or any other infirmity. The French are now condemned to a Republic for ever and ever. They had, however, hardly the time to choose another dress; they could not go about quite naked, for custom wills that one should be clothed with some garment if one goes about in public. Here at Paris people have quickly become accustomed to the new state of things; we are as used to the Republic as if we were all Brutuses by birth; the recent events appear to us like a fairy tale; once upon a time there was a King and a Queen."

The second letter might, for the brilliancy of its style, have been composed when Heine was at his best; yet it is concluded with a few words which show that the martyrdom which was to last for eight years had already begun. The preceding outburst of enthusiasm of Lamartine's 'Histoire des Girondins' makes the concluding lines of the letter the more pathetic: "My dear Kolb, I cannot see, I cannot walk, anymore.—Your poor friend, HENRI HEINE." About the Girondins, he says: "How can I give you an idea of the enthusiasm which the history of the Girondins has raised in me? It is fabulous, this book which honors the heroic martyrs of the Gironde, and which at the same time is their sarcophagus, ornamented, according to ancient custom, with bas-reliefs representing drinking bouts. You see the dance of the Bacchantes of the French Revolution; the Corybants of Equality, brandishing their arms; the Terrorist cymbal-players, the musicians handling the double, moderated flutes; the Satyrs, with goats' feet; the Mænades of the guillotine, with dishevelled hair! Seeing all these figures, evoked by the poet, one becomes drunk with a cruel craving for destruction, and one cries out, 'Evohé, Danton! Evohé Robespierre!'"

—:O:—

MARCO POLO.

Lecturing on Marco Polo, Colonel Yule said recently, that the fact that Marco Polo had been so universally recognized as the king of the mediæval travellers was due rather to the width of his experience, the vast compass of his journeys, and the romantic nature of his personal adventures, than to transcendent superiority of character or capacity. As to Polo's character, it was to be regretted that his records were not a little more egotistical. Impersonality was carried to such a degree in them that we were often driven to discern by indirect indications alone whether the writer was speaking of a place from his own knowledge. Though there were delightful exceptions, a desperate meagreness and baldness extended over considerable tracts of the story. Still some shadowy image of the man might be seen in the book—a practical man, brave, shrewd, prudent, never losing the hereditary interest in mercantile details, very fond of the chase, with a deep wandering respect for saints and their asceticisms, but for his own part a keen apprecia-

tion of the world's pomps and vanities. Of humor there was almost no trace, even the oddest eccentricities of outlandish tribes not seeming to disturb his gravity. Polo had contributed so vast an amount of new facts to the knowledge of the earth's surface that one might have expected his book to have had a sudden effect on the geography of the time, but this was not so. The first important attempt to build a map upon facts collected, casting aside theories, pseudo-scientific and theological, was one dating a century later, resulting in what is known as the "Catalan Map." In this great, and partially successful map, use had been made of Marco Polo and some later unknown travellers. The map showed Cathay or China in its true position on the southeast of Asia, and indicated for the first time the true form of the Indian Peninsula. The 15th century had produced new supplies of information in greater abundance than the knowledge of geographers was prepared to digest and co-ordinate, and when the great burst of discovery east and west took place the results of the attempts to combine the new knowledge with the old were most unhappy. The first and crudest form of such combinations attempted to realize the notions of Columbus regarding the identity of his discoveries with the great Khan's dominions. Florida and Newfoundland were made dependencies of Cathay, and the city of Mexico was identified with the great Chinese capital Hangchow, of which Polo gave a gorgeous description under the name of Kinsay. In concluding Colonel Yule said that, looking back to the course of exploration during his own lifetime (and especially during the last quarter-century) in the eastern parts of the earth, he could not but note with some feeling of self-vindication, as to the time and labor he had spent in the elucidation of the narrative of the great Venetian traveller of the middle ages, how great a number of our modern explorers—men who had shared between them a dozen gold medals of the Royal Geographical Society—had been, without exaggeration, only travelling in Marco Polo's footsteps; most certainly illustrating by their journeys his geographical notices. They had been tracking his steps and, consciously or unconsciously, throwing light upon his brief chapters. And yet what a vast area which Polo had described from personal knowledge remained even now outside and beyond the explorations and narratives of these meritorious travellers of a later day.

—:O:—

THE VICTORIAN AGE.

In the course of an article on the 'Victorian Age in Literature,' the *Spectator* says: "Compare Dickens, Thackeray, and George Elliot with Sir Walter Scott and Jane Austen, and you see at once how the restlessness of the age has affected the art even of its greatest genius. Dickens was perhaps hardly educated in a world where he could feel the pressure of the moral atmosphere. To him the new age ex-

pressed itself rather as a democratic stimulus than as an intellectual unrest. Yet it injured his greatest faculty of all, his inexhaustible humor, by inspiring him with a constant desire to reform what he hardly understood, to revile the legal machinery of the day, to reform the Poor-law, to assail cut-and-dried systems of education, and so forth. Indeed, we should describe him as the most wonderful of humorists inoculated by an epidemic philanthropy which weakened and distracted him. Thackeray's genius was of a much more intellectual order; but it was penetrated with that deep unrest, that doubt of human nature, that sense of the inscrutability of the divine order, that mangled passion of pity and of disdain, which made him talk of all his characters as "puppets," and made him too often think of human nature as the great puppet of all. George Elliot's earlier art was less injured than Thackeray's by the great unrest of the age, for her nature was less passionate, and her studies of human character were, originally at least, as just as they were humorous. But as the great travail of the nineteenth century got hold of her, and she herself became more and more aware of the unsatisfactory character of life, and felt that longing to join "the choir invisible," which made her ever more and more clearly conscious that in her philosophy "the choir invisible" was also non-existent, a great melancholy fell upon her, and in 'Middlemarch' and 'Daniel Deronda' she made her chief subject either an unrest which resulted in failure, or an unrest which exhaled in vague and visionary designs. Unquestionably the art of the Victorian novelists has nothing in it of the happy serenity of the art of the age which preceded it."

—:O:—

AN INDEX TO FORS CLAVIGERA.

The publication of Mr. Ruskin's 'Fors Clavigera' extended, at monthly intervals or longer, over the years 1871-84. During that time the illustrious author discoursed familiarly to "the workmen and laborers of Great Britain" on a great multitude of topics. Most of his remarks have a permanent value, but hitherto it has been difficult to refer to them without a lengthy search through the files of 'Fors.' An Index, however, has now been prepared, and it will be a boon to all students of Mr. Ruskin's writings and to all who have occasion to refer to this particular work. Though published anonymously, its editor is understood to be Canon Faunthorpe. The task of compilation must have been no light one, as the Index occupies 500 octavo pages, and, so far as we have seen, the minutest subject discussed finds a place in it, while an elaborate system of cross references has been employed. Seven pages of "over-matter," put in type for 'Fors,' but left standing when its publication ceased, are included in an appendix. These notes are entitled 'Usury,' 'Railways and Interest,' 'St. George's Laws not New,' 'Mr. Ruskin's Curious Autobiography,' 'Devil's and Fool's—God's and His Servants'—Political Economy,' 'Streams and their Use,' 'Common Sense, Cash Down,' and 'Wastefulness of Credit.' The Index is published by Mr. Allen at Orpington, and its price is \$2.50.

Shakespeariana.

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EDITOR OF THIS DEPARTMENT.

SHAKESPEARE IN THE OPEN AIR.

A remarkable performance is advertised to take place during August at Manchester-by-the-Sea. This is nothing less than the performance of *As You Like It* on the lawn in front of the Masconomo House. As we shall personally be unable to witness this play, we present our readers with such facts pertaining to it as have been made public up to the time of writing. The receipts are to be devoted to the Actors' Fund. Already three hundred seats have been sold at \$5 each, and as the demand is still active there will probably be a large audience present. Miss Rose Coghlan is to tread the green sward as Rosalind. Osmond Tearle will make love to her as Orlando. The bells and bauble of Touchstone will be worn by Stuart Robson. Frank Mayo is coming all the way from Crockett Lodge, in the Pennsylvania mountains, to don the doublet and philosophy of Jaques. Mrs. Schoeffel, herself a famous Rosalind, will be the Audrey, and Miss Minnie Conway the Celia. To give note to the entire production W. H. Crane, Miss Lillian Conway, Fred Conway, J. B. Mason, Frazer Coulter and Coulter and Harry Meredith have consented to appear in minor roles.

The lawn of the Masconomo House is adapted for the natural stage and auditorium. Trees and shrubs will form a picturesque and appropriate background. A feature will be made of the *As You Like It* music, which will be sung by Miss Lillian Conway and chorus. William Seymour, of the Boston Museum, will be the stage manager.

The only previous instance of an open-air Shakespearian performance that we know of, took place in May, 1885, when this very comedy was acted in the real Forest of Arden, under the superintendence of Lady Archibald Campbell and Mr. E. W. Godwin. Mr. Alfred Austen described the performance in *The National Review*, and the following quotation shows how perfect the details were arranged:—

When "men of great worth resorted to this forest," when the heirs to the two most powerful thrones in the world, when Princesses and Princesses, Ambassadors and Secretaries of State, fair rulers of society, gifted composers, renowned artists, serious men of letters, popular actors, and yet more popular actresses, with the due sprinkling of notorious nobodies, made their way to the gardens of Coombe House, once the home of a Prime Minister, and, seventy years ago, the spot where Plenipotentiaries met to decide upon the fate of Europe, they might well be surprised when they found themselves in an *ad fresco* theatre, the material accessories of which, at least, betokened no pretence hand, and in which, if the trace of the amateur was anywhere visible, it was to be discerned only in the crowning grace that had been added to the precision of professional craft. One found one's self comfortably seated and shut in, with green leaves and blue sky for canopy, and in front of tall, straight-growing elms, whose lower trunks were hidden from view by a loosely stretched

curtain. Suddenly it fell, and you were in the Forest of Arden; not a painted semblance of the forest, not a dexterous picture befooiling the eye for a moment, but Arden itself with its sylvan occupants, its green glades, its cool glimpses, its grassy sward, its coloring bracken, its fallen boughs and branches, its fortuitous fagots, its hind's shelter, its twitter of birds and glitter of butterflies, its flocks and distant bleating, all things native and natural, as to the manner born. Wending through the trees, with a certain cheerful stateliness, came the banished Duke, Amiens, and other lords, in the dress of foresters; and as they got nearer, and settled themselves under the shade of melancholy boughs, the very thought and language of the place seemed to have found expression in the familiar lines:

"Now, my co-mates and brothers in exile.
Hath not old custom made this life more sweet
Than that of painted pomp? Are not these woods
More free from peril than the envious Court?"

We trust that the performance now under way will be as successful as that viewed by our English brethren, and only regret that we shall not be able to witness it.

REVIEWS.

The Mermaid series. Thomas Middleton. Edited by Havelock Ellis. With an introduction by Algonon Charles Swinburne. Vol. I. London. Vizetelly. 1887.

The third volume of the excellent "Mermaid Series" is before us, and it does not fall below its predecessors in any respect. Middleton is one of those dramatists whose productions have only of late been thoroughly criticized and made accessible to the general reader. He lived in an age when the fame of Shakespeare and Jonson obscured the lesser lights and consequently the works of men like Heywood, Dekker, and the author now under review remained comparatively ignored until the diligent scholars of the present century carefully edited their plays, masques, and poems. The first of these editors was Dyce, whose five volumes, published in 1840, have now become so exceedingly scarce that they are comparatively inaccessible. The next was Bullen; his edition in eight volumes, appeared about two years ago, and at that time received the commendation which it undoubtedly deserves. Now comes a third editor, Mr. Havelock Ellis, assisted by Mr. Swinburne, and though we would naturally suppose that their labors must be more or less a repetition of what has already been done, we find that such is not the case. In the introduction to the present volume, occupying about fifty pages, the details of Middleton's career are rehearsed and the dramatic poetry of the reigns of James the First and Charles the First is ably criticized. We have always thought that the history of English literature might be compared to a series of waves passing over that country—each wave distinct in itself, and each occupying a particular

epoch. Applying a retrograde progression, and beginning with the *vers-de-société* of the nineteenth century, we reach the "Lakers," the Scottish school, the early novelists, the great essayists, the satirists of the latter part of the seventeenth century, and before them the Elizabethan dramatists. Of course this classification can be greatly enlarged, we have only mentioned it because Mr. Swinburne, at the beginning of his "introduction" has so well described the peculiarities of one of these waves. We shall not quote it, we ask our readers to carefully study it as well as the analyses of the separate plays.

The present volume contains three comedies, *A Trick to Catch the Old One*, *A Chaste Maid in Cheapside*, and *The Spanish Gypsy*; and two tragedies, *The Changeling*, and *Women Beware Women*. Of the notes to this edition we have spoken in a previous number, suffice it then to say that they are excellent though brief. A portrait of Middleton, an etching from the one prefixed to *Two New Plays*, published in 1687, constitutes the frontispiece. It is, as Mr. Swinburne remarks, "a noble and thoughtful face, so full of gentle dignity and earnest composure, in which we recognize the graver and loftier genius of a man worthy to hold his own beside all but the greatest of his age. And that age was the age of Shakespeare."

We have not space to discuss any of the brilliant imaginative dramas of Middleton. In a future number we may speak of some of the remarkable characteristics which are distinctively his,—the rogues, the vagabonds, the spendthrifts, the gipsies, which nobody has described like the "City Chronologer." And when the next volume appears we may take one of these quaint plays, and explain its peculiarities at length.

William Shakespeare. By Victor Hugo. Translated by Melville B. Anderson. Chicago. A. C. McClurg & Co. 1887.

It is an exceedingly difficult matter to do justice to the work before us. The reader is misled by the title, for, while he evidently expects to find a book pertaining to the life and works of the great dramatist, and does find it to some extent, he is also entertained with lengthy treatises upon "Souls," "Zoilus as eternal of Homer," and "The Beautiful the Servant of the True." There is much paradoxical erudition, there are numerous inaccuracies, and there are some astonishing facts presented not at all pertinent to the subject. M. Hugo accounts for these peculiarities in his preface:

In contemplating Shakespeare, all the questions relating to art have arisen in the author's mind. To deal with these questions is to set forth the mission of art; to deal with these questions is to set forth the duty of human thought toward man. Such an opportunity for speaking some true words imposes an obligation that is not to be shirked, especially in a time like ours. This the author has understood. He has not hesitated to take every avenue of approach to these complex questions of art and civilization, varying the horizon as the perspective shifted, and accepting every hint supplied by the urgency of the task. From such an enlarged conception of the subject this book has sprung.

Now this is all very good, and we think highly of

M. Hugo for giving us his views, but we regret to state that we can criticize his book only from one standpoint, to wit, as to its value among the great mass of existing Shakespeariana. And here we may state at once that no Frenchman has ever understood Shakespeare, the poet is "too deep" for the average Gaul. To be sure a few writers have some original ideas as to the character of Hamlet's insanity, Jacques' melancholia, or Constance's anguish, and Alcard and Chasles have published some tolerably clever works concerning the plays, but while the French mind is fully competent to criticize Molière, it seems to be unqualified to seize the true meaning of the great Englishman and to justly analyze his productions.

We quote the following lengthy passage from this curious book to give the reader an insight of the author's style.

Under Elizabeth, in spite of the wrath of the Puritans, there were in London eight companies of actors. . . . Nearly all the theatres were on the banks of the Thames—a fact which increased the number of watermen. The play-rooms were of two kinds: some merely open tavern yards, a platform set up against a wall, no ceiling, rows of benches placed on the ground, for boxes the windows of the tavern. The performance took place in the broad daylight and in the open air. The principal of these theatres was the Globe. The others, which were mostly closed play-rooms, lighted with lamps, were used at night. . . . The scenery was exceedingly simple. Two swords laid crosswise—sometimes two laths—signified a battle; a shirt over the coat signified a knight; a broom handle draped with the petticoat of the player's hostess signified a palfrey comparisoned. A rich theatre which made its inventory in 1598, possessed "the limbs of Moors, a dragon, a big horse with his legs, a cage, a rock, four Turks' heads and that of old Mahomet, a wheel for the siege of London, and a bell's mouth." Another had "a sun, a target, the three plumes of the Prince of Wales, with the motto *Ich Dien*, besides six devils, and the Pope on his mule." An actor besmeared with plaster and motionless signified a wall; if he spread his fingers it signified that the wall had crevices. A man laden with a faggot, followed by a dog, and carrying a lantern, meant the moon; his lantern represented the moonshine. The dressing-room of these theatres, where the actor robed themselves pell-mell, was a corner separated from the stage by a rag of some kind stretched on a cord. The dressing-room at Blackfriars was shut off by an ancient piece of tapestry which had belonged to one of the guilds, and represented an ironmonger's shop. Through the holes in this curtain, hanging in tatters, the public saw the actors rouge their cheeks with brick dust, or make up their mustaches with a cork burned at a candle end. From time to time, through an occasional opening of the curtain, you might see a face begrimed as a Moor, peeping to see if the time for going on the stage had arrived. . . . These theatres were frequented by noblemen, scholars, soldiers, and sailors. . . . While the actors gesticulated and ranted the noblemen and officers, sitting or standing on the stage, turned their backs to the actors in a haughty and indifferent manner and amused themselves with cards. . . . It was by way of that very theatre that Shakespeare entered upon the dramatic career.

Such was the theatre in London, about the year 1580. . . . It was not much less wretched, a century later, at Paris, under "the great king" and Molière. At his *début*, had, like Shakespeare, to make shift with rather miserable play houses. . . . Lagrange, a comrade of Molière, says of the theatre where Molière played by order of M. Rataban, superintendent of the King's buildings: "Three rafters, the frames rotten and shored up, and half the room roofless and in ruin. . . . The company have resolved to make a large ceiling over the whole hall, which has not been covered, the said ceiling to be a large cloth suspended by cords." As for the lighting and heating of the hall. . . . for such an important production as 'Psyche' by Molière and Corneille the cost was 30 francs for candles and 8 francs for wood. This was the style of play house which the great king placed at the disposal of Molière.

The above gives a tolerably accurate picture of

Hugo's conception of English stage-customs of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. It will be seen that his book will entertain the scholar, the general reader, however, must be very careful before he accepts many of these statements. Of course, there is much to be said in palliation of the facts. We must consider that this work was written while Victor Hugo was living in exile in the island of Jersey in 1864, and that he had no access to books of reference or to an adequate library of any kind. Moreover many of the Chronological inaccuracies have been corrected in foot-notes by the translator, Mr. Melville B. Anderson, of Purdue University, who has performed his task very ably, and has rendered into florid English, the peculiarities of the chaotic Frenchman.

We have said that M. Hugo was careless in his facts and figures, it would be unfair, however, to assert that he was not entertaining. The following, we think, is very beautiful:

There are indeed, men whose souls are like the sea. Those billows that ebb and flood that inexorable going and coming, that noise of all the winds, that blackness and that translucency, that vegetation peculiar to the deep, that democracy of clouds in full hurricane, those eagles flecked with foam, those wonderful star risings reflected in mysterious agitation by millions of luminous wave tops—confused heads of the multitudinous sea—the errant lightnings which seem to watch, those prodigious sobbings, those halfseen monsters, those nights of darkness broken by howlings, those furies, those frenzies, those torments, those rocks those shipwrecks, those fleets crushing each other; * * * those wraths and those appeasements, that all in one, the unforeseen amid the changeless, the vast marvel of inexhaustibly varied monotony, that smoothness after an upheaval, those bells and those heavens of the unfathomed, infinite, evenmoving deep—all this may exist in a mind, and then that mind is called genius, and you have Æschylus, you have Isaiah, you have Juvenal, you have Dante, you have Michael Angelo, and you have Shakespeare, and it is all one whether you look at these souls or at the sea.

And, judged by this passage, we have no doubt that the speculations concerning the soul and zollus, and humanity, and art, and genius, are very novel and interesting; we frankly confess, however, that we are not able to criticize them.

The Works of William Shakespeare. Edited by Clark and Wright. Vol. V., VI., VII., VIII., IX. (Ideal Edition). New York. Alden. 1887.

We have called attention to this excellent edition upon two former occasions, and now, as only three more volumes are wanting to complete it, and as the price will probably be advanced when these are published, we deem it proper to once more briefly notice them. With the ninth volume the plays have reached *Romeo and Juliet*, *Timon of Athens*, and *Julius Caesar*. For a handy-volume series, agreeable to the eye and convenient for the scholar we commend Mr. Alden's publication, and the reasonable price at which it is issued should certainly insure its success. The concluding volume, as we have said before, will contain a glossary, an index of characters, an index of familiar quotations, and other matters of interest.

REVIEWS.

The Works of Christopher Marlowe, edited by A. H. Bullen. In three volumes. Boston and New York, Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 1895.

I.

For nearly three centuries the works of Shakespeare's great predecessor have been comparatively neglected. There is not, to our knowledge, a single facsimile reprint of any of Marlowe's quarto texts, and although three commentators, Robinson in 1836, Dyce in 1850, and Cunningham about fifteen years later, have collected and edited these plays and poems, the result thus far was certainly not very satisfactory. It was left for a fourth editor, Mr. A. H. Bullen to do the work, and he has done it thoroughly and satisfactorily,—and, what is more, he is exceedingly modest about it.

We do not intend to describe the life of Marlowe as rehearsed by Mr. Bullen, nor shall we quote extensively from the plays and poems, for if our readers wish to read them they should purchase the three volumes; but for the sake of convenience we will divide our subject into three divisions,—the introduction, the dramatic works, and the poems and miscellaneous works,—and attempt to criticize them after this fashion.

The editor recognizes the important position which Marlowe holds. Before his day English dramatic poetry was in its infancy. Occasionally a Morality or a Mystery was produced which was a trifle better than its contemporary rivals; occasionally also a man like Bishop Bale wrote a play which is worthy of perusal. But we think that as a rule the dramatic creations of the sixteenth century were more likely to be productive of drowsiness on the part of the listeners, than to enlighten and edify. The latter part of that century, however, witnessed a different state of things. A new school of dramatists was soon to appear, who were destined to electrify the age. This school sent a herald in advance who improved the existing blank verse, and wrote an easy ten-syllable rhyme, and, as Mr. Bullen says,

He was the first in England to compose tragedies that should have a lasting interest for men. The plays of Greene and Peele are important only as showing how poor was the state of dramatic art at the young poet's advent. It was Marlowe who created, in the true sense of the word, English blank verse, and constituted it the sole vehicle of dramatic expression for all time. The rest of Shakespeare's predecessors are shadows; Marlowe alone lives.

Of his life, but little is known. The editor has carefully collected everything pertaining to him and several new facts are for the first time printed. Thus the entries pertaining to the senior Marlowe, a shoemaker and "Clarke of St. Maries," the sonnet at the conclusion of Harvey's *Newe Letter of Notable Contents* concerning Marlowe's death, etc., have all never before been made public to our knowledge. The introduction occupies over eighty pages of most interesting matter, the reader can consequently imagine that everything available toward the elucidation of the life and works of the

dramatist is here embodied. The closing paragraph is so characteristic of Mr. Bullen's style that we do not hesitate to quote it.

Far be it from me to attempt to weigh Marlowe's genius. So long as high tragedy continues to have interest for men, Time shall lay no hands on the works of Christopher Marlowe. Though

He who showed so great presumption,
Is hidden now beneath a little stone,

his pages still pulse with ardent life. In all literature there are few figures more attractive, and few more exalted than this of the young poet who swept from the English stage the tatters of barbarism, and habited Tragedy in stately robes; who was the first to conceive largely, and exhibit souls struggling in the bonds of circumstance.

Marlowe is not, strictly speaking, the inventor of blank verse, for it had been employed about fifty years before his day by the Earl of Surrey, who used this measure in the translation of two books of the *Æneid*. "The experiment was founded," we are informed, "upon one of the new fashions in Italian literature, and may have been immediately suggested to him by a translation into Italian blank verse of the same two books of the *Æneid* by Cardinal Ippolito de Medici." After Surrey we find the measure in *The Seven Champions of Christendom*, in Lily's comedies of *Eudimion* and *Campaspe* in Painter's *Palace of Pleasure*, and in Sidney's *Apology for Poetry and Arcadia*. Then came Marlowe who tested its appropriateness for dramatic composition, and in bringing forth his decasyllables, he distinctly announces in the prologue to *Tamburlaine*, that he is about to present a specimen of an entirely new style:

From jiggling veins of rhyming mother wits,
And such conceits as clownage keeps in pay. . . .

This allusion is obvious when considered in connection with *Ferrez and Porrez*, *Lusty Juventus* and similar works.

But it must not be supposed that in *Tamburlaine* probably Marlowe's earliest production, the blank verse is of a very high order, for the realization of Marlowe's promises, or rather experiments, we must look to *Doctor Faustus* and *The Jew of Malta*. In *Tamburlaine* the impression conveyed to the reader is that the dramatist essayed too much at once, that he has not perfectly conceived his subject before consigning his thoughts to paper, and consequently his first effort is deficient in proportion and symmetry. "Later," remarks the editor, "Marlowe learned to breathe sweetness and softness into the 'mighty line,'—to make the measure that had thundered the threats of *Tamburlaine* falter the sobs of a broken heart."

MISCELLANY.

In reply to the query concerning the collection of Thomas Wilson, a correspondent writes:—

The analysis is simply a list of the inserted plates of the Wilson illustrated Shakespeare (Boydell, 1802-3) which Allibone says "was enriched by 1525 extra engravings, and bound in twenty volumes

folio, blue morocco, by Charles Lewis, *Vid.* Dibdin's *Library Companion*, 1825, 809, n.; *Bibl. Hansott.*, Pt. 3, Feb. 1834, 2736. £556. 10s."

Mentioned also in Dibdin, ed. 1824, p. 802. Speaking of the Boydell: "Of all the illustrated copies in existence, there is none, I venture to affirm, which approaches that of my friend Mr. Wilson."

I am unable at present to find the authority for it, but my recollection is distinct, that after selling for over £500 as above, this work found its way back to the booksellers, and that, after a vain effort to dispose of it as a whole, it was broken up and the plates sold separately.

W. H. W.

Cincinnati, Aug. 23d, 1887.

THE following conversation, overheard in a summer hotel parlor, took place between two children of twelve and eleven who were comparing notes about books. After discussing some novels of the day, one little girl asked the other if she had ever read any of Shakespeare.

"Shakespeare!" exclaimed the other. "I never read one of his books in my life! Have you?"

"Well, not exactly his books, but some stories fixed up out of his books. They are splendid!"

"What are they? Tragedies?"

"Some of them are. *Hamlet* is. I like *Hamlet* ever so much."

"What is it about?"

"Well, I can't *exactly* tell you, but its something like this: A lady wanted to marry some one, but she couldn't, and had to marry some one else; and after awhile Romeo went to a grave, and Juliet came too, and they killed each other. Its splendid."

"Splendid!"

TO SHAKESPEARE'S LOVE.

When my love swears that she is made of truth
I do believe her though I know she lies.

—SONNET CXXVIII.

Oh, sweet, dead woman, who were you
For whom my Shakespeare sighed
In sonnets that would hold you true,
Although you lied?

In lips that burned upon your own,
Could you not feel his breath
Melodious with Juliet's moan,
And Egypt's death?

Perchance his dream within your arms
Gave Venus back to Greece,
Or consecrated wanton charms
To pure Lucrece.

Alas! we may not know your name,
Your station high or low;
We hold the the dead secure from blame,
Yet this I know:

Your passion sought some common clod,
For your embrace more meet—
The heart that hymned a world you trod
Beneath your feet.

And still he held his poet's pen

To the ideal true—

Lo! he created Imogen,
And God made you.

K. J. MCPHELDIN.

—*The Current*.

TO PYRRHA.

"Quis multa gracilis te puer in rosa," &c.—HORACE,
Odes, I. 5.

Bedewed with odorous balms, what pretty boy,
On heaps of roses in some pleasant grot,
Pyrrha, with thee doth hotly toy?
For whom dost backward knot

Thy yellow hair, bewitching simple? Oh.
How will he mourn changed gods and broken troth,
And stare amazed, when bleak winds blow,
And roughened seas are wroth,

Who now, fond fool, enjoys thee, deems thee gold,
Who, never having known a treacherous breeze,
Hopes thee still his, all his to hold,
Still loving! Woe for these,

On whom thy wiles are newly flung!
A votive tablet in his temple shows,
I've to the sea's great god uphung
My brine-bedabbled clothes.

THE SAME, MODERNIZED.

TO CORALIE.

Who may the favored youngster be,
Fair Coralie,
Who in thy velvet cushioned bower
Doth now devour
With hungry eyes those charms of thine,
That once were mine?
For whom, with all-consummate grace,
Back from thy face
Dost thou thine amber tresses plait
Trimly sedate?
How oft' when thou hast played him out,
Will he, poor lout,
Bewail his cruel destiny, and rail
At woman frail,
And open wide his eyes, to hear
Rough gibe and jeer
From lips that erst were wreathed with smiles.
And all sweet wiles,
Who now, when in thine arms he lies,
Sees in thine eyes
A true soul raying out such golden gleams
As bless our dreams;
Who hopes to find thee always free and gay,
Call when he may,
And always with a passion in thy kiss
To crown his bliss!
Oh, how I pity those whose knew thee not
Till they are caught,
And, in thy toils Circean, all too late
Must dree their fate!
I, lucky dog, some time ago broke loose.
Now, play the deuce
With whom thou mayst, I, secure in port,
To see thee sport
With other gulls, smile, as along they drift
To ruin swift.

T. M.

—Blackwood's Magazine.

COLLECTANEA.

"If thou wilt receive profit, read with humility, simplicity, and faith, and seek not at any time the fame of being learned."—*Thomas à Kempis*.

"THE reading of books, what is it but conversing with the wisest men of all ages and all countries, who thereby communicate to us their most deliberate thoughts, choicest notions, and best inventions couched in good expression, and digested in exact method? . . . Now doth it supply the room of experience, and furnish us with prudence at the expense of others. . . ."—*Isaac Barrow*.

"READING is to the mind what exercise is to the body."—*Str Richard Steele*.

"KNOWLEDGE of books in a man of business is a torch in the hands of one who is willing and able to show those who are bewildered the way which leads to prosperity and welfare."—*Addison*.

"THROW away none of your time upon those trivial futile books published by idle and necessitous authors for the amusement of idle and ignorant readers; such sort of books swarm and buzz about one every day; flop them away, they have no sting.

. . . Rise early and at the same hour every morning, how late soever you may have sat up the night before; this secures you an hour or two at least of reading and reflection before the common interruptions of the morning begins."—*Lord Chesterfield*.

"BOOKS are a guide in youth, and an entertainment for age. They support us under solitude, and keep us from becoming a burden to ourselves. They help us to forget the crossness of men and things, compose our cares and our passions, and lay our disappointments asleep. When we are weary of the living we may repair to the dead, who have nothing of peevishness, pride, or design in their conversation."—*Countess de Genlis*.

"BOOKS never annoy, they cost little, and they are always at hand and ready at your call. . . . A journal should be kept by every young man. Put down something every day, if it be merely a description of the weather. You will not have done this for a year without finding the benefit of it. It demands not more than a minute in the twenty-four hours, and that minute is most agreeably and advantageously employed."—*William Cobbett*.

"A SCHOLAR has no ennui."—*Jean Paul F. Richter*.

"THOSE authors who appear sometimes to forget they are writers and remember they are men, will be our favorites. He who writes from the heart, will write to the heart."—*Isaac Disraeli*.

"Now, of all the amusements which can possibly be imagined for a hard-working man, after his daily toil or in its intervals, supposing him to have a taste for it, and supposing him to have the book to read.

. . . It relieves his home of its dulness and sameness, which, in nine cases out of ten, is what drive

him out to the alehouse to his own ruin and his family's. I recollect an anecdote told me by a late highly respected inhabitant of Windsor, as a fact to which he could personally testify, having occurred in a village where he resided several years, and where he actually was at the time it took place. The blacksmith of the village had got hold of Richardson's novel of 'Pamela; or, Virtue Rewarded,' and used to read it aloud in the long summer evenings, seated on his anvil, and never failed to have a large and attentive audience. It is a pretty long-winded book, but then patience was fully a match for the author's prolixity, and they fairly listened to it all. At length, when the happy turn of fortune arrived, which brings the hero and heroine tog ther, and sets them living long and happily according to the most approved rules, the congregation were so delighted as to raise a great shout, and, procuring the church keys, actually set the parish bells ringing."—*Str John Herschel*.

"SEE how little the man who can rely on the pleasures of reading is dependent on the caprice or the will of his fellowmen. . . . Of the pleasures of reading, I will say that there is no man so high as to be enabled to dispense with them, and no man so humble who should be compelled to forego them."—*Lord Mahon, Philip Henry Stanhope*.

"No book I believe, except the Bible, has been so universally read and loved by Christians of all tongues and sects as Thomas à Kempis' 'De Imitatione Christi.' The writer of a book, is not he a preacher, preaching not to this parish or that, on this day or that, but to all men, in all times and places? I many a time say the writers of newspapers, pamphlets, poems, books, these are the real working, effective church of a modern country."—*Thomas Carlyle*.

"MANY times the reading of a book has made the fortune of the man, has decided his way of life; it makes friends; 'tis the tie between men to have been delighted with the same book. . . . Whenever I have to do with young men and women, I always wish to know what their books are. I wish to defend them from bad; I wish to introduce them to good."—*Ralph Waldo Emerson*.

"It was said of Socrates that he called down philosophy from Heaven. But the enterprise of certain enlightened publishers has taught them to work for the million, and that is a very important fact. When I was a boy I used to be fond of looking into a bookseller's shop, but there was nothing to be seen there that was accessible to the workingmen of that day. Take Shakspeare, for example. I remember very well that I gave two pound sixteen shillings for my first copy, but you can get an admirable copy for three shillings. These books are accesible now which formerly were quite inaccessible."—*William Ewart Gladstone. Speech at the Royal Academy dinner, 1877*.

"It is, however, not to the museum, or the lecture room, or to the drawing school, but to the library, that

we must go for the completion of our humanity."—*Lord Lytton, Owen Meredith*.

NEW YORK'S 95 PUBLIC LIBRARIES.

Of the ninety-five libraries in this city all but about a dozen belong to clubs, societies or educational institutions, and are, therefore, of no value to the general public. Of the ten or twelve open to all there are two classes—one devoted to consultation and reference only, the other to general circulation while this latter class can be again divided into free and subscription libraries.

Of the first class mentioned, the Astor is the largest and most important, and yet, although it is the third largest library in America and contains nearly 250,000 volumes, it is of comparatively very little value. No books can be taken from the library and they cannot even be consulted except between the hours of 9 A. M. and from 4. to 5 P. M. For five weeks in the summer it is closed altogether. The average of daily readers is about two hundred and fifty. Rather a small showing for a fund of \$1,500,000.

The next library of importance, or rather of value is the Lenox, on Fifth avenue, occupying nearly all the space between Seventy and Seventy-first streets. Here is building and a most extraordinary collection of books, pamphlets and manuscripts, valued at over \$1,000,000, and yet how valueless to the people. It is open only from 11 A. M. to 4 P. M., and admission can only be had by first writing to the superintendent for a card; and recently the announcement has been made that the library will be closed till further notice. The city will be full of visitors during the coming weeks, and yet nothing can be seen but the outside walls of this great library.

The next two most important libraries from the standpoint of number of volumes are those of the New York Society, with 80,000, and of the New York Historical Society with 75,000. The hours of these libraries are from 9 A. M. to 6 P. M., and are, of course open only to members, who pay membership fees and annual dues. Another library of the same kind is that of the American Institute, containing 12,750 volumes.

Next in importance are the libraries of the Young Men's Christian Association and its branches. The main library contains about 35,000 books and the branches about 6,000 more. None are circulating, however, except one branch in the Bowery, having 1,000 books. The daily average of books consulted in the main library is only 112, although the rooms are open in the evening as well as Sundays. It is expected, however, that a portion of the library for which there is not now ample room, will be removed at no very distant day and a part of the remainder will be loaned out.

Though containing the smallest number of books, yet of the class we have been describing it is the library of the Cooper Union that is of the greatest value. It is open to all, day and evening, and with only 25,000 books there are over 280,000 yearly readers,

making a daily average of between 600 and 700 books used. This is more than all the large libraries combined, simply because it is accessible at all hours. The class of readers in the evening are superior to those of the day time, showing again the value of giving the people an opportunity to read at other hours than when engaged in daily duties.

Of the second class of libraries mentioned the Mercantile ranks first. It is the largest (but one) circulating library in America and contained, May 1, 314,336 books. But it is not free, and any members who can afford \$5 a year can have the use of this splendid collection of books. There are now 5,553 members, but the average number of books taken daily is less than five hundred. The Mercantile has two branches—one in Liberty street, the other on Fifth avenue. The only other subscription library of importance is the Harlem Library, containing about 10,000 volumes. The price of subscription is \$3 per annum and from twenty-five to fifty books are taken out daily.

But of far more value than any of the libraries mentioned are the Apprentices' Library, on Sixteenth street, and the Bond Street Free Circulating Library and its Ottendorfer branch of Second avenue.

The Society of Mechanics and Tradesmen made the Apprentices' Library free to all one year ago the 1st of August, and the result has been most satisfactory. The number of books now in the library is 70,000, and the daily average number of books taken out is 600 and is constantly on the increase. The number of books taken out in a single day frequently exceeds 1,000 and has run as high as 1,400 and over. The circulation so far during 1887 has been 153,325 books, against 94,117 for the same period last year, when the library was not free to all. In July this year the circulation was 20,012 books, against 13,054 during July of last year. Nothing could speak more emphatically than these figures do of the appreciation and need of free circulating libraries in this city.

The free Circulating Library of Bond street has now been in operation seven years, and has far exceeded the expectation of its founders. The Ottendorfer branch was opened Dec. 8, 1884, and its circulation has already exceeded that of the Bond street Library. The number of books contained in both libraries is about 30,000, while the daily average circulation is 654. The libraries are open evenings as well as Sundays. The whole number of books given out last year was 234,448. Two other small free circulating libraries must not be forgotten, namely, the Broom Street, containing 2,558 volumes, and the De Witt Memorial, containing 2,200. These are under the supervision of the New York City Mission, and are largely patronized.

Thus it will be seen that of the 1,400,000 books in the libraries of this city only about 100,000 are accessible to any and every one. Boston has a free public library containing 434,000 volumes. Cincinnati has one containing 145,000 volumes. Chicago has one containing nearly 100,000 volumes, while many other

smaller cities are far in advance of New York in proportion to their size and population.

It is a subject for serious thought that there is not a free circulating library above Sixteenth street in this great city, and only four of any kind, one being the Mercantile branch, on Fifth avenue, and another the almost worthless Lenox. Suppose a reader in the upper part of the city wishes to read, say, two books a week. He must pay to get and return these books \$10 a year for car fare and \$5 more if he is a Mercantile subscriber. Again, with two exceptions, all the consulting and reference libraries are closed evenings and Sundays, and consequently of no value to the large mass of working people who would use them if they could. What is the reason for this great lack of library facilities in the largest city of America? This question was asked of all the librarians who could be found and the replies were much the same. Some thought it due to the close attention to business and consequent lack of interest in such matters. Others thought the city legislators were too busy looking out for their own interests and suggested lack of faith in them by the taxpayers to intrust any such undertaking to men some of whom can hardly read or write. The city does, however, do something towards maintaining the free circulating libraries in operation. According to a bill passed in the Legislature last year, such libraries can draw from the city \$5,000 for the first circulation of 75,000 volumes, and \$5,000 additional for each 100,000 circulation above this. The readers of *The World* will remember the failure to pass a bill in the Legislature a year ago last winter for establishing and maintaining a large free public library with branches in this city. It met with opposition from the most unexpected sources, and as an agreement could not be reached by those interested the bill was not passed, and will probably not be again brought up. It is not necessary to repeat the great need of New York in this direction. The figures quoted above are proofs of this want and show that not only one but several libraries which will be free to the public are wanted. The free circulating library of Bond Street and its branch, with only 30,000 volumes, has a circulation of 234,448, a daily average of 654, while the Astor Library, with nearly 250,000 volumes, has only 165,000 books annually drawn, and a daily average of about 250 readers. Similar comparisons could be shown with other libraries, but it is not necessary. It is certainly most gratifying in this state of affairs to note Mr. George W. Vanderbilt's proposed gift of a free circulating library in Jackson square and Miss Catherine Bruce's plans as to a similar institution on West Forty-second street. Moreover, in the future, when all litigation is at an end, there may be a Tilden Library with a fund reckoned in the millions.

THE author of 'John Halifax, Gentleman' presents in the *Forum* for September, a woman's estimate of the distinctive mental and moral characteristics of men, and Andrew Lang contributes to the same number an article on 'The Manners of Critics.'

BIBLIOPHILIANA.

IN a copy of the 'Emmanuelis Alvari e Societate Jesu Prosodia,' Antwerp, 1680, on the cover is written:—

If I do chance to loose this book,
Here is my name if you do look;
But if y^e are accustom'd to lye,
And still my book from me denye,
Y^e are mistaken, my sweet freind;
It was not bought to such an end
Y^e such a silly fool as thee
The owner of this book should bee.

MICH. RICHARDS.

THE burning, July 26, of the stone house in which 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' was written takes away a landmark of Andover Hill. For fifty years it had stood near the theological seminary, being used for twenty years as a work-shop for poor students. It was then remodelled, and occupied for ten years by Professor Stowe and family, during which time the famous novel was written as a serial for the *National Era*, of Washington.

A GENTLEMAN the other day laid a wager that he would get an autograph out of Lord Tennyson, who is remarkably close in the distribution of his sign manual. The gentleman in question sat down and wrote a polite note asking the noble lord which, in his opinion, was the best dictionary of the English language—Webster's or Ogilvie's? That will fetch him, thought the man who set the trap. Did it? By the next post came a half sheet of note paper, on which was carefully pasted the word "Ogilvie," cut out of the correspondent's own letter.

HUCKNALL TORKARD, which stands almost within the borders of Sherwood Forest, owes its one attraction to the possession of Byron's grave. The poet was buried in the family vault underneath the parish church, beside the first Lord Byron and his six brothers, all stout royalists in the great Civil War. Mrs. Byron, his mother, and his only child, Ada, Lady Lovelace, rest in the same tomb; and over them is the simple marble tablet which Lady Lovelace caused to be placed to her father's memory. By way of 'restoration,' the church is to be pulled down in great part and rebuilt on a different plan, and in such a manner as to obliterate all memorials of Byron, and cause even the slab to tell a falsehood, as it will no longer be over the vault.

THE English Bookbinders' Pension and Asylum Society lately obtained a bequest of £500 contingent upon very singular conditions. The testatrix was Mrs. Eliza Jaquiere, who left the sum of £1,000 for the maintenance of two dogs named Tiny and Fritz. On the death of either of these dogs, £500 passes to the lady's executor and principal legatee; and on the death of the second dog, the remaining £500 is to be paid to the Bookbinders' Pension and Asylum Society. The dogs are small, and described as of the Ruby Spaniel species, but, unhappily for the Society, which is sadly in need of funds, they are young and healthy, and promise to enjoy their annuities for a considerable number of years.

"I CAN hardly tell," says Mr. Hubert Howe Bancroft in *The San Francisco Examiner*, "how I came to devote my life to history rather than anything else. Looking back it seems to have been accidental. The motive was neither a longing for wealth nor a thirst after fame, while the development was easy, gradual, and natural. My history is nearly finished now, and about half of the force which has been continuously employed at my library for nearly twenty-five years has been retired, yet there are still before me several years of historical labor. A temporary interruption was occasioned by the burning of the bookstore and the attention to business affairs that disaster invoked. So soon as the establishment is entirely rehabilitated I will again devote myself in a great measure to our history, which embraces seven volumes on California, six on Mexico, three on Central America, two on Oregon, two on the Northwest Coast, and one each upon the other Pacific Coast States."

THE nodding "Lounger" of *The Critic* seriously narrates the following "fishy" story:—"A knowledge of books, if only of their outsides, is a valuable thing to possess. A well known bibliophile, browsing in a second-hand bookstall a short time ago, picked up a little volume from the ten-cent counter. To the looker-on he showed no excitement, but his heart was beating like a trip-hammer as he slowly put on his spectacles and turned to the title-page of the book. Then he glanced through it leaf by leaf, fumbled about in his pocket for a ten-cent piece, dropped it into the palm of the keeper of the stall, and walked home with the book in his hand: he couldn't trust it to his pocket. When he got to the little room where he lodges, he sat down and again turned the pages carefully. This time he was alone, so he could let a smile of satisfaction play without restraint upon his face, and his gray eyes twinkled brightly through his spectacles. He kept the book all night to gloat over, and the next day sold it to a wealthy bibliophile for \$500!

IN 1660 a panegyric on the Restoration, very pedestrian verse, was written by a poetaster named John Crouch. Its title runs, 'A mixt poem, partly Historical partly Panegyricall, upon the Happy Return of His Sacred Majesty,' and so forth. This work is distinctly stated on the title-page to be "Printed for Thomas Betterton at his shop in Westminster Hall." In the next year (1661) Crouch again published a similar poem ('The Muses' Joy for the Recovery of that Weeping Vine, Henrietta Maria'), and this was also "Printed for Thomas Betterton." Is it possible that the stationer who sold these little pamphlets was the actor? Mr. Knight tells us, in his notice of Betterton in the 'Dictionary of National Biography,' that the actor was in his youth in the employ of a London stationer, and did not enter the theatrical profession till 1661 or after. Crouch printed a great many little poems after 1661, but his publishers were Kirkman, and Crouch in later years, and Betterton does not occur again in connexion with him.

The Bookmart.

September, 1887.

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TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

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Great Britain.....? Shillings. France.....9 Francs.
Germany.....7 Marks. Italy.....9 Lires.

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Literary communications and Books for Review, Address Halkett Lord, Editor, Jersey City, N. J.

All Business and Financial matters, Address, BOOKMART PUBLISHING CO., Pittsburg, Pa., U. S. A.

THE Printed Prices of the Hoe Sale are ready for delivery, price 50 cts., also the prices of Part 4 of the Cist Collection of Autographs, price, 75 cts.

ATTENTION is directed to our partial List of Periodicals that we can furnish in connection with THE BOOKMART at the low rates named enabling those desiring one or more publications to secure our Journal at a low price.

MR. E. A. MAC of New York is out with a publication called 'Mac's Dictionary of Books,' on which we know he has been spending much time and labor. We shall have more to say about it next month. Elsewhere will be found his advertisement, which may interest many.

SABIN'S DICTIONARY OF BOOKS—This Meritorious work has now reached to part 99, to the word "Rice." Parts 97 and 98 have just been issued. As all the parts coming out are edited with scrupulous fidelity by Mr. Wilberforce Eames of the Lenox Library. The work when it is completed will be of lasting importance to Bibliographers and Librarians. We regret however the small edition of the work, and though the price is quite an item, yet many of our sleepy Libraries will wake up to find that it has been quietly absorbed. What is 600 copies for the 5,338 Libraries of the United States to say nothing of the Foreign Libraries that should secure a copy. Wake up!

In August issue under Bibliophiliana was noticed the "recommendation" written for one Joseph, a servant, by Thackeray, which is now in the possession of a New Yorker of literary tastes, who by the way is one of our valued subscribers. This Literary treasure was procured by the fortunate possessor

from Mr. W. Spencer, second-hand bookseller London, England, who brought it to light. It will be found on second page of his catalogue No 10. As follows:—"Genuine Manuscript Skit, by W. M. Thackeray written five years before 'Vanity Fair' first appeared. This unpublished testimonial—if I may use the expression—was given by W. M. Thackeray to Joseph, when on a tour in Holland. Joseph has known vicissitudes, and has been servant to Ambassadors at Foreign Courts, Couriers, etc. He disposed of this testimonial when 'hard up' which was a chronic condition with him. I think Mr. Thackeray published an article relating to his visit to Holland in an early volume of the *Cornhill Magazine*. Price, £20."

SPECIAL NOTES.

MR. F. P. HARPER, of 4 Barclay Street, New York, has superior advantages for hunting up "books wanted" for librarians, private collectors, and out of town dealers, at reasonable prices. A list of wants will receive his immediate attention. Back numbers of Harper's and Scribner's Monthly.

Mr. W. Spencer's Catalogue No. 10, from which the above note is taken, contains a large interesting and valuable collection of books, many in handsome bindings. Rare Editions of the Works of Charles Dickens, W. M. Thackeray, C. Lever, W. H. Ainsworth, quite a number of sporting books, many illustrated by T. Rowlandson, George and Robert Cruikshank, H. K. Brown, H. Alken, etc., etc. To all who have a hobby for books, (and who has not a hobby?) we commend this catalogue.

BOOK REVIEWS.

'MR. INCOUL'S MISADVENTURE.' By E. A. Saltus. (Benjamin and Bell).

Mr. Saltus resembles Mr. W. H. Mallock in beginning his literary career with quasi-philosophical works of a satirical or pessimistic tendency, and continuing them with works of fiction, which are apparently intended to illustrate the principles or lack of principles embodied in the philosophy. Both are clever men, in the minor sense of the term, and both write the English language with accuracy and point. The parallel cannot be carried much further. Mr. Mallock possesses a fund of wit which we miss in Mr. Saltus; and the former has a power of portraying character that in the latter is conspicuous by its absence. There is, also, a certain laboriousness and timidity in Mr. Saltus which Mr. Mallock does not betray; and a virulent self-consciousness that affects the reader, after a while, like a mephitic and stifling atmosphere. On the other hand, he bestows upon his productions a good deal of thought—such thought as it is, and probably achieves pretty nearly the effect he had intended. But the fact that his work is satisfactory to himself does not necessarily render it so to his readers.

Leaving aside the merely disagreeable features of the story,—such as the circumstance that the young lady who fills the position of heroine has been seduced at Bar Harbor a year or two before meeting with the gentlemen (Mr. Incul) whom she accepts

as her husband; and that, indeed, the entire groups of *dramatis personæ*, whom Mr. Saltus has selected from the world as he experiences or imagines it consists of cads, trollopes, and a fool,—aside from these incidental characteristics, the story is destitute of significance and merit, and still more of substance and verisimilitude. Except that it apprises us that Mr. Saltus has perhaps travelled in Europe, and has certainly made notes of the names and outward traits of certain European towns, it is difficult to divine the object of its writing. It narrates how, after Mr. Incoul (who is a New York Crossus and widower) has married in good faith the debauched young woman above mentioned, with the somewhat singular proviso on her part that he shall not attempt to claim marital rights over her,—or, to use the direct English which Mr. Saltus's prurient culture prompts him to avoid, that he is not to have sexual intercourse with her,—after this fragrant and attractive event, the couple go to Europe, and lounge about there, until the young man turns up who had proved so irresistible to Mrs. Incoul at Bar Harbor. He is no less irresistible now than he was then, and, taking advantage of Mr. Incoul's absence on a short journey, he spends the better part of the night with the lady in her bedroom. The husband, strange to say, returns somewhat earlier than was expected, and is naturally surprised to see the windows in his wife's apartments illuminated at that hour. It was certainly an oversight on the lady's part; for, if there were no blinds to the windows, why light the gas at all? Be that as it may, Mr. Incoul's surprise is apparently assuaged by encountering the lover in the hallway; the two heroes exchange a polite good night, and part. And then, the next morning, Mr. Incoul of course proceeds to strangle his wife and challenge her paramour?

By no means! and here we get our first impression of Mr. Saltus's virile originality and sardonic subtlety. Mr. Incoul says or does nothing disagreeable to anybody; he returns to Paris with his wife, leaving an invitation to the bewildered paramour to call upon them there; he follows them in due course, but the intrigue is not renewed, partly because the lovers cannot dismiss a misgiving that Mr. Incoul is dissembling, and partly because the lover conceives a passion for a ballet-dancer. It is at this point that Mr. Incoul begins to get in his revenge. He causes his courier to buy up the wicked lover's ballet-dancer and take her away from him; and then he sits down at the club to a game of cards with the lover and a number of other gentlemen, and with a couple of marked cards up his sleeve. Watching his opportunity, he produces his marked cards, and publicly accuses the lover of having himself marked them and cheated with them. The accusation is believed, and the victim is kicked out of the club, and commits suicide the same evening. Mr. Incoul goes home to his wife, who, by a fortunate dramatic coincidence, had arrayed herself that night in her most alluring and voluptuous guise, with a view to removing the prohibition which she had hitherto maintained in respect of the "marital rights." Mr. Incoul snubs her, gives her poison, blows out the gas, and leaves her to the imputation of suicide. Such is his revenge, and that is all there is of this captivating tale. It would be more effective than it is, were the reader able to believe for one moment either in the persons or in what they are represent-

ed as doing. But the prevailing traits of the book are its falseness, its futility, and its effeminate prurience: it is a worthy successor of 'The Philosophy of Disenchantment' and 'The Anatomy of Negation.'

'TALES BEFORE SUPPER.' By Theophile Gautier and Prosper Mérimée. Translated by Myndert Verelst. Brentano Bros., N. Y.

There are persons who profess to consider 'Mlle de Maupin' one of the foremost examples of modern fiction. Mr. Swinburne, especially, in the course of a poem devoted to eulogy of the author, pronounces it "The golden book of spirit and sense—the Holy Writ of Beauty." I can never have too much human nature in novels, and am not squeamish about its grosser manifestations, when they appear how and where they should: but I never happened upon a book more tedious, monotonous and profitless than 'Mlle. de Maupin.' Its style has a luscious smoothness: it possesses color, wit and learning; but it is tiresome as a directory. If Theophile Gautier had written nothing else, his reputation would not be an enviable one. Fortunately, he has written a number of things, and among them many short tales, most of which are very good, romantic and artistic. Of these, the story which occupies the larger part of this volume is one of the most successful. It is a subject not easily handled: but Gautier's treatment is light, skilful and pertinent, and the result is unfailingly agreeable. The leading idea is of the marvellous order, and the way it is managed is a model of tact and neatness. The author's aim has not been to make his miracle literally and laboriously credible; but, having assumed its possibility, to exploit all its significance and resources. The setting of the story, though modern and familiar, is exquisitely harmonious: there is not a jarring note from beginning to end, and everything is said that we wish to hear, and in the manner we wish to hear it. The texture of the web, moreover, is so fine and rich that it will bear looking at a second time; and yet the elaboration is not such as to impair the complete impression.

The idea is not original with Gautier: in fact, it has been a component part of human imagination for perhaps thousands of years. It is a variation of the theme of a transfer of individuality. A man falls in love with another man's wife: she is indifferent to him, and loves her own husband: a marvellous doctor appears, who offers to cause the spirit of the lover to enter into the body of the husband, and *vice-versa*. This having been done, the lover is at liberty to visit his mistress, secure in the most impenetrable disguise that material resources can afford him. But his soul is still his own, and it is his soul that betrays him. The woman has a misgiving: she cannot explain it to herself, but she trusts her unreasoning and unreasonable intuition, and it saves her. This part of the story, which presents extreme difficulties of execution, is admirably contrived by the author. Meanwhile, the futile endeavors of the transformed husband to assert his individuality furnish a quasi-humorous element in the tale,—also managed with excellent taste. The untying of the Gordian knot is necessarily a mere matter of ingenuity, but it could not be better done. The story was worth translating, and "Mindert Verelst" has translated it very fairly. The other tale, by Mérimée, is written in his dry, incisive, Parisian

vein, and is entertaining enough; but the miraculous feature, though quite as antique as that in Gautier's story, is not nearly so well managed. It is grotesque and harsh. There is nothing in the tone and quality of the narrative to prepare us for the assertion that a statue of Venus steps off her pedestal and hugs to death a young bridegroom who immediately slipped a ring on her finger. Such an episode is out of all proportion with the descriptions and characterization that have preceded it. It is the latter that make the piece readable, and not the dénouement. You feel that *Merimée* was a caustically charming man, with whom it would have been a delight to dine.

Messrs. RAND & McNALLY have begun the publication of a series of detective tales, the first of which is called 'The Stolen Letter,' and purports to be written by a gentleman called Morris. It is a naked theft of Edgar Allan Poe's 'Purloined Letter,' the scene being transferred from Paris to Washington, and the narrative filled out with a great deal of trashy padding. There is nothing in it true either to human nature or to the ways and means of detectives.

A MONOGRAPH ON Pocahontas, by one of her relatives in the present generation, is a curiosity of literature to be read not less on its own account than for the manner in which it is written. The author is greatly in earnest, and champions his dusky ancestors against all comers: but his language has a certain quaintness and stiffness, which are manifestly involuntary, but which somehow harmonize very well with his subject. The monograph is supplemented by notes from another hand, which are real curiosities of composition, and will richly repay perusal. For frontispiece there is an excellent and valuable likeness of the famous Princess, from the only authentic portrait of her, now in London. R. A. Brock, Esq., is the author, and Randolph & English, of Richmond, Va., are the publishers.

JULIAN HAWTHORNE.

AMERICAN NOTES.

'PEN AND INK: ESSAYS ON SUBJECTS OF MORE OR LESS IMPORTANCE,' by Brander Matthews, is to be issued in the fall by Messrs. Scribner.

CHARLES L. WEBSTER & Co. announce 'Library of Wit and Humor,' mostly prepared by Mark Twain; and 'The Myths and Molds of the Hawaiian Islands,' by King Kalakaua, assisted by ex-Minister R. M. Daggett.

The *Curio*, an illustrated monthly, devoted to biography and genealogy, heraldry, book-plates, rare books and prints, old furniture and plate, etc., edited by Mr. E. DeV. Vermont, and published by Mr. K. W. Wright, at 6 Astor Place, New York, is announced to appear about Sept. 15.

BOOK REVIEW DEPARTMENT for American and Foreign Publications conducted by Julian Hawthorne.—Only the most prominent books in each department of literature can be noticed.—JULIAN HAWTHORNE.

COLONEL JOHN P. NICHOLSON, of Philadelphia, well known for his knowledge of military literature, has rescued and printed from the original manuscript an interesting ancient local record. It is the 'Re-

turn of the Pennsylvania Troops in the service of the United States, August 7, 1787,' commanded by Josiah Harmar, Esq., Lieutenant-Colonel. All students of our military history know how difficult it is to trace to their origin the organizations which now constitute the United States Army. This is largely due to the fact that the troops were first of all those of the States, and here as late 1787 we have a return from the commander of the United States Army, made to the State of Pennsylvania, of its troops in his service. It is dated camp at Post Vincennes (Ohio), August 7, 1787, and is addressed to "His Excellency, Benjamin Franklin, Esq., President, and the Honorable, The Supreme Executive Council, Pennsylvania." Colonel Nicholson has added many valuable notes in reference to the places and persons mentioned in the 'Return.'

MR. WM S. WALSH, editor of *Lippincott's*, will soon issue, through the publishers of that magazine, a small volume on the *Faust Legend*, illustrated with five etchings by Herman Faber. He will seek to show, incidentally, the relation existing between Goethe's "Faust" and the poet's own life.

MESSRS. GEO. ROUTLEDGE & SONS have made arrangements with Messrs. Hachette & Co., of Paris, for the publication in English of the lives of eminent Frenchmen and women of letters. The plan of this series is about the same as that of the English men of letters, and the size is very nearly the same also. The first volume will be *Mme. de Sévigné* by Gaston Boissier. Others will follow in due course.

The *Critic* announces that Mr. J. W. Bouton, who is now in Europe, has arranged for an edition of 'A Bibliographical Account of English Theatrical Literature, from the Earliest Times to the Present Day,' by Robert W. Lowe. The book will consist of about 2000 titles, the great majority of which are taken directly from the works described. These will be arranged alphabetically, with exhaustive cross-references. Notes regarding each actor and actress will be given, and also an account of the occurrences to which particular works refer, special attention being paid to the less known and more curious pamphlets. Plays will be excluded, except where they have prefaces, etc., of historical or controversial interest; and of Shaksperiana, only such works will be included as relate to the performance of Shakspeare's plays or the representation of his characters by particular actors. Quotations of prices at recent famous sales will be given, and the rarity of scarce books will be pointed out. In short the author intends to exhaust his subject as nearly as possible.

MR. EDGAR FAWCETT protests against the statement that there is a similarity between Gautier's 'Avatar' and his 'Douglas Duane,' "No one," says Mr. Fawcett, "who reads Gautier's fanciful, beautiful, but somewhat trivial tale, with its necromantic, mesmeric absurdities, cleverly handled by a master of mere ingenious quaintness, and then considers the much more serious motive of 'Douglas Duane,' founded upon an imaginative treatment of actual scientific law, can fail to perceive that the two stories bear no intrinsic resemblance to one another."

MR. GEORGE F. KELLY, publisher of *The Art Review*, announces some changes in connection with that valuable magazine. Hereafter it will con-

tain four etchings per year instead of twelve, and sixty full-page photogravures instead of thirty-six. At the same time the price per number will be raised from 75 cts. to \$1, the annual subscription price being \$10. The August, September and October numbers will be issued on or about Oct. 1, as one number, containing fifteen photogravures and an etching.

SEPTEMBER issues of Ticknor's Paper series of original Copyright Novels are No. 17, 'Patty's Perseverities,' by Arlo Bates; No. 18, 'A Modern Instance,' by W. D. Howells.

'THE STORY OF NELL GWYNNE AND THE SAYINGS OF CHARLES II.' will be issued shortly by Joseph F. Sabin, of New York. The new edition is not merely a reprint of Peter Cunningham's charming little book, but is extended by the addition of Mrs. Jameson's Sketch of Nell Gwynne, as published in the 'Beauties of the Court of Charles II.' The book has been a favorite with illustrators. The period is rich in interesting material. This issue is got up as an "Illustrators' Edition" and with a new and copious index as an improvement. The edition is limited, there are 50 copies on large paper, (small folio), and six copies only on Whatman drawing paper. The English edition is too small a book for the illustrator's purposes and instead of woodcuts a number of etchings adorn the new American edition.—*J. F. Sabin, Agent, 21 Ann Street, New York, N. Y.*

MESSRS. TICKNOR & Co., Boston, announce for September, 'An Operetta in Profile,' by Czelka; 'The Correspondence of Thomas Carlyle and Ralph Waldo Emerson,' by Charles Elliot Norton; 'Nathaniel Hawthorne and his Wife,' by Julian Hawthorne; with illustrations. Also 'Scott's The Lay of the Last Minstrel; Tennyson's' 'Enoch Arden and other Poems,' Tremont edition, uniform with 'Lucile' and 'The Lady of the Lake' and pocket editions of little classic size.

FOREIGN NOTES.

MESSRS. CHAMBERS & SON have in a forward state of preparation a new and thoroughly revised edition of their Encyclopædia.

In his 'Artistes Célèbres' series M. Rouam of Paris has just published 'Joshua Reynolds' by Ernest Chesneau.

WE are glad to learn that the Bodleian authorities intend to publish facsimiles of some of their MSS.

MESSRS. MACMILLAN have in preparation a little volume of selections from Tennyson, edited with notes for use in schools by the Rev. Alfred Ainger.

CHATTO & WINDUS, London, announce 'An Anthology of the Novels of the Century: choice readings from all the best novels of the last eighty years,' edited, with critical and biographical notes, by Mr. H. T. Mackenzie Bell.

A THIRD and revised edition in two volumes of Mr. John Southward's 'Practical Printing' is announced by Messrs. J. M. Powell & Son. The work has been thoroughly revised and in part rewritten. Many fresh diagrams, illustrations and tables have been introduced, and the descriptions of methods and appliances carefully brought up to date.

MESSRS. FIRMIN-DIDOT & Co., of Paris, have now issued the sixteenth volume of their splendidly illustrated edition of the Waverley Novels. With this volume, which contains 'Woodstock,' they close the monthly publication of Scott's novels; but they purpose bringing out four more novels at yearly intervals.

THE courageous venture of Mr. Alexander Gardner, of Paisley, in publishing a new and greatly enlarged edition of Chalmers' work has met with the success it deserved. Nearly the whole of the large paper copies have been subscribed for, and the small paper copies have been taken up to an extent which leaves no doubt that the work will be out of print by the time its publication is completed. The first volume has lately been issued, and is as handsome a specimen of book-making as any collector could desire to have on his shelves. It will extend to seven, or possibly eight, volumes.

UNDER the title of 'Manuel Historique et Bibliographique de l'Amateur de Reliures,' M. Léon Gruel, himself a bookbinder, contributes an important work on the history and bibliography of bookbinding. It contains, besides, a general introduction, an alphabetical index, and concludes with the bibliography of works relating to bookbinding. This publication is enriched with numerous engravings, eight chromolithographs, and fifty-eight heliographs, illustrating ancient specimens of bookbinding. Fifty copies have been printed on Japan paper, at 200 frs. each; 250 on Vosges, specially tinted paper, at 125 frs. each; and 700 on ordinary paper, at 70 frs. Published by Messrs. Gruel & Eugelmann of Paris. (Large 4to, 186 pp. of text.)

Henri Harrisse, the American archæologist, has completed his 'Excerpta Columbiniana.' It contains the detailed description of 448 French, Italian or La in documents, printed in black letter, and dating from the beginning of the sixteenth century. These incunabula were formerly in the possession of Fernando Columbus, son of the great navigator. In his anxiety to discover the treasures once composing the library collected by F. Columbus, M. Harrisse has appealed to all scholars, Frenchmen or others, who could help him in his researches. His labours have been greatly facilitated by the loan generously offered by Senor R. Zarco del Valle of a collection of notes brought together in 1841 by Senor B. J. Gallardo at Seville, whilst preparing materials for his 'Essayo de una Biblioteca Espanola.' Published by H. Welter, of Paris. (1 vol., 8vo, with portrait, 315 pp.)

Shortly will be published, by H. Loescher, of Turin, the first part of 'Inventari del Manoscritti delle Biblioteche d'Italia' (A Catalogue of the Manuscripts in the Libraries of Italy). This publication, which cannot fail to render important service to scholars, is edited by Signor Mazzatinti. Four or five parts will, it is said, be published every year. (Price 5fr., large 8vo, 160 pp.)

MR. REDWAY has the following books, more or less connected with the black arts, in preparation: 'The Kabbalah Unveiled; containing the following Books of the Zohar: 1, The Book of Concealed Mystery; 2, The Greater Holy Assembly; 3, The Lesser Holy Assembly,' translated into English by S. Liddell Mathers,—a translation of M. Adolphe d'Assier's 'Posthumous Humanity: a Study of

Phantoms,' by Mr. H. S. Olcott, President of the Theosophical Society,—‘A Professor of Alchemy (Denis Zachaire),’ by Mr. Percy Ross,—the first number of *Lucifer: a Theosophical Monthly*, edited by Madame Blavatsky and Miss Mabel Collins (Mrs. Kenington Cook),—and ‘The Real History of the Rosicrucians, founded on their own Manifestoes and on Facts and Documents collected from the Writings of Initiated Brethren,’ by Mr. A. E. Waite, author of ‘The Mysteries of Magic.’

Mrs. Ross, daughter of Lady Duff Gordon and granddaughter of Mrs. Sarah Austin, is preparing to edit the correspondence of her grandmother and mother. Any persons possessing letters of these two eminent ladies are requested to send them to Mrs. Ross, care of John Murray, Albemarle Street.

THE work upon which Prof. Mahaffy has been engaged for some time—and to which his little book on ‘Alexander’s Empire,’ in the series called “The Story of the Nations,” and also his recent lectures before the Royal Institution, were in the nature of “chips”—may be expected early in the autumn. It is entitled ‘Greek Life and Thought from the Macedonian to the Roman Conquest,’ and the publishers are Messrs. Macmillan.

WE hear that the volume of poems by Mr. Edwin Arnold, to be published by Trübner & Co. in the autumn, will contain several original pieces. ‘In an Indian Temple,’ which consists of a dialogue between an English official, a Nautch-dancer, and a Brahmin priest, embodies some deep Hindu metaphysics and moral questions in a lyrical Oriental setting. ‘A Casket of Jewels’ introduces us in a recondite manner to legends connected with precious stones. The book will also contain many minor poems.

A NEW edition of Mr. Bladen’s ‘Enemies of Books’ is to be issued very shortly in Mr. Elliot Stock’s “Book-Lover’s Library.” It will have an additional chapter, and will be illustrated with new drawings.

A VOLUME of Mr. Ruskin’s letters will be published next month under the title, ‘Hortus Inclusus’ (the Garden Close). The letters, which have been edited by Mr. Albert Fleming, are selections from those written by Mr. Ruskin during the last ten or twelve years to his friends and neighbours, the Misses Beever, “the sister ladies of the Thwaite, Conisdon.” The book will be published by Mr. George Allen, of Orpington, and will form a companion volume to the readings from ‘Modern Painters,’ entitled ‘Frondes Agrestes,’ and selected by Miss Susan Beever, “the younger lady of the Thwaite.” Mr. Ruskin, besides adding a few explanatory notes, has written a preface to the letters: this is dated Brantwood, June, 1887.

THE printers (in Benares?) are occupied with Sir Richard Burton’s third volume of ‘Supplemental Nights,’ which will before many weeks be issued to subscribers. They contain the ten tales in Galland, beginning with ‘Zayn al-Asnam’ and ‘Aladdin.’ These two have been translated directly from the Arabic MSS. in the Bibliothèque Nationale, lately acquired by M. Hermann Zotenberg. This distinguished Orientalist, by-the-by, is now printing the text of ‘Aladdin’ with prolegomena and annotations, which will be most interesting and novel to students. Sir R. Burton has been compelled, through

the impediments placed in his way by the Bodleian authorities to modify his plan, and to substitute Galland for the Wortley Montague MSS., of which he has as yet translated only half of the fourth volume.

MESSESS. CHATTO & WINDUS will publish shortly a new volume, by W. Clark Russell, entitled ‘A Book for the Hammock.’

MESSESS. SWAN SONNENSCHNEIN & Co. will shortly publish two important works on the Solomon Islands, by Mr. H. B. Guppy, M. B., F. G. S. The first, entitled ‘The Solomon Islands and their Natives,’ treats of the anthropology, natural history, botany, and climate of the region, and contains an account of the original discovery of the islands by the Spaniards, translated from the MS. of Gallejo’s journal. It is illustrated from photographs taken by the author. The second, ‘Notes on the Geology of the Solomon Islands,’ in addition to the geological observations, gives a general description of the islands and an account of the deep-sea deposit and of the coral-reef formations. In these volumes Mr. Guppy has also endeavoured to throw some light on the suitability of the group for colonisation.

MESSESS. W. H. ALLEN & Co. announce a new series of short historical biographies, under the title of the ‘Statesmen’ series, of which the first volumes will appear in the autumn. It is intended that the list shall be thoroughly comprehensive, including the famous makers of continental as well as of English history. Mr. Lloyd C. Sanders is the editor of the series.

GENERAL NOTES.

WE learn from the *Borsenblatt* that the German printers, booksellers and publishers have decided to commemorate, in a manner worthy of the great inventor, the fiftieth anniversary of the unveiling of the Gutenberg monument, in Mainz. An exhibition will be held of the Gutenberg relics and books which have been acquired by the town.

ACCORDING to the *Bibliografia Italiana* the Cassa, no public library has just acquired an important series of papers relative to the Government of Pope Urban VIII., whose name was Maffeo, and who was son of Antonio II. (Barberini), and the war waged against him by the Grand Duke of Tuscany. The series contains 38 documents in all. Amongst them is the autograph description by Tommaso Raggi of the flight of the Barberini from Rome in 1645; this latter manuscript is full of curious details. There is also a life of Tommaso Raggi and a panegyric of Cardinal Lorenzo Raggi.

ON the 1st of October will appear in Paris the *Bulletin Bibliographique International* a new monthly catalogue of the most important new publications English and Foreign. It will be a large octavo of 16pp., printed in double columns and the subscription will be 8 francs per an.

MM. FORZANI, printers to the Senate at Rome, have issued the prospectus of a grand *Bibliografia di Roma*, the life-work of the late Francesco Cerrotti, librarian for thirty years of the Corsini library, who died last February at the age of eighty. The work will be in four volumes, handsomely printed in large quarto form, and will be issued to subscribers at 20 lire a volume. The following is the classification adopted: (1) topography and views; (2) ecclesiastical history, with special reference to each pope and to the conclaves; (3) literature, including the libraries and academies;

(4) art, including the churches, catacombs, obelisks, inscriptions, &c.; (5) civil history, including that of the municipalities and of the great Roman families; (6) physical, with special mention of the Tiber and the Campagna.

AMERICAN press-work and typography have just received an unusual compliment through The Century Co. It comes in the form of a letter addressed by the Royal-Imperial Court and State Press of Vienna to the London agents of the company, under the impression that the magazine was printed in England. The letter, of which we have seen an English translation, expresses the greatest delight 'with the clean, neat impression, and deep, agreeable blackness of the woodcuts—qualities which we have not been able here to attain. In the same degree, even with the most expensive inks.' It continues: 'With the aim of attaining such faultless printing of illustrations in the works that appear from this establishment, we beg you to favor us with the addresses of the firms that supply you with ink and paper, and with the prices paid.' A request is also made for 'a few kilograms of ink and fifty or a hundred sheets of paper, the cost of which we shall make good.' Specimens of ink and paper will be sent to Vienna, and a full technical description of the methods of 'making ready' employed at the De Vinne Press.

SOME of the papers to be read at the approaching convention of the American Library Association, at Round Island Park, are here enumerated:—'Libraries as Factors in Seminary Work,' Prof. H. R. Adams, of Johns Hopkins University. 'An Account of the Libraries of Canada,' James Bain, Librarian of the Public Library at Toronto. Miss M. E. Burt, of the Jones School, Chicago, on 'The Relation of Literature to School Work.' Miss Ellen M. Coe, Librarian of the New York Free Circulating Library. 'An Account of the New York Free Circulating Library,' C. A. Cutter, Librarian of the Boston Athenæum. 'A Classification for Small Libraries. The Bibliography in Murray's English Dictionary.' R. C. Davis, University of Michigan. 'College Libraries.' S. S. Green, Public Library, Worcester, Mass., 'Schools and Libraries.' J. N. Larned, Librarian of Buffalo Library. 'Report on Library Architecture.' C. A. Nelson, of the Astor Library. 'Libraries for Specialists' Herbert Putnam, Athenæum, Minneapolis. 'The Selection of Books for Libraries.' F. Saunders, Librarian of Astor Library. 'Sketch of Dr. J. G. Cogswell.' A. Van Name, Librarian Yale College Library. 'The Librarian's Duty to His Successors.' James L. Whitney, Boston Librarian. 'Hints on Catalogue Making.' Justin Winsor, Librarian of Harvard University. 'Bad Methods of Classifying and Arranging Maps and Charts.'

MR. ALLAN PARK PATON, of the Greenock Library, has issued for private circulation a very neat pamphlet, to which, without any apology for doing so, we shall venture to call attention. It is called 'A Greenockian's Visit to Wordsworth'; and it consists of extracts from the journals of the late Rev. Dr. Park, of St. Andrew's, who in April, 1842, went to Rydal to see the haunts of the poet, and the man himself who had made the Lake district illustrious. Some interesting conversation is recorded. They spoke of Burns. "Pickering, the London publisher, has, it is said, three hundred letters in his hands which never have been, and never can be, published, from their impropriety and licentiousness. Yet why should we drag such parts of his character from their hiding place? He is now green in his grave."

Then Wordsworth went on to express a wish that Burns had addressed himself to the portrayal of other characteristics of Scottish life than those to be

seen in "Holy Willie's Prayer," "The Holy Fair," and "Rob the Rhymer's Address." Then the old poet had something to say on the discovery of an author's personality in his work. "I have always placed myself in the circumstances of my characters." And so, after much talk, which ranged from Shakspeare to "Montgomery of Glasgow," the Rev. Dr. Park was dismissed, but not before he had been furnished by Wordsworth with a complete guide, composed expressly for the occasion, whereby his tour of the Lake district would be facilitated.

THE Theosophists are about to start a new monthly magazine. On September 15 the first number will be issued of 'Lucifer,' in which it is proposed "to light the hidden things of darkness" on both the physical and psychic planes of life. The Joint editors are to be Madame Blavatsky and Miss Mabel Collins, the latter of whom will contribute to the first numbers "The Blossom and the Fruit: a tale of love and magic." It is explained that the title has no reference to the Enemy of Mankind, but is "the Latin 'Luciferus,' the light bringer, the morning star."

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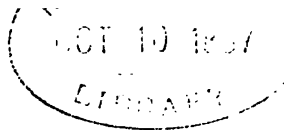
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ON THE DESTRUCTION OF MY BOOKS BY FIRE.

Farewell, companions of each passing year
Which o'er my head has roll'd, ye cannot feel
The pangs which on my broken spirit steal.
Ashes are ye, while I indulge a tear—
To you I look'd in sad affliction's hour—
When illness press'd, in you I sought relief;
Oft have I felt the influence of your power,
Assuaging sickness, or consoling grief.
'Tis solace to me, that in earlier time,
When my eye feasted on your various lore,
The dire calamity was kept in store,
And the blow struck when I was past my prime.
'Twas will'd by Him, who judges what is fit—
'Twere impious to repine—'tis duty to submit.

JOHN ADAMSON.

The following lines were written in reply, by
Robert Bigsby, LL.D., of Repton, Derbyshire, hon-
orary member of the Antiquarian Society and of the
Literary and Philosophical Society of Newcastle-
on-Tyne:—

TO JOHN ADAMSON, ESQ.,

ON READING THE SONNET UPON THE LOSS OF HIS BOOKS.

As when, by sorrowing friends, are solemn paid
The warrior's rites, and all that death can kill
Is yielded to his power, the matchless blade,
Which signal'd its proud scorn of adverse ill,
In freedom's holy cause triumphant still,
Is broken at the pyre, consigned to flame;
Lest other hand, less clothed with warlike skill,
Should grasp its trophied strength with nerveless
aim,
Its matchless glories quench, its far-famed laurels
shame!
So thou, dear Adamson, a victor-chief,
In fields more glorious far than war's rude boast,
Might sternly claim, may'st find a proud relief
From the sad seeming wreck of thy loved host
Of precious tomes, thy hoards of varied cost,
Given to remorseless flames—a matchless store;
'Twas Phœbus' self proclaim'd thy treasure lost,
That none less vers'd in thy so favourite lore
Should, with unlicens'd zeal, their charmed wealth
explore.

ROBERT BIGSBY, LL.D.

PHILIP BOURKE MARSTON.

The days of a man are threescore years and ten.
The days of his life were half a man's, whom we
Lament, and would yet not bid him back, to be
Partaker of all the woes and ways of men.
Life sent him enough of sorrow: not again
Would anguish of love, beholding him set free,
Bring back the beloved to suffer life and see
No light but the fire of grief that scathed him then.
We know not at all: we hope, and do not fear.
We shall not again behold him, late so near,
Who now from afar above, with eyes alight
And spirit enkindled, haply toward us here
Looks down unforgetful yet of days like night
And love that has yet his sightless face in sight.

ALGERNON SWINBURNE.

MY KITTY O!

Dull books, good-bye! No more shall I
In you seek recreation, O;
I'll pore no more o'er musty lore
For the fruitless information, O.
I'll o'er the foam, I'll hie me home,
I'll leave the dreary city, O,
O'er hill and dale, through glen and vale,
I'll roam alone with Kitty, O.
My Kitty, O! My Kitty, O!
Oh, what are joys of city, O,
Long years compared with one hour shared
In converse sweet with Kitty O?

Her eye is bright, her step so light
It scarcely bends the daisy, O.
If men her laugh like wine could quaff
'Twould surely send them crazy, O.
Soft ringlets press in fond caress
Around her ears so pretty, O,
And brow of snow, and lips aglow,
And rosy cheeks has Kitty, O.
My Kitty, O! My Kitty, O!
She's handsome, winsome, witty, O;
Seek far and near, from Bann to Clear,
You'll meet no peer for Kitty, O!

FRANCIS A. FAHY.

Dublin.

KEATS.

BY SIDNEY COLVIN. (MACMILLAN.)

A critical monograph on Keats, in which should be distilled all the new material that, since the appearance of Lord Houghton's biography, has been furnished by the industry of poetical students, has long been a desideratum. Indeed I remember hearing Lord Houghton himself say so at the very last interview I had with that most genial of men and most charming of biographers; and I well remember, too, that among the names of the critics who on that occasion were mentioned as being peculiarly well equipped for the task of preparing such a monograph that of Mr. Colvin was one. For surely the very ideal of the literary monograph is (if not Prof. Jebb's 'Bentley') Mr. Colvin's 'Landor.' And with regard to the book before me, on every page will be found evidence of that care and that scholarly conscience for which Mr. Colvin is distinguished even among English scholars. Every kind of information from every source has been examined with an honest sagacity which nothing can escape. With regard to the letters to Fanny Brawne, Mr. Colvin's remarks on their publication are severe; but he says, and says truly, that a biographer "cannot ignore these letters now that they are published." I think, however, that as a real and trustworthy exposition of the passionate heart of a poet too much has been made of these letters, both by those who have read them with sympathetic, and by those who have read them with unsympathetic, eyes. The love passion when most intense is not so voluble as we find it here. Perhaps, indeed, the mere impulse towards articulate expression must always be taken into account when we set about to judge of the expressed emotions of a writing man, whether in prose or verse. That it is possible for a man to become what Shakspeare calls "passion's slave"—possible for a man to melt in the grip of passion like wax in fire—is, of course, true. In real life we see it in the case of Nelson; in drama we see it in the case of Othello; but then the man thus enslaved is not one who writes such letters as Keats's. I do not, therefore, mourn over Keats's passion, as Rossetti used to do, nor get angry with it, as Mr. Swinburne does. Deeper than his passion for any woman was Keats's passion for poetry. This would soon have conquered the transient flame for Fanny Brawne—that very type of the hard-mouthed female Phillistine of England, who, with a wisdom beyond her years, preserved and carefully labelled the bard's love-letters, "because," as she said, "they might some day be of value." That other passion, however, the passion for poetry, was a serious matter.

Like Lord Houghton, and like all the writers upon Keats who have succeeded Lord Houghton, Mr. Colvin is inclined to speak of this passion as though it were *not* serious—to speak of the attacks of *Blackwood* and the *Quarterly* as though they had no serious effect upon Keats's life and happiness. Pleasant, indeed, must it be to an admirer of Keats if he can take this view of the matter. That there was in

Keats's constitution a tendency to phthisis is, of course, beyond question; but those who have watched the progress of this disease must have observed that in the life of a young person of consumptive tendency there is a period, ranging generally in the case of a young man between eighteen and twenty-five, and in the case of a young woman between sixteen and twenty-three, when the chief remedy against the further advance of the foe is entire peace of mind. If, during this period, the consumptive patient can (besides being fostered by all those conditions of a physical kind which are now at the command of medical science) be shielded from mental troubles—from all those disturbances of the emotions to which young people at this period of life are peculiarly liable—disturbances which exhaust that nervous current which is so sorely needed at the very fount of life itself—if this can be compassed, it is astonishing what nature will do in her struggle against the most deadly of all her foes. But let there come upon the patient during this period any great calamity, or even any vexation of a deep kind—especially if insomnia should set in—and results will follow exactly similar to those recorded in the case of Keats. I have myself seen cases where young people whose constitutions had been struggling bravely with the foe were struck down and hopelessly shattered by a very short period of mental trouble. If there has been among English poets a man so proud as Chatterton it was surely Keats. That so proud a man as he would try to conceal his wound was of course natural and, indeed, inevitable; but that he suffered deeply—that he "bled inwardly," as Chatterton bled—there is only too much evidence existing. The alarming symptoms set in immediately after he read the two venomous and contemptuous articles that live in connection with his name as a shame and a disgrace to the profession of letters. It is true that although at first he declared that he would "write no more poetry, but try to do what good he could in some other way," he soon "pulled himself together" (as the saying is) and treated the annoyance "as one merely temporary, indifferent, and external." But in order to realise what he suffered Mr. Colvin must remember how extremely ambitious was Keats—how proud, how courageous against every shaft of the "coarse world" but ridicule—and also how powerful for good or ill was in those days an article upon a young poet in *Blackwood* or the *Quarterly Review*. He must remember that the two poetasters who edited those journals—though their very names are now but faint echoes in the literary arena, while the name of the apothecary's boy they assailed is a growing music in the world's ear forever—were then men of very great consideration, and spoke through organs of so great influence and authority that when Keats's tragedy, 'Otho the Great,' was afterwards offered to the theatre, Keats's friend Brown advised that the author's name should be suppressed on account of the ridicule surrounding it. Certainly it is not pleasant to think that the

premature death of a poet whom both Mr. Matthew Arnold and Mr. Colvin name in the same breath with Shakspeare should have been partly brought about by the low-bred insolence of a man like Gifford and the tipsy vulgarities of a man like Wilson; but if it is true, we must accept the truth, however unpleasant, and hold it up as a warning to critics.

To Mr. Buxton Forman's exhaustive labours in Keatsian bibliography, and also to Mr. W. T. Arnold's admirable introduction to the one-volume edition of Keats, published in 1884, Mr. Colvin does full justice. It is a pity that Mr. W. T. Arnold's essay is not more widely known. Also, Mr. Colvin has had access to certain papers and correspondence left by the late Joseph Severn, which have been put into the hands of Mr. William Sharp, to be edited and published at his discretion. And it is interesting to know that these papers contain, in Mr. Colvin's judgment, "materials for what should be a valuable biography."

As to Mr. Colvin's remarks on Keats's poetry, the reader will, I think, find himself agreeing with most of them. Of the 'Ode on a Grecian Urn,' and the 'Ode to the Nightingale,' Mr. Colvin says that "both are among the veriest glories of our poetry." And few indeed are those who would gainsay him. In speaking, however, of the odes it should always be remembered that the difference between the elegiac odes of Keats and Wordsworth, and the impassioned odes of Shelley and Coleridge, is a difference not of degree but of kind. I have often thought, indeed, and have elsewhere suggested that a new name should be found for the elegiac ode, wherein the "fine frenzy" of the prophet is subdued by the pensive grace of the artist. To say which is the finer kind of ode, the ode of Shelley or the ode of Keats, might be difficult and even presumptuous. There will always be critics, I suppose, who like Mr. Swinburne, set the 'Ode to France' and the 'Ode to the West Wind' above the 'Ode to a Nightingale' and the ode on the 'Intimations of Immortality'; and there will always be critics who, like Mr. Matthew Arnold, do the reverse of this. But here, as in all things, Mr. Colvin agrees with Mr. Matthew Arnold. To him, Keats's odes are evidently the very finest in the language; and I, for one, dare not with any great emphasis challenge his judgment.

Mr. Colvin does not, I think, over-estimate the damaging effect of Leigh Hunt's jaunty mannerisms upon Keats's earliest poems. Only upon the very lowest slopes of Parnassus, if at all, is jauntiness a poetic mood. Poetry is a sacred thing—as sacred to-day as it was when 'Job' was written. Though science demonstrates ever so triumphantly the insignificance of the little human singer, the insignificance of the little planet from which he pipes to a universe where suns are thicker than the sands of Norfolk, poetry is still a sacred thing; and he who is not as earnest as the martyr at the stake is but a sorry poet, though, very likely, a worthy man of prose. Hunt's pert familiarities are sufficiently irritating in his own work, where, at least, they are

in a congenial jaunty setting: interspersed among Keats's verses—which, if not at any moment quite earnest enough, are at least rich and romantic and "beautiful exceedingly"—they become intolerable.

The rugged movements in which Keats so freely indulged are also commented upon by Mr. Colvin. These, however, were owing partly to the influence of Hunt's mistaken theory about the rhyme-pause, and partly to the fact that Keats's natural ear for rhythm was not, perhaps, so fine as to be entirely adequate to his other amazing poetical gifts. I have always thought that Mr. Swinburne's unrivalled rhythmic powers have made him less than just to 'Endymion,' where Keats, in his determined revolt against eighteenth-century canons and eighteenth-century movements, does certainly perpetrate some astonishingly inharmonious lines. In spite of this, however, not only in 'Endymion,' but also in such poems in Keats's first volume as 'Sleep and Poetry,' there are lines and even passages of some length which give full promise of all his future greatness as a poet. This, I am well aware, will be considered by many a rash saying, but I say it after much study of Keats and with a full recollection of all the puerilities in 'Endymion.'

I have touched already or shall touch upon so many points in this interesting volume that I have no space to discuss here so large a question as that of 'Hyperion: a Vision' in its relation to the original 'Hyperion'—a subject upon which Mr. Colvin has expended very great and very intelligent research and care. Yet I hope to say something about it on another occasion.

Upon the glorious fantasia 'The Eve of St. Agnes' many good things have been written from the days of Leigh Hunt to the present time, but nothing better than the following:

"As this poem does not attempt the elemental grandeur of 'Hyperion,' so neither does it approach the human pathos and passion of 'Isabella.' Its personages appeal to us, not so much humanly and in themselves, as by the circumstances, scenery and atmosphere amidst which we see them move. Herein lies the strength, and also the weakness, of modern romance—its strength, inasmuch as the charm of the mediæval color and mystery is unailing for those who feel it at all—its weakness, inasmuch as under the influence of that charm both writer and reader are too apt to forget the need for human and moral truth; and without these no great literature can exist."

These last words are especially wise and true. Poetry must always, as I once said before, reflect the life of nature or the life of man, else it is "nothing worth"; and for this very reason I do not fully agree with the remarks that follow, where Mr. Colvin defends the astounding moonlight effects in 'The Eve of St. Agnes':

"The painted panes in the chamber window, instead of trying to pick out their beauties in detail, he calls:

'Innumerable of stains and splendid dyes
As are the tiger moth's deep damask'd wings,'

a gorgeous phrase which leaves the widest range to the color-imagination of the reader, giving it at the same time a sufficient clue by the simile drawn from a particular specimen of nature's blazonry. In the last line of the same stanza:

'A shielded scutcheon blush'd with blood of queens and kings.'

—the word 'blush' makes the color seem to come and go, while the mind is at the same time travelling from the maiden's chamber on thoughts of her lineage and ancestral fame. Observation, I believe, shows that moonlight has not the power to transmit the hues of painted glass as Keats in this celebrated passage represents it. Let us be grateful for the error, if error it is, which has led him to heighten, by these saintly splendors of color, the sentiment of a scene wherein a voluptuous glow is so exquisitely attempted with chivalrous chastity and awe."

Here again, however, the subject is much too large a one to be fully discussed in a brief review; and I will merely say that, beautiful as are Keats's moonlight effects in this poem, they would have had a beauty of a far higher kind had they "reflected the life of nature." In "the seven-fold heaven of poetry," both fancy and imagination have, no doubt, a seat, yet, perhaps, in the seventh heaven, fancy hardly holds a place at all. It is the eye of fancy that sees the "warm gules" shed by moonlight through a stained glass window. Imagination knows no such effects, for imagination has the certitude of logic: she can never go wrong; she reflects the life of nature as surely as she reflects the life of man. To us of this scientific generation, whose eyes have been trained to look upon nature with faithful and loving eyes, it is almost incredible that Keats, and not only Keats, but a man of the highest objective power like Scott, could ever have given to moonlight a power which everyone in our time knows moonlight never could and never did display—in the northern hemisphere, at least; how it may be in Australia, where the moon is said to be half as powerful as the sun, let the critics of Australia tell us. The artistic growth of a true imagination is an organism as vital as any of the natural growths of the woods and fields; and even if nature's own "violets" happen to be not "radiant" as fancy would have them, but "dim," Shakspeare calls them so. All Mr. Colvin's remarks upon the 'Eve of St. Agnes' are so striking, however, that I cannot refrain from giving a second quotation from them:

"If the unique charm of the 'Eve of St. Agnes' lies thus in the richness and vitality of the accessory and decorative images, the actions and emotions of the personages are hardly less happily conceived as far as they go. What can be better touched than the figures of the beadsman and the nurse, who live just long enough to share the wonders of the night, and die quietly of age when their parts are over; especially the debate of old Angela with Lorenzo, and her gentle treatment by her mistress on the stair? A critic, not often so in error has contended that the deaths of the beadsman and Angela in the concluding stanza are due to the exigencies of rhyme. On the contrary, they

are foreseen from the first: that of the beadsman in the lines:

"But no—already had his death-bell rung;
The joys of all his life were said and sung";

that of Angela where she calls herself

"A poor, weak, palsy-stricken, churchyard thing,
Whose passing bell may ere the midnight toll."

Madeline is exquisite throughout, but, most of all, I think, at two moments: first, when she has just entered her chamber—

"No uttered syllable, or, woe betide:
But to her heart, her heart was voluble,
Paining with eloquence her balmy side";

and afterwards, when awakening, she finds her lover beside her, and contrasts his bodily presence with her dream:

"Ah, Porphyro!" said she, "but even now
Thy voice was at sweet tremble in mine ear,
Made tunable with every sweetest vow;
And those sad eyes were spiritual and clear;
How changed thou art! how pallid, chill, and drear!"

The "critic" here criticised is myself. And if Mr. Colvin has misread my words, the fault, I can well believe, has been my own lack of perspicuity and not my critic's lack of perspicacity. Undoubtedly I did once quote the last stanza of the 'Eve of St. Agnes' as an illustration of the very great pressure of rhyme-demands upon the wings of Keats's imagination:

"And they are gone; ay, ages long ago
These lovers fled away into the storm.
That night the Baron dreamt of many a woe,
And all his warrior-guests, with shade and form
Of witch, and demon, and large coffin-worm,
Were long be-nightmar'd. Angela, the old,
Died palsy twitch'd, with meagre face deform;
The beadsman, after thousand aves told,
For aye unsought for slept among his ashes cold."

And then I said what has aroused Mr. Colvin's displeasure:

"Now if we consider how fantastic (according to the law of association of ideas) are the conceptions of "coffin-worm" and "meagre face deform" in relation to the elopement of two lovers, and if we also recollect how few are the available rhymes to the initial rhyme-word 'storm,' we shall see that it was rhyme-necessity alone which caused the warriors to dream of 'coffin-worm'; and rhyme-necessity alone which caused poor Angela (who deserved 'to die on a feather-bed sipping a cup of spiced wine') to have such a miserable latter end, going off 'palsy-twitch'd, with meagre face deform.'"

Let me assure Keats's generous champion that I had in no way forgotten Angela's description of herself in the early part of the poem (indeed, who could forget a line of 'The Eve of St. Agnes'?); and yet I feel that in this beautiful romance Angela would not—but for the tyrant, rhyme—have been allowed to leave behind her the uncomfortable memory of the "meagre face deform" of a disfigured

corpse; and as to the jolly warriors, I feel sure they would have dreamt of hawk and hound, or else of the delight of battle, and not of the "coffin-worm," but for the same tyrant, who forced the hideous nightmare upon them. The beadsman, however, and his sleep among his ashes cold, I had, as my words show, accepted with as little demur as Mr. Colvin himself, whose "gentle wrath" on behalf of Keats I would fain appease.

On the whole, then, those who read this delightful little volume will admit that Mr. Colvin in his treatment of Keats is almost as happy as he was in his treatment of Landor. I say "almost" as happy, and yet not quite. Good as is the present monograph, it is not, perhaps, so vigorously written as the one on Landor, nor do the critical remarks seem to be quite so original or quite so ripe. If, however, in answer to these strictures it should be argued that ripeness of poetical criticism is as rare as original poetry itself, I should hardly know how to find an answer to such an argument. Mr. Matthew Arnold has declared that this age of ours is the age of criticism, not the age of original artistic work. On such a subject he is naturally listened to with very special respect; for, not only is he himself illustrious both as poet and as critic, but he has been pointed at as "the most distinguished man of letters in England" by the finger of England's Lord Chief Justice—a finger that must be assumed to point with authority whenever it is so condescending as to point in the literary direction at all. Yet when one recalls Mr. M. Arnold's own splendid achievements in original poetry, when one recalls the splendid achievements of Lord Tennyson, of Mr. Browning, of Mr. Swinburne, of Mr. William Morris, one cannot but ask oneself, where is the contemporary criticism that can be set beside such a body of original work as these latter days have produced? I will not say that it is the thought of this—the thought that in no department of literature is there so little originality as in criticism—which makes the critics of our time so modest; for the acknowledged chief of contemporary poets has failed to discover any modesty at all in the judgments of critics and in the "chorus of indolent reviewers." But surely if ever there was a time when man's gregarious instinct for "following a leader" was seen in the critic rather than in the poet, it is seen in the present age of monographs and popular biographies. Only let one powerful or brilliant writer of recognized authority say a thing with brilliance or with power, and howsoever fantastic the thing said may be, it is taken up by hundreds of writers of whose brilliance and power the well bred reader says as little as possible, until, at last, by mere force of reiteration it becomes an axiom. For instance, when Mr. Ruskin discoursed in his usual eloquent fashion of the "pathetic fallacy," if he had declared that to inform the unconscious universe with our own consciousness—our own passions and our own emotions, as the poets are wont to inform her—is to violate the laws of logic and common sense, he might have been right;

but when he tells us that the poet in so doing violates the sanctions of art and the laws of true imagination, he forgets that what logic and common-sense call the "pathetic fallacy" is part and parcel of the illogical soul of man—that without it there could have been no poetry at all, no language at all, no intelligence at all save that which belongs to the "pensive somnambulism of the lower animals." He forgets that every word in every tongue is charged with this "pathetic fallacy"—nay, is the outcome of this "pathetic fallacy." Nevertheless, Mr. Ruskin's phrase has been the central thought of how many critical utterances!

By these remarks I do not in the least mean to say a word against the brilliant genius of Mr. Ruskin, nor do I mean to insinuate that Mr. Colvin has been taken captive by it. Indeed, the reader of this monograph, for having been spared the usual talk about the "pathetic fallacy," will be delighted to give the writer of it all the gratitude that such self-abnegation deserves. Yet there is another writer of genius whose every will-o'-the-wisp Mr. Colvin is ready to follow whithersoever it may lead. I allude, of course, to the discoverer, fosterer, and patron of the famous "Celtic element." Many a reader must, I fear, have fled from Mr. Colvin's book in alarm on coming upon these ominous paragraphs.

"In the gifts and temperament of Keats we shall find much that seems characteristic of the Celtic rather than the English nature. Whether he really had any of that blood in his veins we cannot tell. His father was a native either of Devon or of Cornwall; and his mother's name, Jennings, is common in, but not peculiar to, Wales.

"Was it that, along with what seems his Celtic intensity of feeling and imagination, he had inherited a special share of that inward gloom which the reverses of their history have stamped, according to some, on the mind of the Celtic race?

"The Celtic instability," a reader may perhaps surmise who adopts that hypothesis as to the poet's descent. Whether the quality was one of race or not, it was proverbially inseparable from the peculiar complexion of Keats's genius."

For my own part, when I came upon "Celtic gloom" I really did flee from the book in terror, and that day I read no more. For, if Mr. Ruskin's "pathetic fallacy" has been a blessing to the word-joiner and a torture to the real student, what shall be said about Mr. Matthew Arnold's dreadful "Celtic element." I once knew a poet, and a great one, who for years dared not open a book of contemporary criticism, so great was his fear lest he should come upon the "dreaded name" of the "Celtic Titan" and his element. And this gives me an opportunity of once more imploring the critics to have mercy upon us, and to leave that discontented and sublime Titan alone for the next quarter of a century at least.

Everyone who has thought upon nature, the great dumb mother who bore us, knows that, although she

usually gazes out upon man with frank and open eyes, she sometimes will fall into another mood, and seem to be a beautiful spirit, dreaming of man's destiny—seem, in short, to be gazing at him with eyes of wonder, or else of mysterious joy, or else of a prophetic sorrow whose very greatness has made her dumb. And the recognition of this aspect of nature is, we may be sure, as old as the human race; the expression of it is, we know, as old as the very earliest poetry that has come down to us; for the expression of the "witchery and fairy charm" of nature, is the expression of the great religious heart of man. And because this quality of nature was to be found everywhere, and was essentially no more Celtic than it was Scandivanian or Finnic or Polynesian, Mr. Arnold called it the "Celtic element." In that delightful spirit of poetic whim which is one of his most charming characteristics he chose to call it so, and made us all—"Celts" as well as "English"—happy, especially the "English." That there was any reason for calling this quality the "Celtic element" or that Mr. Arnold had any special knowledge of matters Celtic entitling him to talk as sweetly and glibly about the "Celtic element" as Mr. Ruskin talked about the "pathetic fallacy," there was no need to enquire, any more than there was need to enquire what was Mr. Arnold's special knowledge of Shelley's poetry that enabled him to declare that the author of 'Prometheus Unbound' would go down to posterity not as a poet, but as the most elegant and accomplished polite letter writer of his time. So fascinating a writer is Mr. Matthew Arnold, so all conquering is his own wizardry and fairy charm, that had he chosen to call it the Maori element, the Timbuctoo element, or the element of the Cloud-cuckoo Townians, he would still have delighted us English Philistines, who are, it seems, the only people without the "fairy charm," and love to be told so. No one in this Philistine Island would have had the courage or the hardness of heart to ask Mr. Arnold how the Celts first obtained their "element," and how, after so many changes, they managed to keep it, and transmit it through English poets to us. For, true as well as charming as Mr. Arnold's utterances mostly are, it is his privilege to hold a place in English criticism like that of the reigning beauty in English society, the lady who knows that the value of her words depends not so much upon the things said as upon the rosy curve of the lips that say them. But, just as the reigning beauty has thousands of imitators, who, in order to be reigning beauties themselves, vex their sallow skins with pigments, or dye their swart locks with "liquid gold," so Mr. Arnold has imitators who wax eloquent about the "Celtic element," about the Titanic temper of the Welshman, the lofty Hibernian's "gloom" and sublime discontent, and the porcine element of the pure, thick-fingered John Bull—wax more eloquent, indeed, than Mr. Arnold himself had waxed, who, when he mounts a hobby horse, generally lets us know by a wink or a gesture that the creature he rides is not really a flesh and

blood steed, or at least is only equine in the Arnoldian sense.

The best examples of the "Celtic element" in poetry were, of course, from Shakspeare and Keats. Obviously, therefore, Shakspeare and Keats ought to have been Celtic Titans; and if the discoverer of the Celtic Titan did not attempt to base his "racial theory" upon "racial facts," and find a line of ancestral Celtic Titans for each English poet, it was, we may be sure, because Shakspeare's father being a sturdy Warwickshire yeoman, and Keats's father a sturdy London ostler, it was well to leave the "racial facts" alone. Mr. Arnold's followers, however, knowing that it is the privilege of genius alone to make bricks without straw; are more modest, and look around them for the "racial facts" which the discoverer of the "Celtic element" despised. While taking for granted the assumption of their master about the "Celtic element" in Shakspeare and Keats and while accepting the undoubted Stratford yeoman and the undoubted ostler of the Swan-and-Hoop, they account for the "Celtic element" in these thoroughly English poets by Mr. Colvin's theory of the "alternation of generations" in the Titanic variety of man—a theory akin, it seems, to that which the students of the entozoa have formulated in regard to the tape-worm. Between tapeworm and tapeworm there is a series of what the Danish biologist calls the "nursing generations," who, though not tapeworms themselves, hold the tapeworm "element" in suspense. Even so it is between Celtic Titan and Celtic Titan. This being established, why should not these nursing generations of the Titans be Warwickshire woolstaplers or London ostlers? Now the paternal ostler who begat and "nursed" Keats, though he groomed in Finsbury, was born in Devon. What are the counties adjoining Devon? Are they not Somerset and Cornwall? Somerset may be English un-Titanic, and without the "fairy charm"; but is not Cornwall—the land of Cornish giants and the killers of Cornish giants—Celtic and Titanic to the core? Who shall deny this? Far be it from me to deny it. Yet I would remind Mr. Colvin and the innumerable critics of the "Celtic element" school that, fine as is the element in question, thick-fingered John Bull is becoming weary of it, and is just now longing to hear the last of it, and also to see the back of the Celtic Titan—at least in the field of poetical criticism. I would remind them that there was a certain French Republican who, during the despotic reign of "Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity," exclaimed, "Brother Citizens, for Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity, I am most willing to die, but I will not be bored by them." THEODORE WATTS.

—*The Athenæum*.

AN ascent of Popocatepetl gives opportunity for all the usual experiences in high mountain climbing, and will be described in an illustrated article by Arthur Howard Noll in the forthcoming number of *The American Magazine*.

PAN AND THALASSIUS.

A LYRICAL IDYL.

THALASSIUS.

Pan!

PAN.

O sea-stray, seed of Apollo,
 What word wouldst thou have with me?
 My ways thou wast fain to follow
 Or ever the years hailed thee
 Man.

Now,

If August brood on the valleys,
 If satyrs laugh on the lawns,
 What part in the wildwood alleys
 Hast thou with the fleet-foot fawns—
 Thou?

See!

Thy feet are a man's—not cloven
 Like these, not light as a boy's:
 The tresses and tendrils interwoven
 That lure us, the lure of them cloy
 Thee.

Us

The joy of the wild woods never
 Leaves free of the thirst it slakes:
 The wild love throbs in us ever
 That burns in the dense hot brakes
 Thus.

Life,

Eternal, passionate, aweless,
 Insatiable, mutable, dear,
 Makes all men's law for us lawless:
 We strive not: how should we fear
 Strife?

We,

The birds and the bright winds know not
 Such joys as ours in the mild
 Warm woodland; joys such as grow not
 In waste green fields of the wild
 Sea.

No;

Long since, in the world's wind veering,
 Thy heart was estranged from me:
 Sweet Echo shall yield thee not hearing:
 What have we to do with thee?
 Go.

THALASSIUS.

Ay!

Such wrath on thy nostril quivers
 As once in Sicilian heat
 Bade herdsmen quail, and the rivers
 Shrank, leaving a path for thy feet
 Dry.

Nay,

Low down in the hot soft hollow
 Too snakelike hisses thy spleen:
 "O sea-stray, seed of Apollo!"
 What ill hast thou heard or seen!
 Nay.

Man

Knows well, if he hears beside him
 The snarl of thy wrath at noon,
 What evil may soon betide him,
 Or late, if thou smite not soon,
 Pan.

Me

The sound of thy flute, that flatters
 The woods as they smile and sigh,
 Charmed fast as it charms thy satyrs,
 Can charm no faster than I
 Thee.

Fast

Thy music may charm the splendid
 Wide woodland silence to sleep
 With sounds and dreams of thee blended
 And whispers of waters that creep
 Past.

Here

The spell of thee breathes and passes
 And bids the heart in me pause,
 Hushed soft as the leaves and the grasses
 Are hushed if the storm's foot draws
 Near.

Yet

The panic that strikes down strangers
 Transgressing thy ways unaware
 Affrights not me nor endangers
 Through dread of thy secret snare
 Set.

PAN.

Whence

May man find heart to deride me?
 Who made his face as a star
 To shine as a god's beside me?
 Nay, get thee away from us, far
 Hence.

THALASSIUS.

Then

Shall no man's heart, as he raises
 A hymn to thy secret head,
 Wax great with the godhead he praises:
 Thou, God, shalt be like unto dead
 Men.

PAN.

Grace

I take not of men's thanksgiving,
 I crave not of lips that live;
 They die, and behold, I am living,
 While they and their dead gods give
 Place.

THALASSIUS.

Yea:

Too lightly the words were spoken
 That mourned or mocked at thee dead:
 But whose was the word, the token,
 The song that answered and said
 Nay?

PAN.

Whose
But mine, in the midnight hidden,
Clothed round with the strength of night
And mysteries of things forbidden
For all but the one most bright
Muse?

THALASSIUS.

Hers
Or thine, O Pan, was the token
That gave back empire to thee
When power in thy hands lay broken
As reeds that quake if a bee
Stirs?

PAN.

Whom
Have I in my wide woods need of?
Urania's limitless eyes
Behold not mine end, though they read of
A word that shall speak to the skies
Doom.

THALASSIUS.

She
Gave back to thee kingdom and glory,
And grace that was thine of yore,
And life to thy leaves, late hoary
As weeds cast up from the hoar
Sea.

Song

Can bid faith shine as the morning
Though light in the world be none:
Death shrinks if her tongue sounds warning,
Night quails, and beholds the sun
Strong.

PAN.

Night
Bare rule over men for ages
Whose worship wist not of me
And gat but sorrows for wages,
And hardly for tears could see
Light.

Call

No more on the starry presence
Whose light through the long dark swam:
Hold fast to the green world's pleance:
For I that am lord of it am
All.

THALASSIUS.

God,
God Pan, from the glad wood's portal
The breaths of thy song blow sweet:
But woods may be walked in of mortal
Man's thought, where never thy feet
Trod.

Thine

All secrets of growth and of birth are,
All glories of flower and of tree,
Wheresoever the wonders of earth are;
The words of the spell of the sea
Mine.

A. C. SWINBURNE.

HERRICK AND HIS VERSE.

In America we are sometimes reminded that such a poet as Robert Herrick lived by seeing in the illustrated magazines a drawing of a graceful girl, clad in the charming dress of the time of the Stuarts, and underneath the picture a few lines of Herrick's poetry. If the verses are not made unintelligible by the intensely "Old English" style of printing, their freshness and delicacy cannot fail to please. This is as much as most people know of Herrick. Milton, Shelley, the cold Pope, the fiery Byron, and a score of other poets, are known and admired by nearly all educated Americans; but Herrick, the poet of the sunshine, of the flowers, of both nature and women in their loveliest moods, is almost unknown. Perhaps it is a heritage left us by our grave Puritan forefathers that we should prefer a sombre to a joyous muse. But most of the gloomy Puritan legacies have vanished, and let us hope soon to know the last of this morbid taste, which prefers mournful, mystic poetry to the simple songs which sing of the summer and its beauties.

Of the details of Herrick's life not much is known. He came of an ancient family which boasted its descent from one Eric the Wild, who long held the borders of Wales against William the Conqueror. In the latter part of the sixteenth century there lived in London two goldsmiths who were brothers, William and Nicholas Herrick. Robert, born in 1592, was the son of Nicholas Herrick. In 1615 he entered Cambridge where he spent three years. After taking his degree he lived for ten years in London. These ten years were probably the happiest years of his life. He was the intimate of the greatest wits of the day, of Carew, Selden and Ben Jonson. That Herrick and his friends spent glorious hours together we can gather from the following verses, which Herrick afterwards wrote while in Devonshire:

"Ah, Ben!
Say how or when
Shall we thy guests,
Meet at those lyric feasts
Made at the Sun,
The Dog, the Triple Tun;
Where we such clusters had
As made us nobly wild, not mad?
And yet each verse of thine
Outdid the meat, outdid the frolic wine."

Ben Jonson, then at the zenith of his reputation, presided at these feasts. It is easy to fancy how a man of Herrick's bright, genial nature enjoyed the friendship of such men. But in those days wits and literary men were noted for their improvidence, and Herrick during the ten years spent in London had wasted all his inheritance. In 1629 he was offered the vicarage of Dean Prior in Devonshire. For the sake of the small salary he was forced to exchange London and its wits for Devonshire and its clowns. The country about Dean Prior was wild and rough, and the people, for the most part, rude and unread. But Sir Edward Giles, a wealthy knight living at Dean Court, was an exception to most of Herrick's

neighbors. At Dean Court the new vicar spent much time, and soon became a great favorite both with the family of Sir Edward and with the numerous visitors of that hospitable knight. Herrick doubtless passed many pleasant days with these more cultivated gentry of the West, who must have listened with great respect to one who could tell anecdotes and speak with familiar fellowship of those much-talked of wits and writers whose books they themselves read and whose sayings they quoted. Nor did our poet dislike the long summer evenings which he spent with the fair daughters of these western squires, maids who sang his songs so sweetly that Herrick himself wondered at their melody, or who joined him in light banter, or watched him with rapt eyes, while, moved by the beauty of the night and the presence of his fair listeners, he recited some graceful lyric. Perhaps at such a time these verses may have been sung:

"Gather ye rosebuds while ye may,
Old time is still a-flying;
And this same flower that smiles to-day
Tomorrow will be dying.
The glorious lamp of heaven, the sun,
The higher he's a-getting,
The sooner will his race be run,
And nearer he's to setting.
That age is best which is the first,
When youth and blood are warmer;
But being spent the worse and worst
Times still succeed the former.
Then be not coy, but use your time,
And while ye may, go marry;
For having lost but once your prime,
You may forever tarry."

Notwithstanding such pleasant days and evenings, Herrick must often have longed for London and his old companions, and for the bright talk which had helped to make his own wit so keen and quick. Moreover, to add to his discontent, Dean Court during the troubles of Charles the First's reign was deserted by Sir Edward Giles, and Herrick lost his most congenial friends. It would not be strange if some of these had touched the poet's heart.

"I have lost, and lately, these
Many dainty mistresses:
Stately Julia, prime of all;
Sappho next, a principal;
Smooth Anthea, for a skin
White and heaven-like crystalline;
Sweet Electra, and the choice
Myrrha for the lute and voice.
Next, Corinna, for her wit,
And the graceful use of it;
With Perilla: all are gone,
Only Herrick's left alone,
For to number sorrow by
Their departure hence, and die."

Herrick grew more and more restless,—

"More discontents I never had,
Since I was born, than here;
Where I have been, and still am sad,
In this dull Devonshire."

And when in 1648 his royalist sympathies caused the loss of the vicarage, it must have been with a light heart that he set out for London.

In order to support himself, Herrick now collected and published his poems the 'Hesperides,' and the 'Noble Numbers.' These verses were well suited to the taste of the royalist families, and doubtless brought their author many friends as well as guineas. Happy in the more refined society of the city, and honored by many noble patrons, Herrick lived on in London until the Restoration. When the royalists again came into power Herrick returned to Dean Prior, where, loved and respected, he passed his last days.

It is difficult to specify the qualities which give Herrick's poetry its peculiar charm. One might as well try to point out the beauties of some delicate flower by analyzing it. The best essay on this poet would be a collection of his lyrics. Yet not all people admire Herrick. Some think his verse shallow, others think it too "pretty," and still others think it gross and sensual.

The people who think Herrick's poetry shallow probably mistake simplicity for shallowness. This class of fault-finders is composed chiefly of those who delight in mournful, mystic and intense poetry; a school of which Swinburne is the foremost representative. The admirers of Swinburne seem to think the most essential quality of poetry to be a magnificent vagueness. They fancy that hidden beneath this vagueness lie grand thoughts too subtle to be grasped. But to most healthy minds the verse of Swinburne and his imitators will be disappointing. The beauty of the form serves merely to hide the weakness, and often the ugliness, of the thought. This verse might be likened to a lay-figure in some artist's studio. On the outside the figure is gorgeous with rich brocades; push these aside and within is nothing but a few artfully contrived bits of wood.

The few ideas which are expressed intelligibly by these verse-makers are too often either morbidly mournful or so intense and fervent that they border on coarseness.

Herrick's verse is neither intense, mystic, nor mournful. He does not, like Swinburne, sing of clinging lips, nor of bodies, "stained with sharp kisses red and white." He says what he has to say clearly and simply. Nor is he always bewailing his woes. As Palgrave says, using the words of some poet, Herrick "adds sunlight to daylight" and is able to "make the happy happier."

He sings to Fortune:—

"Tumble me down, and I will sit
Upon my ruins, smiling yet;
Tear me to tatters, yet I'll be
Patient in my necessity."

People who think Herrick's poetry too "pretty" are usually those who err as greatly on the side of Puritanism as Oscar Wilde did on the side of Æstheticism. Herrick himself detested the solemn Puritans, and we cannot expect their admirers to like him. All we can do for such people is to teach

them to see the beauties of green fields and shady woods and young womanhood, for who sees beauty in these things must see beauty in Herrick.

The same people who think Herrick too trivial and pretty are apt to think him loose and coarse. But these very straight-laced worthies should remember that Herrick lived two hundred and fifty years ago, when the usages of society were very different from what they are now, a time when the most refined people touched upon subjects and used words which are now entirely tabooed. It is to be feared that many people who find Herrick coarse are seeking for this imaginary coarseness when they read him,—and it is an old saying that people who are anxiously looking for something are apt to find it whether it exists or not. It must be a morbid mind that finds this lyric coarse:

"White though ye be, yet, lilies, know,
From the first ye were not so;
But I'll tell ye
What befell ye.
Cupid and his mother lay
In a cloud; while both did play,
He with his pretty finger pressed
The ruby niplet of her breast;
Out of the which the cream of light,
Like to a dew,
Fell down on you,
And made ye white."

The 'Noble Numbers' contain some beautiful poems,—notably 'The Litany,'—which shows Herrick to have had grave thoughts as well as light fancies.

Among the dainty lyrics in Herrick's 'Hesperides' are scattered short epigrams; lines which might have been dashed off in some convivial hour. Their rather broad wit I can conceive as perfectly natural to a man like Herrick, who enjoyed the talk of witty boon companions, as well as the most delicate beauties of nature. It has been said that these epigrams are very much out of place among the lyrics, but perhaps the author added them that his readers might not become satiated by too many sweets.

In some of his little couplets Herrick has shown that he possessed both wisdom and the power of expressing his wisdom in a terse form:—

"If little labour, little are our gains,
Men's fortunes are according to their pains."

or when he excuses his celibacy by saying

"Suspicion, discontent, and strife,
Come in for dowry with a wife."

But of course Herrick is at his best in his lyrics, and best of all in those which deal with flowers or with women. These tender little lays are exquisite in their delicacy and freshness. They are never artificial. They are filled with the fresh odors of wild flowers, and are still warm with the presence of the "dainty mistresses" whose charms he sang.

"Sweet, be not proud of those two eyes
Which, starlike, sparkle in their skies;
Nor be you proud that you can see

All hearts your captives, yours yet free;
Be you not proud of that rich hair,
Which wantons with the love-sick air;
Whenas that ruby which you wear,
Sunk from the tip of you soft ear,
Will last to be a precious stone,
When all your world of beauty's gone."

Herrick has imprisoned in his melodious lines all that is most beautiful in woman and in nature, and as long as a fair woman, or a fair woodland scene is admired, so long ought his poetry to be read.

F. S. PALMER in the *Harvard Monthly*.

THE ART OF BOOK BUYING.

They do these things better in Paris. Quérard, Brunet, Barbier, Peignot, Lacroix, Nodier, Paris, Renouard, Didot, Uzanne, Beraldi, are bibliographers who have taught booksellers to be bibliopoles. Charles of Orleans, Gui Patin, Bossuet, Mazarin, Colbert, La Vallière, Double, Baron Pichon, are names of French collectors who had the erudition and correct taste needful to bibliographers. In Paris there are bibliopoles and bibliophiles; in New York booksellers and book collectors. Your bookseller is your enemy on the principle that business is the money of others. He makes your education with Morgand's catalogue for a catechism; believes he is a missionary; says of a great book buyer, "my pupil." Henri Beraldi and his father were great collectors of prints. After 12 years of collecting a historical series of portraits, the work of portrait engravers of the eighteenth century, portraits of women, the iconography of Marie Antoinette, the work of the vignettists of the eighteenth century, addresses, cards, invitations, book plates, coats of arms, Henri Beraldi compiled a catalogue of his collection, and published it in an edition of 100 copies. It was more than a valuable reference book; it is an interesting book for a bibliophile, filled with personal notes and anecdotes. Conquet wrote the following letter:

MONSIEUR BERARDI: A certain number of subscribers to 'Bibliothèque d'un Bibliophile' want 'Mes Estampes;' that I cannot give them, that last work having been issued in too limited an edition. Would you consent, for their satisfaction, to authorize an edition of 100 copies of 'Mes Estampes' at my expense and for my account? Accept, &c., L. CONQUET.

M. Beraldi returned the letter with this indorsement: "Approved. (Nothing can be refused to Conquet.) H. B." Conquet is a bookseller at whose store one may meet every afternoon, between 4 and 5, Ludovic Halévy, Paul Bourget, André Theuriet, Giacomelli, Henriot, Robida, artists, men of letters, wealthy bibliophiles. They go there instead of going to Tortoni's at the absinthe hour. And that is why Conquet knows books so well; that is, books that are illustrated, books of the nineteenth century, because that is the fancy of the Conquet coterie.

To Rouquette's Poulet-Malassis came every day for the good of his work on book plates, and Henry Cohen for the good of his famous manual. They met there James de Rothschild, Quentin Bauchart, Brivois, Parran, another coterie of artists, men of letters, and bibliophiles.

It was Morgand who taught Fontaine, when he was a clerk of the latter, to make a high-priced catalogue; Fatout, a clerk of Caen, was a great book finder on the quays. Morgand and Fatout went into partnership. Conquet, Rouquette, Fontaine, Morgand, (Fatout is dead,) are the bibliopoles of Paris. There are booksellers there without number. The Hotel Drouot, the caravansary where everything that is sold in Paris at auction, from houses to chickens, is sold, has a "Commissaire Priseur," an officer of the Government, who has a rostrum and an ivory mallet with an ebony handle to knock down stock like the President of the Stock Exchange. The Hotel Drouot has an "expert" who appraises the stock and a crier who shouts the bids. An important book sale at the Hotel Drouot is like a first performance at the Français. The "Commissaire Priseur" has donned his best clothes. Seats at the round table, where the books circulate one by one for examination, have been reserved. There is in the room the solemnity of a funeral ceremony at the Madeleine. The book buyer does not scratch his nose or look unutterable things at the crier as he would do here for a bid. He tells his price frankly, Rouquette with a Gascon accent; Morgand, his intimate enemy at book sales, with a voice that comes from his boots. When Rouquette meets Morgand then comes the tug of war. They do not trouble themselves with bidding at the beginning, but bid last, and when they have ceased the war ends for lack of fighters. They are wont to taunt each other with the affirmation that "there is a grease spot on page 133, seventh line."

In Paris they will not sell you a book for 500f. and let it go afterwards at your own auction sale for 100f. If they have sold you a "peachblow vase" sort of a book their dignity as well as their interest will make them redeem it at the price they have made you pay, or not much less. It is the ambition of every bookseller not to become wealthy in 10 or 20 years, but to become a bibliopole; perhaps because in that realm of equality everybody's desire is to be of the privileged few, perhaps because honors are prized more than riches there. It is silly to run mad after a bit of red ribbon for the lapel of one's coat, but it is not for the bibliophile who runs mad after bookbinding to say so. Moreover, the man who would rather have a red ribbon than a fortune, if a bookseller, is the man for a bibliophile. Valuable books are not to be sold like boots; there must be some show of feeling about it.

In New York they tell tales of a bookseller who buys books at auction here in the Spring, takes them with him to Paris in a trunk in the Summer, ships them back to his store in the Fall in cases that are opened in the presence of flabbergasted book men.

He shows a Paris invoice for them. Sometimes it is the library of a Marquis, sometimes the collection of a cousin to a descendent of a governess of a Queen's children. This trick is said to pay well; doubtless it does, judging by librettos that fetch from \$15 to \$30 for having been in the Tuilleries Library, ("as witness the binding with its large, gilded initial N.,") but these things are manufactured by wholesale in the Boulevard Saint-Michel.

Perhaps it would be more moral for a bookseller not to scratch the lettered title of a print that it may pass for a proof, or not to stamp the arms of Mme. de Pompadour on a book that never was in her library, or not to shout, "is it complete?" at an auction sale when a book is offered, for the purpose of depreciating its value, whether he sold it originally or not, but especially if he sold it. At a recent auction sale an ancient bookseller was caught scratching with his nail a morocco binding by Petit and a binding with the arms of Louis Philippe; another passing a wet finger on an etching by Meissonier. At a sale of incunabula a bookseller gave a bid of \$3 on a German Psalter that he sold to the collector for \$75. It may be business, but it is not right. There never was a book auction sale in New York, not made in the interest of a certain clique of booksellers, where the prices were not said to be too low. There never was an auction sale in New York where the prices were too low. A valuable book finds its level, like water; it fetches the price that it is worth, sometimes more, rarely less; but the value of a book is not the price that can be got for it at private sale. If you should ask the trained collector why booksellers say that the prices at a certain auction sale were too low he would refer you to the booksellers' catalogues, wherein the same books are dearer. If you should ask how the fiction has been kept up for a decade he would turn to his scrap book, filled with clippings from the "trade" papers that say it is too late for an auction sale in June, too early in September, too much in the season in December, that the catalogue is not explicit enough, that the catalogue is too explicit, that the sale was not advertised, that it was over-advertised. The truth is that the dealers in books for bibliophiles, after they have educated their customers, and these have had their "experience" sale, lose them. The trained collector, even if he has the purse of Fortunatus, does not regard his passion for books as a passion to be gratified by force of money. If he did, Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt, who is passionately fond of books, would have the best library in America; James de Rothschild, who knew books as well as his friends Rouquette, Morgand, and Fontaine, would have left at his death the best library in France behind him. The man who pays more for a book than it is worth is not a bibliophile.

Some New Yorkers may remember an old man who looked as if he might have come out of the cobwebs of antiquity, who carried books in his arms and the deep pockets of his long coat, in every office building where there is a notice to peddlers that they

shall not be admitted. He did not know how to read, but he knew every rare and valuable book that he peddled, its literary as well as its bibliographical value; if you questioned him, you found that he was not saying his lesson. He sold books at their value. Frenzeny's title page of *THE BOOKMART* is his portrait.

Whenever a book is knocked down to G. B. at an auction sale the price of it is 10 cents. G. B. is a Canadian, an amiable gentleman, who has for 10 years attended every auction sale in the city and bought the greater number of French books sold here that have been sold for 10 cents. His name is Georges Benoit. He has books that fill every room of his large house in East Twenty-first street, and he has read them. They shall never be worth more than 10 cents, but there are many books worth only 10 cents better than their elders in the domain of bibliography.

To learn the art of book buying ought not to cost so much as it does. When there were few public libraries it was well to have a large collection of books. Now the bibliophile's bookcase is a jewel box, not a collection of memorial tablets. The collector who shall have a hundred books worthy of the twentieth century bibliophile's library will have an ideal library. He should not send his orders to booksellers to form it, but learn his alphabet of a collector in the catalogues of book auction sales and wait for the sales that are to come. Mr. C. Jolly Bavoullot has a complete collection of the first editions, uncut, with the original paper covers, of the romantic school of literature in France. He has it in a corner of his little library room in Stuyvesant square. There is not a collection of "Romaines" to compare with it in France. He has every first edition of Victor Hugo, with an autograph in each book relating to the book or written at the time of its publication. The collection was not made by force of money, but by force of patience, an indispensable quality for a book collector. He waited 10 years for a copy of the *Conservateur Littéraire*, a newspaper edited by Hugo when Hugo was a boy, an ardent Royalist and a pious Catholic. It appeared often in these years in special catalogues of booksellers, it was well known that he wanted it, its price was fabulous, but he knew that it was in the collection of a man aged 80, and when the man died he bought it at his sale at its value. Wherefore it should be a dogma with bibliophiles that there are no scarce books. There are booksellers who wantonly or by ignorance charge too much for their wares, bibliographers who copy each other without investigation, book collectors who have been educated by booksellers and have not yet had their "experience" sale. It may seem paradoxical to say that great private collections are not only for the wealthy, but it is true, and the experience of every one who will not bury his talent in a napkin. DAVID GAMUT.

A. EYRICH, New Orleans, has in press for early issue, 'Who Did It,' by the Hon. Robert N. Ogden.

MR. STEVENSON'S POEMS.

'Underwoods.' By Robert Louis Stevenson. (London: Chatto & Windus, 1887.)

We take up with a certain tremor a new book, and especially a book in an untried form, by a writer whose past works have given us keen enjoyment. Shall we warn: to the new-comer at once? Or shall we take long to find a place for it in our affections beside the elders of its kindly race? Or will it always seem an interloper, a changeling, a jarring voice in the choir? In the case of 'Underwoods' the tremor quickly passes away. Here is no interloper, no changeling, but rather, unless we greatly err, the very "flower of the flock."

In taking Ben Jonson's title Mr. Stevenson has shown what may be called a justified audacity. It is to the original 'Underwoods' that we owe the line "He was not of an age but for all time," and the epitaph on "Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother." Not every singer could, without rashness, evoke such memories; but Mr. Stevenson had perhaps a well-weighed purpose in running the risk. His manner, indeed, is not specially Jonsonian, but as compared with the dominant poetic methods of the day it is a return towards the simplicity, the directness, the homely virility, of an earlier age. Mr. Stevenson is not a patient enchanter of far-fetched, costly jewel-words. He does not wriggle laboriously through labyrinthine rhyme-schemes. He is no gymnast-virtuoso, swinging and swaying hither and thither through vaporous vacuity on a complex system of metrical flying trapezes. He does not hold endless æsthetic-psychological parleyings with people of no importance in their day and of less than none in ours. All these exercises may be good in their way, but it is not Mr. Stevenson's way. Sane and straightforward human speech is the basis of his poetic style. He neither encrusts it with ornament for ornament's sake, nor makes it rush and rave in Mænad-like leaps and contortions. Gorgeousness of color and polyphonic complexity of sound are not for him. His care is for limpid melody, clean cut precision of thought and utterance, vividness of touch, coolness of tone, and classic terseness and composure. He has read the poets, past and present, and learned much of them, but they have not overborne his individuality. If there is any one latter-day singer to whom he is specially akin it is Mr. Matthew Arnold; but the likeness, so far as it goes, is not one of imitation. In the least happily turned of all his verselets Mr. Stevenson summarizes his own poetics. Like the boy, he says, who "from the green elm a living linnet takes," he would fain "one natural verse recapture—then be still." Perspicuity, truth, grace—these are the cardinal virtues of his system.

Comradeship or clanship is the dominant note in the first half, the English half, of 'Underwoods.' Out of thirty-eight pieces, some twenty, and these the most important, are dedicated directly or indirectly to relatives or friends. Here is a poem ad-

dressed ("during a dangerous illness ") "To H. F. Brown":—

I sit and wait a pair of oars
On cis-Elysian river-shores.
Where the immortal dead have sate
'Tis mine to sit and meditate;
To re-ascend life's rivulet,
Without remorse, without regret;
And sing my *Alma Genetrix*
Among the willows of the Styx.

And lo, as my serener soul
Did these unhappy shores patrol,
And wait with an attentive ear
The coming of the gondoller,
Your fire-surviving roll I took
Your spirited and happy book;
Whereon, despite my frowning fate,
It did my soul so recreate
That all my fancies fled away
On a Venetian holiday.

Now, thanks to your triumphant care,
Your pages clear as April air,
The sails, the bells, the birds I know,
And the far-off Friulan snow;
The land and sea, the sun and shade
And the blue even lamp inlaid,
For this, for these, for all, O friend,
For your whole book from end to end—
For Paron Piero's mutton ham—
I your defaulting debtor am.

Perehance, reviving, yet may I
To your sea-paven city hie,
And in a *felze*, some day yet
Light at your pipe my cigarette.

To readers of 'A Child's Garden,' it will be no surprise to find Mr. Stevenson excelling in such light measures. We were less prepared to find him handling blank-verse with rare and individual mastery. Take, for instance, some lines from a poem entitled 'Et tu in Arcadia vixisti,' addressed 'To R. A. M. S.':—

In ancient tales, O friend, thy spirit dwelt;
There, from of old, thy childhood passed; and there
High expectation, high delights and deeds,
Thy fluttering heart with hope and terror moved.

Thou badest a booth in Samarcand, whereat
Side-looking Magians trafficked; thence, by night,
An Afreet snatched thee, and with wings upbore
Beyond the Aral mount; or, hoping gain,
Thou, with a jar of money, didst embark,
For Balaorah, by sea. But chiefly thou
In that clear air took'st life; in Arcady
The haunted, land of song; and by the wells
Where most the gods frequent. There Chiron old,
In the Pelethronian antre, taught thee lore:
The plants, he taught, and by the shining stars
In forests dim to steer. There hast thou seen
Immortal Pan dance secret in a glade,
And, dancing, roll his eyes. . . .

Take, again, the following verses on 'Skerryvore'—the name of Mr. Stevenson's house at Bourne-mouth, and of one of his father's lighthouses:—

For love of lovely words, and for the sake

Of those, my kinsmen and my countrymen,
Who early and late in the windy ocean toiled
To plant a star for seamen, where was then
The surfy haunts of seals and cormorants:
I, on the lintel of this cot, inscribe
The name of a strong tower.

* * * * *

Here all is sunny, and when the truant gull
Skims the green level of the lawn, his wing
Dispetals roses; here the house is framed
Of kneaded brick and the plumed mountain pine,
Such clay as artists fashion and such wood
As the tree-climbing urohin breaks. But there
Eternal granite hewn from the living isle
And doweled with brute iron, rears a tower
That from its wet foundation to its crown
Of glittering glass, stands, in the sweep of winds,
Immovable, immortal, eminent.

"For love of lovely words," as Mr. Stevenson puts it, we quote this poem preferring it only on account of its brevity to the noble address 'To My Father,' which may be said to prelude it. These and other blank verse poems (such as 'Not yet my Soul,' and 'To N. V. de G. S.') strike us as the most excellent things in the book; yet if anyone takes greater pleasure in 'Our Lady of the Snows,' 'To F. J. S.,' 'Is it not yours,' or 'The Sick Child,' we shall scarcely quarrel with his taste. It is altogether rash to prophesy that this little 'Requiem' will sing in the souls of men when more pretentious lyrics, and volumes and cycles of lyrics, have long gone silent?—

Under the wide and starry sky,
Dig the grave and let me lie.
Glad did I live and gladly die,

And I laid me down with a will.

This be the verse you grave for me:
Here he lies where he longed to be;
Home is the sailor, home from sea,
And the hunter home from the hill.

Of the verses 'In Scots' which form the second portion of the book we cannot claim to speak with authority. Mr. Stevenson's Scotch has been loudly praised and severely criticised. It is certainly nervous, expressive, pithy—but is it pure? Mr. Stevenson himself confesses to mixing his dialects; and when we find the two forms "laigh" and "law" (meaning "low") flourishing side by side we are apt to suspect something of the sort. But is this all? Is "law" a classic form at all? Is it not a mere mispronunciation of the English "low," adopted by Mr. Stevenson for the sake of the rhyme? The truth seems to be that broad Scotch is, and has been since long before Mr. Stevenson's time, in process of degeneration from a language into a mere provincialism. Mr. Stevenson has studied the best literary models, but his ear has not escaped contamination from the bastard speech of the day. His Scotch verses, for the most part in Burns's favorite metre, are full of wit and vigor; but they contain phrases which would scarcely seem home-bred, one suspects, to Walter Scott or Mr. Jonathan Oldbuck of Monkbarns. Such a word as "burkes," for in-

stance, though an Edinburgh poet may possibly defend it as "local color," gives an essentially modern tone to the verse in which it occurs. "Burke" is not a distinctively Scotch word at all, any more than "boycott" is Irish. It came into use throughout the three kingdoms in 1829; Mr. Pickwick employed it in 1836. Now, broad Scotch is nothing if not classical. In a novel of to-day the debased dialect of to-day is, of course, admissible, but not in poetry. Nevertheless, no Scotchman can fail to take delight in such verses as these, from a poem 'To Doctor John Brown':—

As at the gowff, some canny play'r
Should tee a common ba' wi' care—
Should flourish and deelever air
His souple shintle—
An' the ba' rise into the air
A leevin' lintie:

Sae in the game we writers play,
There comes to some a bonny day,
When a dear ferlie shall repay
Their years o' strife,
An' like your Rab, their things o' clay,
Spreid wings o' life.

Ye scarce deserved it, I'm afraid—
You that had never learnt the trade,
But just some idle mornin' strayed
Into the schùle,
An' picked the fiddle up an' played
Like Neil himsel'.

Your e'e was gleg, your fingers dink;
Ye did nae fash yoursel' to think,
But wove, as fast as pias can link,
Your denty wab:—
Ye stapped your pen into the ink,
An' there was Rab!

With this book Mr. Stevenson enrolls himself among our serious verse-writers. What station may ultimately be assigned to him who can tell? One thing, however, is certain: be it high or low, conspicuous or obscure, his place in poetry, as in literature at large, will be a place apart. Other men can do greater things than he, things loftier and more splendid, both in prose and verse; but just what he does no one else can do. As a prose-writer, as a tale-teller, and now as a poet, he stands alone.

THE STUDY OF OLD FRENCH.

La Langue et la Littérature Françaises. Par Karl Bartsch et Adolf Horning. (Paris: Maison-neuve et Leclerc.)

We can conceive but one unfavourable criticism being passed on this excellent book, and that is of a mainly technical kind. Herr Bartsch might have distinguished it rather more clearly from his admirable 'Chrestomathie,' of which it is neither a sequel nor a new and enlarged edition, while, on the other hand, it is not entirely independent of it. This, however, matters very little. The book is larger and on a

more elaborate scale than its forerunner, the choice of texts is wider, the *apparatus criticus* given with each is much more extensive, the glossary is proportionately fuller, and the prefixed grammar by Herr Horning is, in its scale and measure, nearly complete. Indeed, except so far as literary history goes, it may almost be said that the student has his whole requirements, in at least the earlier stages of his study of Old French, bound up together here. The extracts are taken from more than a hundred different works and authors, and are in each case not mere snips, but solid chapters, if we may so call them. And it may, perhaps, be as well to add that the objections often, and in our own opinion not unjustly, made to extracts in the study of both ancient and modern languages do not apply here. The range of dialectal and even of grammatical variation in the five centuries of what is usually called "Old French" (that is to say the centuries from the eleventh to the fifteenth) is very considerable, and requires illustration from, if not the complete study of, a large number of works. But it is impossible, from the length, the repetition, and the frequently diffuse style and plan of much of this literature, that many of its books should, by younger students at any rate, be studied as wholes. In the present volume the difficulty is met and solved. None of the objections made to the study of merely modern languages applies to Old French, which has at least something both of the unfamiliarity and of the method of the classical tongues; while until it is studied to some extent as a part of secondary education, the establishment of schools or triposes in it by the universities is, in a great degree, lost labour, or, rather, labour whose expense is defeated by the neglect of others to do their part. We do not say that it is quite as absurd for a third or fourth year man of ordinary education at either university to plunge into half-a-dozen old French books, without a ghost of a previous acquaintance with the grammar or the vocabulary or the history of the subject, as it would be for a boy from one of the upper forms of the modern side of a school to plunge into half-a-dozen books of Greek; but the absurdity is the same in kind if not in degree. There are some of us who, however fond we may be of modern languages, believe that the merely educational value of their strictly modern forms is not very large. But the older forms have, even according to these heretics, a value less indeed than that of the classical languages, but approaching to it. This value can only be got out by methodical and regular study, to which, in the case of Old French, no single help so convenient as this book has yet been given.

GEORGE SAINTSBURY.

AMONG the forthcoming notable books of the autumn is Mr. J. E. Cabot's 'Memoir of Ralph Waldo Emerson.' It will be brought out by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Much delightful correspondence and many extracts from Mr. Emerson's journals will be found in it.

Shakespeariana.

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EDITOR OF THIS DEPARTMENT.

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The following is the most complete list of these organizations that we have thus far seen printed. The addresses of the Secretaries, when obtainable, are appended :

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THE BANKSIDE SHAKESPEARE.

The Shakespeare Society of New York after a year's delay, has completed its arrangements for issuing its long-promised Bankside edition. This edition will adopt, besides its original features of parallel texts, a complete system of dual line numbering, besides a collection of Q with F texts by columns and signatures, thus covering every possible requirement of scholarly reference. The first volume, now in press, will be *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, edited by Appleton Morgan, and of the four succeeding ones the following are the editors:

No. 2. *The Taming of the Shrew*. Albert R. Frey.

No. 3. *King Lear*. Hon. Alvey A. Adee.

No. 4. *Love's Labour's Lost*. Prof. Thomas R. Price.

No. 5. *Hamlet*. E. P. Vining.

REVIEWS.

The works of Christopher Marlowe, edited by A. H. Bullen. In three volumes. Boston and New York. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 1885.

II.

Although five editions of *Tamburlaine* were published before the year 1800 not one of them bears an author's name upon the title-page. But the authorship is fixed by a sonnet of Harvey, printed at the end of his *New Letter of Notable Contents*, 1568. Mr. Bullen cites the internal evidence, (which, by the way, is worthless), and also calls attention to Malone's hypothesis that the play was the work of Nash, wholly or in part. The source of the plot was discussed by Herford and Wagner in *The Academy*, (Oct. 20, 1888), and the present editor does not dwell upon it. The notes to the play, (and this remark applies to all the plays) are the fullest we have ever seen. Dyce's reading in the case of *Tamburlaine* happened to be very good, but Mr. Bullen has even improved upon it, and has been careful to record all variations of the quarto text in the foot-notes. But these notes are not "prosy," although the reader who refers to them is supposed to have some knowledge of prosody and etymology. As a good example we find (l. 2. 44).

And, madam, whatsoever you esteem
Of this success and loss unvalued.

where it has not been thought necessary to place the accent on the last word.

Both parts of *Tamburlaine* are disfigured by numerous bombastic passages. These Mr. Bullen is loath to ascribe to the poet and quotes the preface of Richard Jones, the publisher, in which the latter hints at interpolations by the players. This argument is plausible enough, not so, however, is the raillery of Greene, for we cannot conceive the fitness of the allusion to the "atheist Tamburlaine" in a play which contains lines like these:

Your birth shall be no blemish to your fame;
For virtue is the fount whence honor springs,
And they are worthy she investeth kings.

Shakespeare, through the medium of Pistol, is also accused of ridiculing this play; but any assumption of ill-nature on his part can be easily offset. Allyn's costume is described by Henslowe, and it is not improbable that the "pampered jades of Asia" were habilitated in an equally ludicrous

manner: consequently, the absurdity caught the eye of the critic, and the lines were frequently quoted by Marlowe's immediate successors. Dyce mentions seven places in which they are alluded to.

But if there is a preponderance of crudities in *Tumburlaine*, the deficiency is atoned for in Marlowe's next play, *The Tragical History of Doctor Faustus*; here the dignity of his verse is exhibited and the wondrous fulness of his imagination bursts forth. It is the second step: the buffoonery has not yet altogether disappeared, (we wish that Richard Jones, the printer of the previous play, had also "purposely omitted and left out some fond and frivolous gestures"), the scenes are still unequal, but there is in it a delineation of power over the passions which is certainly not surpassed by any of the dramatist's subsequent works. *Doctor Faustus* was never printed, so far as we know, during the author's lifetime. It is entered on the Stationers' Books, January 7, 1600-1, and the earliest Q text is dated 1604. So much has been written upon this play and Goethe's indebtedness to it that we must refrain from an analysis at this place; but the present edition contains two remarks by Mr. Bullen, so ingenious, that we must allude to them. The editor refers to the interpolation

Mase, Dr. Lopus was never such a doctor,

first pointed out by Dyce, and adds:

From this one passage it is plain that the first quarto does not represent the play exactly as it came from Marlowe's hand. But on the strength of internal evidence we might go further, and say that the comic scenes are in no instance by Marlowe. As far as possible, it is well to avoid theorising, but I must state my conviction that Marlowe never attempted to write a comic scene. The Muses had dowered him with many rare qualities—nobility and tenderness and pity—but the gift of humour, the most grateful of all gifts, was withheld. To excite "tears and laughter for all time" was given to Shakespeare alone; but all the Elizabethan dramatists, if we except Ford and Cyril Tourneur, combined to some extent humour with tragic power. The Elizabethan stage rarely tolerated any tragedy that was unrelieved by scenes of mirth. * * * As the populace in Horace's time clamoured "*media inter carmina*," for a bear or a boxer, so an Elizabethan audience, when it felt bored or scared, insisted on being enlivened by a fool or a clown. After a little fuming and fretting the poets accepted the conditions; they soon found that the demand of the audience was no outrage upon nature, and that there need be no abruptness in the passage from tears to laughter. * * * But Marlowe could not do alternately the buckin and the sock. His fiery spirit walked always on the heights; no ripple of laughter reached him as he scaled the "high pyramids" of tragic art. But while the poet was pursuing his airy path the actors at the Curtain had to look after their own interests. They knew that though they should speak with the tongues of angels, yet the audience would turn a deaf ear unless some comic business were provided. Accordingly they employed some hack-writer, or perhaps a member of their own company, to furnish what was required. How execrable he performed his task is only too plain.

As we said before, this argument is ingenious, but we think that Mr. Bullen errs when he states that "the Elizabethan stage rarely tolerated any tragedy

that was unrelieved by scenes of mirth." When Shakespeare came to London the plays that then held the stage were indubitably tragedies of blood and horror, and with the example of Kyd's *Hieronymo* before him, it is but natural that he should have attempted something in the same style—*Titus Andronicus*.

A note on page 213 is the other passage we deem worthy of special attention. A line which has heretofore puzzled the commentators has been cleverly expounded by Mr. Bullen, and we ask the reader to study it for himself.

The second volume of Mr. Bullen's edition embraces four plays; all of which are tragedies, and which are entitled *The Jew of Malta*, *Edward II.*, *The Massacre at Paris*, and *The Tragedy of Dido, Queen of Carthage*. Of these *Edward II.*, was evidently the most popular as it had been published four times before the appearance of the Shakespeare folio of 1623. This is a significant fact for the following reason: the play has been praised by several modern critics, and there are some who do not hesitate to assign a great portion of it to Shakespeare. But it should be remembered that the editors of F 1. had four quartos to choose from, all of which either bear on the title-page the words "written by Chri. Marlow," or "written by Christopher Marlow"; that, secondly, as Mr. Bullen states, "we can hardly assign an earlier date than 1590 for its composition"; and, lastly, that Shakespeare, about this time was busily engaged upon *The Comedy of Errors*, *Love's Labour's Lost*, and *All's Well that Ends Well*. Heminge and Condell, with the four quartos before them did not feel justified in assigning any portion of it to Shakespeare, and, to judge by the only tragedy he had thus far produced, *Titus Andronicus*, the leap from the latter play to the more or less finished *Edward II.* would be a most remarkable one. The tragedy has been so thoroughly discussed by Symonds, Furnivall, Fleay, and others, that we shall not undertake it; it is, however, hardly fair to Shakespeare to compare the poorest one of his historical plays, *Richard II.*, with Marlowe's superior workmanship.

On the other hand, *The Jew of Malta* may be compared with *The Merchant of Venice*, or rather with Shylock. The main difference between the two characters is the malignity of Barabas, a characteristic exceedingly well portrayed, but relapsing into ridiculousness at the conclusion. As in *Doctor Faustus* we have here a drama in which individuality is drawn with great power.

The Massacre of Paris and *Dido* are unsatisfactory plays. The latter was left unfinished at Marlowe's death and Nashe completed it. Crude workmanship is especially noticeable in the former production; and the best portion is the speech of the Duke of Guise. But it is in such compositions as these that we are enabled to see the value of Mr. Bullen's notes and emendations. Every little scene has been supplied by him, the notes by Dyce and others are quoted and augmented, and if any portion

of the text of Marlowe has been studied and revised these portions have been specially so.

The exquisite poem of *Hero and Leander* opens the third and last of these volumes. Mr. Lowell has said of it:

Here are displayed great ease and fluency of versification, warm coloring and poetic fancy. Many of the verses have precisely Pope's cadency—

and its popularity was so great that Taylor, the water-poet, was accustomed "to sing couplets of it as he plied his sculls on the Thames." We shall quote from Mr. Bullen's introduction:

Among all the Elizabethan poets there was none whose genius fitted him to complete the poem of *Hero and Leander*. The music of Marlowe's rhymed heroics was all his own; he was a master without pupils. In Michael Drayton's *Heroical Epistles*, which need fear no comparison with Ovid's *Heroides*, we find fluency and freedom and freedom and sweetness; but the clear, rich, fervent notes of *Hero and Leander* were heard but once. No less truly than finely does Mr. Swinburne say that the poem "stands out alone amid all the wild and poetic wealth of its teeming and turbulent age, as might a small shrine of Parian sculpture amid the rank splendour of a tropic jungle."

The remainder of the last volume is taken up by the translations from Ovid and Lucian, the *Epigrams* by Davies, the fragmentary pieces, and a reprint of Horne's tragedy, *The Death of Marlowe*. As they are more or less foreign to this department, we cannot criticize them at length, they may, however, be more or less discussed in the next and concluding number, when we shall speak of Marlowe's connection with Shakespeare's plays.

Shakespeare. Edited by William Cullen Bryant, assisted by Evert E. Duyckinck. One hundred original designs by Darley and Chappel. Parts v-viii. New York. Johnson and Stoddart.

Eight parts, or about one-third of this new edition of the works are now completed, and if we are to judge by what has thus far appeared, we must certainly accord high praise to the undertaking. "Every syllable of this edition," remarks Mr. Bryant in the preface, "has passed under my eye, and been considered and approved by me." We may consequently expect a pure text and we are not disappointed. The introductions to the plays are brief, and, though much more could have been said, it is perhaps well to keep in unison with the original Cambridge edition. Three or four illustrations accompany each part; they are produced by the photogravure process, the reader thus obtaining the artist's work as it leaves his hands without the intervention of the engraver. It is a curious study to take the illustrations of Smirke, Boydell, Thurston, Meadows, etc., and compare them with the conceptions of our American artists, Darley and Chappel. The publishers do not exaggerate when they assert that the older illustrations are no longer satisfactory; the modern designs now before us are simply beautiful, and are executed with exceeding care and perspicacity.

The Mermaid Series. Beaumont and Fletcher. Edited, with an introduction and notes, by J. St. Loe Strachey. I. London. Vizetelly. 1887.

If we bestow upon Ben Jonson the second place among the dramatists of the Elizabethan era, then Beaumont and Fletcher should unquestionably be assigned to the third position. The editing of plays by such men as these worthies should be allotted to those who have made a special study of that division of English literature, but we fear that in the present instance this is not the case. We do not know who Mr. J. St. Loe Strachey is, and we think that he has attempted too much. Thus, in his introduction, he informs us that the *Masque of the Inner Temple and Gray's Inn*, was presented in 1613 "before the Court in celebration of the nuptials of the Count Palatine of the Rhine and the Princess Elizabeth," thereby clearly demonstrating that he has taken this fact from some writer without consulting the book itself. For if he had, he would have discovered from the title page that it was presented on Saturday, the twentieth day of February, 1612.

Again to page 328, where Bawdber alludes to "the nine worthies," we think a note should have been attached. There are many of these notes scattered throughout the volume, and here the connection with Shakespeare and Middleton's *Masque, The World Tost at Tennis*, could have been most appropriately indicated.

Another unnoticed imitation of Shakespeare, or rather a parody upon him, are the lines by Ralph:

By Heaven, methinks, it were an easy leap
To pluck bright honour from the pale-faced moon;
Or dive into the bottom of the sea,
Where never fathom-line touched any ground,
And pluck up drowned honour from the lake of hell.

which occur in *The Knight of the Burning Pestle (Induc)*, and which ridicule the speech of Hotspur.

The best thing in the volume is where the author calls attention to the attempts made at individualizing the works of the joint authors. This trifling is indulged in by Mr. Fleay, and is continued by Mr. G. C. Macaulay, whose work appeared in 1883. Mr. Strachey justly says:

This is a pretty enough game to play at, and one which necessitates far too careful an examination of the plays to be anything but useful. Its correctness however, rests upon certain assumptions to which I at least must decline in all humility to commit myself without reserve. They are: that no poet will ever completely change his style; and that two poets working together will not so affect each other that their most marked characteristics and individualities become interchanged. Unless negative assumptions of this kind are granted, there is little use in relying on internal criticism to separate the work of Beaumont from that of Fletcher.

Now if we examine the workmanship which has been ascribed to Fletcher by these tests, we find a "frequency of a hendecasyllabic metre often peculiarly emphasized, a disjointed style of composition, an absence of prose and of descriptive passages, and a marked lack of humour." And if we apply these tests to one of the plays, say to the character of

Humphrey in *The Knight of the Burning Pestle*, we at once discover the absurdities. For here we find metres of both a decasyllabic and a hendecasyllabic nature, sometimes peculiarly emphasized, *e. g.*, where "leaves" (III. 1.) is made to rhyme with "Bevis," (as Sympson suggests), and sometimes otherwise, an absence of prose but no disjointed style of composition, many descriptive passages and more or less humor. The utility (?) of such tests must therefore be manifest.

The volume is, like its predecessors, unexpurgated, and contains a portrait of Beaumont from a picture in the possession of Colonel Harcourt.

The old German Puppet-Play of Dr. Faust turned into English, with an introduction and notes by T. C. H. Hedderwick. London. Kegan Paul, Trench & Co., 1887.

The Faust Legend is of oriental origin and appeared in Germany during the Reformation; it served, to a certain extent, as an embodiment of contemporary theories, and attached itself to individuals and localities. The Legend appeared in print in 1587, travelled throughout Germany and along the Rhine to Holland, as well as over the water to England and Denmark. Marlowe dramatized it and soon thereafter it returned to Germany through the medium of English comedians. Upon its arrival its representation was confined to the stages of the puppet-shows, and to the versions of one of these strolling players the present work before us is devoted.

The author, in a most interesting introduction of about fifty pages, after tracing the history of the Faust story and describing the peculiar manner in which the present reading was obtained by Dr. Hamm, discusses the probability of an English puppet-play having existed before the advent of the German one. This theory is well supported, for in the first place if Marlowe's creation was a success in so far as regards frequency of representation, then it was in all likelihood sooner or later burlesqued. And secondly, while puppet-shows seem to have been indigenous in England, there are no traces of them in Germany before the middle of the eighteenth century. Mr. Hedderwick observes:

This much, at all events, may be maintained, that the German puppet-play was either directly or indirectly derived from Marlowe's tragedy; and, further, that nearly every change which took place in the representation of *Faust*, upon the stage in England, was followed by a corresponding change in Germany.

But a still further confirmation of his theory the author finds in the fact that many curious parallels occur in the German play and Marlowe's work. Düntzer says, "the assertion that the puppet-play points undeniably to Marlowe is wholly unfounded," basing his view upon the non-existence in the German play of alterations to be found in the later editions of Marlowe's production. But, says Mr. Hedderwick,

assuming, for the moment, that the puppet-play shows no trace of the influence of subsequent corruptions,

such a fact would scarcely suffice to disprove any connection with the tragedy. It would rather, it seems to me, go to prove that the puppet-play was based upon one of the earliest editions of the tragedy, or that the adapter, if he drew upon a later edition, found nothing in the subsequent interpolations suited to his purpose. The wonder is, after the lapse of nearly three centuries, not that the puppet-play should contain so little, but that it should contain so much, in common with the tragedy.

We think the author has skilfully established the English origin of the play, not only by his exhaustive arguments in the introduction, but also by the many similar, we might almost say, identical passages, collected by him in the notes.

The play itself contains four acts, and among the characters those of Faust, Wagner, Mephistopheles, Helen of Troy, and Kasperle (the clown), it will be seen, are identical with Marlowe's tragedy. The translation is excellent, even dialect-terms, or rather provincialisms, are rendered, and the explanatory passages of variations, allusions, etc., occupy nearly a hundred pages. The volume concludes with several "Notes on some Mediæval Magicians," the *Ballad of Faustus*, from the Roxburghe Collection, and a most comprehensive bibliography of both the puppet-play and the Faust Legend.

Is it Shakespeare's Confession? The cryptogram in his epitaph. By H. J. Browne. Washington. A. S. Witherbee & Co. 1887.

This is a pamphlet of twenty pages and a photolithographed facsimile of a rubbing of the inscription on the stone of Shakespeare's grave. The first ten pages summarize fact already known about the epitaph and tombstone; the last nine are devoted to the cryptogram.

The cryptographic sentence which Mr. Browne discovers in the epitaph is "Francis Bacon wrote Shakespeare's Plays. Shaxpeare." The method by which he finds this is ingenious: all the letters of the epitaph are numbered 1, 2, 3, 4, &c., consecutively from G. All the letters of the cryptographic sentence are similarly numbered from the beginning, from the end and backwards from s in the word plays. The alphabet is used twice, once with A as its first letter and again with O in that position. Mr. Browne thus has four sets of figures and two sets of letters, and by putting these in various combinations, adding, subtracting, multiplying, dividing and jumping lines "as the exigencies of the count may demand," he gets his cryptographic sentence. There seems to be, however, no reason why substantially the same procedure would not produce from the epitaph the sentence, "Shaxpeare wrote Shakespeare's Plays. Francis Bacon."

MISCELLANY.

At the back of Cibber's *Non Juror*, (London, 1718), I find a catalogue of books printed for Bernard Lintot; among others he announces:

Poems by the great *Shakespeare*, 3 shillings.

MORE ELEGANT EXTRACTS BY EMINENT MEN.

THE September number of the *Fortnightly Review* contains the second series of "Fine Passages in Verse and Prose: selected by Living Men of Letters." The editor has succeeded in netting about eighteen writers, some of whom are of a second-rate and others of a lower order. The anthology is opened by Mr. Augustine Birrell, the author of 'Obiter Dicta,' who selects in prose the two concluding paragraphs of Lord Bacon's plan of the 'Novum Organum' and the last paragraph of Dr. Johnson's Preface to his Dictionary. "In poetry," says Mr. Birrell, with a fine burst of enthusiasm, "it is surely Shakspeare first and the rest—anywhere!" As specimens of dramatic poetry, he mentions passages in 'Lear' and 'Macbeth'; but for pure poetry—that is, examples of the magical use of words—he instances some lines in a speech of Perdita's ('Winter's Tale,' Act IV., scene 4, line 116), commencing, "O Proserpina, for the flowers now," &c. Lord Coleridge, naturally enough, mentions two passages from Samuel Taylor Coleridge—one from 'Kubla Khan,' the other from 'Christabel'—together with the whole of Keats's 'Ode to a Nightingale.' Miss Frances Power Cobbe quotes the familiar stanzas from 'In memoriam' (Poems 54, 55, and 56) which shadow forth the Final Good:—

Oh yet we trust that somehow good
Will be the final goal of ill.

This passage—peculiarly suited to Miss Cobbe's liberal theology—is supplemented by a rhythmical piece of prose from Hooker's 'Ecclesiastical Polity.'

Mr. Oswald Crawford not unwisely suggests that, "as we are English-speaking people writing for English-speaking readers, it would seem well in these selections not to travel outside the wide domain of English literature"—a restriction which few others have laid down for themselves. He accordingly selects a passage from Fuller's 'Worthies of England' and Dr. Johnson's letter to Chesterfield as fine passages of prose; and a lyric by Shirley and Milton's sonnet 'When the Assault was intended on the City' as the finest pieces of verse. Mr. Wilkie Collins is of catholic taste, and cannot understand the state of mind which can prefer any *one* passage or, any one writer. So he gives six specimens, among which are Gray's 'Elegy,' Dryden's 'Ode on St. Cecilia's Day,' and Pope's 'Elegy to the Memory of an Unfortunate Lady.' Lord Derby does not approve of the principle of carrying about a brick as a sample of the whole house: the finest passage loses much of its beauty when detached from its surroundings. He proceeds to enumerate fine passages (prose and poetry) in Greek, Latin and English. In Greek prose most of the 'Phædo' of Plato: in Greek poetry the great chorus in the 'Agamemnon' of Æschylus. In Latin prose, the concluding page of Tacitus's 'Agricola': poetry, last twenty lines of the tenth 'Satire' of Juvenal. In English prose, Bacon's 'Essays,' poetry, Gray's 'Elegy' and Byron's Address to the Ocean in 'Childe Harold.'

Professor Dowden, as becomes a Professor of English Literature, gives a large number of passages from various prose authors and poets. Among these are several pieces of Shakspeare, the chorus at the end of 'Samson Agonistes,' Shelley's 'Ode to the West Wind,' and the last stanza of Keats's 'Ode to Melancholy.' The Professor considers no prose so exquisitely effective as that which Paul Louis Courier has written in certain pages of his best pamphlets. He also instances Bunyan's description of the approach of Christian and Hopeful to the Celestial City, and passages from De Quincey and Newman. Mr. Edmund Gosse selects lines from 'Paradise Regained'—partly on account of "technical excellence"—and some prose from De Quincey's 'English Mail Coach.' Vernon Lee's selection is mainly from German, French, and Italian writers: the English authors mentioned are Browning, Landor, and Walter Pater. In Sir John Lubbock's brief note we have Portia's speech on 'Mercy,' Gray's 'Elegy,' and the closing passages of the 'Phædo.' Were Mr. W. H. Mallock in search of sublimity, he would expect to find it in the Idyl, 'Come down, O maid, from yonder mountain height,' which will be found near the end of the 'Princess,' or in Pope's satire on Addison. These lines from 'Macbeth' seem to him never to have been surpassed:—

Out, out, brief candle!
Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player,
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
And then is heard no more: It is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury
Signifying nothing.

In prose Mr. Mallock characteristically instances the passage of Macaulay's 'Essays on Ranke's History of the Popes' in which the historian-essayist enlarges upon the life and perennial vigor of the Catholic Church. Ouida selects Shelley's 'Skylark,' and a passage from Milton's 'Areopagitica.' Mr. Swinburne, learning that Shakspeare was not excluded, hastens to supplement last month's choice with half a dozen passages. Mr. J. A. Symonds indicates Shakspeare's 129th sonnet, and a dozen sentences from Sir Thomas Browne's 'Hydriotaphia,' together with several other pieces from Latin, Greek, and Italian writers. The absolutely greatest passages known to him are found in lines 202—235 of the seventeenth 'Iliad' and in the Book of Job, chap. xxvii. 12—28.

LIBRARY NOTES.

THE National Library at Florence has purchased the archives of the Lunari & Co. Theatrical Company, which are rich in letters of celebrated composers, musicians, and dramatists. Verdi, Meyerbeer, Rossini, Donizetti, Mercadante, Paganini, and many other celebrities are represented in the collection.

SOME time ago Mr. Herbert Rhodes, of Thorncliffe Hall, expressed a wish to contribute \$10,000 towards the building of a free library at Glossop, England, and the foundation stone was recently laid. Mr.

Rhodes's gift has been increased by other donations, the entire amount being \$250,000, out of which public baths and a hospital, in addition to the free library, are to be erected.

IN the colony of Victoria, Australia, there are 223 free libraries, or one for every 4,800 of the population. In the United Kingdom there are but 130 or one for 277,000.

A NEW idea comes to us from Wrexham, Eng.: The library Committee have decided to devote certain shelves to a collection of books to be called 'The Local Library,' and it is to have a special catalogue. The Local Library will consist of books on the history, antiquities, zoology, botany and minerals of the neighborhood; also illustrating the trade, manufactures and mining industries of the district, books printed in Wrexham, books written by persons connected with the town and neighborhood.

PROF. KARL DZIATZKO, of Göttingen, has issued proposals for a series of essays on questions relating to Libraries and Librarianship, which will be published by Messrs. Asher & Co., of Berlin. The work will be issued in parts, and each part will, as far as possible, contain a single monograph. Great stress will be laid on a critical and systematic treatment of the subjects handled, which will embrace the arrangement and management of book collections, the history of important libraries, the lives of distinguished librarians and collectors, and the production of MSS. or rare books of general interest.

THERE seems to be a movement in Europe for the insurance of the great public libraries. Rare books and manuscripts, like pictures, it is true, cannot be "insured" in the strict sense of the word, since no amount of money can be an equivalent for the destruction of unique historical documents or paintings; money, however, is better than nothing. St. Gallen has just insured its splendid Stiftsbibliothek for the term of five years for half a million francs, and its "Vadiana" for 120,000 f.; Zürich, its library in the Wasserkirche for 310,000 f., and its manuscript collection for 90,000 f. Basel, its university library for 480,000 f.; and Berne, its city library for 221,000 f. The Grand Ducal library at Karlsruhe has also been insured for 520,000 marks. The magnificent libraries of the British Museum, of Berlin, Vienna, Paris, and Munich, are all still uninsured.

PROFESSOR WIESNER, of Vienna, has just called attention to an inconvenience attending the use of the electric light in libraries. It has been found that a large number of works in the library of the technical school had become very yellow; and this led the director of the establishment to ask Professor Wiesner to ascertain the cause of it. Experiment has shown that the coloration is due to light, but that it occurs only with paper containing ligneous substances, such as wood, straw and jute, and that it does not take place when through some chemical process the lignine that forms the essential part of the wood is removed. The yellowing is due to a phenomenon of oxidation. Solar light acts more

energetically than dispersed daylight, which itself exerts but a very slight action when it is much diffused, and especially in a very dry room. Gaslight is nearly harmless, by reason of the few refrangible rays that it contains. On the contrary, as the arc electric light, and, in general, all intense luminous sources, emit numerous refrangible rays, they favor the yellowing. As regards the preservation of papers, then, it will be well to choose gas rather than the electric light for the illumination of libraries.

DR. GIUSEPPE MAZZANTINI has undertaken a work on the private libraries of Italy, which he styles 'Gli Inventari delle Biblioteche Private d'Italia.' It is to be published in parts by Loescher. A description of the private and special collections of Manchester and its neighborhood was an interesting feature of the meeting of the Library Association in that city in 1879. It is hoped that arrangements may be made for a similar account of the private libraries of Birmingham when the Association holds its meeting there next month.

THE old library buildings in Wolfenbüttel have been sold for 5,150 marks. The Brunswick *Landeszeitung* states that precautions have been taken for the preservation of the "Lessinghaus." The purchaser of the building, a Brunswick builder, had to lay down 300 marks—surely a very paltry sum—as a security that the Lessinghaus should be left uninjured during the pulling down of the other buildings.

BIBLIOPHILIANA.

A CORRESPONDENT writes:—"As to Cinderella's slipper, whether it was of glass (*verre*) or of fur (*vair*) the British Museum Library is not completely destitute of original information." The Museum does not possess the original edition of the story (Paris, 1697), and perhaps the only known copy in England was that of the Duke of Hamilton's library. It had belonged to Charles Nodier, and was sold at his sale for 112 francs—less than \$25. At the Hamilton sale (1884) it was purchased by Mr. Quaritch for \$425. The copy was a fine one, though described as "lacking the list of *errata*." Bauzonnet bound it in blue morocco. A copy of this edition, then, the Museum has not, nor one of the Holland edition of 1697. But the Museum has a copy of a Dutch edition of 1698, not easy to find in the catalogue, because it is attributed, not to Charles Perrault, but to Perrault d'Armancoeur, "*le fils de Monsieur Perreault de l'Académie François*," says the title page, making one error in spelling and one in grammar. In this copy the slipper (*pentoufle* it is called) is certainly of *verre* not *vair*, and the reading is borne out by the illustration. So it cannot have been the Revolution that brought in *verre* as the reading.

MR. RUSKIN writes thus to a student of Edinburgh University; "You hear a great deal nowadays of the worst nonsense ever uttered since men were born on earth. Best Hundred Books! Have you ever read yet one good book well? For a Scotsman, next to

his Bible, there is but one book—his native land; but one language—his native tongue; the sweetest, richest, subtlest, most musical of all the living dialects of Europe. Study your Burns, Scott and Carlyle. Scott in his Scottish novels only, and of those only the cheerful ones, with the 'Heart of Midlothian,' but not the 'Bride of Lammermoor,' nor the 'Pirate.' "Here is a right list: 'Waverley,' 'Guy Mannering,' 'The Antiquary,' 'Rob Roy,' 'Old Mortality,' 'The Monastery,' 'The Abbot,' 'Red Gauntlet,' 'Heart of Midlothian.' Get any of them you can in the old large print edition when you have a chance, and study every sentence in them. They are models of every virtue in their order of literature and exhaustive codes of Christian wisdom and ethics. I have written this note with care. I should be glad that you sent a copy of it to any paper, read generally by the students of the University of Edinburgh, and remain, always faithfully yours,

"JOHN RUSKIN."

THE evidence that the quaint little house, No. 1 Fetter Lane, London, which is doomed to demolition, was ever the residence of Dryden rests wholly upon the fact that an anonymous tablet bears the inscription: "Here liv'd John Dryden, ye Poet. Born 1631—Died 1700. Glorious John!" There is no other authority for the circumstance except the apocryphal story which has long been current of Otway, who, as the tale goes, lived opposite Dryden, in which case he must have occupied a house in the grounds of the present Record Office. One day, it is said; Otway called upon the Laureate early in the morning, and was told that the poet had gone to breakfast with the Earl of Pembroke. Otway left a message that he would call on the following morning. When he arrived, and asked the servant whether his master was at home, he was told, "No, sir; he is just gone to breakfast with the Duke of Buckingham." Whereupon Otway, taking up a piece of chalk, wrote over the door—

Here lives Dryden, a poet and a wit.

Recognising the handwriting, Dryden wrote beneath it—

This was written by Otway opposite,
at the same time sending his neighbor an invitation to breakfast. But when Otway saw the rhyme which had been linked to his line he took offence, and curtly told Dryden that "he might keep his wit and his breakfast to himself."

"MR. MATTHEW ARNOLD is now engaged on his autobiographical reminiscences," says London Truth, "which, I hear, will include many new and interesting facts concerning his distinguished father. There was nothing which Lord Melbourne regretted more after his fall from power than his having omitted to make Dr. Arnold a Bishop. 'The Doctor was nearly getting Salisbury in 1837, but a shuffling colleague frightened the Prime Minister, by assuring him that Archbishop Howley would refuse to consecrate Arnold, and that a contest with 'the Church' would inevitably prove fatal to the Whig Government. Dr. Arnold had excited the rabid fury of the Tories and High Churchmen by a

scathing article in the *Edinburgh Review*, which was entitled 'Oxford Malignants.'"

AMONG the less known books about earthquakes is 'An Historical Account of Earthquakes. Extracted from the most Authentick Historians. . . . with many other Particulars, and a Sermon, preached at Weaverham in Cheshire on Friday the 6th of February last. By the Rev. Mr. Tho. Hunter, Vicar of Weaverham, Liverpool: Printed by and for R. Williamson, near the Exchange, and Sold by J. Barber, at the Circulating Library in Newcastle. MDCCLVI.' Sm. 8vo, pp. iv.-160. The work is not only historical, but practical, since it gives instructions how "to make an Artificial Earthquake or Volcano." Twenty pages are devoted to the Lisbon earthquake of 1755.

LITTLE is known in this country concerning George Meredith, the novelist. Here is Mrs. Moulton's description of him quoted from the *Boston Herald*: "Meredith, also, is a handsome man. I should think he was between fifty and sixty. He has iron-gray hair and a most expressive and interesting face. He quite realized my preconceived ideal of what he ought to be. He is large and tolerant of nature, genial and unaffected and, to the last degree, witty and brilliant in conversation. I asked him if he had found 'The Egoist' in actual life and had really been acquainted with him. He said he had known him well, and that the real man was just as sure of his claim on the world's interest, just as amazed when any one failed to share the enthusiasm of a self-worship, as was the character so vividly portrayed in that very remarkable novel. There is nothing languid or dilettante about George Meredith. He has great charm of manner and a beguiling air of interest in everything you say to him, which is the subtlest of compliments. Like several other great novelists, his most passionate attachment is, I think, to his verses. He spoke of the unfavorable criticisms on him of the English press. 'Why,' I said, 'it seems to me that your novels have universal praise.' 'Oh, my novels, perhaps,' he answered, discontentedly, 'but what did *The Athenæum* say of my poems? I am called a harlequin—a harlequin!"

JOHN RUSKIN says that the books which have most influenced him are inaccessible to the general reader—Horace, Pindar and Dante, for instance; "but," he adds, "these following are good for everybody: Scott's 'Lady of the Lake,' and 'Marmion' (the 'Lady' first for me, though not for Scott). Pope's 'Homer's Iliad.' Byron all; but most, 'Corsair,' 'Bride of Abydos,' and the 'Two Foscari.' Coleridge and Keats in my youth. Burns as I grew older and wiser. Molière, always. All good modern French comedies. All fine French divinity and science. I never read English sermons or scientific books, and only Humboldt (translated) of German. Good French sensation novels; chiefly 'Les Mysteres des Paris,' the 'Comte de Monte Cristo,' and Gaboriau's 'Monsieur le Coq' and 'l'Argent des Autres.'"

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THE September Catalogue of Francis P. Harper, 4 Barclay Street, New York, is well worth sending for.

We are preparing quite an extensive Club and Premium List and intended to publish it in this issue, but other pressing engagements interfered taking up the time usually bestowed on each issue, and preventing its completion. Our November number will be exceptionally fine and valuable; send advertisements promptly, for such departments as you may desire.

SPECIAL NOTES.

BOOKBUYERS' AND BOOKSELLERS' Accurate and Economical Telegraphic Code for ordering books from catalogues by numbers. Saves 50 per cent. and insures greater accuracy—as numbers in telegrams are apt to get mixed. Price 25 cents, post paid. Chas. L. Woodward, 78 Nassau Street, New York.

SABIN'S DICTIONARY OF BOOKS—This Meritorious work has now reached to part 99, to the word "Rice." Parts 97 and 98 have just been issued. As all the parts coming out are edited with scrupulous fidelity by Mr. Wilberforce Eames of the Lenox Library. The work when it is completed will be of lasting importance to Bibliographers and Librarians. We regret however the small edition of the work, and though the price is quite an item, yet many of our sleepy libraries will wake up to find that it has been quietly absorbed. What is 600 copies for the 5,398 Libraries of the United States to say nothing of the Foreign Libraries that should secure a copy. Wake up!

BOOK REVIEWS.

'ROMANTIC LOVE AND PERSONAL BEAUTY.' By H. T. Finck. (Macmillans.) Mr. Finck is one of those enviable men who has hit upon a good subject to write about. Nor does his good fortune stop there. He has also shown the ability to treat his theme in a thorough, learned, and withal light and felicitous manner. The whole affair is, from one point of view, more or less of a joke; and Mr. Finck does not always succeed in restraining his sense of humor; yet there is plenty of philosophy and research about it, too, and these are by no means neglected. The joke lies in the attempt to provide, from physiological data, a sufficient explanation of phenomena so ethereal and psychical as beauty and love. The data in question are woefully inadequate to the purpose to which they are applied; but the pretence is, nevertheless, solemnly kept up that no such inadequacy exists. Herbert Spencer and Darwin have preceded Mr. Finck in this field, and he duly quotes their conclusions, as well as anecdotes and illustrations innumerable culled from all quarters. But he reserves his right of independent judgment, and his arguments are uniformly ingenious and persuasive.

It was probably considered essential to the existence of the book that it should be based upon a theory of some sort; and the theory which Mr. Finck has adopted is to the effect that Romantic, or pre-nuptial love is a modern invention, less than a thousand years old. Perhaps the author espouses this theory only for the nonce, as a provocation to argument, and would not adhere to it in the bosom of his own family, for example. Be that as it may, it is a bold assumption on his part; and the majority of his readers will probably agree that it is also an untenable one. There is nothing against our believing that there may have been some very pretty love-making in the Garden of Eden, before the serpent came along, and before the primal pair had begun to take a matrimonial view of the situation. As to the analogy from the animal world, that is amusing, but unsound. The records of ancient history do not, it is true, contain any very voluble accounts of pre-nuptial love-making; but there was no printing press in those days, and writing, then, was very much like what talking to a deaf person is now,—you did not feel like troubling yourself to say anything that was not weighty and pertinent. Books were for the learned few, and the boys and girls for whom novels are written were blissfully ignorant of the existence of letters, and probably endeavored (as they do even now) to keep their wise elders in ignorance of the fact that kisses existed, either. The argument, from the absence of records, is in this case no argument at all; and besides, from the time of Moses and Homer downwards, records are not wanting. Romantic love is as old as human nature; and there is reason to believe, "evolution" to the contrary notwithstanding, that human nature is as old as the universe. As for conjugal love, which the author places by implication on a lower plane than Romantic love, it is still in course of development, and is even now, essentially, as much superior to the other as is a bird to the yolk of an egg. Like all superior things, it is liable to abuse and degradation, and its ostensible condition just at present leaves much to be desired. But there are faultless and blessed marriages to-day, as there have always been,

and will always and increasingly be. Perhaps our author is not yet married; in fact, for a married man to write such a book as this would be a sign of extraordinary and almost insane courage. The part of the volume relating to personal beauty is capital reading, and contains many points on which young people intending to marry will like to be posted. Indeed, an alternative title for the book might have been, 'The Lover's Manual.' Mr. Finck is to be congratulated. It now only remains for him to write a novel.

'BUTTON'S INN.' By Albion W. Tourgee. (Roberts Bros.) The scene of this picturesque and powerful story is laid in Ohio, at the period of the first establishment of Mormonism. Judge Tourgee is one of our strongest and most accomplished novelists; and I am not aware that he has ever surpassed the work done in this volume. The characters are brought out vividly and convincingly; they have the sympathetic quality that is so rare in contemporary fiction; the story is robust and unhackneyed, and far too interesting for those readers who like to take a book up for half an hour or so and then lay it down again. It must be finished at a heat. Judge Tourgee's style is of an excellent simplicity, and his narration is direct and concentrated. His management of the ghostly features of this story is as discreet as it is effective. Nothing is overdone, and nothing that should be done is omitted. The atmosphere of the tale is all the better for being removed from the passions and interests of the passing moment; and the romance is one that will do credit to our literature, as well as enhance its author's already enviable reputation.

'THE BEF-MAN OF ORN:' and other stories: by Frank Stockton. (Scribners.) It is said that only an exceptionally sane mind can analyze and expound the vagaries of insanity. If this be the case, Mr. Stockton must be the sanest man in America. To read one of his stories is to see dissolving around you, one after another, all the foundations and moorings of the real world, and to find yourself imported into a world of wild fantasies, each one of which presents itself with unimpeachable gravity as the most unquestionable and inevitable of facts. There is an insane method in the crazy dance and transfiguration; a touch of beauty, a gleam of human mirth, even a breath of true sentiment; the argument proceeds blamelessly from point to point, and we remember only by an effort that, like a fly on the ceiling, it is upside down, in defiance of natural laws. How Mr. Stockton contrives to do it is a puzzle; and I will venture to assert that he can explain the mystery as little as any one. It is a genuine gift, and is as natural to him as being dull and commonplace is to other writers. Mr. Stockton can also be dull at times—when, like the prince in the fairy-tale, he transcends the limitations fixed by the fairy god-mother. Why should a man who can generate diamonds attempt to bring forth an iceberg? But the present volume is in his proper and best vein; and for my part I cannot decide which of the nine charming stories I like the best. It is pleasant to be a contemporary of Frank Stockton.

'AN OPERETTA IN PROFILE.' By Czelka. (Ticknor), is a unique, eccentric little volume, written by a wit and a humorist, in defiance of ordinary rules and ordinances, and well worth reading. The style and method sometimes recall George Meredith: there is

a similar witty waywardness and wilful perversity. Now and then, also, there are golden gleams of true and fine feeling. The book is a subtle and winning protest against the narrow brain and empty heart of contemporary civilization; and the operetta is the story, and the story is the operetta. Its chapters are little miniatures, not a few of them showing a master-touch here and there. If the author be a woman, she is of high and exceptional promise; but I fear she is a man. We so seldom come across an endurable book of feminine authorship, that we hesitate to believe in such good fortune when it is announced.

JULIAN HAWTHORNE.

AMERICAN NOTES.

MR. PETER BAYNE, author of 'Lessons from My Masters: Carlyle, Tennyson and Ruskin,' 'The Chief Actors in the Puritan Revolution,' and other books, has written a popular Life of Luther which is issued by Cassell & Co., in two volumes of about 500 pages each. The work has been in preparation for several years.

THE volume of Tolstoi translations, published by T. Y. Crowell & Co. under the title 'The Invaders,' contains 'Polikouchka' and 'The Snow-storm.' Still another volume of Count Tolstoi's early short stories is announced for immediate publication.

GINN & Co. report as ready for the press the Satires of Horace, edited by Prof. Greenough of Harvard—the first volume in their College Series of Latin Authors. The Epistles, which will be issued in a few months, will be bound up with the Satires in a single volume.

'PAUL AND VIRGINIA,' illustrated by Leloir, will be published this month by Messrs. Routledge, who announce also an illustrated 'Masterman Ready' among their Dollar Classics.

LEE & SHEPARD will soon publish 'Meadow Melodies,' by Charles F. Gerry, of Sdubury, Mass.

E. P. DUTTON & Co. will publish next month a volume of Poems by George MacDonald, selected from the four English volumes of his poetry, and from his novels.

'APPLE SEED AND BRIER THORN,' by Louise Stockton, is the complete novel in *Lippincott's Magazine* for October. Miss Stockton is a sister of Frank R. Stockton, and possesses a similar fantastic wit. She has written several short stories of great merit, and was the author of an anonymous novel, entitled 'Dorothea,' in Osgood's Round Robin Series.

L. R. McCabe contributes to *Lippincott's* for October 'Literary and Social Recollections of W. D. Howells.' Mr. McCabe was a friend, and what is more, a fellow-boarder, of the future novelist in the early days just before the latter's marriage.

THE THACKERAY LETTERS are concluded in *Scribner's* for October, with letters written during his two American visits. They are good-naturedly appreciative of Americans and American life. There is a brief closing word by Mrs. Brookfield and two portraits of the author from photographs in the possession of Mrs. James T. Fields.

A WELCOME work in two volumes is announced by Charles Scribner's Sons under the title 'The Science of Thought.' It is by Max Müller, and repre-

sents his latest opinions concerning questionable debated now-adays with new ardor in view of the great amount of facts accumulated regarding language and its effect on the mind.

THE THACKERAY letters published in *Scribner's Magazine* are issued in book form, a special edition of 500 numbered copies having been prepared for lovers of uncommon books.

AN expurgated *édition de luxe* of the famous work of Rabelais appears in the English of John Dimitry with Ticknor & Co. of Boston. It forms a square quarto, with 175 illustrations by Doré and Robida. The same firm issue cheaper editions of Percival Lowell's 'Chöson, the Land of the Morning Calm,' and E. S. Morse's 'Japanese Homes.'

BOOK-LOVERS will be glad to learn that, during their leisure publishers have not been idle, and that a host of good books are awaiting their return. Not the least of these will be another Daudet translation, 'Sappho,' which the Routledges have nearly ready, and which will be published in the same exquisite style as its predecessors, 'Tartarin on the Alps,' 'La Belle Nivernaise,' and 'Tartarin of Tarascon.'

GINN & Co. announce that Scott's 'Lay of the Last Minstrel,' edited for the series of 'Classics for Children,' by Margaret Andrews Allen, is now in the printer's hands, and will be published in two or three months.

A. D. F. RANDOLPH & Co. have in preparation a work entitled 'Fifty Years of English Song,' namely, of the Victorian era, a poetical collection by Henry F. Randolph. They will also soon issue in three volumes a luxurious edition of Dean Stanley's 'Historical Memorials of Westminster Abbey.'

GEORGE ROUTLEDGE & SONS have issued Miss Helen A. Smith's 'Animals Wild and Tame,' and 'Birds and Fishes,' in one volume, entitled 'Animals, Birds and Fishes.'

A. L. BURT, New York, is publishing a 'Boys' Home Library,' in which he proposes to satisfy the juvenile taste for "pure romance," using the adjective in both its senses. The books will all be full of stir and adventure, and at the same time of thoroughly healthy and sound moral tone. The first of the series is 'Joe's Luck,' by Horatio Alger.

F. MARION CRAWFORD's story, 'To Leeward,' has been translated into French, and is now appearing as the *feuilleton* of the *Journal des Débats*, under the changed title of 'La Marchesa Carantoni,' which is the name of the heroine of the novel.

FROM the press of Roberts Brothers has been issued a cheap edition of Mr. Burnand's 'New History of Sanford and Mertou.' This burlesque on the old moral tale is in some respects the best thing that the editor of *Punch* has ever written.

AN unfamiliar region is described in the novel which Houghton, Mifflin & Co. have published—the 'Princess of Java.' All the characters are Javan, and the scene is laid in Java. Mrs. S. J. Higginson, of New York, is the author.

MR. DENTON J. SNIDER is about to publish a new edition of his book on Shakspere, the first edition having been exhausted. The publishers will be, probably, Ticknor & Co., of Boston. It will be much enlarged.

T. Y. CROWELL & Co. announce for immediate publication a translation from the German, 'Ull, the Servant,' by Jeremias Gotthelf.

AFTER a careful examination of all current editions of Scott's poems, Dr. W. J. Rolfe finds that none of them is free from serious errors and misprints. He has therefore prepared what the publishers declare to be "the first and only correct edition in England or America" of 'The Poetical Works of Sir Walter Scott,' to be issued in one volume with notes, appendices, a preface, and many fine illustrations by Ticknor and Co.

MR. BUNKER, has written a bit of verse in praise of Thackeray, which will appear in the October number of *Scribner*.

THE publication announcements of Ticknor & Co. for the autumn include 'The Bhagavad-Gitā,' translated with commentary and notes, by M. M. Chatterji; a dictionary of 'Sobriquets and Nicknames,' by Albert R. Frey; 'The New Astronomy,' by S. P. Langley; 'A History of the Secession War,' by Rossiter Johnson; 'Music in the Eighteenth Century,' by Henry M. Brooks; and a holiday illustrated edition of 'Geraldine: a Tale of the St. Lawrence.'

MR. STEDMAN's 'Victorian Poets,' of which a new and enlarged edition has been prepared, is passing through the Riverside Press, and will be issued next month by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. The Stedman-Hutchinson 'Library of American Literature' will also appear this fall.

ON this side of the Atlantic the works of the late Edward Fitzgerald, translator of Calderon and Omâr Khayyâm, are issued in two volumes by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. They are dedicated to the American people "whose early appreciation of the genius of Edward Fitzgerald was the chief stimulant of that curiosity by which his name was drawn from its anonymous concealment and advanced to the position of honor which it now holds." The edition was printed at the De Vinne Press in New York with Quaritch as the London publisher. Besides the famous quatrains of the Persian, Omar, and the six dramas of the Spaniard Calderon, there is the beautiful translation of Salâman and Absâl by the Persian poet Jami, as well as translations from the Greek dramatists. Fitzgerald was born of Irish parents in England in 1809.

EDWARD FITZGERALD's translation of the 'Rubaiyat' of Omâr Khayyâm, together with the other poetic works of the translator, has been issued by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. The two volumes contain a portrait of Fitzgerald, a sketch of Omâr Khayyâm's tomb, by William Simpson, and a frontispiece to 'Salâman and Absâl.' The text shows certain corrections derived from the poet's annotated copies of his own books. Two editions are published, one at \$10, the other (large-paper) at \$25.

A CORRESPONDENT writes to the *Critic* that a friend who has private sources of information, informs him that 'many of the best and spiciest things were omitted' from the 'Letters and Journals of H. W. Longfellow.' For example, letters between Tennyson and Longfellow anent each other's methods and peculiarities, as revealed in their respective poems.

EMERSON's works are now issued in Houghton, Mifflin & Co.'s Little Classics Series.

DAUDET'S 'Sappho' is to be added to the series of translations of his works now in course of publication by Messrs. Routledge.

MESSRS. TICKNOR & Co. announce for publication the Ticknor Series of Octavo Poets, 'Lucile,' by Owen Meredith; 'The Lady of the Lake,' 'The Lay of the Last Minstrel,' and 'Marmion,' by Sir Walter Scott; 'The Princess,' by Alfred Lord Tennyson; and 'Child Harold,' by Lord Byron; also uniform with the above, in style and price, the beautifully illustrated 'Tuscan Cities,' by William D. Howells; and 'Red-Letter Days Abroad,' by John L. Stoddard. 'Poets and Etchers.' A volume of full page etchings, by James D. Smillie, Samuel Colman, A. F. Bellows, H. Farrer, and R. Swain Gifford, illustrating poems of Longfellow, Whittier, Bryant, Aldrich, etc.; 'Sonnets from the Portuguese,' by Elizabeth Barrett Browning, illustrated by Ludvig Sandoz Ipsen; 'Longfellow's Prose Birthday Book; or, Longfellow's Days,' being extracts from his journals and letters, edited by Mrs. Laura Winthrop Johnson; and 'The Bhagavad-Gita; or, the Lord's Lay,' with commentary and notes, as well as references to the Christian Scriptures. Translated from the Sanskrit, for the benefit of those in search of spiritual light, by Mohini M. Chatterji, M. A.

FOREIGN NOTES.

THE text of the Greek New Testament based on ancient authorities, as given by the late Dr. Tregelles in his quarto edition, has just been published in a manual form by Messrs. Bagster and Sons. The text and alternative marginal readings only are given, the list of authorities and MS. variations being omitted.

MR. E. M. JESSOP is engaged upon the production of another of the Ingoldsby Legends, humorously illustrated, viz. 'The Vulgar Boy; or, Misadventures at Margate.' The size will be imperial quarto, and the designs will be printed in colors. It is expected to be ready some time in October, and will doubtless equal in popularity 'The Jackdaw of Rheims,' by the same hand. Messrs. Eyre and Spottiswoode are the publishers.

MR. ALEXANDER GRAHAM and Mr. H. S. Ashbee, who have devoted some attention to the regency of Tunisia, are seeing through the press a narrative of their journey in that country. The volume will be provided with a glossary, a bibliography, and many illustrations, both in the text and full page, the latter colored. The publishers will be Messrs. Dulau & Co.

MR. CHARLES ROLLESTON has written for one of the reviews a comprehensive article on Morocco. It will include some account of the author's visit to the remains of the prehistoric cities in that empire.

MR. RICHARD HERNE SHEPHERD is revising his four-volume edition of Shelley's poetical and prose works, originally published by instalments in 1872-73. The reissue, which will be brought out by Messrs. Chatto & Windus for the approaching Christmas season, will contain much new matter, and will include the results of the latest researches and discoveries.

M. DUPRET, of Paris, has published 'Rabelais Légiste' by M. Arthur Heulhard. Three hundred copies only have been printed: the price is 2 fr. 50.

MESSRS. MACMILLAN & Co. will publish early in the autumn a Life of William Barnes, the Dorsetshire poet, written by his daughter Mrs. Baxter.

THE next volume in the series of "Canterbury Poets," published by Mr. Walter Scott, will be 'Ballades and Rondeaux,' selected from English and American writers by Mr. J. Gleeson White. Among those who have permitted their verses to be here reprinted are Mr. Swinburne, Mr. Austin Dobson, Mr. Andrew Lang, and Mr. John Payne. This is, we believe, the first collection of the English ventures in these Old-French metrical forms.

M. CALMANN LEVY has published in Paris, a new book by Max O'Rell, entitled 'L'Ami Mac Donald': Souvenirs anecdotiques de l'Ecosse.

'THE HISTORY OF FAMOUS BOOKS AND POEMS' will be the next volume issued by Mr. Elliot Stock's "Book Lover's Library." It is written by Mr. Saunders of the Astor Library.

FOR more than three hundred years the writings of Giordano Bruno have been caviare, not only to "the general," but to a good many students as well. Recently, however, a good deal of interest has been taken in this strange personality and stranger philosophy; and, in a few weeks, 'Gli Eroici Furori,' the most characteristic of Bruno's works, will appear for the first time in an English version, translated by Mrs. Louisa Williams. It will be issued by Mr. George Redway.

A NEW work from the pen of Friedrich von Bodenstedt is shortly to appear in Germany, entitled 'Sakuntala,' which gives an idea of the subject of the poem. It will probably appear this month, and is to be richly illustrated by Alexander Zick. The veteran author is also engaged in his leisure hours upon his autobiography, which promises to be of interest to English readers, as much of the correspondence is from noted English men of letters. Herr Bodenstedt enjoyed also the pleasure of correspondence with Tourguenieff, and possesses numerous letters from that writer, many of which will probably appear in his autobiography.

THE paper on the subject of progress which Mr. Gladstone has written for a Boston periodical is addressed as a personal appeal to young Americans.

LAST month Messrs. Hurst & Blackett published in two volumes 'Lady Hamilton and Lord Nelson: an Historical Biography,' by Mr. John Cordy Jeaffreson. Based on original letters and other documents belonging to Mr. Alfred Morrison, this complete 'Life' of Lady Hamilton contains a good deal of new information respecting the famous beauty.

THE statement made in some papers that M. Renan's 'History of Israel' has already appeared is premature. We are informed that the clean sheets will not be ready for another month at least, and that M. Renan is at present composing the preface to his forthcoming work, which may be expected not earlier than December next.

A PROPOSAL is made to commence a new series of the English Spenser Society reproductions with a reprint of Drayton. To complete the old set one work alone is wanting, Wither's 'Emblems.' The ability of the Society to undertake the formidable reproduction depends upon the manner in which new subscriptions may come in.

MESSRS. EDMOND & SPARK, of Aberdeen, have in preparation 'Merchant and Craft Guilds: a History of the Aberdeen Incorporated Trades.' Mr. Ebenezer Bain is the author.

MESSRS. CHATTO have published 'A Day's Tour; or, Sentimental Travels in Tournay, Arras, Douai, Ypres, and other French and Flemish Towns in Thirty Hours,' by Mr. Percy Fitzgerald, with sketches by the author.

MR. ELLIOT STOCK announces a volume entitled 'Ballads of a Century,' illustrating the life of England in its various aspects during the seventeenth century. It will be illustrated throughout by *fac-simile* woodcuts by Mr. John Ashton, and will have a separate introduction to each section.

MR. CHARLES HARMAN, of Glasgow, has in the press, with Messrs. Swan Sonnenschein & Co., a volume to be entitled 'A Swallow's Wing,' dealing with phases of life in China and amongst the Chinese, under the garb of fiction. The scene is laid chiefly in Peking, and the author's descriptions are from personal study of the Chinese race in that city and elsewhere.

T. ADOLPHUS TROLLOPE, under the title 'What I Remember,' will soon publish his autobiography which, while it may not have the same astonishing qualities of frankness and introspection as his brother's, will of necessity cover a much wider range of travel and observation.

EDWIN ARNOLD has in press his new volume of poems called 'The Lotus and the Jewel,' the title referring to the two chief poems, besides which the book contains a number of short verses, all inspired by India.

THE 'Life of Quin,' during recent years one of the scarcest of theatrical works, is being reprinted in a limited edition by Mr. Reader, with an etched facsimile of the portrait, and with a supplement containing particulars of Quin's trial for the murder of Bowen, and various facts and anecdotes concerning his theatrical career.

DR. MERCIER is about to publish, as an introduction to the scientific study of insanity, a work on 'The Nervous System and the Mind.' It will contain an exposition of the new neurology as founded by Herbert Spencer and developed by Hughlings Jackson; an account of the constitution of mind from the evolutionary standpoint, showing the ways in which it is liable to be disordered; and a statement of the connection between nervous functions and mental processes as thus regarded.

MR. GEORGE REDWAY announces for the coming season 'The Dance of Death,' a small volume containing a series of old woodcuts discovered some time ago in a Northern printing office. The letter-press is by Mr. T. Tindall Wildridge.

MESSRS. JAMES CLARKE & Co. will, in a short time, bring out an English translation of a new book by the author of 'Letters from Hell.' The work will bear the title 'For the Right,' and is a story of a man of wonderful power and influence, whose struggles against adverse circumstances, in carrying out his resolve to obtain justice, are depicted with great literary skill and attractiveness. A very high opinion of the book has been expressed by Dr. George Macdonald, who has written a preface to it.

PRINCIPAL BROWN, of Aberdeen, Edward Irving's assistant in Regent Square, contributes to the *Expositor* for September and October personal reminiscences of the great preacher, especially in regard to Irving's prophetic views.

GENERAL NOTES.

FROM Rand, McNally & Co., of Chicago, we have received excellent maps of Ontario, Michigan, Maryland and Delaware, and New York.

MR. F. G. KITTON, of 8 West Kensington Terrace, London, W., who is writing a book on the portraits of Dickens, will be especially grateful if Trans-Atlantic friends will favor him with information concerning original portraits of Dickens produced in America.

M. MAURICE TOURNEUX has in the press the first volume of the complete catalogue of all the works relative to the French revolution in Paris, and contained in the French National Library and in the Library of the City of Paris.

'A TALE OF THREE LIONS' is Mr. Rider Haggard's latest production. It is said to be thrilling and it is to be published in the first number of the forthcoming English magazine *Atlanta*.

THE Scribners will produce, it is said, some original features in their limited large-paper edition of the Thackeray letters. All the portraits, drawings and facsimiles will be included in the volume, which will cost \$10.

PART 45 of Mr. Walter Hamilton's 'Parodies' contains burlesque versions of 'Chevy-Chace,' 'Lord Bate-man,' 'Lilliburlero,' and 'Rowley-Poley,' and of songs by Sheridan, Charles Mackay, and Barry Cornwall. Part 46 contains parodies of Lovelace, Raleigh, and Ben Jonson.

ALFRED AUSTIN's new poem, 'Prince Lucifer,' will be published by Macmillan & Co. early this month.

GEORGE ROUTLEDGE & SONS have made arrangements with Hachette & Co., of Paris, for the publication in English of the lives of French eminent men and women of letters. The plan of this series is about the same as that of the "English Men of Letters," and the size is very nearly the same also. The first volume will be 'Mde. de Sévigné,' by Gaston Boissier. Others will follow in due course.

IN connection with the plan to form a Walt Whitman Society in Boston, the *Traveller*, of that city, says "Boston prohibits the sale of Walt Whitman's books. Even their circulation from the Public Library forbidden, and his volumes appear there with the ominous three stars that tell the tale to the initiated. The idea of establishing a society for the promotion of ideas which the statutes of the city forbid to circulate is simply delicious. Boston is nothing if not consistent."

MESSRS. PICKERING & Co. announce a cheap edition in one volume of Trelawny's 'Records of Shelley, Byron, and the Author.' Trelawny's book is one of the most charming ever written about Shelley, and until lately it was one of the easiest to get. But the increased demand has run up the scarcity of the book during the last few years to a degree which is prohibitive to all except well-to-do bibliophiles.

No arrangements have been made for disposing of the further portion of Lord Crawford's library, and it is possible that the sale will not take place at all. Soft-hearted people, however, who know the great and real pain felt by Lord Crawford in parting with his books will be glad to hear that the necessity for doing so has now been removed.

An excellent feature in the new series of "Great

Writers," published by Walter Scott, is the elaborate "Bibliography" appended to each volume. These bibliographies are the work of Mr. J. P. Anderson, of the British Museum, and are prepared with great care and fullness. The books already published include Longfellow, Coleridge, Dickens and Rossetti. The bibliography in the last named book includes pictures as well as books.

THE *Boston Literary World* says:—"One can understand how certain booksellers grow rich in hearing that a gentleman recently was attracted by the titles of some books he saw in the windows of Charles Scribner's Sons, and entering the store, purchased some \$12,000 worth to be sent to his residence the following morning, to add to his already extensive library purchased from the same firm." This is a good exemplification of the proverb about fools and there money.

MR. ROBERT BUCHANAN in the course of a letter to the *Academy* says: "If Mr. Caine finds poetry in the 'Strayed Reveller' or 'East and West,' I find there only simple prose. Mr. Arnold seems to me like a man who had never been a child, and was, therefore, quite incapable of understanding *eligion*; and religion forms at least two-thirds of poetry as I conceive it. Nor did Goethe ever understand it. He looked upon "God" as a capital "subject"; and I hold that, from the first to the last of his preposterous career, he never really lived."

In his 'Look Round Literature' Mr. Robert Buchanan thus expresses his admiration for 'Prometheus Unbound':—"This immortal piece bears the same relation to tragedy that the Laocoon does to sculpture; it is absolutely solitary and supremely great. In the depth and infinity of its suggestions it is even more pregnant now than it was to the contemporaries and its author; every century adds to its significance, every literary remove heightens its grandeur. It has no equal because it has no rival. It deals with shapes so colossal, with ideas so sublime, that we still tremble before them in wonder akin to superstition. If the Bible overshadows us like a cloud, the 'Prometheus' overawes us like a mountain. Its peaks touch the stars, its base is rooted deep in human soil; wind, rain, and snow abide upon it, and mystery dwells upon it; it stirs with the blind motion of supernatural powers—Zeus slipping like an avalanche to his doom, the Titan towering far above in the beauty of unimaginable power. A voice comes from it, with such music as shall never be heard again, for "that large utterance of the early gods" is dead forever.

ACCORDING to a New York *quid nunc*:—Old book stores are increasing in number, and all seem to be thriving. Some of them employ agents, who ransack towns within a radius of 100 miles of the metropolis, and very often with rich results. Many an ancient cockloft in a country house is searched at their instance, and sometimes a paper or book of great value is discovered and secured at a ridiculously low figure. Old newspapers, engravings, political cartoons, almanacs, and bound volumes of records and public documents are constantly turning up and are eagerly bought by dealers. A family whose history there ante-dates the Revolution recently came to this city from Newburg and the grandmother, to rid the new house of the apparent incumbrance, sold to an old ragman a case of books and documents at their value in weight as old paper. Among the manuscripts were autograph letters of Gen. Washington, two or three of Aaron Burr's love letters and a bundle of documents invaluable to the historian. Rare old books and diaries went the way of common county weeklies and all the satisfaction the appreciative

of the household has, is the knowledge that the old lady did it for the best.

MR. ELIOT STOCK writes to the *The Athenæum* that in collecting the 'De Imitatione Christi,' Edmund Waterton had, up to the time of his death, succeeded in bringing together between 1100 and 1200 different editions in various languages, and that for some years before his death he had been engaged on writing a history of his favorite book. In his travels in the Netherlands he gleaned much fresh information concerning both the book and its author, and nothing delighted him more than to pick up a copy that he did not already possess, or a fact or traditions concerning Thomas à Kempis which was new to him. With the exception of Father Bekker, he probably knew more about Thomas à Kempis and his works than any man in Europe.

THE forty-third part of Mr. Walter Hamilton's 'Parodies' contains travesties of Lord Tennyson's 'Jubilee Ode,' of Mr. Swinburne's 'The Question,' of 'The Fine Old English Gentleman' and of some of Mr. Gilbert's 'Bah Ballads.'

THE last number of the 'Giornale Storico della Letteratura Italiana' contains, under the title of 'Petrarch and His Garden,' an article on the poet, from the pen of M. P. de Nohiac. An interesting feature in this contribution is the reproduction of four pages from the poet, hitherto unpublished, and first brought to notice now by M. de Nohiac.

From Office of Foreign Mails, Post Office Department,
Washington, D. C.

Trans-Atlantic Mails.

Closing of the mails for European Steamers.

For OCTOBER.

Date.	STEAMER.	DESTINATION.	CLOSING.
From NEW YORK.			
1	UMBRIA.....	Queenstown.....	2.00 A.M.
1	ELBE.....	Southampton & Bremen	2.00 "
1	LA GASCOGNE.	Havre.....	2.00 "
1	SCHIEDAM.....	Amsterdam.....	2.00 "
1	ANCHORIA.....	Glasgow.....	2.00 P.M.
1	Cy. of Richm'd	Queenstown.....	2.30 "
5	ALLER.....	Southampton & Bremen	4.00 A.M.
5	BRITANNIC.....	Queenstown.....	4.00 "
8	WERRA.....	Southampton & Bremen	6.00 "
8	SERVIA.....	Queenstown.....	6.00 "
8	LA BRETAGNE..	Havre.....	6.00 "
8	ROTTERDAM.....	Rotterdam.....	6.00 "
8	DEVONIA.....	Glasgow.....	6.00 "
8	BELGENLAND..	Antwerp.....	6.00 "
8	HAMELA.....	Christiania.....	6.00 "
11	ARIZONA.....	Queenstown.....	8.30 "
12	EMS.....	Southampton & Bremen	10.00 "
12	CITY OF ROME.	Queenstown.....	10.00 "
15	EIDER.....	Southampton & Bremen	12.00 M.
15	LABOURGOGNE	Havre.....	12.00 "
15	FURNESSIA.....	Glasgow.....	12.00 "
15	ETRURIA.....	Queenstown.....	12.30 P.M.
15	WAEGLAND.....	Antwerp.....	1.30 "
19	GERMANIC.....	Queenstown.....	4.00 A.M.
19	TRAVE.....	Southampton & Bremen	4.30 "
20	LESSING.....	Plymouth, Cherbourg..	5.30 "
22	LA CHAMPAGNE	Havre.....	6.00 "
22	CIRCASSIA.....	Glasgow.....	6.00 "
22	GEISER.....	Christiania.....	6.00 "
22	FULDA.....	Southampton & Bremen	6.30 "
22	AURANIA.....	Queenstown.....	6.30 "
22	LEERDAM.....	Rotterdam.....	6.30 "

22 NOORDLAND....	Antwerp.....	6.30	"
22 ARABIC.....	Liverpool.....	1.00	P. M.
25 NEVADA.....	Queenstown.....	9.00	A. M.
26 SAALE.....	Southampton & Bremen	10.00	"
26 ADRIATIC.....	Queenstown.....	10.00	"
27 HAMMONIA....	Plymouth, Cherb'g & H.	11.30	"
29 ELBE.....	Southampton & Bremen	12.00	M.
29 LA GASCOGNE..	Havre.....	12.00	"
29 ETHIOPIA.....	Glasgow.....	12.00	"
29 UMBRIA.....	Queenstown.....	12.30	P. M.
29 W. A. Scholten	Rotterdam.....	12.30	"
29 RHYNLAND.....	Antwerp.....	1.30	"
29 Cy. of Chester..	Queenstown.....	1.30	"

From BOSTON.

6 CATALONIA.....	Queenstown & Liverpool	9.00	A. M.
13 PAVONIA.....	Queenstown & Liverpool	3.00	"
20 BOTENIA.....	Queenstown & Liverpool	9.00	"
27 CEPHALONIA...	Queenstown & Liverpool	5.00	"

From PHILADELPHIA.

5 NEDERLAND....	Antwerp.....	10.00	"
26 SWITZERLAND..	Antwerp.....	4.00	"
26 INDIANA.....	Queenstown & Liverpool	4.00	"

From BALTIMORE.

5 DONAU.....	Bremen.....	12.00	M.
12 RHEIN.....	Bremen.....	12.00	"
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HALKETT LORD, LITERARY, EDITOR.

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THE BIBLIOPHILE'S REVERIE.

A silent room—gray with a dusty blight
Of loneliness;
A room with not enough of life or light
Its form to dress.
Books enough though! The groaning sofa bears
A goodly store—
Books on the window-seat, and on the chairs
And on the floor.
Books of all sorts of soul, all sorts of age,
All sorts of face—
Black-letter, vellum, and the flimsy page
Of common-place.
All bindings, from the cloth whose hue distracts
One's weary nerves,
To yellow parchment, binding rare old tracts
It serves—deserves.
Books on the shelves, and in the cupboard books,
Worthless and rare—
Books on the mantelpiece—where'er one looks
Books everywhere!
Books! books! the only things in life I find
Not wholly vain.
Books in my hands—books in my heart enshrined—
Books in my brain.
My friends are they: for children and for wife
They serve me too;
For these alone, of all dear things in life,
Have I found true.
They do not flatter, change, deny, deceive—
Ah no—not they!
The same editions which one night you leave
You find next day.
You don't find railway novels where you left
Your Elzevirs!
Your Aldines don't betray you—leave bereft
Your lonely years!
And yet this common book of Common Prayer
My heart prefers,
Because the names upon the fly-leaf there
Are mine and her's.
It's a dead flower that makes it open so—
Forget-me-not—
The Marriage Service . . . well, my dear, you know
Who first forgot.

Those were the days when in the choir we two
Sat—used to sing—
When I believed in God, in love, in you—
In everything.
Through quiet lanes to church we used to come,
Happy and good,
Clasp hands through sermon, and go slowly home
Down through the wood.
Kisses? A certain yellow rose no doubt
That porch still shows,
Whenever I hear kisses talked about
I smell that rose!
No—I don't blame you—since you only proved
My choice unwise,
And taught me books should trusted be and loved,
Not lips and eyes!
And so I keep your book—your flower—to show
How much I care
For the dear memory of what, you know,—
You never were!

E. NESBIT.

BOOKS AND READING.

BY W. E. AXON.

When you come to look at the subject of reading, the first thing that strikes you is the absolute necessity for selection. If you could have in one English library only the writings of English authors, it would contain half-a million volumes. If you want to read books thoughtfully and carefully you will hardly get through them more quickly than an average rate of ten minutes to each page; some pages you might pass more quickly, but other pages would require a great deal more time. If you say it takes ten minutes to a page, and that, taking one book with another, there will be 300 pages to the volume, and you take the reading time, day or night, as being ten hours a day, even then it would take 900 years to read the books which are contained in the City Library of Manchester. Our Manchester Library is one of which we may be reasonably proud, but it is only a small library when compared with the great libraries of the world. The British Museum Library contains one million volumes, at least. So that if you compare the mass of existing literature with the shortness of human life, you will see the very first problem which

besets a man, especially a young man who wishes to make the best use of books for mental culture and improvement, the very first difficulty which besets him at the threshold is that of selection. We have to make a selection, and sometimes, no doubt, we make a bad one. Frequently, from want of knowledge, we waste a great deal of time in reading either bad books or poor books when we might be reading good books, or we ought to be reading better books than we get at. But when you go beyond that necessity of selection and ask how it is to be made, the question is a difficult one to answer in any practical spirit. I am sure that if you took this list of Sir John Lubbock's, and tried to read through the books there systematically, you would be much disappointed with many of them. Many of them would not interest you at all; many of them you would be puzzled to know had been for centuries famous books, and books read by many generations with delight and with pleasure.

In order thoroughly to understand a great book you must really know something, if not of the writer, at least of the age, and condition of society, the civilization, the moral forces, the political agencies which prevailed at the time that it was born. Each book, in a sense, is the child of its own age and generation, and unless you make allowances for this, and to some extent live back into the past, although you may get a certain amount of benefit from some ancient and famous books, you cannot do full justice to them. The power to do that—the power to realize the conditions, the environment of the authors of world-famous books—is one that can only come by knowledge and by study.

How then is this process of selection to be accomplished? The safest advice that I can give to any young man with regard to his reading is to ask him what is the one subject in which at this moment he takes an interest, however slight his preference may be for one subject over another. It will be a remarkable thing if there is not something which does present greater attractions to him in the world of study than anything else. I know of one of our greatest specialist scholars at the present day; a man who has a world-wide fame for his writings on Roman Archæology. When he was an office boy, a gentleman found him poring over a book with great interest and determination, and he said, "What is it that you are so very much interested in in this book?" "Oh!" he replied, "I am reading all about those Romans." Thus at the age of ten or twelve he had found out that there was something that interested him, that fascinated him, in the story of the great Roman people; and working upon that interest he has since that time read and studied everything that came in his way regarding the history, the constitution, the manners and the customs, the imperial system, the colonies and the wars of the great Roman people, who, as you know, occupied in the ancient world a position in many respects analogous to that now occupied by the English race—that is to say, the Romans were a conquering people, springing

from a place perhaps of no great importance in itself, but stretching forth the hand of conquest until it had reached and grasped the farthest portion of the then known world. This boy, with his interest in Roman history, by pursuing this course, by following out his bent, the intellectual bent which he had discovered in his own mind, has made himself one of the foremost authorities upon that one subject. Wherever Roman Archæology is spoken of his name, if mentioned, is received with respect and honor as that of a thorough master of the subject. But now supposing that instead of devoting himself to this particular subject he had tried to read upon a wide variety of subjects? The probability is, that although he might perhaps have been a man of wider reading than he is today, he would not have been an authority upon any one topic—certainly not to the degree that he is now upon his favorite subject. Therefore I think your first point is to make sure that you have an interest in something. It is not a matter of very great importance what it is.

The object of reading is not simply to get information, to stuff your mind with crude facts; it is to train your mental faculties so as to have them always obedient to the word of order, and ready at any time to perform any duty you may impose upon them. This can only be done by mental discipline, whether by the study of classic literature, or of English literature, or of history, or of ethics, or of political economy, or of natural science, or of mathematics. There are those to whom mathematics are an absolute impossibility, while there are others to whom a mathematical training is the most congenial and most strengthening. There are some boys and girls who cannot learn languages; that is, cannot do so with any facility and success. But every one has got some capacity and an interest in some direction. The first business in the process of self-education, after the elements of knowledge have been learned at school, as all are now supposed to learn them, the very first business in the process of self-education which should follow, is that of finding out what is our own strength and what is our own preference.

Suppose we take a very common case. Suppose we say that you are fond of reading poetry. You will soon find when you get hold of a book of English poetry that it contains a number of allusions which you cannot understand without further knowledge. In following up those allusions you will accumulate a quantity of information of a miscellaneous kind. For instance, no one can understand such a poem as 'Comus' unless he understands the many allusions it contains to classical mythology, to persons of history, to natural objects, and also to the superstitions and folk-lore of the age in which Milton lived. Then when you have understood simply the text in this process of self-education by reading which I am thinking of, you begin to enquire something about the author, and you will find that John Milton wrote a number of other poems, you will find that he had read the writings of other poets, that there are certain poems which could be mention-

ed, such as Fletcher's 'Faithful Shepherdess,' from which he borrowed some of his ideas. You begin to compare 'Comus' with his other books, and in doing so you are gaining a lesson in literary composition and in literary criticism—and at the same time in literary ethics. And then you will find that this poem of 'Comus' belongs to a certain period in Milton's life; that it was written when he was a young man; it was written for a certain purpose and for a certain occasion, and differs from many of his later poems in diction, in subject, in occasion, and in manner. You find that it belongs to a particular class of literature; it is a masque. Going further upon that line you find that the masque is a form of poetry which was very popular in Italy before it was introduced to England at all; that it never was thoroughly acclimatized in England, and that it was the culmination of the classical and Pagan spirit of the Renaissance. You find the curious circumstance that an English poet who, as a young man, wrote the poem which forms the apex of the Pagan revival, was in later years the poet who, carried to its highest point the Puritan revolt against the Pagan Renaissance. And then you see an extraordinary fact in the manner in which Milton typifies in his own century the close of one great cycle of literary feeling, and the beginning of a new and an entirely different one; and you see how the Pagan spirit of 'Comus,' high and noble in its ethical teaching, is eclipsed and distanced by the Puritan feeling of 'Paradise Lost' and of 'Paradise Regained.' Then, when you come to consider the particular occasion upon which the poem was written, you find that another set of thoughts and ideas is suggested. It was written to be performed at Ludlow Castle, when the Lord of the Welsh Marches, the representative of the Queen, was taking up his abode there, and it was written to be performed by his children and was so performed. In this way you find the name of Milton, our great English poet, associated with the name of one of the great aristocratic houses of England—the house of Egerton—which has given so many men to the service of the State in the last three centuries of our history. A step further, still only speaking of this one poem, you find that it was written to be set to music, and that the music for it was written by Milton's friend, Henry Lawes. Thus we associate poetry and music, two master spirits, Milton and Lawes, the one in the poetry of words and the other in what in these later days has been called tone-poetry.

All these lines of investigation open out from the reading of a single poem. It is not a long poem, for there are but 1023 lines in it, and if you were to read it quickly and without intelligence it might be got through in a very short time, and you would not be much better for having read it. No doubt the hastiest reading would impress any one who had a taste for poetry with a sense of the music of the words and of the nobility and purity of many of the thoughts which they embody, but if you wish to exhaust its educational power it can only be by making up your mind not to pass by in reading one word un-

til you understand it. Pause over the poem until you know the full meaning of each word, until you know the exact bearing of each phrase. In some cases you would find that there is considerable doubt as to some of the allusions. In that case you have to read what has been said about them and to make your own selection as to what is the real meaning of them. And this process also has its educational value. In seeking to understand each word and phrase of 'Comus,' the grammatical structure, the allusions it contains to mythology, to natural history, to folk-lore and superstition, you would come across some curious side points. For instance, it is doubtful whether Milton had any extensive botanical knowledge. Some references he makes in his writings to flowers are exceedingly vague, and some of them are probably incorrect. In his later poems, after the spell of darkness had been cast over him, one can explain that by regarding it as simply the dimming memory of that which he had seen in earlier years. That, of course, will not apply to 'Comus' which was written while he was still in the prime of his early manhood.

I think if you pursue this method of study, you will find that in understanding that one poem alone you would have something very much in the nature of a real liberal education. Of course, as I tried to warn you earlier, education does not consist in the accumulation of facts, but in the training of the mind so that it can best perform that work which it has to do or which it must attempt to do.

One thing, that I would recommend to all who read poetry, is to make, at least of certain passages, prose transcripts—paraphrases of them. When you have to translate one phrase into another phrase, you must, at all events, have in your own mind some clear idea of what is meant. Then, again, it is an exercise in translation. When you come to compare your own prose paraphrase, you will be surprised to find how bald and lame it looks beside the original. From that process you will get a more vivid idea of the difficulties of translation than by any other process that could possibly be devised. It will suggest to you that when you take up a translation of what you know to be a famous book, and you find that it does not interest but disappoint you, that it has not got that brilliancy of style, that rapidity of action, that flow and vehemence which you have associated with it, then you must remember that, probably, if you could understand the original, the translation would read when compared with it, perhaps, not much nearer than your own prose paraphrase, tame and ineffectual as it must almost necessarily be, of some fine passage of one of our greatest English poets.

I have named 'Comus' in this way, because it came into my mind as a familiar instance. Wherever you start from as a centre, you will always find that there is no product of the human intellect that stands alone. There is no great work of literature or art that has sprung—as Minerva is fabled to have sprung—full-born from the brain of Jove. Every book,

every painting, every statue, every great emanation of the human intellect is really the product of many antecedent causes, and in learning what these are and their relation to each other, you are giving your mind that training which is the real object of all reading, of all fruitful reading and of all true study.

To read simply for the pleasure of reading is not a thing to be blamed or to be despised. It is probably one of the cheapest and one of the wholesomest of amusements. But a man may read all his life for mere amusement, and except now and then by a happy accident may not get any real training for his mind out of all his years of reading. That, I think, is the difference between desultory and systematic reading. The danger of desultory reading is the dissipation, instead of the concentration, of energy. Such energies as the reader possesses are spread over a vast multitude of subjects. In literature, as in other pursuits, it remains the truth that the man who is jack of all trades is master of none. The danger of systematic reading is that a man in becoming a specialist may narrow his intellectual interests and his intellectual range. What we want to do, and what is wisest to be done, is to combine these two, so far as our opportunities, as our mental powers, our educational facilities, and our leisure will allow us to do. That is to say, you should have your own special subject, some little corner of the great field of learning and literature, which you mean to cultivate as your own. It may only be a very small plot of ground—"a poor thing, but mine own," as Shakspeare puts it—but whilst you are attending to your own particular domain in intellectual exertion, it should not hide from you the fact, that beyond the boundaries of your own little field there are other fields, and beyond the plain there are hills, and beyond the hills there is a great sea, and beyond the sea there are mighty continents, all of them containing much that is pleasant and much that would be profitable if you had time, power, and opportunity to visit and to traverse them.

You must avoid the danger of devoting yourself to one subject entirely. You know it would be possible for a man to live all his lifetime, to be a great reader, and never to read anything except the books that have been written upon a particular subject. A man might give his life to reading the books upon the game of chess for instance. I don't think that would be a profitable occupation to devote one's life to, and I don't think he would be the best chess-player who did so.

Having made up your mind as to your point of departure, that is, as to the subject which interests you in your studies, you will find that from it there branch out connections with a wide variety of other subjects. There is scarcely anything you can take hold of but what has an historical aspect, a biographical aspect, an ethical aspect, and very often a scientific aspect; and you cannot understand any one subject thoroughly without looking at it from all sides. In that process of finding out what are the relations of your subject to other subjects, you

will avoid the disability of the specialist and gain the advantage of general culture; and thus you may combine, I think, the advantage of both without the disadvantage of either. That is to say, you will have one subject upon which you feel that you are thoroughly at home, and about which you have read all that is worth reading, and from that you will have found many points of connection with other sciences, with other epochs, with other persons and sets of ideas, which will give you that general culture which the specialist sometimes misses. That, I think, is the best advice as to the objects and methods of reading, especially for the purpose of self-education.

Our English authors are often best read in the historical fashion. If a young man is studying the History of England, he will find it a great advantage to read concurrently with the annals of the time something of the writings of the contemporary poets and the essayists and novelists. In many cases they will cast a fresh light upon events that otherwise would be mysterious and hard to understand.

It is a great advantage at the present moment for young men, and especially for those belonging to the less wealthy classes, that there are now coming out a number of series of excellent books at prices so ridiculously cheap that no one has any excuse for not possessing good reading. I mean, of course, the cheap, or rather the cheapest libraries; that published by Cassells, called the National Library; the World Library, published by Routledge; and the one published by Ward & Lock. Each volume of these cost threepence. Some of the books will be better than others, some of them will be more inspiring than others, but all of them are books that are worth reading, either for what they contain in themselves, or as documents relating to particular ages. For instance, one of the books published in Cassells' threepenny library is the 'Travels' of Sir John Maundeville. No one in this age would think of reading Sir John Maundeville in order to get geographical information. The book was written towards the end of the thirteenth century, and the object of the writer was to tell what was to be seen in the Holy Land, and the different ways by which it could be approached. The belief in the middle ages was that Jerusalem formed the exact centre of the globe, and Maundeville takes the Holy City as being the central point of interest of the entire world. He tells what there is to be seen in it and about it, and then details the various ways in which it might be approached, and, in doing so, tells us of different peoples, and their manners and customs. These accounts include a mass of fable and error. Therefore, we don't go to Sir John Maundeville for geographical information, but we find in his books an exact account of the geographical information that existed in the thirteenth century. We know what the people living at that time thought about the earth, what their knowledge was concerning the various lands in the different parts of the world, and especially we know what they thought about

the Holy Land. Maundeville records a variety of legends, some foolish and futile, some beautiful, inspiring and suggestive, that have gathered round those places that are especially connected with the birth and early progress of the Christian religion. For these reasons, and as a document showing the state of the human mind and of European information concerning the world at large at a particular point in its history, the book of Sir John Maundeville is still as much worth reading as it was in the thirteenth century, when it was perhaps the most popular book of the age. It was written before the invention of printing, and there are more manuscript copies scattered about than of any other book in existence with the exception of the Bible. It was one of the most popular books of its time; it was popular then because it gave the best information that was accessible concerning the Holy Land, and concerning the various nations, tribes, principalities, and dominions of the world. Now we regard it with interest and curiosity because it shows us the state of knowledge at that time. From that point of view it may be safely said, that there is no book that has ever been written so foolish and so bad as not to possess some value and some interest; if it is no longer of value as a teacher, if the poetry of it has died out, if the religion that it teaches we know now to be a false one, if the information that it contains we know to be inaccurate, the history false, yet it still remains of value as a document showing what men thought, what men believed in, what men hoped for at the time when it was written. Every book is at least a document, and sometimes you may find food for thought in even the poorest books that have ever been written.

It has been said, and I believe truly, that there is no man's life so poor, so tame, and so uninteresting but what if it could be honestly written would be a source of pleasure and profit to others to read. Apart from the sciences, some things we have to study because they form the tools and implements by which we gain our daily bread, but after those necessary studies there are few studies that seem to be more fascinating and more useful than the study of biography. I do not think that there is any literature in the world that is richer than our English literature in good biographies. The value of a book of biography is this, that if it is honestly written, and if it is intelligently read, it gives us the experience of another life without its pains and penalties, and gives us the stored-up result of the trials and struggles and experiences of another man without that pain and that toil which he had to pass through in order to acquire it. What a man has done a man may do. If you read that some of those who have gone before have encountered and overcome great difficulties, and have been of use in their day and generation, it at least teaches us that we may do the same if we are as honest and as true, and as strenuous in our efforts to make our lives useful and successful, or useful even if not successful.—*Library Chronicle.*

OLD BOOKS.

I must confess I love old books!

The dearest, too, perhaps most dearly;
Thick, clumpy tomes, of antique looks,
In pigskin covers fashioned queerly.

Clasped, chained or thonged, stamped quaintly too,
With figures wondrous strange, or holy
Men and women, and cherubs, few
Might well from owls distinguish duly.

I love black letter books that saw
The light of day at least three hundred
Long years ago; and look with awe
On works that live, so often plundered.

I love the sacred dust the more
It clings to ancient lore, enshrining
Thoughts of the dead, renowned of yore,
Embalmed in books, for age declining

Fit solace, food, and friends more sure
To have around one, always handy,
When sinking spirits find no cure
In news, election brawls, or brandy.

In these old books, more soothing far
Than balm of Gilead or Nepenthe,
I seek an antidote for care—
Of which most men indeed have plenty.

"Five hundred times at least," I've said—
My wife assures me—"I would never
Buy more old books;" yet lists are made,
And shelves are lumbered more than ever.

Ah! that our wives could only see
How well the money is invested
In these old books, which seem to be
By them, alas! so much detested.

There's nothing hath enduring youth,
Eternal newness, strength unfailing,
Except old books, old friends, old truth,
That's ever battling—still prevailing.

'Tis better in the past to live
Than grovel in the present vilely,
In clubs, and cliques, where placemen hive,
And faction hums, and dolts rank highly.

To be enlightened, counselled, led,
By master minds of former ages,
Come to old books—consult the dead—
Commune with silent saints and sages.

Leave me ye gods! to my old books—
Polemics yield to sects that wrangle—
Vile "parish politics" to folks
Who love to squabble, scheme, and jangle.

Dearly beloved old pigskin tomes!
Of dingy hue—old bookish darlings!
Oh, cluster ever round my rooms,
And banish strifes, disputes, and snarlings.

THACKERAY IN AMERICA.

(SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE.)

CLARENDON HOTEL, NEW YORK.

Tuesday, 23 Dec. [1862]

MY DEAR LADY:

I send you a little line and shake your hand across the water. God bless you and yours.

The passage is nothing, now it is over; I am rather ashamed of gloom and disquietude about such a trifling journey. I have made scores of new acquaintances and lighted on my legs as usual. I didn't expect to like people as I do, but am agreeably disappointed and find many most pleasant companions, natural and good; natural and well read and well bred too; and I suppose am none the worse pleased because everybody has read all my books and praises my lectures; (I preach in a Unitarian Church, and the parson comes to hear me. His name is Mr. Bellows, it isn't a pretty name), and there are 2,000 people nearly who come, and the lectures are so well liked that it is probable I shall do them over again. So really there is a chance of making a pretty little sum of money for old age, imbecility, and those young ladies afterwards.

Had Lady Ashburton told you of the moving tables? Try, six or seven of you, a wooden table without brass castors; sit round it, lay your hands flat on it, not touching each other, and in half an hour or so perhaps it will begin to turn round and round. It is the most wonderful thing, but I have tried it twice in vain since I saw it and did it at Mr. Bancroft's. I have not been into fashionable society yet, what they call the upper ten thousand here, but have met very likeable of the lower sort. On Sunday I went into the country, and there was a great rosy jolly family of sixteen or eighteen people, round a great tea-table; and the lady of the house told me to make myself at home—remarking my bashfulness, you know—and said, with a jolly face, and twinkling of her little eyes, "Lord bless you, we know you *all to pieces!*" and there was sitting by me O! such a pretty girl, the very picture of Rubens's second wife, and face and figure. Most of the ladies, all except this family, are as lean as greyhounds; they dress prodigiously fine, taking for their models the French actresses, I think, of the *Boulevard* theatres.

Broadway is miles upon miles long, a rush of life such as I never have seen; not so full as the Strand, but so rapid. The houses are always being torn down and built up again, the railroad cars drive slap into the midst of the city. There are barricades and scaffoldings banging everywhere. I have not been into a house except the fat country one, but something new is being done to it, and the hammerings are clattering in the passage, or a wall, or steps

are down, or the family is going to move. Nobody is quiet here, no more am I. The rush and restlessness pleases me, and I like, for a little, the dash of the stream. I am not received as a god, which I like too. There is one paper which goes on every morning saying I am a snob, and I don't say no. Six people were reading it at breakfast this morning, and the man opposite me popped it under the table cloth. But the other papers roar with approbation. "*Criez, beuglez, O journaux!*" They don't understand French though, that bit of Béranger will hang fire. Do you remember *Jeté sur cette boule &c.*? Yes, my dear sister remembers. God Almighty bless her, and all she loves.

I may write next Saturday to Chesham Place; you will go and carry my love to those ladies won't you? Here comes in a man with a paper I hadn't seen; I must cut out a bit just as the actors do, but then I think you will like it, and that is why I do it. There was a very rich biography about me in one of the papers the other day, with an account of a servant, maintained in the splendor of his mental decorations—Poor old John whose picture is in 'Pendennis.' And I have filled my paper, and I shake my dear lady's hand across the roaring sea, and I know that you will be glad to know that I prosper and that I am well, and that I am yours

W. M. T.

THACKERAY IN PHILADELPHIA.

PHILADELPHIA.

21 to 23 January, 1863.

My dear lady's kind sad letter gave me pleasure, melancholy as it was. . . .

At present, I incline to come to England in June or July and get ready a new set of lectures, and bring them back with me. That second course will enable me to provide for the children and their mother finally and satisfactorily, and my mind will be easier after that, and I can sing *Nunc dimittis* without faltering. There is money-making to try at, to be sure, and ambition,—I mean in public life; perhaps that might interest a man, but not novels, nor lectures, nor fun, any more. I don't seem to care about these any more, or for praise, or for abuse, or for reputation of that kind. That literary play is played out, and the puppets going to be locked up for good and all.

Does this melancholy come from the circumstance that I have been out to dinner and supper, every night this week? O! I am tired of shaking hands with people, and acting the lion business night after night. Everybody is introduced and shakes hands. I know thousands of Colonels, professors, editors, and what not, and walk the streets guiltily, knowing that I don't know 'em, and trembling lest the man opposite to me is one of my friends of the day before. I believe I am popular, except at Boston among the newspaper men who fired into me, but a great favorite with the *monde* there and elsewhere. Here in Philadelphia it is all praise and kindness. Do you know there are 500,000 people in Philadelphia? I dare say you had no idea thereof, and

smile at the idea of there being a *monde* here and at Boston and New York. Early next month I begin at Washington and Baltimore, then D. V. to New Orleans, back to New York by Mississippi and Ohio, if the steamers don't blow up, and if they do, you know I am easy. What a weary, weary letter I am writing to you. . . . Have you heard that I have found Beatrix at New York? I have basked in her bright eyes, but Ah, me! I don't care for her, and shall hear of her marrying a New York buck with a feeling of perfect pleasure. She is really as like Beatrix, as that fellow William and I met was like Costigan. She has a dear woman of a mother upwards of fifty-five, whom I like the best, I think, and think the handsomest,—a sweet lady. What a comfort those dear Elliots are to me; I have had but one little letter from J. E. full of troubles too. She says you have been a comfort to them too. I can't live without the tenderness of some woman; and expect when I am sixty I shall be marrying a girl of eleven or twelve, innocent, barley-sugar-loving, in a pinafore.

THACKERAY AND THE AMERICAN GIRLS.

There's something simple in the way these kind folks regard a man; they read our books as if we were Fielding, and so forth. The other night some men were talking of Dickens and Bulwer as if they were equal to Shakespeare, and I was pleased to find my self pleased at hearing them praised. The prettiest girl in Philadelphia, poor soul, has read 'Vanity Fair' twelve times. I paid her a great big compliment yesterday, about her good looks of course, and she turned round delighted to her friend and said, "At most tallest," that is something like the pronunciation. Beatrix has an adorable pronunciation, and uses little words, which are much better than wit. And what do you think? One of the prettiest girls in Boston is to be put under my charge to go to a marriage at Washington next week. We are to travel together all the way alone—only, only, I'm not going. Young people when they are engaged here, make tours alone; fancy what the British Mrs. Grundy would say at such an idea!

There was a young quakeress at the lecture last night, listening about Fielding. Lord, Lord, how pretty she was! 'Twere are hundreds of such everywhere, airy looking little beings, with magnolia—no not magnolia, what is that white flower you make bouquets of, camilla or camelia?—complexions, and lasting not much longer.—

THACKERAY IN RICHMOND, VA.

March 3rd. 1853.

RICHMOND, VIRGINIA.

I am getting so sick and ashamed of the confounded old lectures that I wonder I have the courage to go on delivering them. I shan't read a single review of them when they are published; any thing savage said about them will serve them right. They are popular enough here. The two presidents at Washington came to the last, and in this pretty little town the little Athenæum Hall was crowded so much that it's a pity I had not hired a room twice as big; but

£2500 is all I shall make out of them. Well that is £200 a year in this country and an immense comfort for the chicks.—Crowe has just come out from what might have been and may be yet a dreadful scrape. He went into a slave market and began sketching; and the people rushed on him savagely and obliged him to quit. Fancy such a piece of imprudence. It may fall upon his chief, who knows, and cut short his popularity.

The negroes don't shock me, or excite my compassionate feelings at all; they are so grotesque and happy that I can't cry over them. The little black imps are trotting and grinning about the streets, women workmen, waiters, all well fed and happy. The place the merriest little place and the most picturesque I have seen in America, and on Saturday I go to Charleston—shall I go thence to Havannah? who knows? I should like to give myself a week's holiday, without my *démodé* lecture box. Shake every one by the hand that asks about me.

I am yours always—O! you kind friends—

W. M. T.

THACKERAY'S DESCRIPTION OF AUGUSTA, GA.

When I had finished at Charleston I went off to a queer little rustic city called Augusta—a great broad street 2 miles long—old quaint looking shops—houses with galleries—ware-houses—trees—cows and negroes strolling about the side walks—plank roads—a happy dirty tranquillity generally prevalent. It lies 130 miles from Charleston. You take 8½ hours to get there by the railway, about the same time and distance to come here, over endless plains of swampy pine-lands—a village or two here and there in a clearing. I brought away a snug little purse from snug little Augusta, though I had a rival—A Wild man, lecturing in the very same hall: I tell you it is not a dignified *métier*, that which I pursue.

EDGAR ALLAN POE.

The Life and Letters of Edgar Allan Poe. By John H. Ingram. W. H. Allen & Co. 7s. 6d.

Unlike some new editions, this 'Life and Letters of Edgar Allan Poe' has been fully and carefully revised. It is impossible to read this fresh tribute to the memory of the highly-gifted but unhappy poet without feeling that in Mr. Ingram he has found a sincere and truly sympathetic biographer, who, not satisfied with writing a mere sketch of Poe's life, has shown us "the gradual development of his heart and mind, of his nature as a poet and a man," and thus "endearing him more to us, while enabling us thoroughly to comprehend him."

Throughout the whole of his brief career a morbid sensitiveness to affection seems to have been one of Poe's most distinguishing traits, and this marked idiosyncrasy of his character shows itself both in his proud shrinking from all contact with congenial natures, in the fidelity of his friendships, and in his passionate and almost fanatical devotion to those who became the objects of his affection. Ths craving for sympathy characterized Poe's intercourse

with his fellows from his earliest boyhood, and what he could not find in his companions he sought for amid the silence of Nature, delighting in solitary rambles in unfrequented spots, where he could freely indulge in his poetical day-dreams.

Mr. Ingram is of opinion that the sad and untimely death of Mrs. Helen Stannard, whose gracious and gentle kindness to the orphan lad filled his lonely heart with "an oppression of joy," tinged all Poe's writings for years, if not for ever, and that Mrs. Whitman has found a key "to much that seems strange and abnormal in the poet's after life," and to the many strange and weird fancies that haunted his brain in the "solitary churchyard vigils" at the grave of her who had been the confidant of all his boyish griefs and sorrows.

It was from John Neal, the editor of *The Yankee*, that Poe received the first words of praise and encouragement in his literary career—"the first faint recognition of his ability to do something meritorious"—and the correspondence thus begun in friendly criticism was continued in a similar sympathetic strain until the poet's death.

Like so many writers of repute, Edgar Poe was wont to portray the workings of his own nature in his writings, and these autobiographical glimpses are especially noticeable in his story of 'Berenice,' which Mr. Ingram designates as "an essay of its author's idiosyncrasies." 'Ligela,' which was the poet's favorite tale, markedly displays that faculty which Mrs. Browning describes as "making horrible improbabilities seem near and familiar" by proving the impossible possible. But that gruesome sketch, the 'Man of the Crowd,' Mr. Ingram considers, stands forth as a specimen of the author's real genius, displaying to the full "his masterly powers of combined suggestiveness and description."

It is not our purpose here to enter on a detailed criticism of Poe's writings, but we cannot refrain from quoting the following exquisite definition taken from a prefatory letter to his volume of poems published in 1831:—

What is Poetry?

Poetry! that Proteus-like idea, with as many appellations as the nine titled *Coreyra*! "Give me," I demanded of a scholar some time ago—"give me a definition of poetry." "*Tres-volontiers*;" and he proceeded to his library, brought me a Dr. Johnson, and overwhelmed me with a definition. Shade of the immortal Shakspeare! I imagine to myself the scowl of your spiritual eye upon the profanity of that scurrilous *Ursa Major*. Think of poetry, dear B—, think of poetry, and then think of Dr. Samuel Johnson! Think of all that is airy and fairy-like, and then of all that is hideous and unwieldy; think of his huge bulk, the Elephant! and then—and then think of 'The Tempest'—'The Midsummer Night's Dream'—Prospero—Oberon—and Titania!

A poem, in my opinion, is opposed to a work of science by having, for its immediate object, pleasure, not truth; to romance, by having, for its object, an indefinite instead of a definite pleasure, being a poem only so far as this object is attained; romance presenting perceptible images with definite, poetry with indefi-

nite sensations, to which end music is an essential, since the comprehension of sweet sound is our most indefinite conception. Music, when combined with a pleasurable idea, is poetry; music, without the idea, is simply music; the idea, without the music, is prose, from its very definitiveness.

Some of the sunniest and happiest days of the poet's short and sad career were spent in the little cottage at Fordham, that tiny and simple home made bright by the refined taste and genius of its inmates. But even this haven was ruthlessly intruded upon by an uncharitable and censorious public, "fed by jealous whisperings of curious men, and, sadder still, of jealous women." The enemies that Poe's pungent and scathing pen had raised around him left him no peace, and their remorseless and unparalleled hostility followed him through life, not ceasing even with his death.

Although Poe's last journey to Richmond was a hopeful one, being undertaken with the object of carrying out "the grand purpose" of his life, the starting of *The Stylus*, his own special magazine, the poet's sensitive nature seems to have been oppressed with gloomy forebodings, which, alas! were only too well founded—though even now the actual facts connected with his tragic end are still shrouded in mystery.

Mr. Ingram's memoir has, however, successfully accomplished the object he had in view. Without dwelling unnecessarily on the "mythology of scandal" that has grown up around the poet's story, he brings forward authenticated proofs that the obloquy which for so long overshadowed Edgar Allan Poe's moral character and writings was the result of misrepresentations and falsifications, by which his most harmless words and actions were distorted, and he completely refutes Mr. Griswold's slanderous 'Memoirs of Poe,' justly characterizing them as "a calumnious product of envy, hatred, and malice against this gifted, but ill-starred child of genius.—*London Literary World*."

'A GARDEN WALLED AROUND.'

MR. RUSKIN has produced another of his delightful books—this time by deputy. The 'Hortus Inclusus' which Mr. Allen, of Sunnyside, Orpington, has just published is, strictly speaking, not a book of Mr. Ruskin's at all. It is a selection from his letters to two friends, sister ladies, who live in a little paradise among the English Lakes, and who show themselves worthy of their dwelling-place by their kindness to every one about them. The letters have been selected by Mr. Albert Fleming, Mr. Ruskin's 'Master of Rural Industries,' whatever that may mean. They are necessarily in the line of those personal confidences of which Mr. Ruskin has never been sparing. As he advances in years, the old man eloquent talks more and more about himself, but the infirmity of his more youthful period is now only the grace of his age. In the present book he seems to lay even

his correspondents under contribution for the development of this all-important theme. The sole and sufficient excuse for the practice is that he talks so well. His letters have the same charm as his prose, and there is little or no difference between what he writes to the public and what he writes to his friends. He is always occupied, not only with the message he has to deliver, but with the personality through which it is delivered. He takes himself for better and for worse, with all the frankness of a child. Most persons can only wish that they had retained the fearless *naïveté* of the nursery; Mr. Ruskin has not to wish it, it has kept with him as an inalienable gift. He is fearlessly wrong and right by turns, wilful, petulant, prejudiced, boyish, in a word, for good and for ill. With the medium of genius and knowledge through which this quality is exercised, he produces the most astonishing results. These letters, then, are, in a sense, but a supplement to the *Præterita*. The boyish note is struck on the very first page. Mr. Ruskin is writing to a lady who, as he elsewhere says, is some thirteen years older than himself, but he confesses that he never knew his Susie "could be such a naughty little girl before." He is at Assisi, and he takes his coffee every day in the cell of one of the monks. The good man tells him stories of conversions and miracles, "and then, perhaps, we go into the Sacristy and have a reverend little poke out of relics." A little later on, Mr. Ruskin complacently remarks that he is the only writer on art who has learnt his business thoroughly, inasmuch as he does the work of illustration with his own hand.

The letter from which this is taken is but two pages long, yet all Ruskin is there. Hitherto we have seen the boy only; now we have the man, and the man of genius, in his fine observation on the Pompeian frescoes. They mark the great characteristic of falling Rome in her fierce desire of pleasure and brutal incapacity of it. A few lines lower down this illuminating thought is jostled by a paradox. On the walls of Pompeii, "among other calumniated and caricatured birds, I saw one of my Susie's pets, a peacock, and he had only eleven eyes in his tail. Fancy the feverish wretchedness of the humanity which, in mere pursuit of pleasure or power, had reduced itself to see no more than eleven eyes in a peacock's tail!" He agrees with his correspondent that one of his chief troubles is with the quantity of things he wants to say at once. He says some of them in this letter, with an exquisite felicity of humor. He is in a horrible inn kept by a Garibaldian bandit, who succeeds in doing every thing badly. No exertion, no invention, could produce such badness anywhere else. "The hills are covered for leagues with olive trees, and the oil's bad; there are no such lovely cattle elsewhere in the world, and the butter's bad; half the country people are shepherds, but there's no mutton; half the old women walk about with a pig tied to their waists, but there's no pork." Then we have a description of the foam of the Tiber after a thunderstorm. It was black-brown, like coffee

with the grounds in it mixed with a very little yellow milk. This passion for saying something startling is eminently childlike, and eminently characteristic of Mr. Ruskin's writing, his best as well as his worst. It is impossible to divest oneself of the suspicion of a strong self-consciousness. The clever child will be noticed; and when he can do nothing better to attract attention, he will let off fireworks in the drawing-room. Save Carlyle, perhaps, there never was a less simple writer. The passionate straining for effect is apparent in every line. Half *Præterita* is but a dish of piteously little things rendered tasty by the manner in which they are served. Mr. Ruskin must admire the great placid workers in art simply by mere force of introspective contrast. In letter after letter, the clever thing is sought for, and with such a seeker it is always found. He will not hear of pen-wipers made out of peacock's feathers. "I always use my left-hand coat-tail." Yet of course, he is scornful of his own quality, according to the good old rule: "My dearest Susie, it is the chief provocation of my life to be called a 'word painter,' instead of a thinker."

A few letters from Susie conclude the volume. It is the old, old story, and the very delightful one, of the adoration of a pure and noble-minded woman for a man of genius. "How shall I thank you for allowing me, Susie, to *distill* your writings?"—"My dear friend, was there ever any one so pathetic as you?" "I study your character in your writings. I find so much to elevate, to love, to admire—a sort of education for my poor old self." With these letters before us, we can readily believe all that the Master and his 'Master of Rural Industries' have told us of the character and disposition of this gentle correspondent. "Susie lived an aerial and enchanted life, possessing all the highest joys of imagination, while she yielded to none of its deceits, sicknesses, or errors." The least things were treasures to her, and her moments were fuller of joy than some people's days. This is Mr. Ruskin, but the Master of Industries is no wit less encomiastic of both. "To him I owe the guidance of my life, all its best impulses, all its worthiest efforts; to her, some of its happiest hours, and the blessing alike of incentive and reproof." The other lady plays a more silent part, and she is only mentioned to show that, while she is like her sister in benevolence, serenity, and practical judgment, her character is of a more practical turn. Most of the great literary lives have been cheered by friendships like these. The feminine quality of soul in men of genius seems to require such solace and such communion. They are always beautiful things to witness. They seem to prefigure a time when friendship will play a far larger part in the relations between the sexes—when, in fact, what is called love will largely give place to a sentiment which, with much of the fervor and sweetness of that divine passion, is less exposed to the risk of change. The truest and finest women are eminently fitted for such spiritual companionship, and, when they find it, they are seldom disposed to grieve for any other loss.

DR. HOLMES IN EUROPE.

Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes's account of his recent visit to Europe has now been published. A London daily paper writes thereon:

Dr. Holmes has written a pleasant book. England is his true theme; he saw little of the Continent. It was his second visit to our shores; and the first one took place more than fifty years ago. The book must therefore be taken as another Jubilee record of national progress and social change. Dr. Holmes's short retrospect of his earlier impressions seems to take us back to the days before the Flood. He saw the beasts in the Tower, and was nearly torn to pieces by a "quadrumanous rough" whose cage he had approached too closely in the ardor of curiosity. He went to Vauxhall Gardens, as at his later visit he went to Madame Tussaud's—because all Americans go there. For that matter, he might have gone to Madame Tussaud's in 1833. At Vauxhall there were fireworks and an exhibition of Polar scenery, with "Mr. Collins, the English Paganini," playing on the violin. The other Paganini was to be heard at morning concerts, at the same time. The Autocrat of the future heard Grisi at the Opera, and saw William IV. in the Royal box, with the Princess Victoria and the Duchess of Kent. The elder Mathews was still before the public, and Liston was playing Paul Pry. Our traveller went to the Derby by coach, and saw Plenipotentiary win, with Connelly on his back. Every New England deacon, he thinks, ought to see one Derby day, to learn what sort of a world he lives in. "Man is a sporting as well as a praying animal." Just enough of the old visit is recorded to give flavor of contrast to the experience of the new one. This last was accomplished in true American fashion. Dr. Holmes had but a hundred days at his disposal, and he had to see everything in that time. It involved some hardship to himself and occasional injustice to the sights. He apologises for his one hour at South Kensington, and for his ten minutes with Mr. Bernard Quaritch. The shorter period was certainly well employed. Dr. Holmes went to the great book fancier, and told him exactly how much time he had to dispose of. Mr. Quaritch entered into the humor of the situation, and gave him a ten minutes with old books in which every second seemed to count. The pilgrim handled, or, at any rate, he saw, an 'Amadis de Gaul,' "first edition—unique," and he might have carried it away with him, if he could have spared £300. A first folio of Shakspeare was not to be removed from the premises under £785. Our guest does not forget that we are a nation of shopkeepers, and, to give us an opportunity of appearing at our best, he spends a good deal of time in our shops. Now and then he seems to regard them as landmarks of personal history. He is struck by their habit of remaining exactly where he left them half a century ago. Near Temple Bar he saw a brush shop, where he had bought brushes as a young man. He went in to buy more brushes, just for the sake of auld lang syne.

The great museums and picture galleries might have awakened some recollections of the same kind, but here, for the most part, all sense of self is lost in wonder. At the British Museum the Doctor can only reflect that individual ignorance is a fathomless abyss. What is it to have published a little book or collected a few fossils or coins or vases, as one stands awe-struck in this universe of knowledge? The hour at South Kensington was well employed. The Doctor was fascinated by the sculptured figure of a female saint, by Donatello, which, before it came to its present place of honor, had for years been used in Padua as a horse trough. He thought the figure was the most nearly perfect image of heavenly womanhood he had ever looked upon. Which is best, he asks, to live in a country where such a work of art is taken for a horse trough, or in a country where products of the self-taught handicraftsmen equal to the shaping of a horse trough, and not much more, are put forward as works of art? We Britons must wince as we read, for fear Dr. Holmes should have our public statues in his mind. But, if we bend low enough, the bolt may pass clean over our heads to distant Washington, at which it was probably aimed. The lobbyist of the studios have contrived to pass off some execrable things on Brother Jonathan for the decoration of his Capitol. The Doctor's observation is merely incidental, but it contains the germ of one of the profoundest criticisms on art we have had for many a day. There is, or there used to be, a ridiculous tendency among ourselves to estimate art productions by the opportunities of the worker. The self-taught man was often thought to be entitled to notice because he was self-taught. The result of the teaching, however acquired, is of course the only thing that truly counts. As a rule, the Autocrat is of no country in his comment; he is only a man of culture who tries to pass a cultured judgment on what he sees. Now and then, however, the American asserts his claim in shrewd reflections worthy of the historian of 'The New Pilgrim's Progress.' Dr. Holmes is touched by the sight of the effigies in the Temple Church. How peacefully have they slept all these hundreds of years amid the din of town! It is a tender and soothing reflection, but the note is changed somewhat abruptly by the remark that the originals were "a pretty rough set of flibusters, no doubt." Yet our visitor takes us kindly and generously throughout, and he often talks of our foibles as though he had mistaken them for our virtues. He likes the notion of that huge wooden blind drawn all across the windows of a certain nobleman's house in London, to keep the world from the owner, and the owner from the world. He thinks such things are suited to an old country, full of romance, and legends, and diableries of all sorts.

The book has nothing like the importance of Emerson's well-known study of English traits. It contains but few observations on character, little of the purely personal impression, and one is more and

more puzzled by the claim of subjectivity. Dr. Holmes talks of places, rarely of people, never of individuals, except to say something agreeable about them. He was largely entertained, and many pages of his book are in the nature of cards left on his entertainers. His somewhat formal politeness to the individual sometimes extends to the nation. The characteristics observed are usually those of the external sort. The upper classes produce very fine men and women; the lower classes, men and women that are not so fine. In the drawing rooms Dr. Holmes saw magnificent specimens of the race, but, feeling sure there must be a dwarfish strain somewhere, he went to look for it, and found it in the public thoroughfares. The Englishman is proud of his hat, and attentive to it, both on its outside and on its inside. "It is a common thing for him to say his prayers in it, as he sits down in his pew." Dr. Holmes met nice people at dinner in London, just as he meets nice people in Boston. The talk was good or, at any rate, abundant, yet he rarely brought away much of it with him. It was quiet and well bred, never heated or noisy. Religion and politics rarely came up, and never in any controversial way. In spite of this, it seems, our people of quality are not wholly at a loss for the expression of their political antipathies. The bitterest politician Dr. Holmes met at table was a lady's dog, who refused a desirable morsel offered in the name of Mr. Gladstone, but snapped at it instantly on being told that it came from Queen Victoria. In all this, it will be seen, Dr. Holmes is the model of the courteous even more than of the observant traveller. All future English writers on the United States ought to resolve not to be outdone by him in this quality, however much they may be obliged to fall short of him in others. These amenities or their opposites come and go, as fashions. Dr. Holmes must remember a time when it was not the fashion with his countrymen to write of us as he writes now. Till the other day it seemed quite the fashion here to write unkindly of the United States. We have changed all that, and on both sides.

SHELLEY'S 'MASK OF ANARCHY.'

Mr. F. S. Ellis informs the *Athenæum* that two interesting Shelley documents have been brought to light. He adds:—The first is a letter from Shelley's widow addressed to Sir John Bowring, and now in the possession of his son Lewin B. Bowring, Esq., C. S. I., by whose kind permission I am enabled to send you a copy of it. I am led to suppose that it has never yet been printed by the fact that the existence of the MS. referred to in it has assuredly remained unknown, which would hardly be the case if the letter itself had been published. The words within brackets are marked through in the original.

Your note, my dear Friend, is on many accounts gratifying to me—But you must not wonder at my fear of intruding—for I know your time to be so valuable—and being myself a broken branch from the

tree of life—a solitary [being] creature—I am tainted by that morbid feeling which I dislike, while I at times yield to it of feeling myself neglected and forgotten—Pardon this last apology—I will never make another to you—trusting to the kind sentiments you express, I be vain enough to believe that you really have a pleasure in now and then hearing [of my] from me and being asked to do such kind offices as I have before now solicited from you.

Do not think me capricious if I deter my negotiation with Dr. Schinas—it is not I but another female, Fortune, who is guilty of caprice on this occasion—I must [defer] wait a little before I can take the lessons I desire.

Do not be afraid of losing the impression you have concerning my lost Shelley by conversing with any one who knew him about him—The mysterious feeling you experience was participated by all his friends, even by me, who was ever with him—or why say even;—I felt it more than any other, because by sharing his fortunes, I was more aware than any other of his wondrous excellencies and the strange fate which attended him on all occasions—Romance is tame in comparison with all that we experienced together and the last fatal scene was accompanied by circumstances so strange so inexplicable so full of terrific interest (words are weak when one speaks of events so near the heart) that you would deem me very superstitious if I were only to narrate simple and incooperable facts to you.—I do not in any degree believe that his being was regulated by the same laws that govern the existence of us common mortals—nor did any one think so who ever knew him.

I have endeavored, but how inadequately, to give some idea of him in my last published book—the sketch has pleased some of those who best loved him—I might have made more of it but there are feelings which one recoils from unveiling to the public eye—I have the greatest pleasure in sending you the writing for which you ask.

I hope you have not been a sufferer by this commercial turmoil—I am very sorry to hear of the illness of your children—my little boy had the measles in the autumn but is now quite well.

Did I not mention to you that I had a portrait of Shelley—it would increase your feeling with regard to him—Some fine spring morning you will perhaps come and see it when I shall again have the pleasure of seeing you—

I am, My dear Sir, most truly yours,

MARY SHELLEY.

Kentish Town, Feb. 25.

By the bye I have some more MSS. of Shelley's which I think will interest you—Shall I send them to you?—I have also some letters—but these would be to be read by you only—The longer poem I send was never published—It was called 'The Mask of Anarchy'—and written in the first strong feelings excited by the cutting down of the people at Manchester in 1819.

[Endorsed by Sir J. Bowring] Feb. 25, 1824.

The MS. of 'The Mask of Anarchy' is entirely in Shelley's hand writing, and is, apparently, the first draft of the poem. It justifies pretty well all Mr. Forman's conjectures, as to minor corrections and variations of the text, but proves that the poem was not written by Mrs. Shelley from her husband's

dictation, as he very reasonably suggests from the appearance of the MS. sent to Leigh Hunt. This autograph MS. contains two more stanzas than were in the MS. from which the edition of 1883 was printed. Between the 49th and 50th stanzas of the printed version occurs the following:—

Horses, Oxen have a home
When from dally toll they come
Household Dogs, when the wind roars
Find a home within warm doors

and between the 67th and 68th stanzas of the printed version:—

From the cities where from caves
Like the dead from putrid graves
Troops of starvelings gliding come
Living Tenants of a tomb.

But this stanza has the pen drawn across, and was evidently intended to be cancelled. Stanza 15 would seem to show clearly that the Hunt MS. was copied by Mrs. Shelley from this, for here we find the first line written in the same way as it is described to be in that till it was altered by Shelley's own hand.

Of stanza 33 only the first two lines are here given. Mr. Forman remarks that in the Hunt MS., while the first two lines are in Mrs. Shelley's hand, the last three are added in the poet's autograph, which would again show that MS. to have been a copy of this original draft.

In case the Shelley Society should think it desirable to print this MS. and letter in facsimile, I am happy to say that the owner has most kindly given the necessary permission.

THE FIRST ENGLISH BOOK ON AMERICA.

The earliest English book, that is to say book printed in English, which contains the word *America*—or, as it is styled, '*Armenica*'—was printed at Antwerp by Jan Van Doesborch. The volume bears no date, but, according to Müller, the eminent Amsterdam bookseller, now dead, "it is out of question that it has been printed in the period 1506-9, the time when all the separate editions of Vespuccius were published;" and certainly the latest date that can possibly be assigned to it is 1511. The last mentioned date is therefore usually quoted by cataloguers as a fair, if not conclusive, statement of the facts.

The title of this first English book on America runs as follows:

"Of the newe landes and of ye people | founde by the messengers of the kyn | ge of portyngale named Emanuel | Of the x dyvers nacyns crystened | Of pope Iohn and his landes and of | the costely keyes and wonders Molo | dyes that in that lande is |"

And following is a kind of preface or introductory notice, which explains that

"In the yere of our Lorde god M.CCCCXCVI, and so be, we with shyppes of Lusseboene sayled oute of Portyngale thorough the commaundement of the

Kynge Emanuel. So haue we had our vyage. For by fortune ylandes ouer the great see with great charge and daunger so haue we at the laste sounde oon lordshyp where we sayled well ix. c. myles by the cooste of Selandes, there we at ye laste went a lande, but that lande is not nowe knowen, for there haue no masters wryten thereof nor it knowethe, and it is named *Armenica*." According to the author, that land was, at the time he wrote, "ryght full of folke, for they lyue commonly ill e" (by which he means 200) "yere and more, as with sykenesse they dye nat."

Many other extraordinary statements are to be found in this exceedingly rare, curious, and costly cosmographical work, which is also the very earliest printed document in our language relating to what we call the New World. However majestic American-English literature is destined to become, we have here the kernel out of which the fully-matured oak will have originally sprung.

An inquiry into the printed naval literature of England would, we think, elicit the information that it was not until about the year 1577 that our cosmographical literature began to constitute a distinct section of English books. Before that date, that is to say during the reigns of Henry VIII., Edward VI., and Mary, whatever nautical experience had been gained by us was chiefly acquired by the traders, who, in spite of Turkish ravages on the shores of the Mediterranean Sea, passed with their ships into the Levant.

Hakluyt, in his '*Principal Navigations*, 1599, says that in the years 1511, 1512, etc., to the year 1534, divers tall ships of London, namely, the *Christopher Campton*, the *Mary George*, the *Mary Grace*, and others, had an ordinary and usual trade with Sicily, Candia, Cyprus, Tripoli, and Beyrout, whither they carried cottons, cloths, and fine "kersies of divers colours," receiving in exchange silks, Turkey carpets, pepper, and spices.

Next in order of time comes the voyage of Sebastian Cabot from England towards Cathay, a voyage which, in all probability, never had any existence in fact, as it is based entirely on a single statement and otherwise unsupported.

The early Levant traffic was, however, a vastly different thing from a voyage to the New World, for none but Spaniards were licensed to go thither from Spain, and our notions of the whereabouts of the great Continent were at this time of the haziest description. It is, therefore, striking to find, as Mr. Edward Arber points out in his '*First Three English Books on America*,' that ere Cortes had consolidated his marvellous conquest of Mexico, or Pizarro had finally set forth to imitate him in Peru, one Englishman at least had settled in the West Indies, and that one, if not two, English expeditions had reached the American coast, and most startling of all, one of these squadrons, found in the harbor of St. John's, Newfoundland, did not consist of another royal fleet of discovery, but of a fleet of fourteen *fishing-boats* (and if Spanish reports be correct, thirty or forty more in the neighborhood) that had ventured across the wide Atlantic simply for the sake of codfish.

This was the dawn of our geographical discoveries in the West; and although the first English book on America describes a Portuguese expedition, yet it will always continue to rouse the greatest curiosity and command the highest attention on the part of book-lovers, not only on account of its extraordinary scarcity and value, but because of the occurrence for the first time of the name "Armenica" modernized into "America," as pronounced every day by countless thousands all over the civilized globe.—*Book Lore*.

BROAD MARGINS.

In the olden times, when books were rare and readers few, the chief part of a volume was its interior, and the chief value its literary contents. People did not in those days purchase books for the sole pleasure of looking at them, and expatiating on their external qualities. They bought them to read and digest, and to annotate in crabbed Greek and Latin.

For this reason books were first printed with margins more or less wide, according to circumstances, which depended almost entirely upon the amount of cash at the disposal of the publisher. None were ever printed without margin, although there would not seem to have been much mechanical or typographical difficulty in the way of this being done.

We speak now of books printed in the earliest days of the Press; for subsequently it must be admitted that margins came to be looked upon more in the light of a luxury than of a necessity. Groller himself was desperately careful about his margins, even going so far as to widen short leaves by a kind of welding process, so that the book might have equal space throughout.

None of the old binders whose names have been handed down to the present day as masters of their craft were cramped for money; their patrons were for the most part men of wealth, to whom a few florins, more or less, were of no account; and so long as they dressed up the cherished volume in a tasteful dress, *doublé* or otherwise, it mattered not what price in reason was debited to the ever-swelling account.

Anything that tended to increase the cost was eagerly seized upon as affording an excuse for exceptional quotations suitable to the pocket of the very distinguished and cultured persons who alone could afford the luxury of a library worthy the name. Thus it came to pass that a wide margin had a peculiar charm of its own, for there was something substantial and aristocratic about a wealth of paper of the finest quality, just as there was about the castellated mansion which looked contemptuously down upon the labourers' cottages on the slopes.

Since that time the taste of a limited few has always declared for plenty of room; but from that day to this the popular fancy has craved for "cut" books, smooth-planed edges, in opposition to the ragged

leaves, which look barbarous unless viewed from a certain standpoint of culture.

A bibliophile who in an evil moment sends his choicest book to be repaired, foams at the mouth with suppressed fury and rage when he finds that the binder, notwithstanding minute instructions to the contrary, has planed down the volume a quarter of an inch on each of its three edges.

The binder is a man of the world, earthy, and cares for none of these things. Neatness is his strong point, and ninety-nine persons out of a hundred would support him in his wrong-doing; and upon this one plea, that to the popular eye the book really looks very much better than ever it did before. It is, however, ruined; its beauty has departed, and it must join the ever-increasing ranks of the imperfect and close-shaved. Nay, for an imperfect book there is a faint hope of redemption; for some maker-up of sets may complete it by deftly introducing a genuine title-page here, or absent leaf there; but what salvation is there for the cropped Samson?

A good depth of margin has now, as formerly, come to be looked upon as a distinction which tends materially to increase the external value of a book; and one literary Nimrod greatly rejoices over his fellow on account of an extra eighth of an inch to his copy of Virgil. They each of them measure with tape; it is rarely they weigh with the brain.

As a pure matter of convenience, however, it is just as well to have wide margins as narrow ones. The cost is very little more, and, while paper remains as cheap as it is at present, would hardly be felt. The truth is, authors become greedy; they will insist on putting an octave on sheets two or three inches smaller each way than Nature intended, and instead of the paper covering in area, say, a half more than the space occupied by the printed matter, the measurement is frequently reduced to a third, and sometimes even less than that, giving an appearance of absolute penury to the book.

We do not think there are in London at this moment three publishers who habitually issue their books with wide margins. Such few as are there publish high-class works, read only by the select few. It would, indeed, be throwing pearls before swine to treat the ordinary reader with a broad expanse of jagged paper. He would think he had been cheated out of so much text, and that the author had starved his brain and saved his money thus basely to betray him with unfinished work. And so it comes to pass that margins are getting narrower and narrower; some day, possibly, we may see the startling phenomenon of a book with absolutely none. The experiment has never been tried, so far as we are aware. It might succeed; it would certainly be a cheap venture, and the bibliophiles might every one of them purchase a copy to set off their choicest store, much in the same way as a giant is usually, from motives of contrast, accompanied by a dwarf.—*Book Lore*.

POET VERSES POET.

It is sometimes too readily assumed that where two poets have expressed the same thought, in terms which bear a general resemblance, one must infallibly have borrowed from the other, either of design or unconsciously; and yet it may have happened that the latter writer has in perfect good faith set forth that which to him was an original idea, the likeness to something already expressed being merely accidental.

But if the wits of poets have occasionally jumped together in accord, they have also (as the following extracts will show) jostled at other times in opposition. Here then, at any rate, no suspicion of unfair agreement can exist, as the writers, so far from shedding their ink in the same cause, have tilted with their pens to maintain conflicting theories.

Solitude:—

O, for a lodge in some vast wilderness,
Some boundless contiguity of shade,
Where rumour of oppression and deceit,
Of unsuccessful or successful war
Might never reach me more.

Cowper, 'Task,' II. 1.

To view alone
The fairest scenes of land and deep,
With none to listen and reply
To thoughts with which my heart beat high
Were irksome—for, whate'er my mood,
In sooth I love not solitude.

Byron, 'Bride of Abydos,' I. 2.

Ignorance:—

From ignorance our comforts flows,
The only wretched are the wise.

Prior, 'To the Hon. C. Montague.'

The truest characters of ignorance
Are vanity, and pride, and arrogance;
As blind men use to bear their noses higher
Than those that have their eyes and sight entire.

Butler.

The sea:—

I'm on the sea! I'm on the sea!
I am where I would ever be;
With the blue above and the blue below,
And silence wheresoe'er I go.

Bryan W. Procter, 'The Sea.'

Ocean! thou dreadful and tumultuous home
Of dangers, at eternal war with man,
Wide opening, and loud roaring still for more!
Too faithful mirror! how dost thou reflect
The melancholy face of human life!

Young, 'Night Thoughts.'

Country life:—

Mine be a cot beside the hill;
A bee-hive's hum shall soothe my ear;
A willow brook that turns a mill,
With many a fall, shall linger near.

Samuel Rogers, 'A Wish.'

Your love in a cottage is hungry,
Your vine is a nest for flies—
Your milkmaid shocks the graces,
And simplicity talks of pies!
You lie down to your shady slumber,

And wake with a bug in your ear;
And your damsel that walks in the morning
Is shod like a mountaineer.

Willis.

Silence in woe:—

In all the silent manliness of grief.

Goldsmith, 'Deserted Village.'

Give sorrow words: the grief that does not speak
Whispers the o'er-fraught heart, and bids it break.

Shakspeare, 'Macbeth.'

Love in absence:—

Absence makes the heart grow fonder.

Bayly, 'Isle of Beauty.'

And out of mind as soon as out of sight.

Lord Brooke, Sonnet lvi.

WM. UNDERHILL.

LEOPARDI.

'The Poems of Giacomo Leopardi.' Translated by F. Townsend. (Putnam's Sons.)

The task of translating a classic is generally admitted to be desperate; yet the fascination of the task, the difficulties to be overcome, the semi-creative attitude which is required in the translator, will always insure recruits for the army of translation. Translation will continue to be a delightful exercise for the translator, but it will "come back more to him than to his readers." In the case of historians or philosophers, where the matter rather than the form is of paramount importance, translations have a better chance of succeeding; but in the case of poetry, where form is of equal value with matter, the task is well-nigh hopeless. It is as impossible to render in English

"Che fai tu, luna, in ciel? Dimmi, ohe fai,
Silenziosa luna?"

as it would be to render

"And the sun went down, and the stars came out far
over the summer sea,"

in Italian. The value of the lines, the emotion that created them, the image that they raise, the effect they are intended to produce, are all locked up in the very sound of the words themselves. At the outset the translator from Italian into English is met with a radical difficulty. How can our monosyllabic English compete with or adequately render the sonorous cadences of polysyllabic Italian?

Of Italian classics, Leopardi is certainly one of the most difficult to translate. The causes of this difficulty are various. In the first place, the very nature of his subject—cosmic misery—its vastness, its rigidity, its lack of detail, yields so little that is positive to the grasp of the translator. Leopardi is essentially a subjective poet. His theme is himself, his own individual unhappiness projected beyond himself until it fills the whole circumference of being. This is a magnificent subject for the poet; but in dealing with it Leopardi is cold, reserved, rejecting externals, concentrating his gaze upon his central emotion. Again, Leopardi is, as he himself said of Monti, essentially "un poeta dell' orecchio." He is

a rhetorical poet. His cadences, the structures of his sentences, are governed by the demands of the speaking voice and the ear that hears it; and this leads the poet to adopt his extremely intricate, and sometimes arbitrary, systems of rhymes, the only parallels to which in English are the choruses in Milton's 'Samson Agonistes.' In Leopardi's poetry, more than in that of almost any other poet, a union has taken place between the sound and the sense so intimate that to sever them means to destroy. Leopardi used words as an architect uses stones, or a sculptor his marble; and, as what Leo Battista Alberti called "la musica" of architecture vanishes if the stones are touched, so with Leopardi the passion of his thought seems to disappear upon the alteration of his words.

In spite of these great difficulties in the way of a translation of Leopardi's poems, we must say at once that Mr. Townsend's renderings are very good. Of the two possible methods of translation—the close or literal and the free or "impressional"—Mr. Townsend has, in all cases but one, to which we shall presently refer, chosen the literal method. The very nature of his original compelled him to this choice. Free translations of Leopardi could not well be anything else than a new series of pessimistic poems. Mr. Townsend is faithful to the words, and also in a remarkable degree to the rhythmic structure. The opening poem, 'All' Italia,' does not seem to us so successfully rendered as many of the others; but its patriotic compeers, 'Sopra il Monumento di Dante' and 'Nelle Nozze della Sorella,' as well as the splendid 'Consalvo,' 'Silvia,' and the exquisite 'Canto Notturmo' are as happily translated as we should suppose was possible in English. Space will not allow us to quote at any length; but as an admirable specimen of Mr. Townsend's powers we cannot resist giving this exquisite, free not literal, rendering of Leopardi's lyrical fancy called 'imitazione.' It is the best translation in the volume, and has something of the feeling of Blake about it.

"Wandering from the parent bough,
Little trembling leaf,
Whither goest thou?
From the beech, where I was born,
By the north wind was I torn.
Him I follow in his flight,
Over mountain, over vale,
From the forest to the plain,
Up the hill, and down again.
With him ever on the way:
More than this I cannot say.
Where I go must all things go,
Gentle, simple, high and low:
Leaves of laurel, leaves of rose;
Whither, heaven only knows."

The translator has not attempted to preserve the *terza rima* of 'Il Primo Amore,' and his choice of a simple four-lined stanza for the rendering of 'Il Risorgimento' is most unfortunate.

Leopardi is so great a master of language that a minute study of his works is as valuable an exercise as the study of an ancient classic. We will take a

few of the difficult passages, and see how Mr. Townsend has dealt with them. In the 'Ultimo Canto di Saffo' the passage

"Alle sembianze il Padre,
Alle amene sembianze eterno regno
Diè nelle genti,"

is translated thus:

"To idle shows Jove gives eternal sway."

We are inclined to think that *sembianze* here does not mean idle shows, but outward beauty. It is quite true that, as Mr. Townsend translates the passage, the meaning is *Leopardesque*; and, further, that in the 'Tramonto della Luna' Leopardi talks of 'le sembianze Dei dilettoſi inganni,' where *sembianze* means idle shows. But in the passage under discussion we cannot help feeling that *sembianze* is in antithesis to *disadorno ammanto*; and the whole point of the passage is that valor, learning, song are valueless in an ugly body.

Again, in the same poem, the passage

"Morremo! Il velo indegno a terra sparto,
Rifugirà l'ignudo animo a Dite."

is translated

"I die! This wretched veil to earth I cast."

It seems clear from the future "rifugirà" that *sparto* is the past participle of *spargere* used absolutely, not the present indicative of *spartirsi*. In the poem 'A se Stesso,' "or posera!" means "Now shalt thou rest," not "Nor wilt thou." This must surely have been a slip. In the following lines,

"Perì l'inganno estremo
Che eterno io mi credei,"

is rightly taken as "perished is the last illusion that I thought eternal in me." The three ultimate lines of the same poem, however,

"Omai disprezza
Te, la natura, il brutto
Potere," &c.

translated by Mr. Townsend

"Still, Nature, art thou doomed to fall," &c.

seem to us in his rendering not only to be a violation of the actual meaning of Leopardi, but to show a neglect of the very essence of Leopardi's philosophy. With Leopardi nature is the ultimate fact. He never presses beyond nature. In the parable of the Icelandic, Nature, the Sphinx of Sahara, is left alone upon the scene. It is man who is destroyed. It seems to us impossible that Leopardi should ever have said that Nature herself was "doomed to fall, the victim scorned of that blind, brutal power that rules and ruins all." Again, the phrase, "father's balcony," as a translation of "i verroni del paterno ostello," gives, in its colloquialness, a shock to the reader, and is a violation of Leopardi's rigid purity and correctness of style.

But, in spite of these and other points of disagreement, which it would have been pleasant to discuss with Mr. Townsend, we repeat again that these translations are very good, and in proof thereof we recommend to our readers the 'Night Song of a Wandering Shepherd in Asia.'

H. F. BROWN in the *Academy*.

GRANT ALLEN'S BOOKS.

Every room in our cottage, of course, has its own book-shelves; but most of my more useful books are in one or other of the three bookcases in the little dining-room. I am not a bibliophile, like my friend Andrew Lang. I cannot boast of money or opportunity to indulge in the "Aldines, Bodonis, Elzevirs," about which he so melodiously discourses to us. Still, there are a great many books in the dining-room bookcase that I prize far more highly than I should prize even that 'Pastissier Français' in exchange for which every true book-hunter would willingly barter his immortal soul. There is the green-bound copy of the 'Origin of Species,' for example, with the flattering autograph inscription straight from the pen of Charles Darwin. There is the whole row of the 'System of Synthetic Philosophy,' down to the recently published 'Factors of Organic Evolution,' sent me from time to time as treasured presents by Herbert Spencer. There are the 'Poems and Lyrics of the Joy of Earth,' with my wife's name inscribed on the fly-leaf by the very hand of our dear neighbor at Box Hill, George Meredith. There is 'Primitive Culture,' that E. B. Tylor gave me; there is 'In the Wrong Paradise,' from Andrew Lang; there is 'Noah's Ark,' with Phil Robinson's kind regards; there is 'Myths and Dreams,' with a crisp little note from Edward Clodd. Several shelves are filled entirely with books that bear in script or print that pleasing label, 'From the Author.' This volume of Alfred Austin's poems, for example, comes under that heading. The poet sent it to me as a sort of peace-offering for some adverse stanzas included in the collection in answer to an article of my own in the *Pall Mall Gazette* on the deceptiveness of English spring. These little interchanges of *quid pro quo* are among the great delights of an author's life; the hardest and worst-paid of all the professions is rendered endurable for the overworked hack, by the sense of fellowship with all the most congenial spirits of one's age.

Other books there are, with associations not quite so personal as these, yet still pleasing. This shabby green Tennyson over yonder is an early edition given by the poet as a present to his sister, whose name, Mary E. Ker, still stands impressed on the fly-leaf. Judge Ker, of Jamaica, her husband, passed it on to us one tropical Christmas at Strawberry Hill, among the Blue Mountains. Here, again, is 'Through the Avenues with a Donkey,' which I had for review in the *Fortnightly* several years since, when Stevenson was still an unknown man; I included it in the same article with George Elliot's 'Theophrastus Such,' which stands next it, and with Robert Browning's 'Dramatic Idyls,' whose present dwelling-place for the moment escapes me. Darwin's 'Earthworms,' too, I well remember. I got it hot from the press at Murray's one summer afternoon, read it through on the way down by train to my home at Dorking, wrote the review in breathless haste in this very study, sent it off by evening post to town, and saw it out in all the dignity of print

at breakfast the next morning. Most of these books, indeed, barring presents, have been sent for review—and from how many sources! I really hardly care to remember! Here is Geikie's 'Geology'; that was for the *St. James's Gazette*; and here is Green's 'Making of England'; that, I remember, was for the *Academy*. Wallace's 'Island Life' and the 'Life of Lyell' I did for the *Fortnightly* in John Morley's day; De Candolle's 'Cultivated Plants' and the Marquis de Nadailac's 'Prehistoric America' were for the *Pall Mall*; Maudsley's 'Pathology of Mind,' I fancy, I noticed first for the *Athenæum*. But where did I review Tylor's 'Anthropology'? 'Twas a book for review—that much I know—for see the embossed note, "With the Publisher's Compliments;" but the particular paper, I fear, escapes me. And what is this American botanical work? Let us see: "From Asa Gray, Harvard, June, 1886." Indeed, I came back not quite empty-handed of keepsakes from America. I brought with me the photograph W. D. Howells gave my wife in Silas Lapham's house on the Waterside of Beacon; and a cake of maple sugar that George Iles of the Windsor in Montreal entrusted to our charge as a stranger's tribute to Robert Louis Stevenson.

For the mere books, as books, I care far less. This copperplate Horace, however, engraved throughout, both letter press and illustrations, my father gave me, and I prize it accordingly; it is Pine's well-known London edition of 1733. Here, again, is a copy of Swinburne's 'Poems and Ballads,' the first suppressed edition, bought when I was a schoolboy; I keep it with pleasure, because one likes to think how one so early recognized the advent of a great poet. And here, once more, is 'That Very Mab,' which I prize by anticipation in like fashion. I reviewed it in *Longman's*. When May Kendall's name becomes as well known as it is sure to be some day, it will please one to remember that one saluted the rising sun betimes, for any fool can bow down obsequiously before the rising glory. And here is my faithful old Bentham, the 'British Flora,' which has accompanied my wanderings up and down these isles of Britain, with notes in the margin, of place and date for every flower I have seen growing on British soil. The Asa Gray similarly went with me to the White Mountains and the Falls of Montmorenci, Walden Pond and the shores of Lake Ontario; it has notices of the habitat of all the wild plants I examined in America. The top shelf of the bookcase to the right of the fireplace contains the fearsome array of my own contributions to the literature of my own country. I count them up and find to my horror that they amount already to twenty-four separate volumes, besides my edition of 'Buckle's Miscellanies,' and my share in Sir William Hunter's great 'Gazetteer of the Indian Empire.' This is too much. I humbly crave humanity's pardon for having inflicted so much of myself upon it.—*American Magazine*.

THE two hundredth edition of 'Helen's Babies' has been issued.

Shakespeariana.

ALL COMMUNICATIONS RELATING TO THIS DEPARTMENT SHOULD BE ADDRESSED TO

ALBERT R. FREY, The Astor Library, New York.

EDITOR OF THIS DEPARTMENT.

ON THE TWO Q TEXTS OF *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, AND THE AUTOGRAPH OF SHAKESPEARE.

The only works of Shakespeare that were printed directly from his own MSS. appear to be *Venus and Adonis* and *The Rape of Lucrece*. All the others are a medley, the author having had no participation in their production, and until it can be ascertained from what sources the alterations in the various editions were derived, all theories as to their sequence are premature. The fact of an edition bearing a later date is not conclusive evidence that the alterations it may contain are those last made by the author. It is quite possible, when a play was purchased by a company, that each actor took a copy of his part, with the cues, for the purpose of study at home, and that the alterations in the print were mainly derived from such sources. If the plays had been issued by their author himself, or under his auspices, they would have shown the working of his mind in relation to his subject. The extraordinary blunders with which the quartos are disfigured are proof that the author did not intervene in the printing of his works, or, in the alternative, did not understand his own writing.

What Henninge and Condell say in the dedication to the Folio, "we have but collected them," no doubt expresses the exact truth; but what is said in the notice to the "Readers" is not true, that is, they did not have Shakespeare's manuscripts to print from, and their issue is not superior to those quartos, which while they condemn, though probably unaware of it, they copy. Nor are these plays more "perfect in their limbs" than the quartos; since, besides other mishaps, they have omitted fifty-six necessary lines in various places of *Richard II.* alone. Perhaps the writer, whoever he may have been, was unacquainted with the autograph of Shakespeare, and hence the mistake. There is no doubt the quartos were used, if indirectly, and the particular editions can be pointed out.

The most important of the early quartos for the purpose of showing the liberties these copyists took are those of *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, as they are free from all involvement of stage interference. If there is much doubt as to the date of its first production, there can be none that the sketch preceded the finished play and could never have had possession of the stage; while the second edition bears date 1619, three years after the death of the author, so that alterations, other than corrections, are the unjustifiable meddlings of scribes and printers. As the edition of 1619 should have been a mere reprint, and is published under the same name, it would have been most convenient every way to use a text of the first edition with the corrections marked into it.

But it has been written out, and has a number of variations of verblage not affecting the sense, and a few corrections as well as some mistakes are made. Although the play is nearly all prose, it is printed in both editions as poetry. In the second edition there are about forty places where the lines begin differently from the first, and there are a few variations as to prose and poetry.

Some of the more curious mistakes, which have mostly been carefully copied into the second edition, are here presented:

My honour(humour)—twell up the streets—tinder boy (box, used for obtaining lights)—lyre (leere) of invitation—by my sword (side) weare steele—welkin and her fairies (starres)—Sir Yon (You, Hugh)—cut his name (trote)—follow may—b die, booty 1619—tis time (true)—gallon (Galen)—bullies talle (bully stale). This refers to the urinal, which was the sign of a physician, in the same way as the pole, band, and basin of the barber; the ram's fleece of the clothier; the dog and porridge-pot of the ironmonger, etc. Vid. *Decameron*, (G. viii. N. 2.) where Bruno paints the *orinale* over the door of Simone medico. People who could not read understood these.—he will cary it, he will carit Tis in his betmes (buttons) he will carit—mountain of money (mummy)—Catlen. This is only a misdeciphering of Gatton or Gattion, not another place.—ridden, written 1619—tooked, tooke it 1619, etc.

It is remarkable, after the lapse of seventeen years, that such errors should have remained undetected. They are not different in kind from those sanctified as Shakespearianisms by some who overlook the circumstance that they were destined to be recited with action before very miscellaneous audiences, at whom it would be as unjustifiable to make mouths as uttering such gibberish.

If copyist's blunders are put aside, no author ever wrote clearer sense than Shakespeare. His dialogues are not mere collocations of disconnected speeches, where noblemen and grooms speak in the same style, but are naturally evolved from the matter of preceding speakers.

GEORGE GOULD.

25 Martine Street, Bermondsey, London.

REVIEWS.

The Works of Christopher Marlowe, edited by A. H. Bullen. In three volumes. Boston and New York, Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1885.

III.

It would be impossible within the limits of this magazine to set forth at length the connection between Marlowe and Shakespeare; that such connection existed nobody will doubt, but that it can be distinguished in the lines of certain plays is not so evident. *The Taming of a Shrew*, *Titus Andronicus*, the old *King John*, *Henry VI.*, *A Larum for London*, *Loctrine*, *The Maiden's Holiday*, and *Lust's*:

Dominton are the plays which have been ascribed to Marlowe, and the reader must at once see that during the ten or twelve years in which he wrote, it was utterly impossible for the dramatist to have produced this number of works. We shall endeavor, therefore, to attempt a separation, and ascertain if possible what does and what does not belong to him. As far as *The Taming of a Shrew* is concerned we think Mr. Bullen has made out a "strong case," and we cannot refrain from quoting his remarks:

The Taming of a Shrew contains a number of passages that closely resemble, or are identical with, passages in Marlowe's undoubted plays — particularly *Tamburlaine*. This fact alone would make us suspect that Marlowe was not the author; for poets of Marlowe's class do not repeat themselves in this wholesale manner. But when we see how maladroitly, without the slightest regard to the context, these passages are introduced, then we may indeed wonder that any critic could have been so insensate as to attribute the authorship to Marlowe * * * In my judgment the anonymous writer was sometimes engaged in imitating Marlowe and sometimes in burlesquing him. But be this as it may, the absurdity of attributing the piece to Marlowe is flagrant. The author of *The Taming of a Shrew* was a genuine humorist; and Mr. Swinburne is speaking within bounds when he calls him "Of all the pre-Shakespeareans incomparably the truest, the richest, the most powerful and original humorist." Marlowe had little or no humor.

This is not the place to rehearse the Shakespearian authorship of *The Taming of a Shrew*. In a recent number of the magazine *Shakespeareana* we have discussed it at length and refer the reader to that periodical. As regards *Titus* and *Henry VI.* we must remember that the only evidence thus far brought forward to dispute their position among the Shakespearian plays is of a purely internal nature. The new school of scholars build their conjectures upon this and they are continually baffled by the external proofs. Mr. Bullen finds no traces of Marlowe in *Titus*, but says, "that Marlowe had a share in all three parts of *Henry VI.* is, I think certain." To the latter opinion we must shortly dissent, as the contemporary allusions, although meagre, seem to point to a Shakespearian authorship of both plays. The Latin words and phrases are such as we would never find in Marlowe's undisputed works, but they seem to remind us of the Stratford-poet, but lately from school, and with his head still full of classical literature. These plays moreover contain sentiments in common with other Shakespearian works, e. g., *Richard II.*, and the *Sonnets*; and lastly there may be an reference to the Hathaway affair in them. We think such allusions as these are of far more weight than the occurrence of a word like "mask" (Bullen p. lxxxi).

The Troublesome Reign of King John has been ascribed to Marlowe only upon the evidence of certain lines in the prologue. "But," remarks the editor, "so far from indicating that the author of *Tamburlaine* had written the piece that was about to be presented, those lines rather show that the 'warlike Christian' was intended to oust the 'infidel' from popular favor,—that the new play was

the production of some obscure rival of Marlowe's." And we think that nothing more need be said about it.

Of *The Maiden's Holiday*, (destroyed by Warburton's servant), we know nothing, except that it was a comedy, which would seem to indicate that it must have been incorrectly ascribed to Marlowe. Similarly, *A Larum for London* only claims a place among the Marlowe group through some doggerel verse discovered by Mr. Collier, and as the latter gentleman's discoveries usually culminated in forgeries, that also may be dismissed.

Lochrine Mr. Bullen calls a wretched play; we do not agree with him although we are also unwilling to assign it to Marlowe. The character of Strumbo is far too unlike any creation of the latter dramatist.

In considering the last of these plays we will first quote from Bullen as follows:

In 1657 Kirkman, the well-known bookseller published *Lust's Dominton; or the Leascivious Queen. A Tragedie written by Christofer Marloe, Gent.* This is a play of some power, but it was certainly not written by Marlowe. Collier showed conclusively that there are references to historical events that happened after Marlowe's death.

Now what Collier called attention to was the fact that in the first act of *Lust's Dominton* the death of a certain King Phillip of Spain is mentioned who must be Phillip II. But this monarch did not die until 1598, and in the *Somers Collection* of tracts published in the following year there is one describing the "last words" of Phillip, and this description has been utilized by the playwright. Hence, he argues, the play was written after Marlowe's death. But it must be remembered that only "King Phillip of Spain" is spoken of in the play and that the author had no particular personage in mind, and moreover, Kirkman must have had some reason for inserting Marlowe's name on the title-page. So it will be seen that the question is far from being settled.

In conclusion, we may add, that the three volumes, printed on a variety of Whatman paper, with their beautiful typography, are such as any publisher may well be proud of. They are carefully edited by a competent scholar, they contain, so to speak, probably everything that will ever be known of the unfortunate predecessor of Shakespeare, (for after Mr. Bullen's researches have ceased there is nothing left for his successors to glean), and lastly, as the student of Marlowe will in all probability desire facts, not theories, it will be far more profitable for him to procure the present text and thoroughly master it, than to expend his time and money upon so-called "Marlowe primers" and "Marlowe textbooks," which are filled with the conflicting opinions of a few scholars, and the idle speculations of theorists.

The Mermaid Series. William Congreve. Edited by Alexander Charles Ewald. Unexpurgated Edition. London. Vizetelly & Co. 1887.

We are glad that the Messrs. Vizetelly are carry-

ing their *Mermaid Series* into the region of the Restoration, for to the student of Elizabethan English it is important to trace the diluted stream as it flows from the spacious and splendid into the stilted and tiresome—from the broad uplands of Shakespeare, Marlowe, and Middleton into the architectural commonplaces of Addison, and the metallic platitudes of Pope. But they should, we think, be able to improve on the editorial resources of Mr. A. C. Ewald. Of course the problem of what to explain, and what degree of elementary education to assume in the reader, must always be modulated by standpoint and personal judgment in an editor, to say nothing of his common sense. Nevertheless, we think ordinary book-makers ought to be equal to suspecting that such a note as (p. 329)

Cinnamon water. A mixture of sugar, powdered cinnamon and hot water. A favorite drink of Dean Swift, who was a martyr to dyspepsia,

could hardly be expected to be of very great value to the student of the later English drama, (for whom only—since he is not for the average schoolboy or the very young lady—Congreve is to be edited, if he be edited at all). Neither could the student aforesaid be largely edified by being asked—when the name Cowley occurs (p. 64)—to stop and memorize the important fact that that estimable poet was born in 1618 and died in 1667. In other words, the annotation is impertinent if not silly, and silly if not impertinent: as witness a few examples selected at random.

On page 91 we are advised in a footnote that when Mrs. Bracegirdle, Mrs. Barry, Mrs. Mountfort, and Mrs. Bowman (dates of their births and deaths being appended) on one occasion appeared together, the audience "broke out into a fervour of applause," which no doubt is a most unusual liberty for an audience to take. Again,

(P. 10.) Lure. A term in falconry. The "lure" was an artificial decoy-bird used to call young hawks home.

which leads us to crave suspicion of a natural decoy-bird, perhaps.

(P. 46.) Antics. Persons fantastically attired.

(P. 26.) The last campaign. The French victories in the Netherlands were watched with grave interest by all Englishmen, who for the first time in the history of their country for many centuries, were personally engaged in a foreign campaign.

which perhaps suggests a query as to how many centuries went to make up the term of life of an ordinary Englishman of Congreve's day.

Of course nobody is expected to read Congreve other than professionally, and not at all without amazement at the paucity of an age which could sit out the stilted and interminable narrative of commonplace intrigue which composed the plays mounted in the era of the Second Charles. But all the same, though Congreve be as dead as anything in literature, if he is to be edited he certainly deserves a better editor than Mr. Ewald.

MISCELLANY.

Messrs. Blackie and Son state that they expect to issue on November 15, the first of the eight volumes of Shakespeare on which Henry Irving and Frank Marshall, the dramatists, have been a long time in collaboration. Mr. Irving contributes the introduction, the object of which is to show that Shakespeare was a practical playwright, and his plays were designed, above all things, for the stage. Each play is printed so as to be an acting edition. A line in the margin indicates the passages which Mr. Irving thinks are not essential for public or private representation. The introduction is divided into three sections. The first takes up the literary history of each play, the second, its stage history, giving some account of the chief occasions on which it has been performed, with the names of the principal actors; the third consists of critical remarks on the subject of the construction and characters of the play, with an estimate of its merits as compared with others of Shakespeare's dramas.

The notes to the plays are numerous, difficult passages being discussed and explained, and many points are made clear that have been left untouched by former commentators. Rare words and phrases are illustrated by quotations from Shakespeare himself or from his contemporaries, and passages from the old writers who have furnished the poet with some of his materials are often reproduced verbatim. The notes in which historical personages largely figure comprise brief biographical accounts of them. The more important notes are placed at the end of each play, but there are also many foot-notes given on the pages below the text; these comprise the explanation of words which are obsolete or used in peculiar significations, also translations of Latin, French, Italian, or other foreign words employed. To each play is appended a list of words that occur only in that play, a feature that has a very interesting bearing on the literature with which Shakespeare's mind was imbued at various periods of his career and indirectly on the question of his being joint author only of some of the plays. Each play is also furnished with a time analysis, showing the probable period of time covered by each scene and act, and the length of any intervals supposed to elapse in the course of representation.

The illustrations have been drawn expressly for this edition by Gordon Brown, and are reproduced in facsimile of the original drawing. They will consist of thirty-seven full page etchings, representing one or more important scenes in each play, and about five hundred and fifty designs placed in the text at the passages they illustrate. In further illustration sketch maps will accompany certain plays, showing the countries in which and the chief places where the action is supposed to occur.—*New York Herald*.

Our readers may remember the beautiful edition of *Romeo and Juliet* illustrated by Dicksee and

published by Cassell & Company as the first volume of their "International Shakespeare." They will consequently be gratified to learn that this firm have five more volumes nearly ready, the first of which, *King Henry IV.*, illustrated by Edward Grützner, will be issued during the present month. The other volumes are *As You Like It*, illustrated by Emile Bayard, *King Henry VIII.*, illustrated by Sir James Linton, *Othello* by Frank Dicksee, and *Twelfth Night* by G. H. Boughton. The plays will be printed on Whatman's hand-made paper, and there is to be but a limited edition.

Messrs. Lee and Shepard will shortly issue a new edition of the Rev. Henry Giles' book, *Human Life in Shakespeare*. The introduction will be by John Boyle O'Reilly.

THE PLAY OF HAMLET.—Shakespeare, it is well known, was passing, about the time that *Hamlet* was written, through a period of deep gloom and bitter disappointment. He had just lost his only son, whose name, (Hamnet) he took, slightly altered, for the play. He had achieved the highest theatrical success he was ever destined to achieve, and was already weary of the career that had brought him such reward. He had come to be attacked with violence by some of his contemporaries, whose jealous virulence had spoken of him as an "upstart crow" decked in borrowed plumage, and in other slighting ways. That mysterious sorrow that is the subject of so many of the sonnets had overtaken him, and his tenderly sensitive heart had apparently felt those "pangs of despised love" which, in this same play, he enumerates among the unbearable burdens of life. The "dark woman" had proved untrue, and the friend he idolized was the companion of her faithlessness. Other signs and aspects of the times could not but minister to his despondency, and to that growing cynicism which Hallam notes of him at about this period. Queen Elizabeth was on her death-bed, and had left no competent successor. The stage which he and his compeers had elevated so high was already in decline, and the public taste veering toward lower forms of art.

Penetrated with the full significance of these events, the ardor of the early struggle over the energy of youth no longer with him, the family which he had hoped to found not now probable, his mistress faithless, the public fickle, his friends unkind, what wonder that he yielded up his great mind for a time to melancholy and dissatisfaction. In such a mood the notion of a great burlesque of all that toil and turmoil of human life with which he had often dealt seriously and so well, seems to have suggested itself to him, as before and since it has suggested itself to others,—to Rabelais and Cervantes and LeSage, to Swift and Sterne. The material was ready to his hand, and as his manner was, he took the first suitable kind that came. Out of the rue Scandinavian tragedy he would make a great philosophical burlesque. In that work the pent up bitterness of his

heart found vent, and in ridiculing through the familiar vehicle of dramatic composition the weaknesses and struggles of ideal creatures, he sought for himself relief from real pain.—*Temple Bar*.

SHAKESPEARE'S FOOLS.—With reference to *Lear's Fool* words are more than ordinary inadequate to express or realize our feelings. That from every point of view he is the greatest of Shakespeare's *Fools* both in conception and execution, all will admit. Here we reach the climax; to go further is impossible. Whether we consider his marked individuality, the pathetic yet tragic interest that clings to him throughout, or his position in and connection with the play, we are convinced that he has no equal. Mr. Hudson says that our estimate of the drama as a whole depends very much on the interest we take in the *Fool*, and this is scarcely an exaggeration; he is in great measure the key to the play. As with the play as a whole, so with this character, we feel the truth, the majesty, the terror of it all, but we fail in giving it expression. "The secrets of nature have not more gift of taciturnity." The *Fool* is no mere jester, no clown to make merry at another's bidding; he is a half-mad, half-inspired child of nature, giving up his heart, nay, his life itself, in a love that was very precious. The infinite tenderness of the *Fool* is, perhaps, his most marked characteristic; his whole being was centred in his master and in one of his mistresses, and with their loss he made shipwreck of his life. In happier times he might have been as merry and light-hearted a jester as *Yorick*, and set the table in a roar with his jests and flashes of merriment; but it was not to be. The loss of his young mistress had chilled his heart—"Since my young lady's going into France, the *fool* hath much pined away;" and *Lear* loves him for this, though he will not have it named. Neither *Lear* nor the *Fool* ever name *Cordelia* to each other, and this shows that their hearts are too full for speech. There is a slight though subtle link between the *Fool* and his young mistress throughout, from this first introduction to the despairing cry of *Lear*, "and my poor *fool* is hanged," as he holds in a last embrace the lifeless body of his daughter. But the *Fool* forgets for a time his sorrow in his endeavor to do something, however little, for his master. He rouses himself, tries by caustic sarcasm to rouse the *King* also; for from the first he seems to discover by instinct the incipient madness, and would fain charm it away, even by his very bitterness. "Faithful among the faithless," he clings to *Lear*, and can value fidelity in others, though he seems at times to scoff at it. His jests, his snatches of song, his every word, have a pathos that is most pitiful, and amid the dark scenes of the play are like "rockets in a midnight sky."—*Cornhill Magazine*.

It may not be generally known that James Steele Mackaye posed for Ward's statue of Shakespeare in Central Park, New York, but such is the fact.—*Washington Post*.

**'THE THOUGHTS' OF MARCUS
AURELIUS.**

The gentlest soul that ever ruled mankind
Reveals himself in this immortal book;
O'er life's wild sea his lonely way he took,
A haven of repose and peace to find.
If thou would'st follow him then rule thy mind,
Opinion curb, and inwards turn thy look:
No earthly trouble his firm soul e'er shook,
And to men's meanness he was deaf and blind.
"Content comes not from palaces or gold,"
He said, "and royal State will soothe no tear;
Live inwardly or thou canst not be free."
The storm of life still rages as of old,
But through its tumult his grave voice we hear
Calming the billows of the bitter sea.

ARTHUR GALTON.

The Century Guild Hobby Horse.

LIBRARY NOTES.

THE Library at Canterbury Cathedral has been enriched by the addition of about 10,000 volumes bequeathed to the Dean and Chapter by the late Archdeacon Harrison. Included in the number is the Howley collection—the library of Archbishop Howley, left by him to the late Archdeacon.

THE new Congressional Library will have its foundations completed by the first of January. When finished, it will be the largest structure in Washington, next to the Capitol, and will cover 111,000 square feet of space, or about 14,000 square feet more than the British Museum Library.

THE letters of Schiller to Dalberg have been presented to the University Library at Munich by Freiherr von Veningen-Ulster, a great-grandson of the manager of the Mannheim Theatre.

THE volumes issued in the lending department of the Birkenhead Free Library during its thirty-first year of existence numbered 150,833, an increase of 12,956, on the previous year. In the reference department, 109,054 volumes were issued, as against 94,948 last year. The total number of volumes is now 39,046.

THE *South Wales Echo* of August 27 says—"It is suggestive to find that for the post of librarian of the Free Library at Pontypridd, there are no fewer than 107 applicants of all grades and places, although the salary does not exceed fifteen shillings a week."

AT the recent meeting of the English Library Association was read a most amusing paper 'Wanted, a Librarian,' by Mr. Mac Alister, of the Medical and Chirurgical Society, London. He literally kept the meeting in a roar by the satirical force with which he sketched the members of the Library Committee of Blankborough, and their selection from two hundred candidates for the librarianship, among whom were retired officers, unbeneficed clergymen, luckless

doctors, lawyers and schoolmasters, a few decayed tradesmen, one signalman, and a missionary returned from the Andaman Islands. The triumph of the last named in the competition, on account of his knowledge of Andamanese, was vividly depicted, and excited much merriment among the librarians and committee-men present. The more serious aspect of the subject was also brought out, and the importance of appointing to these posts men well versed in the business of a library was strongly insisted on. In the discussion which followed stress was laid upon the point that it is necessary to have well-qualified committee-men in order to secure good librarians.

BOTH Sofia and Philippopolis have public libraries—that of Sofia has about 25,000 volumes, that of Philippopolis about 15,800 volumes. There are about 4,000 English works; and not only works on the Eastern question, but works of a general or scientific character, such as Mr. J. S. Cotton's book on India and Mr. Romanes's on Animal Intelligence. The building intended for the Eastern Roumelian Parliament in Philippopolis is now used as the public library.

THE first consignment of books for the Newberry Library Chicago has arrived. The building is in progress and the importation of books will go along as steadily as may be until spring, when the fabric will be far enough advanced to admit at least 100,000 volumes. By the time the building is completed there will be space for 3,000,000 volumes or 1,000,000 more than are now shelved in the library of the British Museum in London.

THE Library of the Börsenverein at Leipzig was founded in 1843, but did not attain importance until Dr. A. Kirchhoff became librarian in 1861. In 1875, Dr. Kirchhoff presented the library with his own valuable collection of more than 1000 volumes. In addition to the library, the Verein has a valuable collection of Portraits, Autographs, Seals, Samples of Paper, Bindings and many other curiosities, illustrating the history and processes of book manufacture. The basis of these collections are those of H. Lempertz in Cologne and F. A. Butsch in Augsburg.

OF the library of the 'People's Palace' Mr. Besant writes to the *Athenæum*: "The foundations of the library are now laid, and the building, which will be completed in about eight months, has been already commenced. It is an integral part of the Palace as designed by Mr. Robson, and will consist of a noble octagonal room placed at the back of the Queen's Hall, with side rooms and ante-rooms. Each side of the octagon is to be 30 ft. long, and the diameter of the room will be 76 ft. There will be two galleries running all round the room, as in the Reading Room of the British Museum, for the accommodation of books. It is roughly estimated that when the shelves are all filled it will hold nearly a quarter of a million volumes. Pending the completion of the library, the books which now form its nucleus—a slender collection—will be placed in the recesses of the Queen's Hall. This is also arranged for a reading-

room, and is fitted with stands for newspapers, of which something like a hundred and fifty are provided, with tables for the magazines and for writing, and proper seats for the readers. The library, so far as we have got at present, consists of a thousand volumes belonging to the old Beaumont Trust, which have been housed temporarily in Tonybee Hall; a large number of volumes presented by London publishers, to all of whom a letter inviting contributions was sent; some given by certain authors, to whom a letter was also sent; and some presented by private individuals. We have to convey our best thanks to all these gentlemen, but especially to Mr. Isaac Pitman, of Bath, who contributes a collection of two thousand volumes."

BIBLIOPHILIANA.

THE Rev. T. P. Wadley notes from the English Record Office "41 Eliz., Sept. 1, 1599: licence to Robert Burdett esq. to alienate a messuage in Packwood, co. Warwick, called Shaxpere's house."

TOUCHING 'The Gamekeeper at Home,' one of the leading French newspapers—the *Siccle*—informed its readers the other day that English literature had just suffered a severe loss in the death of Richard Jefferies, the distinguished author of the well-known 'Le Patron de Jeu Chez Lui'!

THE Castle of Chillon, immortalized by Lord Byron in his celebrated poem 'The Prisoner of Chillon,' is about to be restored. When the restoration is finished the building will be used as a national Swiss museum.

THE Primrose League, through the Grand Master, the Marquis of Salisbury, has presented to the Queen a Jubilee volume, described as the biggest volume ever bound. It measures 18 inches across the back, weighs 30 lbs., and is filled with congratulatory addresses to her Majesty from the habitations of the League throughout the Empire.

MR. JONATHAN BOUCHIER, contributes to *Notes and Queries* the two following anecdotes of Sir Walter Scott:—"When Scott was staying with his friend and brother-poet Wordsworth, the frugal fare—at least in the article of liquor—at the bard of Rydal's table did not quite suit Scott's less simple palate. He used, accordingly, to pay a visit to a neighboring public, and have a quiet glass, 'unknown,' as Mrs. Gamp would say, to Wordsworth. One day the two poets were walking out together, and they happened to pass this same 'public,' when the landlady was standing at the door. Directly she caught sight of Scott she exclaimed, to his horror, 'Weel, Mr. Scott, have ye come for your morning dram?' thereby letting the cat out of the bag, and covering Scott with confusion." "When Scott met Manzoni, the latter said that he owed so much to the 'Waverley Novels' that his 'I Promessi Sposi' might be considered Scott's own. To which Scott replied, 'In that case, 'I Promessi Sposi' is

my best novel. This, if true, is, as graceful a compliment as was ever paid."

BEFORE the Library Association of the United Kingdom at the recent meeting at Birmingham, Mr. Blades read a paper entitled 'On the Present Aspect of the Question, Who was the Inventor of Printing?' It was an elaborate statement of the case between Haarlem and Mayence as the birthplace of printing—between Coster and Gutenberg as the inventors of movable type. Mr. Blades inclines to the opinion that the discovery was made in Holland, but that the improvement of the art by Gutenberg, as seen in the Mazarin Bible and other books, really amounts to a discovery.

FOLLOWING the example of their Edinburgh brethren's 'New Amphion,' the St. Andrews students have issued a little volume, white-clad and stamped in gold with effigies of their patron saint and his cross saltire, in aid of their "Students' Union." This 'Alma Mater's Mirror,' which has been edited by Prof. Lewis Campbell and the late Prof. Spencer Baynes, opens with a charming poem by Robert Louis Stevenson, 'The House Beautiful'—the "naked house," on "a naked moor," which is made lovely by the changeful seasons, by

"The incomparable pomp of eve,
And the cold glories of the dawn."

Andrew Lang follows with his 'Old St. Leonard's Days,' a paper of college memories; and Sheriff Campbell Smith gives reminiscences of Profs. Duncan, Ferrier, and Spalding; while the quotation of a page or two from Dr. Johnson's 'Journey to the Western Isles,' and from the Rev. D. McNicol's caustic 'Remarks' on the same, furnishes an occasion for Prof. Campbell's records of the professors of an earlier generation who entertained the lexicographer; and such more recent worthies as Principal Tulloch, Prof. Shairp, Prof. Baynes, and Patrick Proctor Alexander finding fitting eulogy. The book, which is issued from the Edinburgh University Press, is illustrated by Mrs. Lemon, J. F. Paton, H. Rivière, and T. Hodge.

A CORRESPONDENT writes, to the *Academy*: "Were there two spinsters named Ann, both after 'William Shaxpere' in November, 1582? The entry of the marriage license (November 27, 1582), lately found by Mr. Wadley in the Worcester Register, is of 'William Shaxpere' to 'Ann Whateley,' whereas the long-known bond about Shakspeare's marriage, dated November 28, 1582, is of 'William Shagspere' to 'Ann Hathway.' Is it possible that the young William in his wildoat days had got into a scrape with two women named Ann, each of whom procured the issue of an ecclesiastical document about herself? A young widow of twenty-six might well take in a younger poet of eighteen and a half, or fall in love and lose her way with him, as the case may have been."

THE Chester Association of Old King's Scholars intend to erect a tablet to the memory of the late

Randolph Caldecott in that part of Chester Cathedral where the King's Scholars used to assemble when they formerly went to church. The residue of the subscriptions after erecting the tablet will be applied to the foundation of a Caldecott prize or scholarship for drawing in the King's School.

A SMALL volume recently purchased by the Bodleian Library at the Brice sale at Sotheby's catalogued as 'Quatuor Evangelia..... sec. XIV.,' is found to be the very Evangelistarium described in the life of St. Margaret, Queen of Scotland, written by her confessor, as the book which she most valued and as the subject of a miracle. Since she died in 1033, the MS. cannot be later than the eleventh century. The miracle was that when a priest dropped this volume into a river it remained entirely uninjured for some hours till its loss was discovered and it was fished up. The clue to this identification was given by Miss Lucy Hill, author of 'Old Saints and New Demons,' who recognized the miracle thus described on a fly-leaf of the MS., to be identical with one recorded of St. Margaret's book. For nearly 800 years this book must have lain unrecorded and perhaps unrecognized, for there is no trace of any writing which would suggest the connection now established.

THE *London Builder* tells us that Long's Hotel, Bond Street, which is associated with Scott, Byron, and a host of *litterati*, is shortly to be pulled down and rebuilt.

A GOOD illustration of the use of the word *translator* is contained in Brathwaite's 'Drunken Barnabee's Journal':—

To the Translator.

That paltry patcher is a bald translator,
Whose aule bores at the words but not the matter;
But this Translator makes good use of lether,
By stitching ryme and reason both together.

A TABLET has just been placed on the house No. 42 Lothian Street, Edinburgh, setting forth that there Thomas De Quincey at one time lived. The tablet is composed of six tiles accurately fitted together, the letters being in ivory-white on an Indian-red ground. The inscription, enclosed by an egg-and-dart ornament, also in ivory-white, is as follows:

THOMAS DE QUINCEY,
Prose Writer.
Born 1785. Died 1859.
Lived Here.

The tablet, which is of an exceedingly neat design, is placed between two of the windows of the rooms on the second flat, which De Quincey occupied. It may be remembered that when De Quincey went to Scotland he settled with his family at Lasswade; but in order to be near his publishers he took rooms in Edinburgh, and died there—his remains being interred in St. Cuthbert's Churchyard.

THE following notice of what purports to be one of the smallest manuscripts in the world may be

worth preserving. It is from a recent number of the *London Times*:—

"One of the smallest manuscripts in the world to be sold.—For sale, a grain of rice, with the whole first chapter of the Koran written on it; given to an English officer in 1812 by an American gentleman, who received it from an Arab sheikh whom he had cured of a dangerous fever in the Desert."

THE following paragraph from 'Boswell's Life of Johnson' may be of interest just now: "He had a kindness for the Irish nation, and thus generously expressed himself to a gentleman from that country on the subject of an union which artful politicians had often had in view: 'Do not make an union with us, sir; we should unite with you only to rob you. We should have robbed the Scotch if they had anything of which we could have robbed them.'" (Malone's Edition, p. 418.)

THE Trustees of the British Museum have arranged in the King's Library an exhibition of books and manuscripts relating to Shorthand writing. One of the earliest examples shown is a psalter in Tironian notes—the shorthand characters having been invented by Marcus Tullius Tiro, the freedman of Cicero; it is in Latin—written early in the tenth century. Another early manuscript, dated 973, contains the works of Gregory of Nazianzum, Dionysius Areopagita and Monnus, in Greek, with marginal commentary and glosses, into which sentences and words in shorthand are introduced at the foot of one of the pages exhibited. Among the earliest printed books on the subject is John Willis's 'Art of Stenographie,' issued about 1617. To these may be added Charles I.'s cipher, dated April, 1646, probably invented by Peter Bales, and called a 'Lineal Alphabet,' used by the King and the second Marquis of Worcester. George Dalgarno's 'Universal Language in Shorthand Characters' is here exhibited. In 1661, he published 'Ars Signorum,' an extremely ingenious project, according to Todd. The work was enlarged and improved upon by Bishop Wilkins in his Essay towards a real character.

THE following gems of misreporting, are really too bright to remain buried in the "dark, unfathomed caves" of the *London Times*. In a speech reported at Oxford occurred the line, "Those terrible old Greek goddesses the humanities," and in a Westminster speech this impressive peroration: "We have broken our breeches; we have burned our boots; honour, no less than other considerations, forbids us to retreat." These two are probably genuine, the stenographic symbols for "Eumenides," "bridge," and "boats" being very like those for "humanities," "breeches," and "boots." The last instance given, however—

A little learning is a dangerous thing—
Drink deep, or taste not the aperient spring.

is probably not a shorthand writer's misreading, but an inspiration of some cheap American humorist.

The Bookmart.

November, 1887.

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GUNTHER'S MUSEUM.

In passing up State Street, Chicago, a few days ago towards evening, I came to Gunther's new palatial candy emporium, which cannot fail to catch the eye of every passer by, we stopped to glance into the beautiful place and on espying Mr. Gunther at leisure could not refrain from entering and spend a few moments in conversation, and as usual from nearly all subscribers of the BOOKMART, received a cordial welcome, which was scarcely ended ere the word was "come back," and starting I followed expecting that he desired to show me the beauty of his room, looking forward but reaching the rear, commenced ascending steps reaching a platform he

stopped and pointed to some of the relics he has secured, then ascending to the room above the store some 200 feet in length, I was ushered into what I believe is the finest private collection of curiosities that can be found anywhere in America or Europe, consisting of such articles that are of a historical character of great value, rare originals of many things. A perfect museum containing the rarest mementoes of the past relating to men and their works. Books of every age that can be found in any rare collection are here, Manuscripts, Missals, Early Printing, First Editions of Early Printing, Autograph Letters of early personages of renown, Original Manuscripts, Copies of Famous Authors some of the finest and most valuable mementoes and relics of our immortal Washington, Lincoln, Grant and Franklin and Famous Men and Women of England. Mr. Gunther has been quietly collecting his immense stock for a number of years spending some fifty thousand dollars, and has now prepared a place for it, and only a week ago opened it up to the public eye or such that visit his store, are cordially invited to step up and enjoy the richer treat. Chic. go will be proud of these famous collections and resort.

J. J. BENDER.

OBITUARY.

A. S. Hollowell, the well known Antiquarian Bookseller of Cleveland, Ohio, died at his home October 4th. Mr. Hollowell came from England in 1857 and shortly after purchased a stock of old books in Detroit from Mr. Patterson an old time Antiquarian which he brought to Cleveland, and exposed for sale on the street, opening a small stand under the Forest City House. Although the stock consisted of only some 200 books, his venture proved successful and at his death, his stock numbered many thousand volumes of books new and old. The intelligence of his death will create a sadness among many, as he was known throughout the entire Lake regions of the United States. His son Herbert will continue the business.

BOOK REVIEWS.

'THE MISSING SENSE.' By Dr. C. W. Wooldridge. (Funk & Wagnalls.)

Dr. Wooldridge's interesting little treatise is an attempt to establish upon a strictly scientific basis the proposition that the spirit of man exists and is immortal. His reasoning is careful and temperate; and though materialistic thinkers may reject it, they will find it difficult to put their finger on a flaw in it. For my own part, while I am not in sympathy with the materialistic hypothesis, I am inclined to think that Dr. Wooldridge has fallen into one or two mistakes, which, while not seriously invalidating the main scope of his argument, would involve considerable modifications in some of his conclusions.

He starts with the remark that there is at least one substance in nature with which our physical senses do not put us in relation, and which we nevertheless know to exist; to wit, the ether. Ether is the solid contents of space, permeating all matter as well as all regions where matter is not

present; and the only manner in which we obtain our knowledge of it is by an inference. Its reality, in other words, is established on the testimony of something that is not itself, of which our visual sense apprises us, namely, the vibrations of light. These vibrations could not take place save in some medium; and since that medium is not matter, it must needs be that other thing which we agree to call ether.

The next step is based on analogy. If the existence of one imperceptible thing can be proved by the existence of a thing that is perceptible—if ether must be because light is—then we may prove the existence of other imperceptible things in the same way. Now, the fact may be regarded as established that we sometimes receive impressions of events and persons which are beyond the reach of our physical senses. This phenomenon has been dubbed telepathy. A husband is killed in America, and his wife in England receives, at the same moment, the impression of his death, with the attendant circumstances. This fact is open to two modes of explanation. First, we may suppose that the spirit or perceiving intelligence of the wife has temporarily left her body (which nevertheless retains its animal life) and being thus freed from the limitations of space, which do not apply to the mental plane, can perceive and report an event which is happening at a distance of three thousand or more miles. This is the first hypothesis, and it is rejected by our author, on the ground that it would imply the divisibility of the Ego (which there is no other reason for assuming), and also because such experiences sometimes take place without any suspension of our ordinary consciousness of our immediate environment.—Secondly, the information as to the distant event may be communicated to the mind of the wife (or other telepathic subject) through the agency of some medium external to the subject, acting upon some spiritual adaptation in the subject to receive the information. As the former hypothesis is probably not true, the latter probably is. In the same line of illustration are to be classed a certain kind of dreams, which represent by a peculiar symbolic imagery events which have happened in the dreamer's experience, and also, occasionally, events which happen to him afterwards.

The conclusion derived from these premises is, that the intelligence that communicates these informations to the embodied mind of man must be one whose embodiment is such that, like the ether, our physical senses do not put us in any relation with it. In other words, what are called spirits are the medium of telepathy.

So far, many of us may feel inclined to agree with the author. But when, having demonstrated the existence of spirits by the argument that telepathy would otherwise be inexplicable, he proceeds to form theories as to the nature of spirits and their relations to man, we may find ourselves at issue with him. He remarks, for instance, that since telepathic impressions indicate an intimate acquaintance with us on the part of the spirits, it follows that the barriers which separate us from them do not exist on the other side to separate them from us; and again, that the merely momentary attention to ourselves of a spirit, would supply that spirit

with all the intimate acquaintance with us which telepathic impressions imply.

I must confess that I see no reason to suppose that a spirit can be any more conscious of my existence than I am of his. The "barrier" is not more impassable on one side than it is on the other. If the physical eye cannot see a spirit, neither can a spirit become aware of a physical body. When we say that man is an embodied spirit, we mean that his spirit is temporarily under the influence of certain conditions of limitation and imperfection, which are the indispensable preliminary to his development into a spirit pure and simple; the material body being not anything real in itself, but merely a temporal and spatial illusion of the mind, from which illusion we ultimately recover through the process known as death. But these illusions, while they last, render the spirit which suffers from them actually a being on a different and distinct plane from that occupied by spirits after the illusions have ceased; and these two planes are inaccessible one to the other, so long as, and in so far as, man remains man and spirit remains spirit.

How, then, do spirits communicate with man? Obviously, the communication must take place in some region common to both parties,—a region which the man occupies for the most part unconsciously, and of which the spirit may have cognisance without being aware that what he finds there has relation to any particular man, or, indeed, to any man at all. Experience and reason both lead us to the conclusion that this region is none other than that of the human memory. Man as we know, possesses a memory embracing his entire past, though only a small part of this memory is ever defined to consciousness. This memory is made up of the pictures of both material and mental experiences: but it exists, as memory, exclusively in the mental plane. In that plane, it may be described as a sort of living panorama of the man's past life in the world. A spirit, existing in the mental plane, comes within the confines of this panorama or memory, and thereby into connection or sympathy (unconscious on both sides) with the man to whom the memory belongs. In fact, inasmuch as a man, regarded as a character, is constituted by his memory, the spirit becomes for the time being and to a certain extent the man himself: he supposes the man's memory to be his own; nevertheless, his action upon the memory is different from that of the man: it is, by comparison, arbitrary and unconnected. Meanwhile, his involuntary sympathy with the man brings him into relations with other persons with whom the man is in sympathy; and the impressions produced upon him by these persons (who may be at any physical distance from the material scene of operations) are involuntarily communicated to the man. This explanation of telepathy has the advantage over that of the author, that it involves no concession to miracle (as any conscious and deliberate intercourse between a man and a spirit would do) but is simply an extension of principles which the science of mind has already established. The author's theory that the abiding place of spirits is the ether also seems to me untenable. For ether, although it does not appear to be subject to the laws or conditions of ordinary matter, must nevertheless be matter, because it occupies space; and any being who exists in it must

partake of its characteristics. But it is evident that, in a mental or spiritual plane, space and time have no existence: the former being supplanted by order, and the latter by state.—Again, I must dissent from the author's contention that animals are immortal. The lion, the lamb and the beetle, as abstract elements of human nature, are doubtless as immortal as that human nature itself; but no individual animal survives death as an individual. Animals are a part of nature, which is the visible externisation of the human mind, but not of any one human mind. However, this discussion has led me much further than I intended to go; and I will only add the hope that what has been said may induce readers to read Dr. Wooldrige's book for themselves.

'TEN THOUSAND MILES ON A BICYCLE.' By Karl Kron. I would much rather undertake to ride ten thousand miles on a rail, not to speak of a bicycle, than to write such a book as this, containing 800 pages of upwards of 800 words each. It contains the complete literature of bicycling, and I know not what else besides. It is a monument of patience and energy only to be compared with Webster's Dictionary, or the Great Pyramid. There is a great deal of entertaining as well as instructive and useful reading in it. Of course I have not read a fortieth part of it. Nobody ever will or can. But everybody who owns, or means to own a bicycle will read some of it, to his undoubted pleasure and profit. (K. Kron, N. Y.)

'FROM THE MARRIAGE LICENSE WINDOW,' by M. Salmanson, is a book describing the various people who apply for marriage licenses, their peculiarities and various proceedings. It is a volume of anecdote on a subject comparatively new, and is worth looking over. The author has an eye for character and a sense of humor. He sells it at 96 Evergreen Avenue, Chicago.

A VOLUME of poems,—'The Heart's Choice,' by H. A. Lavelly, (Riverside Press) and 'The Poets and Poetry of America,' a satire, by "Lavante," (Benjamin & Bell) originally published in 1847, with an introductory argument now added to prove that "Lavante" was E. A. Poe,—these two books call for no extended mention. Two novels, 'As in a Looking Glass,' by F. C. Phillips, and 'A Modern Circe,' by the Duchess, (Rand, McNally & Co.) are at all events interesting, and perhaps a trifle improper. The public has already passed judgment on them by buying them by the hundred thousand.

JULIAN HAWTHORNE.

AMERICAN NOTES.

LEE & SHEPARD have just published 'A Bunch of Violets,' by Irene E. Jerome, author of 'Nature's Hallelujah' and 'One Year's Sketch-Book,' 'Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, his life, his works, his friendship,' by George Lowell Austin, fully illustrated, and 'Human Life in Shakspeare,' by Henry Giles a new edition, with an introduction by John Boyle O'Reilly.

MRS. CRAWFORD's translation into English of the memoirs of Louise de Kervenoalle, Duchess of Portsmouth, is to be brought out here by Scribner & Welford. They also announce an edition of Mr. Symonds's translation of the Autobiography of Benvenuto Cellini.

D. Lothrop Company will shortly issue a life of Robert Southey with numerous letters not before given to the public.

THE poems to be published this season by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. include 'Poems,' by Edward Rowland Sill; 'Bird Talk,' a new volume by Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney; 'Early and Late Poems of Alice and Phoebe Cary'; 'The Dramatic Works of George Peele'; 'Lyrics, Idyls and Romances,' selected from the poems of Robert Browning, and 'Agassiz and Other Poems,' a new volume by James Russell Lowell.

SUSAN COOLIDGE, Mr. Preston and Charles Egbert Craddock are the American contributors to the new English magazine *Atalanta*.

THE committee in charge of the matter announce that the volume commemorative of the late Frederick W. Gunn—who founded and inspired that unique school for boys, 'The Gunnery,' at Washington, Conn., which has been prepared by the Gunn Memorial Association, is now in press. The Book has been exquisitely illustrated, as a labor of love, by William Hamilton Gibson, and will be uniform in size and general style with his 'Pastoral Days,' 'Highways and Byways,' 'Happy Hunting Grounds,' etc. It was written by old pupils and familiar friends of Mr. Gunn, Senator Platt, of Connecticut, being one of the contributors, and is altogether a remarkable tribute to the memory of a remarkable man.

THE conductors of *The Pittsburg Bulletin* formally announce that they have secured from A. C. Armstrong & Sons the legal right to reprint from week to week a number of Poe's tales. Mr. Alfred Thompson is to illustrate them.

ROBERTS BROTHERS have just issued 'Garden Secrets,' by Philip Bourke Marston, with a sketch of his life, by Louise Chandler Moulton, with portrait; 'Juvenilia; being a second series of essays on sundry æsthetical questions,' by Vernon Lee, author of 'Baldwin,' etc., and 'Songs of the Mexican Seas; the Sea of Fire and the Rhyme of the Great River,' by Joaquin Miller, author of the 'Songs of the Sierras.'

WALT WHITMAN contributes to Lippincott's for November a series of short poems under the general heading of 'November Boughs.' In one of them he bids a touching farewell to life.

A CURIOUS and entertaining article, by Prof. John Johnson, Jr., in Lippincott's for November is 'The School-Boy as a Microcosm,' in which the customs, morals, and economic principles of the average school boy are shown to reflect those of semi-civilized and savage periods of the human race.

THE New England Publishing Company have just issued 'Acts and Anecdotes of Authors,' by Chas. M. Barrows, which contains information concerning authors, books, and publishers.

NEARLY the entire limited edition of 500 copies of the 'Thackeray Letters' in book form, was subscribed for a week after publication.

MESSRS. HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & Co. announce that they are now able to supply authorized photograph and phototype reproductions of many of the works of Mr. Elihu Vedder. They include large compositions made in illustration of the Rubáiyát of

Omar Khayyám—figure pieces, landscapes, heads, and many of the symbolic designs, with which, perhaps, Mr. Vedder's talent is particularly identified. These reproductions, some of which are from paintings, others from drawings, are in most cases in photograph, but some have been issued in phototype to secure better results.

OVER 110,000 copies of Frank Stockton's books have been sold.

T. Y. CROWELL & Co. add to their series of Tolstol's works 'The Russian Proprietor.'

MR. C. M. BARROWS has collected three thousand facts about American books, authors, and publishers, English books and authors and popular translations, dramas and operas, and is about to bring them out in a book under the title of 'Acts and Anecdotes of Authors.'

GEORGE H. BOUGHTON illustrates 'Twelfth Night' for Cassell's "International Shakspeare."

'LITTLE LORD FAUNTLEROY' has reached its thirtieth thousand.

W. R. JENKINS adds to his "Théâtre Contemporain" Victor Hugo's 'Hernani,' and a new play, 'Miné et Contre Miné,' by Prof. A. Guillet, of Cleveland, Ohio.

MR. GEORGE W. CABLE will contribute a novellette to early numbers of the *Century*. It is an Acadian story, entitled 'Au Large,' and Edward Eccleston will furnish a novel for the same periodical, entitled 'The Graysons,' a story of Illinois, giving the popular version of a trial in which Abraham Lincoln was a chief actor.

An edition of 'Robinson Crusoe,' from entirely new plates and profusely illustrated by Gordon Browne, will be published shortly by Thomas Whitaker. It is a reprint of the author's edition of 1719.

AMONG Messrs. Ticknor & Co.'s recent publications are illustrated editions of 'My Old Kentucky Home' and 'The Swanee River,' by Stephen Collins Foster; 'Fools of Nature,' a novel by Alice Brown, and 'Under Pine and Palm,' a volume of poems by Mrs. Frances Mace, author of 'Legends, Lyrics and Sonnets,' 'Israfil,' 'Only Waiting,' etc.

CHARLES BURNET & Co., of London, announce (price 2s. 6d.) 'Proverbs from Plymouth Pulpit,' by Henry Ward Beecher, with a preface by the Rev. Dr. Parker.

At the suggestion of Messrs. Benjamin & Bell, the publishers, Mr. Appleton Morgan has added to his forthcoming volume, 'Shakspeare in Fact and in Criticism,' a chapter dealing with the Donnelly cipher, so called, Mr. Morgan proposing to demonstrate that while the Donnelly method is a heroic treatment of the Baconian Theory, yet it appears to be impossible from a structural analysis, as well as from the history of the Folio of 1623, that any inter-written matter should be therein included. Mr. Morgan writes from the point of view of his own Growth Theory of the text of 1623, and—to show that the printer's copy for the 1623 text was tampered with, not only by a whole generation of actors, but from time to time by the stage censors of Queen Elizabeth and King James—quotes at length a statute of Elizabeth's regulating stage plays which is not known to have appeared in print since 1559.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON has written a spirited ballad called 'Ticonderoga,' and it will appear with several illustrations in the Christmas number of *Scribner's*.

BRET HARTE's latest story, 'A Drift from Redwood Camp,' is also intended for the Christmas *Scribner's*. F. Hopkinson Smith and J. W. Alexander have furnished light illustrations.

MR. ALDRICH has prepared for the December *Harper's* a dramatic poem with the promising title of 'Pauline Pavlovna.' C. S. Reinhart has made two illustrations for it.

THE fiction of this Christmas number of *Harper's* will be notable in all respects. The list includes 'Captain Santa Claus,' an Army Christmas story, by that brilliant writer and officer, Captain Charles King; 'Annie Laurie,' a story by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps; 'Craddock's Heiress,' a story by Frances Courtenay Baylor; Mr. Howells's farce, 'Five O'Clock Tea,' and 'His Day in Court,' a story by Charles Egbert Craddock.

MESSRS. RAND, McNALLY & Co., of Chicago, announce for immediate publication 'For Her Daily Bread,' the narrative of a working girl's life and experience in the city of Chicago. Colonel Albert Ingersoll furnishes a preface.

'THE Boyhood of Living Authors' is the title of a forthcoming volume from the pen of William H. Rideing. It is said to be full of interesting personal details.

ROBERT CLARKE & Co., Cincinnati, have in press 'The Life, Journals, and Correspondence of Rev. Manasseh Cutler, LL.D., by his Grandchildren, William P. Cutler and Julia P. Cutler.

ROUTLEDGE's attractive and convenient Pocket Library now includes some twenty-five volumes, of which the latest is 'The Book of Humor, Wit and Wisdom.'

GERARD DE NERVAL's 'Sylvie' has been translated into English for the Routledges, who will issue it in similar style to their edition of Mérimée's 'Carmen,' with an introduction by Ludovic Halévy, and with etchings by Rudaux.

'PAUL CLIFFORD' has appeared in the pocket edition which the Routledges are publishing of Bulwer's Works.

'SELECTIONS FROM GOLDSMITH' form part of the second set of the "Garnet Series." They compose his 'Traveller,' 'Deserted Village,' and 'Retaliation,' from his poems, and copious extracts from his 'Citizen of the World,' the 'Vicar of Wakefield,' and other of his prose writings. Mr. E. E. Hale contributes an introduction.

MISS HAPGOOD's *Independent* papers on 'Tourguéneff at Home' describe the novelist as he appeared during his last visit to his native place in 1881, and are based on the diary of the Russian poet, Polousky, who passed the summer with Tourguéneff.

BURKE's famous Essay on the Sublime and Beautiful is issued in Cassell's ten-cent National Library.

THE Supplement to Mr. Cushing's 'Initials and Pseudonyms,' to appear this fall, will contain about 6,000 entries.

FOREIGN NOTES.

A SERIES of unpublished letters written by Charles Dickens will appear in the *English Illustrated Magazine* during the coming year. A paper containing some personal reminiscences of Dickens by Toole, the comedian, will also be brought out in this clever periodical.

THAT indefatigable writer, John Ashton, is about to add to his historical series a volume on 'The Fleet: Its River, Prison and Marriages.'

GEORGE MACDONALD's forthcoming novel is entitled, 'Home Again.'

JAMES HARRINGTON's 'Commonwealth of Oceana' has been added to Morley's Universal Library.

A WORK on the mystical, poetical, and philosophical aspects of the reign of King Charles I., by Mr. W. H. Davenport Adams, will shortly be published by Mr. George Redway. The title of the book is 'The White King.'

MRS. FORBES, the wife of Mr. Forbes, the well-known naturalist and explorer, who a year or two ago published an account of his scientific researches in the Eastern Archipelago, has written a narrative of her adventures while she accompanied her husband in his travels, which Messrs. Blackwood & Sons will publish under the title of 'Insulinde.' Mrs. Forbes's experiences in the East were in some respects unique. She resided for a few weeks absolutely alone in the mountains of Timor, and was the first European lady that visited Papua.

MR. MARION CRAWFORD has added considerably to his new novel 'The Crucifix of Marzio' (which will be published immediately by Messrs. Macmillan) since its appearance in serial form. The same author's 'With the Immortals,' which has been appearing for some months past in *Macmillan's Magazine*, will not be reissued in book form until the end of the year, as Mr. Crawford contemplates adding several new chapters.

MR. ALFRED AUSTIN's new poem 'Prince Lucifer' will be published by Macmillan & Co. The volume is dedicated to the Queen.

PROF. J. STUART BLACKIE has agreed to write a monograph on Burns for the "Great Writers" series. To the same series Prof. Knight will contribute a life of Wordsworth, Mr. J. Sime a life of Goethe, and Mr. Gosse a life of Congreve.

PROF. MAX MULLER is going to publish in a collected form a number of articles which appeared in *Good Words*, under the title of 'Biographies of Words.' The volume will contain a good deal of additional matter and a full discussion of the question of the original home of the Aryans.

MR. ANDREW LANG has written an introduction to Charles Lamb's 'Beauty and the Beast,' an edition of which, containing all the illustrations in facsimile, will be issued shortly from the Leadenhall Press. There will be a few proof copies, with the plates in two states.

'LOTUS AND JEWEL' is the title under which Mr. Edwin Arnold's new volume of poems will shortly appear. The name chosen bears allusion to the two principal pieces in the work—'In an Indian Temple' and 'A Casket of Gems.' The former of

these two discourses upon the mysterious philosophy enshrined in the sacred Hindu word *om*. The latter brings together, under a fanciful heading of eighteen letters, and in lyrical form, much recondite lore and many legends connected with precious stones. The volume also contains several minor poems, with translations from the Sanskrit of Kālidāsa and of the Mahābhārata. Messrs. Trübner & Co. will also publish at about the same time a reprint, with supplementary comments, of Mr. Edwin Arnold's 'Death—and Afterwards,' a paper contributed to the *Fortnightly Review* in August, 1885.

MR. REDWAY announces 'The Dance of Death,' a small volume containing a series of curious woodcuts discovered some time ago in a northern printing office. The letterpress is by Mr. T. Tindall Wildridge.

THE granddaughter of the late Sir Henry Taylor, Miss Una Ashworth Taylor, is about to make her second appearance as a literary woman in a novel entitled 'The City of Sarras.' Sir Henry's correspondence is now in the press.

MR. FROUDE's book, 'The English in the West Indies, or the Bow of Ulysses,' is to be illustrated from sketches by the author.

THE industrious and sentimental Miss Yonge has written a biography of Hannah More for the "Eminent Women Series."

DR. FURNIVALL's edition of the first part of Robert of Brunne's Chronicle, A. D. 1338, is just out, in two volumes, in the "Rolls Series of Chronicles and Memorials." This Chronicle is mainly an Englishing of Wace's historical romance, with a few additions from Bede, Geoffrey of Monmouth, &c. The second part of the Chronicle was long ago printed by Hearne; and its original, by Pierre de Langtoft, was edited for the "Rolls Series" by the late Thomas Wright.

MR. SWINBURNE has almost finished a new drama, to be called 'Locrina.' The volume of selections from his poems recently published has already reached a second edition; but no alterations have been made.

MR. STANILAND WAKE has written a book on totemism, serpent-worship, primitive marriage, and similar esoteric subjects, which will be published by Mr. Redway under the title of 'Serpent-Worship, and other Essays.'

'SCENES FROM THE "GEORGE ELIOT" COUNTRY,' by Stephen Parkinson, is the title of a volume now in the press which deals more especially with the early life of George Eliot, and identifies characters in her novels with persons of whom she had knowledge in actual life, and places and scenery with portions of the Midland counties amid which she spent her youth and young-womanhood. The publisher is Mr. Jackson, of Leeds, and the book will be illustrated.

PROF. BRANDL asks Dr. Furnivall to notify to English Shelley-students that the first homage paid to Shelley by any German author of renown is that by K. Gutzkow, in his essays entitled 'Götter, Helden, und Don Quixote,' 1838. This work begins with a brilliant panegyric of Shelley, pp. 3-19.

THE 'Life of Ralph Waldo Emerson,' by Mr. J. E. Cabot, who was deputed by Emerson to be his literary executor, will be published next week by Messrs. Macmillan & Co., in two volumes.

MESSRS. CHAPMAN & HALL will shortly publish a translation of M. Eugène Muntz's 'Life of Raphael,' with 51 full-page plates and 155 wood-engravings. The work has been translated and also edited by Mr. Walter Armstrong.

A COLLECTION of Dr. Emin Pasha's 'Papers and Letters' is about being published by Brockhaus of Leipzig. The editors are Dr. G. Schweinfurth and Prof. Ratzel.

THE collection of poetical works by Elizabeth Barrett Browning, to be published by Messrs. Ward, Lock & Co., will be introduced by a memoir by Mr. John H. Ingram (the well-known editor of Poe), furnishing some fresh items of interest and giving for the first time correct data of Mrs. Browning's life.

HACHETTE & Co., of Paris, have published George Eliot's 'Romola' translated by M. A. F. D'Albert-Durade; and 'Benjamin Franklin: Autobiographie,' translated by M. Ed. Laboulaye.

THE 'Souvenirs de Quarante Ans' by M. Ferdinand Le Lespe has been published by La Nouvelle Revue, of Paris.

GUILLAUMIN & Co., of Paris, have issued Henry George's 'Progress and Poverty,' translated by M. P. Le Monnier.

A BIBLIOGRAPHY concerning Russia has just been published by Mr. F. von Szczepanski, under the title 'Russica, III. Jahrgang.' In view of the increasing interest taken in the Russian Empire, such a work, which contains the English, French and German literature about Russia, should find a rapidly increasing number of subscribers. We would echo Mr. Szczepanski's request to be kept informed of all new publications relating to Russia. His address is S. Petersburg, Kasanskaja, No. 8 | 10 Qu. 87. At the same time we would suggest to him to include all the more important Russian works published on this subject in Russia itself, and to add a translation of the titles.—We take this opportunity of calling our readers' attention to an interesting article in Nos. 19 | 23 of the *Leipziger Korrespondenzblatt* (C. Rühle) which, under the title 'Entwicklung der russischen Residenzpresse' reveals a striking episode of Russian literary history.

THE correspondence of Sir Henry Taylor, selected by himself as materials for a posthumous publication, has been placed in the hands of Prof. Dowden to reduce in bulk and to prepare for the press. It covers a period of sixty years, from 1824 to 1884, and very fully represents the mind and life of Sir Henry Taylor in his work in the Colonial Office, in his literary work as a poet and prose-writer, his movements in London society, in his friendships and his home, and in the comparative retirement of his later years, when he became a sympathetic adviser to younger men of letters. Among his most frequent correspondents were Southey, Miss Fenwick, Sir James Stephen, James Spedding, Aubrey de Vere, and Lord Balfour; among those with whom he corresponded occasionally were Mr. Gladstone, Sir

E. Head, Caroline Norton, Sara Coleridge, Lord Tennyson, Wordsworth, Macaulay, Sir J. Herschel, Dr. John Brown, and Mr. Swinburne. The selection, which it has been decided to confine to one volume, will be published in the Spring by Messrs. Longman & Co.

BOOK NOTICE.

'THE POEMS OF LAURENCE MINOT.' Edited, with Introduction and Notes, by Joseph Hall. (Oxford, Clarendon Press.)—It would be difficult to over-praise the industry and skill displayed—we might more properly say concealed—in this excellent edition of Minot. We should scarcely have thought that the author was worth such an extraordinary amount of labor as his editor has bestowed upon him; but Mr. Hall has not wholly wasted his pains. Although the volume, text and all, consists of only 170 small pages, every allusion which the poems contain to the events of the time is illustrated with so much research and acuteness that the book is really a valuable contribution to the history of the reign of Edward III. In the appendix Mr. Hall gives four contemporary poems—two in English, one in French, and one in Latin—relating to the occurrences referred to by Minot. They have been published before (one of the English pieces, however, only in part); but Mr. Hall has collated the original MSS., and has annotated them with the same care as Minot's own text. The Latin poem on the battle of Neville's Cross is of peculiar interest, and has hitherto been almost unknown, as it has only been printed in Hutchinson's 'History of Durham.' The notes on the language of the poems show unusually extensive knowledge of Middle English literature, and there is an excellent glossary. We should be glad to hear of Mr. Hall's undertaking some more important piece of work of the same kind.

GENERAL NOTES.

NINE volumes of the H. B. Caricatures, comprising upwards of 50 pictures, with the first volume of the octavo keys, were sold lately at Messrs. Puttick & Simpson's rooms, realizing £4. 17s. 6d. This may be deemed a very moderate price. The H. B. pictures have been scarce for a considerable period; a complete copy containing all the 917 pictures issued is a great rarity.

THE newly discovered Leibnitz letters, which we recently mentioned, are said to be more numerous than was at first believed. They have been entrusted for sifting to Dr. Stein of Zurich, and the most essential portions of them are going to be published next October in the *Archiv für die Geschichte der Philosophie*.

A BITTER feud has broken out in the camp of the Goethe worshippers about Scherer's well known theory on the history of the composition of 'Faust.' The principal assailant is Prof. Creizenach, and the chief apologist of Scherer's theory is Dr. Erich Schmidt, who has not proved a match for his opponent.

THE Island of Cyprus is to be the scene of Mr. Rider Haggard's next story, according to a statement in *London Truth*.

THE Canadian papers make an appeal for the restoration of the grave of Major Thomas Scott (brother of the great novelist) in St. Matthew's Churchyard, Quebec. It was to Major Scott that Edinburgh society attributed the earlier Waverley Novels, an idea which Sir Walter himself was not unwilling to foster. He sug-

gested to his brother that he should write a novel dealing with the incidents of Quebec society and the vicissitudes of Canadian life; nothing, however, came of the suggestion.

CARLYLE'S 'Hero Worship' has just been translated into French by M. Insoulet-Loubatiere, Professor of Philosophy at the Condorcet Lyceum. The volume is dedicated to M. E. Renan with the following short preface: "Among modern European nations 'free thought' and 'religion' are said to be incompatible. This is a sad error. By translating this book by Carlyle, by pointing out in the introduction its central idea, and lastly by putting it under the high patronage of your illustrious name, I have tried to serve, according to my ability, the cause of religious free thought."

It has been decided to create in Paris, at the cost of the city, an "école d'apprentissage des industries du livre." The building destined to this service will be erected on the Boulevard d'Italie. The industry in question has always been one of the most flourishing crafts of the French capital, renowned of yore and in our own time for the illuminations, bindings, typography, and engravings it has produced.

THE following memorandum from Smith, Elder & Co., 15 Waterloo Place, London, S. W., to the Editor of the BOOKMART, dated October 10th, 1887, will be of interest to several correspondents: "In reply to your favor of the 30th ult., we beg to say that we do not contemplate publishing Thackeray's Letters uniform with the pocket edition of his works."

MISS HENRIETTE CORKRAN'S pleasant little sketch of Thackeray in the October *Temple Bar* brings into fuller relief certain characteristics of the great novelist with which we were already acquainted. Miss Corkran is able to speak from experience of his extraordinary liking for children, and of his fervent loyalty to friends. Her reminiscences tend to show that the delightful manner of the letters was not a manner put on, but was entirely natural to him. He seems to have been just as playful with the children who could not possibly have rendered him any return for it in admiration, as he was with grown people whom he liked. Miss Corkran incidentally throws some light on Thackeray as an artist. He would often wonder, when sketching, why he could not put in "the touch here and there" that would make his work a picture. It would be interesting to know how he ever came to think that a touch here or there would suffice. Nothing could have put Thackeray's drawings right. His delusion about his art work, for there must have been delusion or he could never have perpetrated or sanctioned the publication of the hideous illustrations by which his works are defaced, would be a most interesting subject for his next biographer.

THE Union of German Master Bookbinders' Societies resolved, at its 7th Annual Meeting on the 13th August to petition the German governments to abolish labor in prisons and penitentiaries, to prohibit the clergy from selling hymn books and teachers from dealing in school material. The petition brings to light an evil that has long given rise to complaints which are not confined to Germany.

BÜCHERFREUND (Bookfriend) is the title of a useful publication issued by Mr. M. L. Moltke, the well-known Librarian of the Leipzig Chamber of Commerce. In his own words, the editor proposes to establish a "Practical and Suggestive Advertiser for Books and Libraries." The practical side of the undertaking will benefit the book trade too, and we commend the new Journal to the notice of publishers.

MR. J. H. HESSELS concluded, in the *Academy* for

August 13th, his series of articles on the History of Printing, which began so far back as April 30th. In the last article Mr. Hessels sums up his argument, which is, at the same time, a serious indictment of Van der Linde's latest three-volume exposition of the subject. We understand that Mr. Hessels intends to reprint these articles.

'THE BEST BOOKS,' a classified bibliography of about 25,000 of the best current books in all departments of modern literature, with the prices, sizes, dates of first and last edition, and the publisher's name of each book, by Mr. William Swan Sonnenschein, which has been in preparation for about four years, is now through the press, and will be ready for issue at an early date.

IN 'Some Experiments as to the Influence of Gas on Bindings' a paper read before the English Library Association, Mr. C. J. Woodward showed that gas injures bindings, and that heat does so in a less degree. Prof. Tilden, of Mason College, thought that in actual experience the injury was much greater than it was in experiments, because of the rise and fall alternately of the temperature when the gas was lighted and extinguished. When the gas was lighted a film of moisture was deposited on the books on the upper shelves, which moisture contained minute quantities of sulphurous acid, and when it evaporated the acid remained. This by degrees accumulated until it destroyed the books.

PROFESSOR SEELEY has delivered an interesting lecture on the study of literature. He warned his hearers against the danger of artificial revivals of forgotten writers. If they were to do justice to the literature of their own age, which had the first claim upon them, and if they were to do justice to French, German and Italian literature, not to speak of the Greek and Roman classics, which he thought all the world ought to read at least in translations, he thought they must make up their minds to forget a great quantity of English literature. Speaking of history, to which he was irresistibly drawn, he said that it was the text book of politics, and he thought that in an age like this, when the questions at issue were so tremendous, when the fortune of everything was committed to a multitude, the poor virtue of veracity ran a risk of being trampled under foot in the tumult. In studying history, he found that one came to regard very coldly those high-flown maxims which politicians called principles. People went on judging principles by the ring of them. It did not occur to them that that which sounded very grand was not necessarily true. History enabled them to bring high-sounding theories to the test of fact and experience. Everything in politics was made to turn upon some such dogma, which in five cases out of ten was not true, and in the rest was not applicable. Politicians used history when they had a bad case. Each party had written a history for its own use. Whenever he heard a politician say "We know from history," or "Every historical student is aware," he felt instinctively that he was going to tell a lie.

WHAT would become of authors if their elderly critics were as frank as their juvenile ones? Lewis Carroll speaks of "a very dear child-friend I asked, after an acquaintance of two or three days, if she had read 'Alice' and the 'Looking-Glass.' 'Oh, yes,' she replied, readily, 'I've read both of them. And I think (this more slowly and thoughtfully)—I think 'Through the Looking-Glass' is more stupid than 'Alice's Adventures.' Don't you think so?" But this was a question I felt it would be hardly discreet for me to enter upon."

A PORTRAIT of the Southern writer Thomas Nelson Page, author of 'Marse Chan,' is prefixed to the October number of *The Bookbuyer*.

Messrs. Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago, send us their indexed county and railroad pocket maps and shippers' guides to Tennessee, Virginia, Nevada, and Ohio; a sectional map of Colorado a railroad, county and township map of New York (cloth, 75c.), and an indexed map of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island.

From Office of Foreign Mails, Post Office Department, Washington, D. C.

Trans-Atlantic Mails.

Closing of the mails for European Steamers.

For NOVEMBER.

Date. STEAMER. DESTINATION. CLOSING.

From NEW YORK.

1 ALASKA.....	Queenstown	2.00 A.M.
2 BRITANNIC.....	Queenstown	2.30 "
2 ALLER.....	Southampton & Bremen	2.30 "
2 P. CALAND.....	Rotterdam	2.30 "
3 RUGIA.....	Plymouth, Cherb'g & H.	4.00 "
5 WERRA.....	Southampton & Bremen	4.00 "
5 SERVIA.....	Queenstown.....	4.30 "
5 LA BRETAGNE.....	Havre.....	4.30 "
5 ANCHORIA.....	Glasgow.....	4.30 "
5 WESTERLAND.....	Antwerp.....	4.30 "
5 ZAANDAM.....	Amsterdam.....	4.30 "
5 ISLAND.....	Christiania.....	1.00 P.M.
9 CELTIC.....	Queenstown.....	7.30 A.M.
9 RMS.....	Southampton & Bremen	7.30 "
10 WIELAND.....	Plymouth, Cherb'g & H.	9.00 "
12 ETRURIA.....	Queenstown.....	10.30 "
12 LA NORMANDIE.....	Havre.....	10.30 "
12 DEVONIA.....	Glasgow.....	10.30 "
12 EIDER.....	Southampton & Bremen	11.00 "
12 EDAM.....	Amsterdam.....	11.30 "
12 PENNLAND.....	Antwerp.....	1.00 P.M.
15 ARIZONA.....	Queenstown.....	1.30 A.M.
16 GERMANIC.....	Queenstown.....	2.30 "
16 TRAVE.....	Southampton & Bremen	2.30 "
19 AURANIA.....	Queenstown.....	4.30 "
19 FULDA.....	Southampton & Bremen	4.30 "
19 LABOURGOGNE.....	Havre.....	4.30 "
19 FURNESSIA.....	Glasgow.....	4.30 "
19 ROTTERDAM.....	Rotterdam.....	4.30 "
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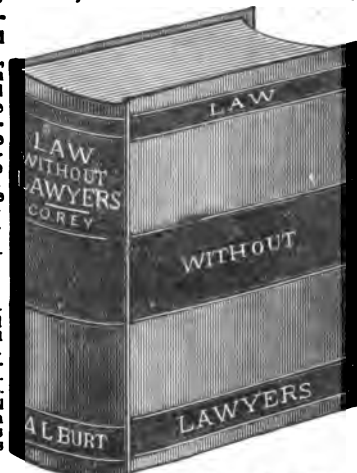
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A NEW REFERENCE BOOK, Sobriquets and Nicknames.

By ALBERT R. FREY. 1 vol., crown 8vo, half morocco, gilt top,
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FROM THE PREFACE.

Some years ago, the author, while engaged upon a dictionary of Pseudonyms (since incorporated in Mr. Cushing's work), found so many nicknames, etc., that he began to collect them. The result is the present volume, containing over FIVE THOUSAND SUBJECTS, and is invaluable to all libraries, editors, students, to all who find such books as Wheeler's, Brewer's or Cushing's useful in their reading, study, or work.

'We are informed that in the fourteenth century the word sobriquet was employed to express a sound of contempt, 'half whistle and half jeer,' and that in pronouncing it the chin was slightly and rapidly elevated. In the course of time the term has undergone some modifications, and the reader of to-day, no matter to what especial branch of literature or history he may devote himself, must have encountered these peculiar nicknames. Not infrequently their origin is difficult to determine, and consequently their application is lost in the majority of instances. It was only a few weeks ago that I read of 'Doctor Inkpot.' Now, who was the personage thus quaintly dubbed? Search in your encyclopædia and of course you will not find him. And who would think of seeking for the answer in that great storehouse, the 'ATHENÆ OXONIENSIS?'

It appears somewhat strange that no book has as yet been issued which is devoted to the explanation and derivation of these witty, and, in some instances, abusive, appellations; and to remedy this defect the present work was undertaken."

OSCAR FAY ADAMS, author of 'Handbook of American Authors,' etc., says: "It is a valuable work, unquestionably, and it seems much more comprehensive in its scope than Brewer's or Cushing's books. Volumes of this sort appeal to literary people, rather than to the general public, and the work might become a standard one. The demand for books of this character is on the increase, and it would be in request for a great number of public libraries."

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TICKNOR & CO.,

PUBLISHERS,

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The

BOOKMART



P. FRENTZEN Del.

THE BOOKMART.

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE OF

LITERARY, LIBRARY AND BIBLIOGRAPHICAL INTELLIGENCE,

AND A MEDIUM FOR THE

PURCHASE AND SALE OF BOOKS.

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HALKETT LORD, LITERARY EDITOR.

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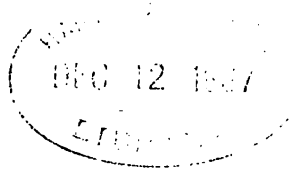
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THE BOOK MART.

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Whole No. 55.

DIVERSI COLORES.

For Daisy: Imitated from Catullus, XLVIII.

Nay, had but you most beautiful, most loved,
Given me all my way, ———
Thrown back your gorgeous head out of pure joy
Nor stirred at all till I
Had with three hundred thousand kisses shut
Those honied eyes of yours,
My heart would not have sated been; no, no,
Not if our kisses' score
Surpass the infinite ears of ripened corn }
That summer looks upon.

TO ———, ON RETURNING A SILK KERCHIEF
OF HERS.

Winged with my kisses go, go thou to her
And bid her bind thee round her faultless throat,
Till thou, close-lying o'er the charmed stir
Of her white breast, grow warm and seem to float
Away into the golden noon, the still,
Deep sunlight of her. Oh, sleep on! 'Tis thine
Love's summer day. No, not June's thronged
hours
So glad are when the song of birds fulfill
Earth, and the breezes in the grass decline,
Held by the scent of many thousand flowers.

Yet loose that flood of kisses that thou hast
Into her bosom and through all her hair,
Whispering it is my utmost wealth amassed
For her being fairest, nor do thou forbear
Until she feel my spirit, like a blush,
Steal by her shoulder and frail neck, for when
The gorgeous scarlet burning shall have moved
Over her cheek, the little after-hush
Will tell to her that I am happy then
God! for how short a time, and—she is loved.

Loved? wherefore loved that never may be had,
Never enjoyed? Is it that thus might grow
From out a look, a touch, now past and sad,
My Beatrice, and my perfect love, and so
Dwell with me here although the while I guess
'Tis but a dream which only does me wrong.
O wretched thought! and yet the hour that girds
My pensive nature with her loveliness,

Would bitter be as 'tis unto this Song

To wed these thoughts too stern for dainty
words.

Would 'twere no dream, this dream, this long, de-
vout,

Untiring worship vainly yet essayed,
This absolute love, then were the torturing doubt,
The troubled ocean of the soul allayed;
Desire would have her lust and we have ease
Here from her everlasting thirst, nor pine
Vainly, but feel the fret, the harrowed breath,
The throbbing heart that will not, will not cease,
Stilled into marble, Greek-like, calm, divine,
Remembering not the past—Stay! *This is death.*

HERBERT P. HORNE.

The Century Guild Hobby Horse.

DEDICATIONS OF BOOKS.

In the early days of book-making, when the prepa-
ration and publication of a volume were red-letter
events in the life of the distinguished author, dedi-
cations were voluntary and unsolicited tributes of
esteem or affection to patron or friend.

No suspicion of interested motives could possibly
arise, for as yet this particular species of flattery
was unknown, though some of Caxton's dedications
may seem to imply the contrary.

Caxton, however, probably meant to suggest no
more than the truth when in his 'Blanchardine and
Eglantine' he addressed the Duchess of Somerset as
"right noble puyssant and excellent pryncesse my
redoubted lady my lady Margarete duchesse of Som-
ercrete, moder unto our naturel and soverayn lord
and most crysten Kynge henry ye seuenth." To our
ears, which are made to tingle every day with the
sound of fulsome adulation, bestowed for reward,
whether in coin or kind, such a dedication as this
would seem strained, because of the obvious motive
which we should naturally assign to it; but in the
early days, before the printing press had been tor-
tured into an instrument of evil, "my lady Marga-
rete" was really a patron who had earned the
printer's respect and esteem. By degrees the ad-
vantages to be derived from the persistent flattery

of some rich fool who had a desire to pose as a Mæcenas were too apparent to be lightly ignored, and the practice grew up of selling dedications to the highest bidder, of extolling virtues which had no existence, and glossing crimes which, in some instances at least, were but too apparent. To such proportions did this shameless practice grow that at last even the flattered grew tired of the holocaust of lies which were thrown about in too reckless a fashion to be of value, and so the purse-strings were tightened, and authors, being beyond the reach of temptation, grew honest again, and have so continued in this respect until the present time. Dedications are now somewhat rare, and when they occur, it is but seldom, we should imagine, that they are bought and sold, for "patrons" have long been obsolete, and "friends" expect to be apostrophized for nothing.

These three several classes of dedications, namely, the innocent, the pecuniary and the worldly-wise, deserve a lengthy analysis, much longer in fact than it would be possible to bestow upon them in the compass of a few short pages. A few examples of each may, however, be interesting as exemplifying the gradual progress toward corruption, the rottenness of which at last grew nauseous to the recipient of so many literary favors.

Caxton thus dedicated his 'Game and Play of the Chess Morallised,' "To the right noble, right excellent and virtuous prince George duc of Clarence, Erie of Warwyk and of Salisburie, great chamberlayn of England and lieutenant of Ireland, oldest broder of Kynge Edward by the grace of God Kynge of England and of Fraunce." It may not be true that George, Duke of Clarence, was either excellent or virtuous; on the contrary, neither of these attributes could consistently be applied to him: but it must not for that reason be presumed that Caxton had received any payment for calling him so. Clarence had been excellent and virtuous to Caxton, and this was his testimony to, and acknowledgment of, the kind offices he had received, a testimony honorable to giver and receiver alike. The dedications of Aldus Manutius, too, are valuable as illustrating this description of unsolicited compliment: "There is a high and noble feeling, a self-respect and simplicity of language about him which is delightful. He certainly had aspiring hopes of doing the world good. He expresses himself about his labors 'adjuvante Jesu Christo,' and he is a specimen of mental freedom glorious to the republic which nurtured him."

King James I., having no need to flatter, must be taken to have been sincere in his dedication to the Duke of Buckingham, when he says, in the preface of his 'Meditation on the Lord's Prayer': "But now when I bethinke myselfe, to whom I can most aptly dedicate this little labour of mine, most of it being stollen from the houres ordained for my sleepe; and calling to minde, how carefull I have ever bin to observe a decorum in the dedication of my bookes, as my Basilicon Doron was ded-

icated to my sonne Henry now with God, because it treated of the office of a King, it now belonging to my only son Charles, who succeeds to it by right, as well as to all the rest of his brother's goods; and as I dedicate my 'Apologie for the Oath of Allegiance' to all free Christian Princes and States, because they had all of them an interest in that argument, other of my bookes which treated of matters belonging to every qualitie of persons, being therefore indefinitely dedicated to the Reader in generall, I cannot surely finde out a person to whom I can more fitly dedicate this short 'Meditation' of mine than to you, Buckingham. For it is made upon a very short and plaine prayer and therefore the fitter for a courtier. For courtiers for the most part are thought neither to have list nor leisure to say long prayers, liking best *courtemesse and long dismer*. But to confesse the trueth now in earnest it is the fitter for you that it is both short and plaine."

Of a similar sort is the dedication by Erasmus to Sir Thomas More of his 'Praise of Folly.' "How! what maggot (say you) put this in your head? Why the first hint, Sir, was your own surname of More, which comes as near the literal sound of the word Moria as you yourself are distant from the signification of it, and that in all men's judgment is vastly wide." A fine compliment this to More, and as certainly unsolicited.

At this particular period whatever objection there may have been to the verbiage of a dedication did not arise so much from the meanness of the author's views as from their indiscretion in the choice of their patrons. "Thus," says Oldmixon, in his dedication to the translation of Bonhours on 'The Arts of Logick and Rhetorick' (1728), "without having any regard to their character or capacity, we often find a Discourse of Politicks addressed to a fox-hunter, a Treatise of Gardening to a Citizen of London, a piece of Divinity to a General of the Army, a Poem to a Judge, and a Play to a Stock-jobber."

Bacon was, as a rule, very careful "to choose for dedications those that I hold most fit for the argument."

It does not at all follow that patronage is degrading to authorship, but it becomes so when payment is the only motive for adulation, for a dedication founded on such a basis must of necessity destroy every vestige of independence and truth in those who make money by such debasing means. The earlier English dedications were mostly genuine, although they may perhaps even then have been mere thanks for favors to come; but by the time of Elizabeth a price was nearly always demanded for this species of eulogy.

This price, according to the actor Nathaniel Field, was, in the case of a stage play, the comparatively small sum of £2, for he ingeniously observes in the dedication to his comedy, 'A Woman is a Weather-cocke,' "I did determine not to have dedicated my play to anybody, because forty shillings I care not for, and above few or none will bestow on these

matters, especially falling from so fameless a pen as mine is yet."

It will be observed, then, that the price of fulsome flattery in or about the year 1600 was the miserable sum of £3, a sum which, by the way, was more often owed than discharged. Well might the author of 'The Tragedy of Claudius Tiberius Nero' exclaim: "The reason wherefore so many plays have formerly been published without inscriptions unto particular patrons (contrary to the custom in divulging other works), although perhaps I could nearly guess, yet because I would willingly offend none, will now conceal."

To expect that the practice of selling dedications could be conducted honestly would perhaps have been too great a stretch of credulity. In so base a business the number of black sheep must have been very large, and a great many persons went about the country with bogus manuscripts, just published (according to them), so that "if a gentleman seeing one of these bookes dedicat'd onely to his name suspect it to be a bastard that hath more fathers beside himselfe," he should send to St. Paul's Churchyard "to inquire if any such worke be come forth, and if they (the Stationers) cannot tell, then to steppe to the printers." These persons were the pest of the literary world during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries.

"From towne to towne they strowle, in soule as poore
As th' are in clothes: yet these at every doore,
Their labours dedicate. But (as at faïres)
Like Pedlars they shew still one sort of wares
Unto all commers (with some filde oration)
And thus to give bookes now's an occupation
One booke hath seaven score patrons."

Thomas Jordan, who for years lived — though poorly — on his wits, prefixed dedications to all his books, with blanks for the name of the selected patron to be filled in with a hand-press. Each of his works, therefore, must have had some score or two of godfathers, though, of course, only one appeared when the work was finally issued. The rest had been cheated out of their money, which in every case had been carefully collected in advance.

One of the greatest sinners of the seventeenth century was, strange to relate, "Glorious John Dryden" himself, for he probably sold far more lying apostrophes than any other author of equal merit who has ever existed. Dr. Johnson says of these effusions, "of dramatic immorality, he" (Dryden) "did not want examples among his predecessors or companions among his contemporaries; but in the meanness and servility of hyperbolical adulation I know not whether since the days in which the Roman Emperors were deified he has ever been equalled, except by Afra Behn in an address to Eleanor Gwyn."

Dryden began well, for his first play, 'The Wild Gallant,' bears no dedication at all; but his second, 'The Rival Ladies,' and the third, 'The Indian Emperor,' have inscriptions couched in the most effusive strain of adulation. The latter of these

plays was addressed to Anne, Duchess of Mounmouth, who is glorified as follows:

"But as needful as beauty is, virtue and honour are yet more: The reign of it without their support is unsafe and short, like that of tyrants. Every sun which looks on beauty wastes it; and when it once is decaying, the repairs of art are of as short continuance as the after-spring when the sun is going further off. This, madam, is its ordinary fate, but yours, which is accompanied by virtue, is not subject to that common destiny. Your Grace has not only a long time of youth in which to flourish, but you have likewise found the way by an untainted preservation of your honour to make that perishable good more lasting: And if Beauty, like wines, could be preserved by being mixed and embodied by others of their own natures, then your Grace's would be immortal, since no part of Europe can afford a parallel to your noble lord in masculine beauty and in goodness of shape. To receive the blessings and prayers of mankind you need only to be seen together: We are ready to conclude that you are a pair of angels sent below to make virtue amiable in your persons or to set to poets when they would pleasantly instruct the age by drawing goodness in the most perfect and alluring shape of nature."

In his 'Evening's Love; or, the Mock Astrologer,' Dryden observes in his dedication to the Duke of Newcastle: "You have by a rare effect of fortune, found, in the person of your excellent lady, not only a lover, but a partner of your studies; a lady whom our age may justly equal with the Sappho of the Greeks or the Sulpitia of the Romans." The distinguished poet, who was not ashamed to publicly advertise his own meanness of soul, knew full well the advantages of flattering a husband by reference to the wife.

It was not only kings and nobles who received their meed of undeserved praise, but any one who could pay for the tribute or who had sufficient temporary influence to make a dedication to them the foundation of hopes in the breast of the author.

Thus, Nell Gwyn, having unlimited influence with Charles II., was the recipient of innumerable eulogies on her many microscopical virtues. Thomas Duffet, in 'The Spanish Rogue,' claims the credit of being the first to publicly recognise "those virtues which are the greatest miracles of the age," an acknowledgment ably seconded by Mrs. Behn, who dedicated her 'Feign'd Curtizans' to the royal favorite in 1679. She says, speaking of "Mrs. Ellen Guin": "So excellent and perfect a creature as yourself differs only from the divine powers in this: the offerings made to you ought to be worthy of you, whilst they accept the will alone. . . . Who can doubt the power of that illustrious beauty, the charm of that tongue, and the greatness of that minde, which has subdu'd the most powerful and glorious monarch of the world; and so well you bear the honours you were born for, with a greatness so unaffected, an affability so easie, an humour so soft, so far from pride or vanity, that the most envious and most disaffected can finde no cause or reason to wish you less."

Wycherley could not resist the temptation of dedicating his 'Plain Dealer' to one Mother B——, an infamous character, who kept a house in Covent Garden; and this he did by way of satire, regardless of the wrath of Nell Gwyn or the royal Charles. This dedication is addressed "To my Lady B——," and had the author been Dryden instead of Wycherley, the presumption would have been that part of the procuress's ill-gotten gains had found their way into his pocket.

Modern dedications, when they occur, which, as we have said, is not often, are usually couched in sensible language, for there is no longer any chance of reaping a harvest from the vanity of literary connoisseurs; at least, not from this species of vanity. Good taste also emphatically forbids the use of adulation even when directed to persons of high social position. For these and other reasons, addresses when they occur are usually short, decisive, and to the point, making a complete contrast to those of former days. For instance, Byron's 'Hours of Idleness' was dedicated to the Earl of Carlisle, as follows: "To the Right Honourable Frederick Earl of Carlisle, Knight of the Garter, etc., etc., the second edition of these poems is inscribed by his obliged ward and affectionate kinsman—the Author."

Sir Walter Scott dedicated 'Waverley' to Henry Mackenzie, the author of the 'Man of Feeling,' and placed the dedication at the end of the book. It runs as follows:

"As I have inverted the usual arrangement, placing these remarks at the end of the work to which they refer, I will venture on a second violation of form, by closing the whole with a dedication:"

THE VOLUMES
BEING RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED
TO
OUR SCOTTISH ADDISON,
HENRY MACKENZIE,
BY
AN UNKNOWN ADMIRER
OF
HIS GENIUS.

The Earl of Harcourt dedicated his 'Account of the Church of Stanton Harcourt' to Richard Gough, although he had never seen him. This slight difficulty would of course in the old days have made no difference whatever, and Gough would in all probability have been credited with every virtue under the sun. As it is, the dedication simply runs:

To RICHARD GOUGH, Esq.,

George Simon, Earl Harcourt,

(ALTHOUGH PERSONALLY UNKNOWN
TO THAT DISTINGUISHED ANTIQUARY)

INSCRIBES THE FOLLOWING PAGES.

Noneham Courtenay, Nov. 1st, 1808.

Thornbury's 'Songs of the Cavaliers, published in

1857, was dedicated to Douglas Jerrold in the simple words with which we must now close the article. Much about dedications may be gathered from D'Israeli's 'Curiosities of Literature,' Botfield's 'Prefaces to the First Editions of the Greek and Roman Classics,' and Wheatley's 'Dedications of Books,' the last-named work being essentially a history of the subject, and, like the others, valuable for purposes of reference. Thornbury's dedication to Jerrold reads as follows:

To Douglas Jerrold, the Dramatist, Satirist, and Novelist, these verses are dedicated by the Author, from one who is struggling and hopes to win, to one who has struggled and has won."

PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS IN BOOK-BINDING.

BY MR. J. ZAEHNSDORF.

I feel my position here to be a very critical one; if I take my post as a bookbinder, I must guard the trade, and say a few things that may offend you; I will then, Sir, with your permission, discard my profession for the time, and speak as a member of your association, willing to give his experience, in return for the courtesy he has received at your hands, and to bind more closely the ties of friendship with the friends he has made.

The task I have undertaken is an onerous one; it was placed in my hands only last Friday, and the subject is one of great difficulty to expound, inasmuch as that which serves for one class of library would be altogether out of character for another.

I can hardly expect that all my suggestions, or rather recommendations (for perhaps I am incapable of suggesting any new methods for bookbinding), will be carried out, but I trust my paper will be of sufficient interest and that a few of the hints may be adopted to your benefit.

It is not my intention to take up your time in suggesting any practical methods for the artistic or rather decorative part of binding; although, with your help, I have no doubt we should succeed in getting some of our wealthy patrons to take more interest in the 'Art of Bookbinding,' and thus give employment to the many in our profession who are now waiting for work; but I will confine myself entirely to that portion with which you are more or less connected, viz.: that of strength.

There is no doubt that the strength of a bound book lies like every other built-up fabric, in the foundation, for if the foundation be good, the finished building will be firm; and I take it that the foundation of a bound book is *in the sewing*.

I pass over the pressing or rolling, because pressing only gives the book a better or firmer feel, and it has nothing to do with its strength.

If we examine a book, bound say 200 years ago, we find the whole of the binder's craft in the sewing. The thread used was made from hemp or flax: now we often use a material made of, well, hardly

hemp. Each sheet was sewn round the bands, of which there were never less than four, in many cases six, eight, and more, and we even find the head-band worked round a cord which formed and gave further strength to hold all together.

Now, if a book be sewn with bad thread on three bad cords, it is considered by the binder to be very well done; and if the book should fall to pieces in a short time, it is nothing more than he expected and he gets the book back for rebinding, to his benefit and your cost.

I have here a sample of the hempen thread which ought to be used. I should like it to be understood that I speak of what is done by some houses in the trade and that I complain of none. I tell you what to look for and what to correct: the cost of such correction will rest between you and your binder.

The cost of the hempen thread per lb. is about 2s. 6d., the common thread is 1s. 6d. Arnett in the introduction to his 'Art of Bookbinding' which probably you all have, quotes one of the statutes and rules of 1550 about sewing, "that the master binders do sew all their books with thread and real bands, and that, in case of infringement, the books shall be rebound and in addition a fine inflicted of £30 for each volume."

You will see that the importance of good sewing was not lost sight of by the binders of that date, as it is by those of to-day.

I will admit that the old paper is of a very different quality to that now used: the paper-maker manufactured a paper that enabled the binder to make the back of his book as firm as a wooden board, the paper being so fine and pliable that it lay down and gave little or no strain to the back. Binders do not get such paper to work upon now; often the paper is so thick, that it is impossible to get it to lie flatly under any treatment, except that of guarding.

My first suggestion is—that your books be sewn with the best thread. To show you how little hempen thread is used, I find one manufacturer after another has stopped making thread from hemp, because there is little or no demand for it.

One of the chief reasons books are rebound, I mean modern books, is because the threads having broken, the sheets become loose and fall out, so I think you will at once see that the thread should be of good quality.

My second is that the sheets be sewn *all along*, where possible. When I say that the sheets be sewn all along, I mean, that each sheet should have a thread to itself. It is a rule with many houses to make two sheets for one, thus saving half the time in sewing and thread on each book.

I have here such a sewn book; it is sewn somewhat better than I should like to have had it done, because in these samples it is right that you should have them properly put before you, but it will give you the idea I wish to convey.

I am only surprised that such a sewn book should last so long, and that it does not fall to pieces before it is placed on the shelves.

In many cases where the sheets are of very thin paper and are only half sheets, that is eight pages instead of sixteen, it is allowable, nay almost necessary, to sew "two sheets on," because the overlay of thread in the back would be too thick to allow the book being backed in the forwarding process, but all the more necessary that they should not be sewn on less than five bands and good thread used.

My theory is, that the book should be sewn flexible, or on raised bands, if your means will allow having them so done, and if the value of the book warrants your spending the extra sum.

The expense of sewing flexible is not only in the sewing, but there is extra work throughout the whole of the process of binding.

In flexible sewing, the thread goes round each band, so that with the ketch or chain stitch, each sheet has seven fastenings instead of two as in the ordinary sewing, and so if the thread breaks in any one portion of the sheet, it still has the other six fastenings to hold the sheet in.

This method of sewing is the best of all, but it takes time, and a careful sewer—both essential things—so that it is very seldom done in some houses, in others never. You will perhaps be somewhat surprised when I tell you that a few houses do not sew their books at all. I do not refer to the india-rubber method which is perhaps dying a natural death, but to the method of sawing deep cuts across the back and filling the holes with glue and cord. It is astonishing the amount of wear these books get through, and I should not wonder if you were to find on your book-shelves books so treated.

My fourth recommendation, although not so important as that on sewing, is that good boards be used. Straw boards may be very well for cloth work, or other temporary binding, but where books are to be placed in a library for hard wear, especially such wear as our Free Libraries get, I take it that only such boards as will last the longest, should be used.

I have here samples of different boards. Straw, grey, an inferior back board and the best back; here are also some French boards, which I had sent me because I had heard so much of them, but, in my opinion their best boards do not equal our best English boards.

Another weak part in binding, and one which gives very readily, is the joint. The paper is always either breaking or splitting from the book; the least strain and away it goes.

The best method when a paper joint is employed, is the one used in Germany, and one that was used many years ago (as you will see if you examine some old bindings), that is, by bringing the end papers round the first and last sheet, and sewing them with the book.

I have got this book ready to show you, but have not pasted the piece brought round the sheets, that you may better understand; when the small guard is pasted down, it binds the first sheet to the second, is unseen, and naturally prevents the start that you now can see in the fore edge.

But this is not so good as a cloth joint, and I would suggest a "cloth" joint to all books. There are various methods of using the cloth joint, but any that depend upon the paste to hold it will sooner or later break away or split from the paper, and will then be as bad as a paper joint.

Experience has taught me that the whole strain of the boards must in some way be relieved from the book in order to obtain the requisite strength. I have tried all sorts and conditions of joints, and have within the last three or four years adopted one which I believe to be the best method yet used. I have here such a joint; you will notice the cloth is wrapped or overcast with the section and sewn with the sheet. When this cloth is brought back after the forwarding, and fastened to the board, it is almost impossible for it to come away—the boards move independently of the book and do not drag the sheets.

This subject of joints should command your attention, and if you think this joint is of sufficient merit, please take note of it, and instruct your binder to follow.

I pass on from joints to leather. The importance of good leather is one that must not be overlooked; do not be misled by some of the imitations now so often used. It is of importance you should know the real from the imitation, and with that view I have brought with me the real and the imitation, and believe me very few, even booksellers, know when they get morocco or roan. A few minutes' examination of the difference between these samples will well repay you the time you may spend over them. There is no leather which wears so well as morocco, good levant morocco, but avoid green colors if possible; the acid, I believe sulphuric, that is used in its preparation tends to rot the leather in no small measure.

I would also advise you not to have anything to do with russias. I do not know why, but the russias of the present day is not as it used to be, or what one should expect from it.

I have had, within the last year or two, pigskin manufactured expressly for binding, and I must admit having always had a liking for pigskin. The fact that there is so much grease in the skins must give it the power of resisting any attack of heated air, gas, &c., but I don't like the skins dyed in colors—the fat, animal fat, that is left in the skins, must darken the shades in time. At any rate, these pigskins run morocco very close, and perhaps, for hard wear, will prove to beat it, but this has yet to be seen.

I would make the suggestion that all your books be tipped at the corners with vellum. I noticed at the British Museum yesterday books so done; this suggestion is therefore not new.

Books as a rule get very great wear at the corners. If they be covered with leather, they sooner or later break and look indifferent, and if covered with cloth, as is often done, it soon wears away, but vellum seems to bind and hold the corners well together,

and being much harder than leather, must be more durable. I would strongly advise all books for library use being sided with cloth. I believe most of the books found now in a Library are so covered, and I think a middle grain lasts somewhat better than one of large grain. It is often recommended to use a cloth of smooth texture; I think this is a mistake, as every finger mark shows. But I would suggest that your books have a tight back. I mean the leather itself should be fastened direct upon the back of the book, without any paper between the leather and the back.

If the leather be glued, or rather pasted, direct to the back of the book, it gives to it, and there is no strain, but if paper be used, a strain is at once imparted directly the book is opened—the more paper the greater the strain.

Most, nay nearly all, books are bound with what is termed by binders "hollow back." This hollow back was introduced no doubt to meet the requirements of the stiff paper used in bookmaking, and it answers its purpose very well, but where strength has to be studied as a leading feature, have your books with a tight back.

Although not strictly bookbinding, I should like to make the suggestion that your rarer books be put in cases or boxes, not only to preserve them against time, but fire and damp.

It does not matter what kind of box is made, so long as it fits properly. I cannot altogether agree that a free current of air should circulate round each book, as was stated, on last Tuesday, should be the case. I strive to keep the air, especially London air, from my books, and feel certain that as long as I do not place them in the damp, or where the air gets quickly hot and suddenly cold, I shall see no ill effects.

I have studied the subject of boxes for valuable books, that will prove perfectly fire-proof, and after much trouble have succeeded in making one which meets this object. I invite you to inspect it, but you must not ask me to go more fully into the matter as it cost me much time and money and I wish to recoup myself.

There is no trouble in making boxes; it is binders' work, and your local binder should be able to fit your books with such a pattern box.

In this paper I have dealt with the binding of books that suffer the ordinary wear and tear of Library work. There are, of course, many exceptional books that require special treatment. But what I am most desirous of impressing upon you is the importance of having your binding properly executed by capable workmen. It may add to the expense in the first instance, but depend upon it in the long run it will prove more economical. It is not difficult to realize that good honest work will stand, when cheap slop binding has passed two or three times through the workman's hands. I have explained—I trust clearly—the essential points to be looked to.

A paper read before the Library Association, London, 1895.

WINTER.

A NEWLY DISCOVERED POEM BY TOM HOOD.

From Murray's Magazine.

Summer is gone, on swallow's wings,
 And Earth has buried all her flow'rs,
 That lov'd to bask in sunny hours;
 No more the lark or linnet sings,
 But Silence sits in faded bow'rs.
 There's gloom on Autumn's shadowy face,
 And mistiness on his pale eyes,
 The Tempest blots his painted skies,
 The Spoiler's in his dwelling-place:
 And, as the ruthless one bereaves
 Of all his few, last, golden leaves,
 Along his naked bow'rs he sighs,
 And grieves as waning Beauty grieves,
 When each dear charm successive flies.

Yes! Summer's gone like pageant bright!
 Its glorious days of golden light
 Are gone, like mimic suns that quiver,
 Then melt, and vanish in the river;
 Gone the sweetly scented breeze,
 That spoke, in music, to the trees;
 Gone, for damp and chilly breath,
 As if fresh blown o'er marble seas,
 Or newly from the lungs of death:
 Gone its virgin roses—blushes
 Warm as when Aurora rushes
 Freshly from the god's embrace:
 With all her shame upon her face;
 All moulder in the earth, unseen,
 For time, relentless, never spares,
 E'en lovely ones as they have been,
 And cheeks as beauty-bright as theirs!

Season of pleasure, then adieu!
 Till thou shalt visit us anew.
 Yet who without regretful sigh
 Can say "adieu," and see thee fly
 Like some bright fair one—cold, unkind,
 Nor leaving one sweet smile behind?
 Not he that e'er hath sweetly felt
 Thy sunbeams in his bosom melt,
 His heart expanding to each glance,
 And lightsome as an aspen leaf,
 As if a breath could make it dance,
 So buoyant, and so void of grief!

Farewell! thy birds again shall sing.
 And sunny hours return and bring
 Many a bright, and lovely thing;
 Again thy blushing roses bloom,
 And zephyr flutter on a wing
 Laden with music and perfume.
 Sweet flowers shall be, where flowers have been,
 As if they had but slept awhile.
 Thy waving bowers be clothed in green,
 Thy skies shall glow, thy waters smile.
 Then farewell, Summer, yet farewell!
 We hope in other years to find thee,
 But leave!—to cheer the glooms we tell—
 Leave Mirth and Pleasure still behind thee!

But say, hath Winter then no charms?

Is there no joy, no gladness warms
 His aged breast?—no happy wiles
 To cheat the hoary one to smiles?
 Onward he comes, from rocks that blanch,
 O'er solid streams that never flow;
 His tears all ice, his locks all snow,
 Just crept from some huge avalanche.
 A thing half breathing and scarce warm
 As if one spark began to glow
 Within some statue's marble form,
 Or pilgrim stiffened in the storm.
 Oh, will not Joy but strive in vain
 To light up those glaz'd eyes again?
 And will not Mirth's light arrows fail
 To pierce that frozen coat of mail,
 Each throbbing pulse—all utterance lost—
 Imprison'd in the bonds of frost?

But take him in, and blaze the oak,
 And warm the wine, and pour the ale;
 His sides shall shake to many a joke,
 His tongue shall thaw in many a tale,
 His eyes grow bright, his heart be gay
 And all his palsy charm'd away.
 What heeds he then the boisterous shout,
 Of angry winds that scold without,
 Like shrewish wives at ale-house door?
 What heeds he then the wild uproar
 Of billows breaking on the shore?
 In rushing waves, in howling breeze,
 There is a music that can charm him,
 When safe and shelter'd and at ease,
 He hears the storm that cannot harm him.

And hark! those shouts, that cheerful din!
 Those sounds of noisy Mirth within,
 Those frequent bursts of artless Joy!
 Oh! take him where the youngsters play,
 And he shall grow as young as they,
 Laugh, dance, and sing, and act the Boy.
 They come! they come, each blue-eyed Sport,
 The Twelfth-night King, with all his Court,
 'Tis Mirth fresh crowned with mistletoe;
 Music with her merry fiddles,
 Joy "on light fantastic toe,"
 Wit with all his puns and riddles,
 Singing and dancing as they go!
 And Love—young Love among the rest
 A welcome, nor unbidden Guest!
 And now the slipper strikes the ground,
 And now the Blind Man's eyes are bound;
 They turn him round, and round, and round,
 His horses are "black, white and gray,"
 He cannot guess the fingers three,
 Sure token that he cannot see,
 So let him catch the wight he may!
 Ah! now "pinch-spotted as the pard,"
 He asks him why they pinch so hard?
 Now gayly claims the Forfeited kiss
 With eager lips for blushing Miss
 Must ransom silver thimbles so.
 And Time as he goes laughing past
 Such eyes that shine, such cheeks that glow,
 Regrets that he must fly so fast.

Now Winter joins a graver set
 Just met—perchance as we are met
 In close divan—but not their parts
 To gravely ask if trumps be hearts,
 Or hearts be trumps?—Spades, diamonds, clubs?
 Or mourning fickle Fortune's rubs
 Sitting so wistfully and mute,
 To trump, revoke, or follow suit.
 'Tis their's to speak of better things
 Than e'en Court Honors, Knaves or Kings,
 Which, with the odd trick, and the stake,
 And all the rest, the Deuce may take.

'Tis their's to ask if one may trace
 The mind, the heart within the face
 Or whether Satire's venom'd sting
 From Envy and ill-nature spring?
 If people fill the planets bright?
 And whence their life, and heat and light?
 Then leave the skies, to ask and show
 The springs from whence ideas flow;
 Or cut vile Prejudice in shreds,
 To analyze the Hydra's heads;
 And what is Taste? and does the Stage
 Or Pulpit most to mend the age?
 Or musing o'er the olden time,
 Talk o'er its chivalry sublime,
 Or turn to Chymistry's deep page;
 Then last, not least, they wisely ask
 What Man himself—his moral Nature?
 Or view their Country's laws, and task
 The flaws in Civil Judicature.

Happy are those who thus can meet
 And find such conversations sweet!
 Happy are they who thus can chuse
 Such blameless themes, that oft amuse,
 And oft improve;—no stories sprung
 From Envy's heart to Satire's tongue,
 No praise oblique that ends in blame,
 No Scandal loving to condemn
 All Virtue but her own—the gem
 That's foil'd upon another's shame—
 No Pride disdaining to resign
 Its very errors for the right,
 No Anger with more heat than light,
 Nor Vanity that burns to shine.

Thus, then, we meet, and if ye bring
 Wit, Beauty, Sense and everything
 Ye took away, and Mirth and Health,
 That have more honey-sweets than Wealth,
 Welcome! thrice welcome!—whether come
 From Paris, Islington, or Rome,
 Or even Como's far-fam'd lake—
 A warm, and heartfelt Welcome take!

An address to the Islington Literary Society, read at their first winter meeting in October, 1820, by Thomas Hood, then president of the society. Printed from the original MS. in Hood's handwriting.

Mrs. PRESTON'S 'Colonial Ballads and Sonnets' has been widely and cordially welcomed.

THE REAL AND THE IDEAL IN FICTION.

Mr. Justin McCarthy, M.P., has given the Birkbeck Institute in London a lecture on 'Modern Fiction,' in its two great divisions of the real and the ideal, claiming that the two must be blended in every true work of art.

THE NOBLE DOME AND THE BUSTLING CROWD.

A great many years ago (he said), when he was beginning his literary career in London, he used to come down the river as far as Blackfriars Bridge at all seasons and in all weathers, and he never came near to the bridge without observing the magnificent dome of St. Paul's. He would go into one of the niches and lose himself in the singular beauty of the noble dome, rising out of the mist or glided by the sunlight. It was always beautiful and always touching, no matter what the weather might be. Seen dimly shining through fog or mist it had a certain charm, because it seemed to be like some building in a distant phantom city of which you could only imagine a dim outline. When he looked around him and saw the hurrying crowds of people, and heard the noise, the tumult, the incessant tramping, the constant talk of the passers-by, it seemed to him a sort of poetic duty to lift himself, for a few moments at least, out of the daily commonplace of life, and have a sort of communion with that ideal world which was floating high above him. The object of his discourse was to discuss the two points of view from which such a picture could be looked at; to consider whether the real and ideal ought to be brought into juxtaposition or to be compared and contrasted with each other to make a true picture, whether in life or in art. The very dome of St. Paul's would not be so beautiful were it not for the bustling crowd below, nor would the crowd seem so real without the calm dome above.

DICKENS AND THE EAST-END.

In English literature there is a constant rotation of the ideal and the real, one generation running wild after the ideal and the next generation taking up the most absolute realism. When Bulwer in his ideal fiction made men and women talk the most magnificent language in the course of daily life, a reaction necessarily followed, and Dickens came to the London of the poor, and made it his business to study the lives of the common-place among them, and to idealize those as well as as he could consistently with realism. He made a fairy tale of London poverty by inventing a kind of happy land in which deserving poverty always found its reward, while the wrong doer was invariably punished. After Bulwer's extravagant idealism and Dickens's extravagant realism, it was time to take up the of London life which neither of these had touched, and the idea suggested itself to Thackeray.

THACKERAY AND THE WEST-END.

He saw a world in the West-end; people with petty troubles and emotions to-day which are only a memory to-morrow. As the tendency of each

kind of fiction is to find imitation before reaction, Dickens and Thackeray found a host of imitators. One of these, Anthony Trollope, followed Thackeray, but in a fashion distinctly his own, discarding all Thackeray's romantic feeling and pathos. The next development was the sensational story, with its murders, mysteries, and fearful discoveries. Some of these novels were written after the manner of conundrums, and they left the reader no time in which to take breath to criticize or to make observations. Then people became disposed for a sudden and new departure, and the school represented by Mr. Howells and Mr. James came to us from America. Their aim is to make a story interesting out of materials entirely without interest to charm or fascinate the unwilling reader. With the next reaction arose a kind of imagination the like of which had not been seen before, and Mr. Haggard's 'King Solomon's Mines,' 'She,' &c., are the result.

THE REAL AND THE IDEAL ARE BLENDED.

In all works of fiction it is impossible to discern where the real and ideal begin and end: everywhere they are blended. Striking examples are to be found in 'Don Quixote.' Again, Scott furnishes his humorous pictures of life and caricature, bold and daring adventures, and thrilling tragedy. He has idealized by the touch of sympathy and genius the humble life of the commonest people. And it is so with the novels of realism, such as those of Fielding and Mr. Howells. Mr. George Meredith, who has only lately come into his fame, has wrought together the ideal and the real perfectly. The French realistic school of Zola Mr. McCarthy declined to discuss, because it would not, he said, deeply influence our literature or our social life, it being no more realism, in the true sense, than any other class of fiction.

THE COLOPHON.

This term, which has its origin in the ancient Greek proverb, "to put the colophon to the matter," that is the "finishing-stroke," is of frequent occurrence in the bibliography of the earliest printed books, from the fact that it was used to set up the name of the printer, the place of his residence, the date of his work, etc., all those details in fact which are now entrusted to the title-page. It usually took the form of an inverted pyramid.

So well pleased was the world with the new art and its almost miraculous results that printing-presses sprang up like magic. Before 1499 there were 236 in operation. Six years after Gutenberg had completed his Bible of forty-two lines there were fifty German cities and towns in which presses had been set up. Enthusiastic book-makers printed everything they could lay their hands upon—huge folios filled with interminable treatises on polemics—and it is no wonder that upon the completion of such a task they rounded off their colophon with such ejaculations as: *Laus Omnipotent! Deo! Deo Gratias! Laus Deo! Amen.*

The colophon of Gutenberg's 'Catholicon,' a huge folio of 748 pages, double columns, sixty-six lines to the column, printed at Mentz in 1460, ends as follows:

"Wherefore to Thee, Divine Father, Son and Holy Ghost, Triune and only God, let praise and honor be given, and let those who never forget to praise the Virgin Mary join also through this book in the universal anthem of the church: God be praised!"

The Mazarin Bible has no title-page, pagination, signatures or printed colophon. It is printed in double columns and contains 641 leaves (vol. I. 324 ff., vol. II. 317 ff.). In the first nine pages there are forty lines to the column, in the tenth page forty-one lines, and in the remainder of the pages forty-two lines. In later copies the first ten pages were reprinted so as to make forty-two lines to the column throughout. An illuminator of Mentz, who decorated, bound and perfected a copy of the work in 1456, fortunately set the date upon his copy, and bibliographers are agreed that Gutenberg's part of the work was completed in the previous year, to wit, 1455.

The colophon of the first book printed with a date, the 'Psalterium' of Fust and Schoeffer, a folio of 175 lines, page forms eight inches wide by twelve inches high, in type resembling Gutenberg's Bibles, and remarkable as being the first book in which were employed large capital letters printed in colors, reads as follows:

"This book of Psalms, decorated with antique initials and sufficiently emphasized with rubricated letters, has been thus made by the masterly invention of printing and also type-making, without the writing of a pen, and is consummated to the service of God through the industry of Johann Fust, Citizen of Mentz, and Peter Schoeffer, of Gernsheim, in the year of our Lord, 1457, on the eve of the Assumption." (August 14.)

The large initials printed in red and blue inks, or, as some bibliographers think, colored by hand, are very beautiful, and if really printed are models of workmanship which the present century, practised in the art of typography as it is, would do well to study and admire.

The colophon of Fust and Schoeffer's 'Cicero de Officiis,' a small 4to of eighty-eight leaves, the first book having leaded lines, an innovation which considerably improved the appearance of the page, reads as follows:

"This very celebrated work of Marcus Tullius, I, John Fust, a citizen of Mentz, have happily completed through the hands of Peter, my son, not with writing ink nor with pen, nor yet in brass, but with a certain art exceedingly beautiful." Dated 1465.

In the earlier incunabula it was customary for the printer to leave a blank line or space for the insertion by the illuminator with pen and ink of any Hebrew, Greek, or other foreign type. In Fust and Schoeffer's 'Cicero,' however, Greek letters printed in the text make their appearance for the first time, but printed from a wooden block and not from met

al type. Sweinheim and Pannartz, two German printers who had carried the art into Italy and printed the first book in that country near Rome, in 1465, were the first to print a book in the Greek language from metal type.

The colophon of a book known as 'Oratio in Pace Nuperrima, printed in England (London) in 1518, by Richard Pynson, who was contemporary with De Worde and with him acknowledged Caxton as his "Worshipful master," may be translated as follows:

"Printed at London in the year of the Incarnate Word MDXVIII., nones of December, by Richard Pynson, printer to the King and vested with royal privilege by which no one is permitted to print this oration in the kingdom of England for two years or to sell within said kingdom any copy printed abroad."

Pynson had begun operations as a printer long before this date. He was known as such in London as early as 1500. This book is remarkable from the fact that it was the first work printed in England in Roman type.—*Book Lore*.

A FRENCH LIFE OF SHELLEY.

Shelley: sa Vie et ses Œuvres. Par Félix Rabbe. (Paris, Savine.)

We welcome with much satisfaction this life of Shelley in French—no doubt the first account of his career, of any substantial length, which has been published in that language. M. Rabbe lately completed a translation into French prose of the entire poetical works of Shelley—a work, we need hardly say, of very solid labor, only to be accomplished by an exceptional combination of diligence and zeal. Indeed, the term "zeal" is too faint; we might substitute "enthusiasm" or "self-sacrifice," and yet not go beyond the mark. In this translation there is much ability; and if its energetic author were ever able to take it up again, and, with the experience which he has now acquired, were to determine to remove all actual errors, and to introduce any perfecting touches needed for subtlety and grace, his version might well hold the field for an indefinite time to come. Not content with doing the translation, M. Rabbe forthwith set about producing a biographical and critical account of Shelley—the book which we now have before us, numbering upwards of five hundred pages.

We do not hesitate to say that he has acquitted himself extremely well, and in particular that he has succeeded in writing the most entertaining life of Shelley extant in any language. His work had been practically accomplished before the appearance of Prof. Dowden's biography; but finally he had the great advantage of consulting that book, and of embodying in his own such details as were needed for accuracy and completeness. He takes a very intelligent and comprehensive view of his subject, and writes with ease and spirit, and ought to impress French readers with a high sense both of Shelley's lofty position in literature and of the strange and

moving series of adventures which mark him out so distinctively from the mass of poets or men of letters. By his position as a foreigner M. Rabbe is able to take for granted some things which Englishmen are wont to argue over, and can assume that Shelley had a right to think for himself in all matters, and to act upon his own views in many. Oxford dons and Lord Chancellors do not dominate the opinions of a Frenchman. No British biographer of Shelley has been so constantly eulogistic of his character and acts and of his writings; in fact, M. Rabbe is rather too willing to merge the biographer and critic in the panegyrist. He sees, of course, a great difference of style and mental endeavor between three such dramas as 'The Cenci,' 'Prometheus Unbound,' and 'Swellfoot the Tyrant'; but that 'Swellfoot' is less a masterpiece in its own way than the other dramas in their ways is hardly discernible in his remarks. He greatly admires the two fragmentary tales of 'The Assassins' and 'The Coliseum'; and even such boyish stuff as the romances of 'Zastrozzi' and 'St. Irvyne' is treated by M. Rabbe in a very serious spirit, and the works are analyzed as presaging some of Shelley's mature ideas and efforts. M. Rabbe does not, indeed, deny their weaknesses and incongruities, but he regards them with a gravity of demeanor which no Englishman has found it possible to assume. Many of his critical summaries—we may cite those of 'Epipsychidion' and of 'Hellas'—are, however, extremely good; and throughout he shows an acute and assiduous study of the points of contact between Shelley's poems and the events of his life. No previous critic, we think, has forestalled M. Rabbe in his forcible remarks upon the Sultan Mahmoud of 'Hellas.' He notes Shelley's "inspired presentiment of the definitive triumph of the Hellenic or Promethean spirit over the barbarity of all religious fanaticisms and all social tyrannies," and then proceeds:—

"A marvellous trait of genius is that of making Mahmoud himself the organ of this prophecy. In Mahmoud is incarnated not only the gloom attaching to the decline of a great power which is crumbling, but the profounder and more human gloom of a soul which calamity awakes to the great thoughts of the fragility of mundane things, to the eternal revelations of spirit always present, always subsisting, personified in Ahasuerus."

It cannot be expected that a Frenchman writing in France should bring out any considerable number of new points affecting the life and works of Shelley. One or two details may, nevertheless, be gleaned from M. Rabbe's pages. It has often been said that 'Zastrozzi' bore some resemblance to a romance entitled 'Zofioya; or, the Moor.' We now learn not only that 'Zofioya' had the honor of being translated into French in 1813 by Madame de Viterne, but that one of the incidents which Shelley borrowed from this novel is that of Verezzi, sleeping exhausted in the streets of Passau, being waked up by an old woman on her way to market. Another state-

ment (which we find very startling) is that Edward Graham—the early intimate of Shelley, afterwards a musician—was “son of a French *émigré* of high lineage who had taken refuge in England, and had married a woman descended direct from Shakspeare.” In all Shelleyan biographies the father of Edward Graham figures as the business factotum employed by Sir Timothy Shelley. The writer of the present article in early youth knew Edward Graham well, and never heard the least hint of anything illustrious or uncommon in his progenitors.

In essentials M. Rabbe's biography is correct, according to the old and new lights shed upon Shelley's career: but every now and then some error of detail is to be observed. Thomas Gray did not write two little poems, one on a cat and another on some wild fish: there is only one such composition. Shelley never assumed that Southey had criticized Keats in the *Quarterly Review*, but that Southey had thus criticized Shelley himself. Fanny Imlay did not drown herself in the Thames (this is only a casual inadvertence); nor was Brockden Brown a German; nor is Hampstead near Marlow; nor was Pitt alive in 1809; nor is Procter a different poet from Barry Cornwall. Several English words or names are also woefully misspelt: we ought not to hear of Godwin's novel of ‘Kaleb William,’ nor of Shelley's infant son Williams, nor of Lady (instead of Mrs.) Clairmont.

A more serious fault of omission is our biographer's total silence as to the controversy regarding the circumstances of Shelley's drowning: no hint is here given of the numerous particulars which warrant a strong suspicion that he may perhaps have been the victim of foul play. Neither is anything supplied in the nature of a final estimate or summary; but this was not absolutely needful according to the scale and plan of the book. We are pleased to observe that M. Rabbe has some thought of translating Shelley's letters in full; the translated specimens which he gives in the present volume promise well for such an undertaking.—*Athenæum*.

RICHARD JEFFERIES.

Richard Jefferies, who died at the little Thames-side village of Goring on the 14th of August, was a great literary artist in his way. Perhaps we might describe him as another White of Selborne, with a certain touch of imagination and poetry superadded to the same keen observation and intense appreciation of all natural sights and sounds, of the growth of flower and shrub and tree, of the ways of all the living creatures that haunt field and woodland. A native of Wiltshire, from the neighborhood, if our memory serves of the high table-land of Swindon, he had trained eye and ear to note with an accuracy which was never at fault, and which he informed with a certain genius that gave a fresh interest to every detail, all that the cycle of the seasons had to show him. He had accumulated a wonderful store of these

experiences and observations of Nature, and astonished and charmed the world when he poured them out in rich profusion in his first book. This book, ‘The Gamekeeper at Home,’ which first appeared in the *Pall Mall Gazette* in a series of papers some ten years ago, was a great success, a success which its author never afterwards equalled. It seems to have determined his life, for thereafter he made literature his profession. We have no right to pronounce on the wisdom or unwisdom of the choice. It may be that no better alternative was open to him. But the result was unfortunate. Mr. Jefferies's literary ability was great, and in a certain sphere unsurpassed, it would not be too much to say, unequalled by any writer of the time; but this sphere was small. His was pre-eminently a case in which writings should have been but a subsidiary employment, by which, to use a homely simile, he should have earned his butter, not his bread. If he could have found something else for the main work of his life, he might have used his leisure to the happiest effect by producing from time to time some such masterpiece as that which first made his reputation. But choice or compulsion ordered things otherwise for him, and he set himself to the cruel task of earning his living by his pen. To do this with any chance of success, he had to write not what his genius suggested, but what the public of readers demanded. It is not too much to say that, putting aside some technical books or school manuals and the like, and perhaps we should add, a few volumes of popular theology, the only original literary work by which a man can live is fiction. To fiction, accordingly, Mr. Jefferies had to turn; but it was a kind of composition for which he had no natural bent, and in which he could not but fail. His latest novel, ‘Amaryllis at the Fair,’ lies before us as we write. It is full of a charm of its own, but as a story it is nothing. The most important incident in its 260 pages is when Amaryllis, lying *perdue* behind the wall of her father's garden, lets fall a little bit of stone upon an admirer's hat. We may have, of course, novels without incident—some very popular writers openly disdain that element in fiction—but they must have development, and ‘Amaryllis at the Fair’ has no development. Time moves on, indeed, for we see the heroine first in a bitter March wind, and leave her basking in the “sunshine and dancing shadow of summer;” but nothing else moves, and there is as little of the study of character as there is of plot. But when the writer's genius finds occasion, it does not fail to show itself in a succession of charming pictures. Amaryllis struggling against the east wind, as it swirls round the corner of the garden wall; Farmer Idon planting his potatoes in the rain with a sack round his shoulders; the whole procession of country-folk on their way to the fair, as they file past the girl by the wall, are all admirable presentments. And here is a charming little garden picture:—

“One side of the summer-house was a thick holly-bush; Idon had set it there; he builded the summer-

house and set the ivy; and the pippin at the back, whose bloom was white; the copper-birch near by; the great sycamore alone had been there before him, but he set a seat under it, and got woodbine to flower there; the drooping ash he planted; and if *Amaryllis* stood under it when the tree was in full leaf, you could not see her, it made so complete an arbour; the Spanish oak in the corner; the box-hedge along the ha-ha parapet; the red currants against the red wall; the big peony yonder; the damsons and pear; the yellow honey-bush; all these, and this were but one square, one mosaic of the garden, half of it sward, too, and besides these there was the rhubarb-patch at one corner; fruit, flowers, plants, and herbs, lavender, parsley, which has a very pleasant green, growing in a thick bunch, roses, pale sage,—read Boccaccio and the sad story of the leaf of sage. Ask Nature if you wish to know how many things more there were. A place to eat and drink, and think of nothing in, listening to the goldfinches, and watching them carry up the moss, and lichen, and slender fibers for their nest in the fork of the apple; listening to the swallows as they twittered past, or stayed on the sharp, high top of the peartree; to the vehement starlings, whistling and screeching like Mrs. Iden herself, in the chimneys; chaffinches 'chink, chink;' thrushes, distant blackbirds, who like oaks; 'cuckoo, cuckoo;' 'crake, crake;' buzzing and burring of bees, coo of turtle-doves, now and then a neigh to remind you that there were horses, fulness and richness of musical sound; a world of grass and leaf, humming like a hive with voices."

In a different style, but equally notable for the quaint fancy and pathos with which it is worked out, is the study of the mark on the wainscot in the dining-parlor, a mark which has been made by the farmer's head resting against it during the after-dinner meditations and slumbers of thirty years. What could be more commonplace? and yet Mr. Jefferies, with his magical touch, makes it instinct with feeling. Yet one cannot help seeing that the writer's feeling that his strength lay in description of this kind sometimes hindered the sense of proportion in his literary art. We have, for instance, an elaborate description of how Farmer Iden ate his dinner of leg of mutton and forty-fold potatoes, a description which, with the farmer's digressions and the writer's, extends over about twelve pages. Possibly this diffuseness was partly due to the necessity of dictating, to which physical weakness in the latter years of Mr. Jefferies's life compelled him. It is not easy for an author to keep within due limits when he does not actually see how the work grows under his hands.

A sad part of the story remains to tell. Some years since, Mr. Jefferies's health began to fail, and for a long time he had to fight against increasing weakness, weakness which for months before his death prevented him from holding a pen. Still he gallantly struggled on for the daily bread which it became day by day more difficult to earn. His death, after a short, and we fear not very profitable literary career, leaves his widow and children in poverty. Perhaps some of those whom his writings

have delighted may find it in their hearts to help. Subscriptions may be paid, we understand, to the "Richard Jefferies Fund" at the London and Westminster Bank, 4 Stratford Place, London.



OLD BOOKS UPON SWIMMING.

The Natatory Art, as it is politely termed, has undergone little or no improvement since the days when Noah entered the Ark, rather than trust himself to the mercies of the deep sea. Then, as now, the great masters of the craft were not—curiously enough to relate—men, but in all probability frogs; and there is hardly an author of repute, from Wyman downwards, who has not introduced as his perfect model the skilful reptile referred to.

Dr. Franklin was a great paper authority upon swimming, and he lays down a number of distinct rules, nearly every one of which recognizes the frog as the most perfect swimmer yet discovered. The frog, previous to making his leap into the puddle, takes a deep respiration—that is, if he has time—and this he does upon the principle that air has a buoyancy unpossessed by any other substance save gas. His method of "striking out" seems to be well nigh perfect, and he can float with much elegance on the surface of the water.

Dr. Franklin acted quite logically when he drew up a series of rules based upon the actions of the frog; and the 'Encyclopædia Britannica' was logical also when it translated a whole article, including Dr. Franklin's remarks, from the 'Cyclopédie Méthodique' without a word of acknowledgment. The English and Oxford Cyclopædias were clearly within their rights when they "conveyed" the translation as it stood, from the 'Britannica,' also without a word of acknowledgment. 'Chambers's Cyclopædia,' on the contrary, was clearly to blame when it ventured upon an original article, full from beginning to end of the most frightful blunders, betraying practical incompetence in its highest form. In plain English, 'Chambers' threw over Dr. Franklin and the frog theory with the most disastrous results.

Should anyone search an encyclopædia upon the subject of "swimming," the above is precisely what he will find; if he wants original information from works of this class, he must go direct to the 'Cyclopédie Méthodique'; if he wishes for a master of the art, he must yet turn to the frog, as his remote progenitors have been compelled to do before him.

Human beings, though they learn to swim with great expedition, are certainly not naturally gifted in this respect. Throw an unpracticed hand into the water, and the chances are he will drown, and this because he has too much apprehension of the result, and, finding himself out of his element, gives himself up as lost. As author after author has demonstrated, if the man would remain quiet he *cannot* drown, it being in reality a much more difficult feat to remain under the water than to float on the surface. These

paper rules are, however, useless; and although a drowning man may clutch with desperation at the smallest piece of wood within his reach, he is deaf to advice, and in his struggles destroys the last chance of safety.

The above remarks comprise the pith of everything that has been written on the subject. All other information is superfluous; for with a frog as a guide, the aspirant has the best teacher that can be obtained.

Nicholas Wynman, the first English author on the art of swimming, bases his instructions on such sound common-sense, that his book, in a translated or modified form, is even yet accepted as an authority second to none. The art of swimming has undergone no change, and will always remain the same.

The book to which reference is made has the following title-page:

"Colymbetes, sive de arte natandi, dialogus et festinus et incundus lectus, per Nicolaum Wynman, Ingolstadtii linguarum professorem publicum. Propertius lib. 2. Qualom purpureis agitare fluctibus Hellen Aurea quam molli tergo vexit ovis. Anno M.DCCCXVIII."

The leaves in the body of the work, which is excessively scarce, are not paged. For fifty years nothing seems to have been done to exemplify the remarks of Wynman; but in 1587 Everard Digby published his 'De Arte Natandi,' copies of which are to be found in the British Museum, Bodleian and Lambeth Libraries. The work is in small 4to, and contains 114 pages (not numbered), and 44 whole-page woodcuts. The title reads as follows:

"De Arte Natandi. Libri duo, quorum Prior regulas ipsius artis, posterior vero praxin demonstrationemque continet. Authore Everardo Dygbeio, Anglo in Artibus Magistro. Londini Excudebat. Thomas Dawson, 1587."

This, then, is the second book published exclusively on swimming, and it is not too much to say that as it is itself based entirely upon the earlier work of Wynman, so all subsequent works of any repute are either copies or translations of this. An example of this will be found in the next work—chronologically speaking—which is by Middleton. The book differs from Digby's in this, that Middleton has discarded the whole of it except four chapters, which he simply translates word for word. The book is in small 4to.

"A short introduction for to learne to swimme: gathered out of Master Digbie's Booke, by Christopher Middleton. Lond. 1595."

The other three books which are all that were published to the close of the seventeenth century are each of them copied more or less from Digby and Wynman; the first-named being a word for word translation of the former author.

"The Compleat Swimmer: or, The Art of Swimming; Demonstrating the Rules and Practice thereof, in an Exact, Plain, and Easie Method. Necessary to be known and practised by all those who studie or

desire their own Preservation. By William Percy, Gent. Lond. for H. Fletcher. 1668. 12mo. 92pp. with the preface."

This book begins Book I., Cap. 3, of Digby. It is scarce.

"L'Art de nager, démontré par figures, avec des avis pour se baigner utilement. Par M. Thêvenot. A Paris, chez Charles Moette, rue de la Bouclerie. Avec privilege du Roi. 12mo. 12-1-xii. 47."

Published circ. 1696. Not worth much—a few shillings. Should have 39 plates, but usually found imperfect.

"The Art of swimming. Illustrated by proper figures, with advice for bathing. By Monsieur Thêvenot. Done out of French, to which is prefixed a prefatory discourse concerning artificial swimming, or keeping one's self above water by several small portable engines, in case of danger. Lond. D. Brown. 1699. 12mo."

Forty engravings on wood.—*Book Lore.*

AUTOGRAPH DEALING FOR SECOND-HAND BOOKSELLERS.

BY EUGEN RITTEG VON MOR-SUNNEGG.

The complaint is often heard that eminent personages are greatly troubled with requests for their autographs from autograph hunters who are frequently, but very erroneously, confounded with legitimate autograph collectors. To a great extent the evil is due to the fact that so few houses devote themselves to the trade in autographs. Over against the 600 collectors who appear in the German 'Adressbuch für Autographen-und Porträtsammler,' are to be found only 70 dealers, many of whom confine themselves to a very small circle of clients and do not offer their wares publicly at all.

Is, then, the demands for autographs small, or is it not worth while to deal in them? By no means: the continual increase in prices shows an increasing demand, and it is not difficult for a second-hand bookseller to buy cheap autographs which he can sell at a good profit. His intercourse with literary people puts him in a position to acquire autographs, and many opportunities are open to him at the sale of private libraries and collections.

Care should be spent on the preparation of the catalogues. In this respect the French dealers far excel their English, German and Italian brethren: it is curious, in fact, that the high prices which the French dealers get by means of their excellent catalogues have not convinced the dealers of other nations that inferior catalogues are a false economy. A catalogue should mention everything that determines the value of an autograph. First its rarity, the short life, the greater or lesser celebrity of the author. Then if the entire document or only a portion is autograph. Next its extent, place and date of writing, the person (if possible) to whom addressed, and its contents. These last should always be indicated by catchwords, or, even, in the case of persons whose

letters have been published, by a literal reproduction of the first few lines. The non-publication of a document has naturally a great influence on its value as an autograph.

In auction catalogues it would also be well to mention an upset or starting price. This practice would, of course, not be a fixed guide, and would not be necessary for experienced collectors; but it would afford a useful directive for younger collectors whom it is desirable to wean from the bad habit of begging for autographs.

In the arrangement of the catalogues a systematic division in groups according to the nature of the collection offered for sale is the best. Within each division the arrangement may either be alphabetical or chronological by dates of birth.

The periodical literature of autograph collecting is not very extensive, but there are papers which circulate among collectors, and the usual literary periodicals are open to announcements of the kind.

There is no doubt that autograph dealing is a profitable field for the second-hand bookseller, and the special knowledge required to value documents is easily acquired by observation and perusal of catalogues.

The second-hand bookseller has far more opportunities than private persons to acquire and render available hidden manuscript treasures. Apart from his own personal profit, he can render valuable services to science in this respect. The removal of book-plates is of very little profit, and frequently does irreparable injury to the book; but a volume with the dedication or remarks of a distinguished man at once acquires a higher value.

These lines will, it is hoped, have the effect of turning the attention of the second-hand trade to this branch, and also of leading to an improvement in the get-up of catalogues.

There can be no doubt as to the remuneration that would follow. Booksellers will find plenty of eager customers, and collectors will be purged of the taint of autograph hunting which now attaches to the entire guild.

TO A BOOKWORM.

Thou patient grub, that through this volume old
Thy labyrinthine way hast bored,—
Not for the wealth of wisdom stored
Between its oaken lids,—not for the bold
And soaring fancy,—not for the gold
Of human sympathy outpoured
Like treasures from some secret hoard,
Upon its ample pages stained with mould;—
Ah no! a baser appetite was thine;
Yet in the scope of nature's plan
Thy purpose thou hast served; the man
Who built this noble volume line by line,
Served but the same—no more—in his degree;
Divine the hand in both alike I see.

T. J. CHAPMAN.

EDWIN ARNOLD'S NEW POEMS.

'Lotus and Jewel.' By Edwin Arnold. (Trübner.)

The twenty one peoples who occupy the vast peninsula that we call "India" are so remote from us in every respect that it is sometimes hard to realize how much human nature we have in common with them. We owe, therefore, a grateful appreciation to a writer like Mr. Edwin Arnold, who devotes himself to showing the community of thought and feeling that exists between two countries which fortune has so strangely brought together.

The European in India, when he sallies forth in the cool of the morning to take his needful ride, passes through the streets already alive with the stir of early occupations. The chintz-stamper has brought out the cot on which he has passed the night, and begun to impress his simple patterns upon the cloth there stretched out. The rice-husker is at work with his pestle, and the confectioner has fastened his viscous wares upon a hook from which he is busily pulling threads of spun sugar. The money-dealer has got out his scales and his account-books stitched in dull crimson calico. The *azan* is sounding from the roof of the mosque; and the Bráhman, in full canonicals of napkin and twine, is pouring water over the phallic emblems in front of his temple. Out in the fields the bullocks are patiently turning round the well, and the perfunctory boys are waving slings, with hoarse outcries, on *machans* elevated above the crops in the fields. Through such a motley scene the Anglo-Indian saunters or scampers on his half-broken hack, thinking of the daily labor before him, hardly noticing and not at all comprehending the manifold and ancient forms of life around. To understand that, indeed, requires both a knowledge of history and a sensitive intelligence. It is a fusion of old, and less old, with very little of modern civilization; yet it is by no means savage. The simple, contented, habits are survivals from a distant past, before the Aryans had come down from Central Asia. The Hindu temple contains germs of the nature-worship of the first invaders; the mosque tells of Tartar conquests.

It would not be correct to say that Mr. Edwin Arnold's Indian poetry is steeped in such a color. We trace the Bombay professor and the kindly, observant tourist; but we do not find either the accurate scholar or the man of prolonged and profound local knowledge. The scholarship, it may be surmised, is hardly up to the mark of Sir Monier Williams and the pandits of philology; while the social attitude is—to put it courteously—metropolitan. The Sanskrit slokes—even to a smatterer—appear diffusely and vaguely rendered; and false quantities are not absent. For example, the penultimate of "Draupadi" is scanned sometimes short, but also sometimes long; while the final syllable of "Yudishtir" is always lengthened; as is also the u of Arjuna. Such a line as the following,

"Al hamdu wa al manat Lillahi,"

strikes one as not only poor prosody but bad Arabic.

Still, when all this hypercriticism has been recorded, it remains a pleasant duty to acknowledge that the book is full of charm. The first poem is an idyll, in the best manner of Mr. Browning, describing the meeting of a European visitor with a priest and a dancing-girl; and it is appropriately entitled 'In an Indian Temple.' The visitor applies to the priest for instruction in the meaning of the mystic "ACM," (spelt "Om" by the author). In the midst of the lecture breaks in the dancer, Ganga, picturesquely described as

"A feather, blown

From peahen's neck at pairing-time."

This young lady—who is understood to be amiable and cheerful, though otherwise no better than she should be—plays upon the entire meeting the ceaseless fountain of her interruptions, many of which are models of lyric grace, and ends with a cry of "Salaam," never used (surely) at parting, least of all by Hindus. The next division of the book is called 'A Casket of Gems'; and in this, by a pretty fancy, the poet supposes himself to be handing to a lady named "Fanny Maria Adelaide" the various jewels whose initial letters form those words. The folklore of the various stones is very agreeably blended with well-told stories; and, taken as a whole, this may be pronounced at once the most artistically wrought and the most originally conceived portion of the collection under notice. The verse is uniform but sweet, the quatrains of what may be called 'English Elegiacs'—consecrated by Gray—are of sound workmanship and musical rhythm. Such a stanza as the following may be taken as a fair sample:

"Either the Universe is Chaos, Chance,
Or else the Universe is Order, Law;
If that—die! and let pass the drunken dance:
If this—live! and rejoice in love and awe."

To these pretty pieces succeed 'Other Poems,' all graceful, and some striking. The volume terminates with some translations from the Sanskrit, of which by far the most remarkable is the extract from the Mahābhārata, called by Mr. Arnold 'A Queen's Revenge.' If the first idyll was in the manner of Mr. Browning, the last will remind many readers of Lord Tennyson, whose quasi-dramatic detachment and echoes of Shaksperian blank verse are often most happily reproduced. Sometimes, however, the metre falters; and the best-intentioned reader would probably find the scansion of a few of the lines beyond his faculty. Take these examples:

"None might believe. Presently it befell."
"Is Kichaka, not old Virāta."
"To wear armlets and ear-rings, and to sit."
"From under Kichaka, so that both fell."

It is a pity that such technical blots should have been let fall—evidently by mere carelessness—on these pretty pages. All the bad feelings, towards one another, of various races are traceable to ignorance. Mr. Arnold brings to the task of our instruc-

tion a lively fancy and a sympathetic mind; and the well-known literary skill which governs the use of these gifts only requires a little more use of the file. As it is, his Indian poetry is the only thing of the kind with which the English-speaking public will have anything to do; and both that public and Mr. Arnold himself may be respectfully congratulated on a fresh and most delightful opportunity of studying Indian thought and Indian feeling.

H. G. KEENE.

AN UNPUBLISHED LETTER OF WORDSWORTH.

Subjoined is an exact copy of a letter from Wordsworth to Edwin Hill Handley, who had submitted some verses of his to the poet for his opinion upon them. The original was given many years ago to a member of my family by the recipient, and is now in my possession. It has of course never been published. There is a word or two I cannot read, so have I left a dash. The writing of the original is singularly rough and careless, though the expression is so polished.

A. F. WHEELER.

"Rydal Mount, Kendal, October 4th, 1830.

"Dear Sir,—I lose no time in replying to your communication, and will proceed to the point without ceremony or apology. I protest, on your behalf, against the competence of the tribunal whose judgment you are content to abide by. A question of this moment can be decided only by and within the mind that proposes it. Allow me to say that you have reversed the order of judicial proceedings by appealing from the higher (higher assuredly 'quoad hoc') to the lower power. What more then shall I say? That your interesting letter evinces extraordinary power would be obvious to the dullest and most insensible. Indeed, I may declare with sincerity that great things may be expected from one capable of feeling in such a strain and expressing himself with so much vigour and originality. With your verses upon — Abbey, I am in sympathy when I look on the dark side of the subject; and they are well expressed, except for the phrase—'Supercilious damn' (if I read aright), which is not to my taste. And now for the short piece, that contains the "thoughts of your whole life." Having prepared you for the conclusion that neither my own opinion, nor that of anyone else, is worth much as to deciding the point for which this document is given as evidence, I have no scruple in telling you honestly that I do not comprehend those lines; but, coming from one able to write the letter I have just received, I do not think the worse of them on that account. Were any one to show an acorn to a native of the Orcades who had never seen a shrub higher than his knee, and, by way of giving him a notion or image of the oak, should tell him that its 'latitude of boughs' lies close folded in that 'auburn nut,' the Orcadian would stare, and feel that his imagination was somewhat unreasonably taxed. So is it with me in respect to this germ. I do not deny that the 'forest's monarch with his army shale' may be lurking there in embryo, but neither can I undertake to affirm it.

Therefore let your mind, which is surely of a high order, be its own oracle.

"It would be unpardonable were I to conclude without thanking you for not having abstained from expressing your sense of the value of my imperfect, and comparatively unworthy, writings. The true standard of poetry is high as the soul of man has gone or can go. How far my own falls below that no one can have such pathetic conviction of as my poor self.

"With high respect, I remain, dear sir,

"Sincerely yours,

"Wm. WORDSWORTH."

—:O:—

STRATFORD-UPON-AVON.—A DISENCHANTMENT.

I had travelled much, and in my travels had seen the graves and homes of many of the poets of England, far and near. I had been to Rydal Mount and to the churchyard at Grasmere, where fresh flowers left by some loving hand lay upon the mound where Wordsworth lies. I had crouched at Highgate in under that dismal sunless penthouse, and had read the single word "Coleridge" cut deep down into the huge stone that covers him there for a little while. I had often stood by the mouldering stone that marks the resting-place of Goldsmith in that strange, meagre yard in the Temple, while from the windows above clerks peered wondering at the sight of a stranger not in a hurry. I had stood by also the grave of Clough at Florence, and in that sloping garden of rest under the wall at Rome where are gathered the ashes of Shelley and all that was mortal of Keats; but to Stratford-upon-Avon I had never been, and the thing seeming a reproach to me to Stratford I determined to go. Now, I had not thought how this pilgrimage might sadly differ from the others, else assuredly had I never risen up to go. At all other shrines of the poets a man may be alone with his thoughts, when it will be his fault if they be mean. At the most there may chance to be near some sexton or doorkeeper whose courtesy may save some search, and whose indifference will make him depart about his business in silence. Remembering these things, with anticipation of peculiar pleasure and with true reverence for the greatest of the great, for Stratford I set forth.

"Shakspeare 'otel, sir?" greets me at the railway station, and on reaching the Shakspeare "'otel" I am astonished to hear the order, "Boots! take the gentleman's luggage up to Romeo and Juliet." On mounting the stairs this amazing instruction to Boots is explained, each bedroom in the house having the name of a play over it instead of a number. This is rather a shock, but it does not do to be too sensitive, so I dine, and retire to number Romeo and Juliet for the night. In the morning I learn that Shakspeare's house opens to the public at nine o'clock, so I breakfast early, and am there by that hour. On the stroke of nine I step into the brand new "restored" porch and ring the bell; the door is opened by a pleasant man, who begins cheerfully, "Good morning. Sixpence

for the house and Sixpence for the museum." I get out a shilling, and am given two little well-thumbed tickets. The man then shuts the door and says by heart, "This is the house where Shakspeare was born; you will be shown the actual room where he was born upstairs; that large chimney has never been altered, and those seats on each side of it are just as they were when Shakspeare was a boy: will you take a seat where Shakspeare sat?" I feel a violent desire to get back into the street, but at the same time do not want to offend a worthy fellow creature, so I stand helplessly looking at the seat I am invited to fill; the man smiles at me and says, "They are wiped round carefully every morning; they are quite clean."

I turn desperately and escape up a couple of steps into an inner room. Here I find an elderly, austere-looking female. Before she begins to say her lesson I have time to observe that the walls and ceiling of this room, like those of the last, are black with the accumulated pencil scribbings of Robinsons of Birmingham and Joneses of Chicago. The woman begins her tale in a determined tone, but I perceive a staircase on the right of the door, and up I go at once: she follows, reciting as she ascends; she gets to the window in time for the words, "Here, you see, Sir Walter Scott wrote his name on the glass with his ring off his finger—have you been to the church yet?" (The query part of the recitation.) I look at the window-frame for Scott's scribble, and am thankful I cannot decipher it among the multitudinous scrawlings. We get down again into the lower room, and I am asked to write my name in the book; this done, the woman shows a picture of Shakspeare, then a bust. She lays her hand upon the forehead, and says, "Plenty of room 'ere for the mighty brain." This is too much; I make for the street. At the porch-door there is the man who says to me, "This way, please, to the museum." "No, I cannot," I answer, and escape.

At the church I find myself in a party; I pay my sixpence and wait till the others have left the chancel; the effigy up the wall has been painted like a Dutch doll; this treatment may be archæologically correct, but is actually ridiculous; but the stone below upon the floor, with its prayer, its blessing, and its curse, bears what have not and cannot be made vulgar, his words immortal. Here your name must be written again in a book, and again at the Memorial Theatre, and again at Anne Hathaway's cottage, and finally at the Shakspeare "'otel," and Stratford-upon-Avon is finished.

Before I went there I possessed an imaginary but wholly pleasing fancy picture of Shakspeare's home: there will now when I think of Stratford rise unbidden and hated before me the memory of that woman stroking the bust with her hand, saying, "Plenty of room 'ere for the mighty brain." S. C.

J. B. LIPPINCOTT & Co. have in press a volume by Dr. Wier Mitchell, entitled 'Doctor and Patient,' a work largely made up of what might be called essays of advice to women.

A JEWISH HUMORIST.

Though humor is hardly a prominent quality of the Jews, and many are possibly of Carlyle's opinion, that they have no real sense of the humorous, there is a good deal more drollery in the sayings and doings of those reared in the Synagogue than outsiders generally suppose. Be that, however, as it may, the Jewish race can claim to have produced in the person of Moritz Gottlieb Saphir, an Austrian journalist but little known in this country, the foremost wit and humorist of the German-speaking people. As ready in retort as Jerrold, as brilliant a conversationalist and *raconteur* as Sheridan, he was as graceful and effective a punster as the immortal Tom Hood. The right of his co-religionist, Heine, to rank among humorists is often questioned in German literary coteries; but Saphir's pre-eminence is admitted even by the ponderous writers of the 'Brockhaus-Lexicon.' The son of a poor pedlar in Hungary, he was born and reared in the Pressburg Ghetto at a time when to be a Jew was to be debarred from well-nigh every form of modern culture; and yet before his nine-and-twentieth year he was the most conspicuous journalist in Germany, as much hated as admired, and had become the founder of that lighter school of journalistic criticism that makes the ephemeral literature of the Fatherland tolerable. He came to Berlin in 1825, or thereabouts, and started the *Courier*, the wit and audacity of which took the capital by storm. But the Prussian censors did not appreciate a writer who, instead of grumbling at them, made them the butt of his irreverent jokes, and actually poked fun at them. Six weeks' imprisonment for an acrostic on Madame Sontag, the singer, and a month for calling a would-be dramatist named Cosmar a "creature" that writes plays, convinced Saphir that his peculiar form of humor was not likely to have fair play where Count Granow wielded the censor's pencil. So he removed to Munich, where, in 1828-29, he published the *Bazaar*. He was also converted to Protestantism, and was made Hof-Theater-Intendant. But he soon got into trouble again, and this time with a more important personage than a Press-censor. King Ludwig was addicted to writing bad verse and making bad jokes, and Saphir did not hesitate to express very freely his opinion as to the quality of both. It would not do to punish the critic for this, but his sins were laid up against him; and when he ventured subsequently to make some remarks about the notorious Lola Montes, he received a peremptory order to quit the Bavarian capital within four-and-twenty hours. The Court Chamberlain, commissioned by the King, waited on him, and asked if he could manage to get away in so short a time. "Yes," replied the unabashed journalist: "and if my own legs can't take me quickly enough, I'll borrow some of the superfluous feet in his Majesty's last volume of verse." He never forgot this expulsion from Munich. When, one day, some one congratulated him on his erect carriage and walk, he remarked he had had a good master of deportment; "King Ludwig had taught

him to step out." He went to Vienna in 1835, and after becoming a Catholic, started the *Humorist*, the chief organ of its kind in Germany, with which he was connected until his death in 1850. Saphir was a voluminous writer, and his 'Dumme Briefe' and 'Album für Witz und Humor' are never-failing sources upon which his imitators to this day draw. His works are not much read by the general public, despite their undoubted brilliancy and humor, and the extraordinary "word-play" in which they abound. He was deficient in depth, and lacked the creative gadfly of true genius that stings to the highest form of literary expression; and it is for the good things he said and the odd things he did, that he is chiefly remembered by his countrymen and his sometime co-religionists.

Innumerable are the anecdotes told of him. A few culled from the collections of 'Saphiriana,' published in Germany, are characteristic, and well illustrate the readiness of his wit and the peculiar form of humor for which he was noted. Jerzman, his colleague on the *Humorist*, often asked him to dinner; but as Madame Jerzman was reputed to be one of the meanest women in the capital, the humorist generally managed to excuse himself. At last, though, he was trapped into an acceptance. The dinner consisted, as he anticipated, of more table-cloth than meat, and Saphir, who was a big man with a proportionate appetite, rose from the table as hungry as he had sat down. As he was taking his leave, the hostess came up to him, and playfully tapping him on the shoulder with her fan, said,—“And now, Herr Saphir, when will you dine with me again?” “At once, Madame Jerzman, at once!” responded the hungry wit in his deepest bass. The old Rothschild, at an evening gathering, requested Saphir to write something in his autograph-book, but it was to be something characteristic. In two minutes the financier received the volume back with the following entry:—“Oblige me, Dear Baron, with the loan of 10,000 gulden; and *Forget*, For ever after, your obedient servant, M. G. SAPHIR.” The man of money saw the point of the joke, and paid generously for the humorist's signature. Equally brief was the retort he made to some one against whom he accidentally knocked when turning the corner of a street in Munich. “Beast,” cried the offended person, without waiting for an apology. “Thank you,” said the journalist, “and mine is Saphir.” Cosmar, a relative of the bookseller, was an amateur author who thought a good deal more of himself than the public could be persuaded to think. Meeting Saphir in a mixed company, he made the silly remark that Saphir “was a Jew who wrote for money, while he wrote for fame.” “Quite so,” remarked the wit; “we each write for what we lack and need.” His friend Jerzman was always warning him about getting into debt, for he was extremely careless in money matters, and explaining the advantages to be derived from paying cash for every thing. Once he wound up his usual caution with the remark that “making debts ruins many a man.”

"Oh, no!" responded Saphir; "it's paying them that does the mischief." When introduced for the first time to the prompter of the Leipziger Stadt-Theatre, a pompous personage too much in evidence at times, Saphir remarked,—"I heard a good deal of you, Herr A——" —the prompter bowed his acknowledgments of the expected compliment, while the wit added—"in the course of a performance last evening."

Saphir mortally offended the Munich citizens by speaking of them as being "beer-barrels in the morning, and barrels of beer in the evening." One of the most charming girls in that capital, a girl who enjoyed some reputation as an artist, married a man of the "long and lanky" type, and very wooden-headed into the bargain. Some friends were discussing the match, and one lady happened to say,—"I wonder what Fräulein Wahrmann will do with him." "Oh!" exclaimed Saphir, who was listening; "she is fond of painting, and may find him useful as a mahl-stick." He was crossing the market place with a friend, when a member of the comedy troupe of the Court Theatre stopped and exchanged a few words with him. "Who was that?" said Saphir's companion, when the player had gone. "Oh! that is Waldeck, the actor." "He does not look much like an actor off the stage," said the other. "Still less when he's on the stage," retorted Saphir. Of another "poor" player, a low comedian, he once remarked that, "jesting apart, he was not a bad actor." There was some difficulty owing to the nature of the soil, in digging the foundation for a statue to be erected in honor of an important Grand Duke, famous for nothing in particular. The humorist and a friend passed the men at work. "What are they doing?" asked the latter. "Oh! they are trying to find ground for raising a monument to the Gross-Herzog," was the reply. Driving out in the suburbs of Vienna one day, his coachman, a peppery *Mieth-kutscher*, got into an altercation with a rival Jehu. Words soon led to oaths, and oaths to blows, and the pair set to in good earnest to decide which was the better man. Popping his head out of the fiacre-window, Saphir mildly implored the pair to oblige him, and drub each other as quickly as they could, for he had "engaged the carriage by the hour." But Saphir could be extremely rude, and was not unfrequently as coarse as Swift, of whom, by-the-way, he was a diligent student, for he was a master of English. At a ball, a young lady, heated with dancing, and one who should have known better, remarked that she "felt as though she were stewing." "But still quite raw," observed the wit, in a stage aside. Another young person once asked him which was the greatest miracle in the Bible, and then, without waiting for an answer, added, "that Elijah did not burn in the fiery chariot that appeared and took him to heaven." "No," said Saphir, "it was Balaam's ass: the ass that made answer before it was questioned." A great bore, seated next to him at dinner, was excusing his evident fondness for the bottle. "Good

wine," said the personage, "makes us forget trouble and vexation, and enables us to bear up against the thousands of disagreeables we encounter and have to submit to. Don't you, Herr Saphir, think it excusable in a man to drink sometimes?" "Oh, yes!" replied the wit; "quite excusable, if he happen to sit next to you at dinner." A wealthy relative, of whom he wished to borrow a little money, reproached him with his incapacity for business. "Why, you cannot even add!" exclaimed the Jewish money bags, summing up the writer's delinquencies. "No," retorted the other; "but I can subtract, and if one would subtract your money from you, there would be only a nothing left."

Saphir was no respecter of persons, and nothing could abash him. King Ludwig of Bavaria, the verse-maker to whom he owed his expulsion from Munich, walked up to him one day, and tapping the felt hat he wore uttered the single word, "Fils." Now, *Fils*, which means "felt" is also a most opprobrious epithet, and the King's conduct was grossly insulting. In reply, Saphir merely touched the overcoat he wore, with the remark, "Wasserdichter,"—that is to say, "waterproof." But as *Dichter* also means a "poet," the term signified "water poet," a Germanism applied to one who is no poet at all. He could be as rude in an amiable fashion too. A young couple, newly engaged, were favored with a letter of introduction to him which they duly presented. Now, the gentleman was notorious for his effeminate habits and ways, and his appearance at once struck the eye of the observant journalist, who had heard about him. He said nothing, received the pair with *empressement*, insisted upon their being seated in his most comfortable easy-chairs, assured them how pleased he was to hear of their engagement, and wound up with,—"Now, pray, you must, you really must, tell me which of you is the bride." Travelling in a second-class carriage between Hamburg and Berlin, he had a little misunderstanding with a lady, the only occupant of the compartment beside himself, in reference to the opening of a window. "You don't appear to know the difference, *Mein Herr*, between the second and third class," said the lady, cuttingly. "Oh, Madame!" replied Saphir, "I am an old railway traveller; I know all the class distinctions. In the first class, the passengers behave rudely to the guard; in the third, the guards behave rudely to the passengers: in the second (with a bow to his fellow-traveller), the passengers behave rudely to each other." Some of his briefer sayings are extremely droll. He once described a theatre as being so full that people were obliged to laugh perpendicularly, there was no room to do so horizontally. Of a dull townlet he visited, he remarked it was so quiet that but for an occasional death there would really be no life in the place. He was a big man, and when a little poet once threatened to run him through for an adverse criticism, he merely observed that he would thenceforth have to pull his boots up higher when he went abroad. His Jewishness was not often apparent in

what he said or did. On one occasion, though, he showed that he was not unmindful of his origin. Dining at Rothschild's, some fine *lachryma Christi* was placed on the table. "Whence," asked the financier, "does the wine get so strange a name?" "I suppose," answered Saphir, "it is because good Christians must weep to think that a Jew should be able to treat his friends to such a superb beverage." It must be admitted, though, that, like Helne, whom he bitterly hated, he had little sympathy with those of his own race.

LIBRARY NOTES.

AT Bradford the Reference Library and Reading Rooms are to be opened permanently on Sunday afternoons, a six months' experimental trial having been very successful. The average number of Sunday visitors has exceeded six hundred.

A PUBLIC library has been opened in Rome. All the MSS. it contains, above six hundred in number, were obtained from churches and convents, declared national property after September, 1870, and chiefly relate to theological questions. They are mostly modern, extending from the sixteenth to the eighteenth centuries.

THE committee in charge of the Museum Library of Canterbury, England, have excluded from its shelves all books of which Miss Braddon is known to be the author. The novel readers of the city are objecting.

THE late William B. Washburn left \$1,000 to the Greenfield, Mass., public library, to which he had given about \$18,000 during his life, and \$5,000 to Smith College, of which he had been a great benefactor. The bulk of his great estate is to be divided between the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, the New York Home Missionary Society and the American Missionary Association.

NEWARK is to have a free public library and will thus score a point of literary development in advance of her larger and more pretentious neighbors on the other side of the North River. It is noteworthy that 23,000 of the 25,000 persons who voted there favored the library, and it will speak well for Newark that only 385 voted against the project. We extend our congratulations to the metropolis of New Jersey.

THE Trustees of the Lenox Library have decided that hereafter the library shall be open every weekday, except Monday, from 11 A.M. until 4 P.M. President John S. Kennedy states that this change has been in contemplation for some time, as it was felt that active measures should be taken to render the treasures of the library accessible to all. "Admission during the hours from 11 to 4," said Mr. Kennedy, "will be without ticket. Seats will be placed in the picture galleries, and everything, in short, will be done to add to the comfort and enjoyment of the public."

THE *London Truth* says:—"The Duke of Devonshire's magnificent library has now been concentrated at Chatsworth, with the exception of John Kemble's rare and splendid collection of plays, which was purchased by the late Duke in 1831, and which remains at Devonshire House. The library at Chatsworth is not only one of the finest in Great Britain, but it is also one of the oldest, and it includes the wonderful collection of scientific works which was made by Henry Cavendish, the celebrated scientist. A splendid illustrated catalogue of this library was printed some years ago, but only for private circulation."

THE November meeting of the Library Club was addressed by Librarian Mullin of the Birmingham Free Library, England, who frankly admitted that America has taken the lead in increasing the usefulness of public libraries, and requiring a high standard of intelligence in the librarian. England has gained much by following her example; but on the Continent libraries are for the most part mere tombs of literature, and the librarians little better than sextons who guard the musty relics of past ages. In the course of an informal discussion of 'New York Libraries and the Subsidy Question,' Librarian Dewey of Columbia said that he was opposed to granting subsidies to libraries, except to encourage the circulation of good books. Still, he regarded the pending bill as better than no bill at all. Miss E. M. Coe, Librarian of the New York Free Circulating Library, also thought that in awarding subsidies the character of the books circulated should be taken into account. A committee was appointed to draw up and submit to the Club suggestions for the modification of the bill.

THE New York Law Institute Library in the Federal building was reopened on Monday, Nov. 21st, having been closed for repairs and general renovation since the middle of July. The room has been divided up into alcoves, thus affording greater quiet and placing the books within ready reach without the use of stepladders. There are 35,000 volumes in the library, comprising full sets of all American, English, Scotch and Irish reports up to date, as well as all leading American and English text books and a large collection of the works of the leading French and German writers, and the codes of all the principal Continental nations. The library is open to all lawyers of the city who pay a fee of \$150 cash or \$200 in instalments. The Government gives the rent gratis on condition that the United States Judges and court officials have access to the books.

SOME time since we gave an account of the Bibliothèques Municipales of Paris, and called attention to their rapid development. In 1878 there were only nine altogether, of which five were little used and four practically unused. A special Bureau was then appointed by the Municipal Council to take charge of them, with the result that altogether twenty-two libraries had been opened in 1884, while the number

of volumes lent rose from 29,339 in 1878 to 363,323 in 1882, and in the latter year the stock possessed by the twenty-two libraries was 87,831, and in 1883 it rose to 98,843. The report issued with the budget for 1887, shows that the number of books consulted in the libraries in 1886 was 145,601, and books taken home, 885,566, making a total 1,031,167. This is an increase of 719,845 over 1882, and of 331,405 over 1884. The number of libraries has risen from twenty-two in 1882 to fifty-three in 1886. The proposed expenditure for 1887 is 207,400 fr., which will allow 3,368 fr. to each library.

PROF. WILLARD FISKE has offered a prize of 750 *lire* for the best guide to the Forentine libraries open to the public. The essay is to extend to about two hundred pages to range with 'Biblioteca Nazionale' of Le Monnier.

FROM a printed Report prepared by Dr. Richard Garnett, Assistant-Keeper of the Printed Books, in the British Museum, treating principally on changes in that institution since 1877, we learn that no less than 80,000 volumes, including works in progress, Parliamentary papers, broadsides, and the like, were received in the National Library annually. The number of titles written for the Catalogue during the last eight years has been 316,234. The most important innovation since 1877 has been the introduction of print into the catalogues of Printed Books. Since the commencement of the work of printing the catalogues 138 volumes have been issued from the press, comprising 523 volumes of MS. The portion printed to this date comprises the whole of letters A, B, and C, with the exception of the great and difficult article 'Bible,' and one or two articles in C, which it has been found advisable to postpone for the moment. The latter part of the alphabet from 'Virgil' to the end, has also been printed out of strict alphabetical order. The long article 'Periodical Publications' is just through the press. Assuming that each printed volume contains on the average 4,800 titles, in round numbers 660,000 titles have been printed. Dr. Garnett clearly tells us that the number of titles existing at the commencement of the work was 2,500,000, and allowing 500,000 more for the titles of new books added to the library during its progress, and assuming that the Trustees order the printing to be proceeded with henceforth at the rate of 150,000 titles a year, the Catalogue may be concluded in about sixteen years from the present time.

BIBLIOPHILIANA.

A RELIC of old Birmingham is about to be removed in the house now occupied by Messrs. Webb, book binders and printers, in Midland Passage, High Street, formerly occupied as a type foundry by John Baskerville. Search will be made during its demolition in the hope of finding some of Baskerville's type.

AT Chalfont St. Giles's the cottage in which Milton completed 'Paradise Lost' and began 'Paradise Regained' has been placed in the hands of a body of trustees, who intend to set it apart as a reading-room and museum for objects connected with Milton. The cottage was lately in some danger of being carried away bodily to the United States by an American speculator.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Manchester Guardian* tells the following story:—"We remember hearing how Wordsworth was on a time journeying to Lowther Castle to be present at a dinner given in his honor, Mr. Justice Coleridge and the present Lord Chief Justice being of the company. They passed down Patterdale by Ullswater, and, leaving the chaise, they struck across some fields towards the Castle. Suddenly the path ended in a blind wall. The poet muttered something and attacked the fence as if it were a living enemy, and crying out, 'This is the way, an ancient right of way, too,' passed on. That evening, after the ladies had left the room, Mr. Justice Coleridge said to Sir John Wallace, who was a near resident and a guest, 'Sir John, I fear we committed trespass to-day; we came over a broken-down wall on your estate.' Sir John seemed nettled, and said that he wished he could have caught the man who broke it down; he would horsewhip him. The grave old bard at the end of the table heard the words, the fire flashed into his face, and, rising to his feet, he answered, 'I broke your wall down, Sir John. It was obstructing an ancient right of way, and I will do it again. I am a Tory, but scratch me on the back deep enough and you will find the Whig in me yet.' There was such terrible earnestness in Wordsworth's manner, the lion of the evening was evidently so bent on a spring, that the subject was changed, and the gentlemen joined the ladies."

CONCERNING old Persian book-covers, Mr. S. G. W. Benjamin, in his recent work on Persia, says: "They are of two kinds. The first and rarest are those in which the design is entirely of leather. The leather formerly produced in Persia has never been surpassed in gloss and texture. It may not be generally known that what is called Russia leather was first manufactured in Persia, whence the fabric was carried to Russia. The general character of book-covers made from this leather consists sometimes in overlaying the most delicate and intricate designs made of split leather, one over the other, each being distinguished either by retaining the natural color, or in being gilded or stained of different vivid tints. Often, also, the design of the cover is stamped and beautified with various shades of gold. The stamping was sometimes done with engraved plates of metal; but, singular as it may seem, it was usually produced by designs actually cut into sole leather of very fine quality, and attached to a block of wood; the leather to be stamped was thoroughly moistened, and the stamp was pressed down by heavy weights and left in position for days, until the under leather

had, as it were, grown to the desired design. No patterns more elaborate or beautiful than those of Persia have ever been seen in the art of book-covers.

DICKENS was only 33 when I first saw him, being just two years my junior. I have said what he appeared to me then. As I knew him afterward, and to the end of his days, he was a strikingly manly man, not only in appearance, but in bearing. The lustrous brilliancy of his eyes was very striking. And I do not think that I have ever seen it noticed that those wonderful eyes which saw so much and so keenly were appreciably, though to a very slight degree, near-sighted eyes. Very few persons, even among those who knew him well, were aware of this, for Dickens never used a glass. But he continually exercised his vision by looking at distant objects, and making them out as well as he could without any artificial assistance. It was an instance of that force of will in him which compelled a naturally somewhat delicate frame to comport itself like that of an athlete. Mr. Forster somewhere says of him: "Dickens's habits were robust, but his health was not." This is entirely true as far as my observation extends. Of the general charm of his manner I despair of giving any idea to those who have not seen or known him. This was a charm by no means dependent on his genius. He might have been the great writer he was and yet not have warmed the social atmosphere wherever he appeared with that Summer glow which seemed to attend him. His laugh was brimful of enjoyment. There was a peculiar humorous protest in it when recounting or hearing anything specially absurd, as who should say, "'Pon my soul, this is too ridiculous! This passes all bounds!" and bursting out afresh as though the sense of the ridiculous overwhelmed him like a tide, which carried all hearers away with it, and which I well remember. His enthusiasm was boundless. It entered into everything he said or did. It belonged doubtless to that amazing fertility and wealth of ideas and feeling that distinguished his genius.—*Adolphus Trollope.*

A DISAPPOINTED aspirant to literary fame recently played a trick upon a number of English publishers, the particulars of which he relates, with much satisfaction, in a letter to the *St. James's Gazette*. He copied out 'Samson Agonistes,' which he re-christened 'Like a Giant Refreshed,' and sent the manuscript as an original work of his own to certain publishers. It was declined on various pleas, and the letters received, afforded so much amusement to the ingenious scribe, that he reproduces them in his communication. None of the publishers discovered that the work was Milton's. One mistook it for a sensational novel, another discovered that it contained some musical lines, but was disfigured by "Scotticism." Another thought it bright and clever, and would publish it if the author contributed \$150 towards expenses. Finally the poem was submitted to the editor of a magazine, and there its travels ended, for it seems to have been lost or mislaid,

or perhaps the editor detected the fraud and burnt it.

GRIEF mingled with indignation will probably be caused in Panslavistic circles by Mr. Bryce's endeavor in the English *Historical Review* to prove that Justinian was not a Slavonian. Of the three great men claimed by Slavonic enthusiasts—Gutenberg, Copernicus, and Justinian—the Slavonian origin of Gutenberg is denied by all except Slavonians; of Copernicus by none except Germans; while the Slavonian origin of Justinian has been generally accepted. There is a place in Bohemia called Kutna Gora, where, according to the Panslavist creed, the inventor of printing was born. Gora, in the Czech, as in other Slavonic languages, means "mountain;" in German "berg." Accordingly the place where the inventor of printing was born may well have been called in German "Kutnaberg," or by an easy corruption "Gutenberg," the name of the town being at the same time given to its illustrious native.

THE Trustees of the British Museum have published a penny guide to the Chinese and Japanese books exhibited in the King's Library. The exhibition is arranged so as to show the connection between the pictorial arts of China and Japan, and to give an opportunity of comparing the works of artists of the different Japanese schools. Professor Douglas, the author of this interesting guide, tells us that the skill possessed by Chinese and Japanese artists in the use of the brush is acquired at the school-boy's desk; they are taught to write the hieroglyphic characters with correctness, certainty, and finish, and when once the power of doing this is mastered the transition from writing the hieroglyphic character representing an object to drawing the object itself is very slight. There is no certain date when the use of metal type was first practised in China, but there are Korean books printed as early as 1317 with moveable clay or wooden type and just a century later we have a record of a fount of metal type having been cast to print an 'Epitome of the Eighteen Historical Records of China.' Considerable doubt exists as to the time when moveable type was first introduced into Japan; but according to Satow's 'History of Printing in Japan,' it was after the first invasion of Korea by the armies of Hideyoshi, in the end of the sixteenth century, that a large quantity of Korean moveable-type books was brought back by one of his generals, Ukida Hideiue, which formed the model upon which the Japanese printers worked.

MR. EDWARD PEACOCK writes to *Notes and Queries*:—"In turning over the leaves of the *Keepsake* for the year 1831, a day or two ago, I met with the following example of the word *snob*. It is used here as a surname, but it is evident that the word was intended to convey its modern meaning, made familiar to all by Thackeray, not the older signification of a shoemaker:—

Sir Samuel Snob—that was his name,

Three times to Mrs. Brown,

Had ventured just to hint his flame,

And twice received—a frown.—P. 307."

The Bookmart.

December, 1887.

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Literary communications and Books for Review, Address Halkett Lord, Editor, Jersey City, N. J.

All Business and Financial matters, Address, BOOKMART PUBLISHING Co., Pittsburg, Pa., U. S. A.

We take pleasure in presenting our enlarged Club List of valuable periodicals which can be procured in connection with the BOOKMART, also attractive premiums to those desiring to canvass for our Journal. Let us have the help of every subscriber and friend.

We have some inquiry for prices of the Henry Ward Beecher Sale which brought some \$35,000. Should we receive sufficient orders to justify printing the prices, we shall furnish them.

The supplement to the Charles H. Guild catalogue of Americana sold by Messrs. Charles H. Tabbie & Co., Boston, containing printed prices, was ready for mailing at office of BOOKMART the following Monday after the sale. The prices were obtained direct from the Auctioneers at the end of each day's sale.

B. A. WATSON, A. M., M. D., sends us his pamphlet on an experimental study of the effects of puncture of the heart in cases of chloroform Narcosis reprinted from the transactions of the American Surgical Association.

MESSRS. G. & C. MERRIAM & Co. have issued a circular informing the trade that the newspaper paragraphs regarding a new edition of Webster's Unabridged is not correct. They are of course keeping abreast of the times in preparing for a future edition, but say, "We shall publish no revised edition of the Unabridged for some years."

We learn from private sources that the 150 numbered copies on large paper with India proofs of the new 'Henry Irving's Shakspeare' have all been subscribed for before publication, and that copies are likely soon to be at premium.

SPECIAL NOTES.

BOOKBUYERS' AND BOOKSELLERS' Accurate and Economical Telegraphic Code for ordering books from catalogues by numbers. Saves 50 per cent. and insures greater accuracy—as numbers in telegrams are apt to get mixed. Price 25 cents, post paid. Chas. L. Woodward, 78 Nassau Street, New York.

BOOK REVIEWS.

THE CENTURY GUILD HOBBY HORSE. (Kegan Paul, Trench & Co., London). "The aim of the Century Guild is to render all branches of art the sphere, no longer of the tradesman, but of the artist. It would restore building, decoration, glass-painting, pottery, wood-carving, and metal work to their rightful place beside painting and sculpture. By so placing them they would once more be regarded as legitimate and honorable expressions of the artistic spirit, and would stand in their true relation not only to sculpture and paintings but to the drama, to music and to literature. In other words, The Century Guild seeks to emphasize the unity of art; and by thus dignifying art in all its forms, it hopes to make it living, a thing of our own century, and of the people. In the Hobby Horse, the Guild will provide a means of expression for these aims, and for other serious thoughts about art."

Such is the prospectus of this quarterly periodical: and it is being fully carried out in the numbers already issued. It is not too much to say that the magazine is indispensable to any one who cares for art in any worthy and elevated sense: and its material design and workmanship are a continual delight and solace to the eye. Nothing remotely approaching it, either in aim, realisation, or enlightenment, exists at present in this country: the design of the cover is in itself a work of fine symbolic art, and the softness and strength of the execution are worthy of it. The frontispiece of each number, and the illustrations throughout, are of an excellence unequalled in periodical literature: the essays in criticism are by men of the calibre of Ruskin, Horne, Galton and Todhunter; there are poems by Matthew Arnold, and other things in a concatenation accordingly. It is not by virtue of its "names," however, that this magazine, or any other, can or does succeed; but by the interest and intelligence of what is written. Mr. Horne's paper in No. 7 "towards a criticism of the works of Dante Gabriel Rossetti" is a most sane and able piece of work, by a man who actually knows something about his subject and (Incidentally) has made a study of it. Not less fresh and interesting is the selection of passages from the letters and papers of James Smetham, by the editor, in No. 8,—Smetham being a man little known save to a select circle of poets and artists and a painter of poetic and scriptural subjects, and a thinker of no ordinary powers. Several remarks on 'Wuthering Heights' are quoted, showing an insight and a mode of conveying thought, which

are alike rare and stimulating. Mr. Smetham, in fact, wrote like a painter thinking in terms of his own art, but thinking profoundly and spiritually, and with adequate resources of literary expression. In the same number is given the only reprint in ordinary types, and in complete form, of one of the most remarkable works of the last hundred years,—William Blake's 'Marriage of Heaven and Hell.' The editor, in introducing it, remarks that he knows of only one other book the purpose of which he could compare with the purpose of the 'Marriage of Heaven and Hell'; it is Mr. Arnold's 'Literature and Dogma.' In saying this he quite unintentionally says the hardest thing of Blake that has probably ever been said; their being a greater reach of sublime intellect in one of crazy Blake's old shoes, than in the souls of a thousand such philosophers as he of 'Sweetness and Light.' In other respects, the editor's comment is not inapt; though Blake is a dangerous coal for anybody to meddle with. I am not deeply moved by Mr. Addington Symonds's sonnets; but Mr. Horne's 'Divers Colours' have a fine sensuous charm; and Mr. Arnold, in his 'Horatian Echo' repeats tersely and poignantly his habitual sneer and habitual aspiration. In No. 7 there is a fascinating reproduction of a pen and ink drawing by Rossetti of himself sitting to Miss Siddal for his portrait; and I wish I could impart the charm belonging to the little oblong landscape designs that form the tail-pieces of the several essays,—a few soft black thick lines—but such lines! I must leave this subject here for the present. I do not know whether there be an American edition of this periodical; the public who should buy it cannot be large, yet it might be as large as the English constituency, and would be likely to enlarge a good deal more rapidly. The educational value of a subscription to it could not easily be overestimated; it would be an invaluable corrective to such examples of "art" (Heaven forgive us!) as we are deluged with in *Harper's*, the *Century*, *Scribner's Monthly*, et id genus omne. The *Hobby Horse* shows every sign of prosperity; but we would like to know for a certainty that it has a Rothschild behind it.

POETRY. 1. 'Songs of the Mexican Seas.' By Joaquin Miller. (Roberts Bros.) This little volume contains two poems, or poems under two headings,—the first 'The Sea of Fire,' the second 'The Rhyme of the Great River.' I hardly know in what estimation as a poet Joaquin Miller is popularly held now; to judge from a touching little pre-tatory note prefixed to this volume, he has not met with any very cordial reception in his own country. I fancy we are prone to color our æsthetic verdicts upon our native poets and persons by our conception (derived from the newspapers and gossip) of their supposed personal virtues or infirmities. Of course this is idiotic, and will be mainly reversed by and by; but meanwhile I am free to say that on the testimony of many passages in his writings, I should call Miller the most truly and humanly imaginative poet we have. He is not in the least

philosophic, or even spiritual; he is interested in men and women, in love, conflict, hate, heroism; in the face of nature: he loves wildness, savagery, and romance; some of his landscapes and portraits glow and throb with life and passion. "What he lacks" as the sage critic of the *Athenæum* once said, "is culture"; and he is also liable to occasional lapses from veracity; but his genius is real and abiding, and to an unusual extent independent and original. The poet he is most inclined to imitate is himself; and that fault, if it be one, is sometimes apparent in the present volume; but it nevertheless contains some of his finest and most careful work. I should find it difficult to pick out another of our present generation who could have conceived or embodied such an idea as this, for example;—he is speaking of California,—

"Lo! the half-finished world! yon foot-fall retreating,—
It might be the Maker disturbed at his task.
But the foot-fall of God, or the far pheasant beating,
It is one and the same, whatever the mask
It may wear unto men. The woods keep repeating
The old sacred sermons, whatever we ask."

2. 'THE NEW DAY.' 'The Celestial Passion.' 'Lyrics,' by R. W. Gilder. (Century Co.) It illustrates how broad a thing poetry is, that these three beautiful little volumes, and Mr. Miller's should both be by poets. Mr. Gilder is, as a poet, all that Miller is not; and, it might be added, nothing, or very little that he is. His aim is all spiritual: he is a mystic of the Dante school; his poetry is of love, but of physical love in a symbol only; his true theme is of the soul. He is never quite sublime, never entirely masculine, but he frequently is nearly these, and he constantly is subtle, artistic, eloquent, felicitous. He has had a glimpse of the mystic secret,—the unity of the universe; and he draws music from it on many strings. The finish of his verse is occasionally almost excessive; a touch of rude, jarring strength here and there would be a relief; yet purity and elevation and melody such as his can never be distasteful. His best thing will probably always be caviare to the general, and those who understand them will not be wooed by them from the 'Sonnets' of Shakspeare or the *Vita Nova* of the Great Florentine: nevertheless they are worth producing in this prosperous materialistic age. Mr. Gilder has heard the roar of the Gorgon and seen the shadow of the Sphinx; but he has not fought and killed the former nor caused the latter to commit suicide. Very few have, for that matter!

3. 'COLONIAL BALLADS, SONNETS AND OTHER VERSE,' by M. J. Preston. (Houghton & Co.) Mrs. Preston is musical, poetical and impressionable; but I do not know that she attains quite the stature of an independent poet. There is no flaw to be picked in her verses: but we seldom come upon the great thought "that strikes along the brain, and flushes all the cheek." She is not a sibyl; but she is a woman with a mind of charming delicacy and harmony, seeing and sympathizing with all the beauty, goodness and pathos of the world. Her poems

cover many fields; I like the ballads least; some of the sonnets (those to persons especially) are admirable; and best of all are the short poems of the character of 'Flemish Bells' and 'Calling Angels In.'

4. 'EARLY AND LATE POEMS.' By Alice and Phoebe Cary. (Houghton & Co.) The complete poetical works of these two excellent ladies are collected for the first time in one volume; and a large and meritorious showing they make.

'THOUGHTS.' 2nd series. By Ivan Panin. (Cupples & Hurd). "We like men more," says Mr. Panin, "for the vices they lack, than for the virtues they have." This may be true; at any rate, it is a fair sample of the sort of things he "thinks." The production of such books is the sign of an imperfect mind, though of an acute one. It is only a degree above the newspaper paragrapher,—the "Uncle Ezeks," and the "Josh Billings's." A really great thought is never so except by virtue of its position—by the ascent which leads to it; resembling in this respect the summits of mountains. The summit of the Matterhorn, for instance, is imposing and inspiring where it is; but it would not have the same value if it were taken down and set up in a museum. Mr. Panin's book is useful, however, to diners-out and epigrammatists generally; and through them he will doubtless attain an extensive though anonymous celebrity.

'ROYAL TRUTHS.' By Henry Ward Beecher. (Fords, Howard & Hurlbert.) Mr. Beecher cannot help himself, and is not really guilty; for though he said these things, he did not bring them out in their present fragmentary condition. Such books are of less than no value; they do harm. To read them is like introducing food into the system by a surgical operation, instead of by chewing, digestion and assimilation. As perorations or sudden illustrations to great discourses, they would be all right enough; but as mere *dissecta membra* of eloquence they are crude and impertinent.

'FAUST,' the Legend and the Poem. By William Walsh, with etchings by Hermann Faber. (Lippincott Co.) An able and workmanlike essay, by a man deeply versed in his subject, bound and printed in a manner befitting its merits. Mr. Walsh clothes good thoughts and keen insight in a highly agreeable style and has produced a book which takes precedence, upon the whole, of the many others which deal with the same topic. He first discusses the early Faust legends, and then, taking up Goethe's great life poem, analyzes it in detail. The volume is especially apt, coming at a time when Henry Irving is bringing 'Faust' so prominently to public notice.

NOVELS, &c. 1. 'Ran Away from the Dutch.' By M. T. H. Perelaer. Translated by Maurice Blok. Adapted by A. P. Mendes. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) This is a handsome Holiday volume. It contains ten full-page illustrations by some "process" or other, and is altogether very attractive, in matter and manner. I should like to know, however, the pre-

cise significance of Mr. Mendes's part in the affair. What does "to adapt" mean in this connection? Has he "adapted" the story "virginibus puerisque," or to average American intelligence, or what? The phrase breeds a distrust which is perhaps unjust, but is inevitable. Such as it is, however, the story runs away from the Dutch and goes to Borneo, where it relates many entertaining or thrilling adventures. The author has humor and dramatic perception, and is a capital *raconteur*. There is an old song, the refrain of which runs as follows:—

"You'd better stay at home, with those that love you much,

Than roam the seas over with them God damned Dutch."

The fugitives in this case seemed to have sympathized with the sentiment of this poem, though with them the alternative was not to stay at home, but to escape from the Dutch (as above qualified) after having "roamed the seas over with" them as long as they could stand it. Whether they got home, or were recaptured, or what became of them, the reader must discover for himself; and will enjoy the process.

2. 'PERSEVERANCE ISLAND.' A new edition of a good story of adventure, inventiveness and treasure finding. It is of the 'Robinson Crusoe' type, but the time being the present, and the hero well up with the times, the results which he produces out of nothing are much more scientific and startling than poor Robinson's. Starting with a rusty nail, he manufactures every necessary and most of the luxuries of civilization, including a submarine boat, a flying machine, a gondola drawn by swans, and a goat who plays backgammon. The treasure amounts to fifty million pounds sterling, more or less. The chief fault of the hero is, that he never makes a mistake.

3. 'DEAD MAN'S ROCK.' By "Q." (Cassell & Co.) This is a story of what may be termed the Rider Haggard type; and clever as it is, its chief result is to show that Rider Haggards do not grow on every bush, even when "all have got the seed." It is a grisly and bloody tale; but none of the characters begin to be alive, and the villain is a frantic nightmare. As for the treasure, it is the Great Ruby of Ceylon, a gorgeous stone three or four inches in length, and altogether above price. It is buried within five minutes' walk of the narrator's house in the west of England; and the necessity for sending him to the mountains of India to procure the address of it is not clearly made out. There is too much plot, and too much of it is crowded into the end of the story. There is too much blood, wickedness and misery; in fact there is nothing else. The author has inventive power of a crude order, but he shows no imagination and no poetic instincts. The beginning of the book is better than the latter part of it. But after all one reads the story with interest; and afterwards feels that the author may do better when he tries to do less.

4. 'SEA SPRAY.' By S. W. G. Benjamin. (Benjamin & Bell.) Our ex-minister to Persia has collected a few stories and essays having nautical affairs for their subject or background. The essay on American yachting is the most valuable paper in the book. The opening story 'We two on an Island' is a South-Sea idyl, narrating the experiences of a Scotch M. P. who is wrecked on an islet there, and after three solitary years is joined by an American lady, also the sole survivor of a wreck. The acquaintance begins with great formality and distance on both sides, and ends in marriage. It may be remembered that Charles Reade has touched a similar situation, and it cannot be said that Mr. Benjamin has improved upon Mr. Reade. The object of the later writer, however, is partly to show the absurdity (as he considers it) of not marrying your deceased wife's sister,—such turning out to be the relation to his hero of the shipwrecked young lady.

5. 'THE LAST VON RECKENBURG.' By Louise von Francois, translated by J. M. Percival (Cupples & Hurd.) An historical romance of rather serious pretensions, ably and strongly written. The author seems to take color from Louise Mühlbach; and her work has received the approval of eminent German critics. It has the German fullness, elaboration, and conscientiousness, and more than the ordinary German fire and passion here and there. But readers who like frivolous novels are warned off.

6. 'ROLLO'S JOURNEY TO CAMBRIDGE.' (Cupples & Hurd.) A little satire or skit of local interest—the locality being Harvard College. It was begun in high spirits, but was perhaps found a trifle tedious by the author before he was through with it. The jokes and passwords of the college are used; upon the whole, the plan of the thing is better than its execution; and the illustrations are at least as amusing as the text.

7. 'THE WONDER CLOCK.' By Howard Pyle. (Harper & Bro.) I consider this the best of the children's holiday books. It is a bold undertaking, carried out with surprising success. Mr. Pyle has written out the best of the old stories, and some stories that do not seem so old, though with the ancestral blood flowing vigorously in their veins; and he has written them in the simple, homely, curt English which is their proper birthright, but which latter day "improves" (may they perish from the face of the earth!) have been at such namby-pamby pains to emasculate and outrage. The stories—it is not too much to say—have never been more delightfully and really told than through the medium of Mr. Pyle, to whom American children should erect a monument. But he has not only told them, he has illustrated them; and when I say that his illustrations are worthy of his text, I have said everything. Each picture is a work of art; and not even George Cruikshank has produced anything in this line of more lasting value; while in beauty they surpass the immortal master's work. Mrs. Pyle has aided her husband with a series of charming

little rhymes at each change of the "clock"—rhymes which breathe the very essence of mediæval rustic fairy-tale. This is the book for children.

8. MR. PALMER COX'S 'The Brownies—Their Book.' (Century Co.) is another; and it is, moreover, new and unique. Readers of *St Nicholas* know what a Brownie is, but no one can fully appreciate their irresistibly comic charm unless he becomes the possessor of this volume. The vitality of the Brownies is incredible, and they engage in every kind of enterprise and adventure; and the variety of ludicrous expression, pose and character which the artist introduces in their absurd little figures is nothing less than a standing marvel. The illustrations are accompanied by rhymed narratives, explaining what is going forward. The cover design, title-page, presentation-leaf, and tail-pieces are in themselves worth the price of the volume.

9. 'ANDERSEN'S FAIRY-TALES.' Translated by Carl Stewers, (Estes & Lauriat). This purports to be a complete collection of the stories, which, by common consent, surpass anything else written for children in this century. The illustrations, which are numerous, are announced to be by "Scandinavian Artists;" and I gather from them that the artists of Scandinavia, as book illustrators, are thirty or forty years behind our own. Mr. Stewers's translation is mainly the same as former ones, and as good as any. Let the children have this book too.

10. 'KALLOOLAH.' By W. S. Mayo. Illustrated by Alfred Fredricks (Putnam's 80th thousand). It is pleasant to see a new and worthy edition of this admirable story,—a story which, taking it by long and large, is really as good as anything of the kind that has been written during the thirty years or more that have elapsed since its first appearance, and is immeasurably superior to all but a very few. Jonathan Romer is a model American hero of adventure; indeed, as a hero he may safely be backed against anybody. Mr. Fredricks does him justice in his illustrations, which are in that artist's very best vein. Is Dr. Mayo never going to give us another book? He has written nothing that is not of high and permanent value.

11. 'GRIMM'S FAIRY TALES.' Translated by Mrs. H. B. Paull, with colored illustrations and woodcuts. (Frederick Warne & Co.) Here is a glorious volume, containing upwards of a hundred and thirty stories, newly translated from the German, and packed together in a book of over five hundred fair and full pages. If there be a child who has not read "Grimm" and who first makes acquaintance with that immortal body of literature now, that child's lot is enviable above that of most mortals. The wood-cut illustrations are not of course equal to the stories, they are of English manufacture, and considerably behind the age; but the colored pictures are much better. A great many of the stories are new to me; but they all have the inimitable Grimm quality.

12. 'BOOK OF FOLK STORIES.' Horace E. Scudder. (Houghton & Co.) Mr. Scudder's aim has been to put

the oldest folk-tales—by some called Hermetic fables—into pure and permanent form. His volume is a very small one, but the stories when pruned of their superfluities, are not long; and this residuum is solid and good. Mr. Scudder makes no allusion to the Hermetic theory: but about twenty years ago, a very interesting little volume was published on this subject—'The Red Book of Appin'—written by General E. A. Hitchcock. General Hitchcock had made a profound study of Hermetic literature, and his belief was that these little tales were written in a language of correspondences, embodying philosophic and religious truth. Of course, if this be the case, the language used is of the utmost importance and the stories could be edited only by one who had mastered the Hermetic language. But the stories are good enough as stories simply, and as such Mr. Scudder has given them excellent presentation.

13. 'STORIES OF THE MAGICIANS.' Rev. A. J. Church. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) Mr. Church has written out in prose the instance of Firdausi's great poem of the Persian Mythology (The Shah Nameh) and two of Southey's famous but little known poems. The result is much better than might have been expected, Mr. Church's English being straightforward and simple, and the adventures which are related as astounding and redoubtable as any child could wish to hear. The unconquerable Persian Hercules, Rustem, will become a favorite, and his memorable fight with Sohrab, not knowing him to be his own son, is well worth relating. The illustrations are of especial interest, being facsimiles of ancient Persian originals in the British Museum.

14. 'TANGLEWOOD TALES.' By Nathaniel Hawthorne. Illustrated by Wharton Edwards. (Houghton & Co.). These stories have waited long for adequate illustration, but Mr. Edwards has succeeded in doing what many have failed to do; and the only fault to be found with his designs is, that there are not enough of them. They are poetical and imaginative in conception, accurate in drawing, strong in execution. The process by which the drawings are reproduced has however evidently injured greatly the fineness and delicacy of the originals. A novel feature is the outline work, resembling the Flaxman outlines, with which the head lines of the stories are embellished. They have the true Grecian spirit in them. This volume is announced as a companion volume to the illustrated 'Wonder Book' issued a year or two ago; but the latter, so far as the illustrations are concerned, is not to be mentioned in the same day with Mr. Edwards's work.

15. 'ISLES OF THE PRINCES, OR THE PLEASURES OF PRINKIPO.' By S. S. Cox. (Putnam's). Mr. Cox was our minister to Turkey, and he put in a good deal of his time in Prinkipo, in the midst of the Isles of Greece. According to Mr. Cox, who is a capital narrator, the Isles of Greece are just as fascinating and lovely as they were in Byron's day; but there is no Byronic melancholy about Mr. Cox, nor, so far as his observation goes, about the islands.

The beggars, tradesmen, and other thieves are called Miltiades, Agamemnon, Perioles, and so forth: but they make no further demand upon our heroic sympathies. Mr. Cox's book is amusing and interesting, and it gives a better picture of the places and people involved than I know where to look for elsewhere. The illustrations are good, and there is one reproduction of a photograph of a "Turkish Lady" which is enough to make any bachelor who can afford it take the next steamer to the Mediterranean. She is perfectly lovely!

16. 'THE HUNDREDTH MAN.' By Frank Stockton. (Century Co.) Mr. Stockton's second novel ought to be read by everybody who cares for American literature, for he is one of the few of our first-rank novelists whose stories are essentially American. I am not sure that this fact adds to the value of the stories, but it increases the cordiality of one's feelings towards Mr. Stockton. On the other hand, this novel of his, like everything else he has written, is laid not so much in America as in that land which Mr. Stockton has discovered for himself, and to which he only knows the way. His peculiar imagination, or temperament, or personality, or atmosphere, removes him and his ideas from the scenery and conditions of ordinary life, and keeps him in a world of his own. He tells us with great minuteness and "realism" what goes on there, and we believe it while he is talking, but after he has ceased, and we have thought it over, we perceive that this highly plausible and consistent world of his is not the world we live in. From its bourne no traveller except Mr. Stockton has returned to confirm or qualify his report of it; and for that matter, Mr. Stockton himself has never returned, but has only spoken to us over the edge. We are as inaccessible to him as he is to us. This novel is a fine and careful piece of workmanship, and nobody else could have written it. Whether it was worth writing I can hardly decide. The plot is a puzzle; but a puzzle which takes more than half an hour to solve is dangerous. Of course, there are characters and plenty of outside fun in the book; but the puzzle is the real end and aim of the whole thing; and its solution does not enlarge our knowledge of or sympathy with human nature. But it is Stockton, and it is charming.

17. 'NOVELS OF ALPHONSE DAUDET.' 'La Belle Nivernaise.' 'Tartarin of Tarascon.' 'Tartarin on the Alps.' Illustrated by Montégut, Rossi, Myrbach, Montneard, De Beaumont, Picard. (George Routledge & Co.) Alphonse Daudet is the favorite novelist of Mr. Henry James, and that is a recommendation worth having. This English translation of the illustrated French edition of his books is a luxury to see and handle, even before we have read a word of it. The pure white paper covers, with brilliant little water-color sketches on them: the exquisite print and broad margins inside: the masterly little drawings of character and scenery that ornament almost every page,—drawings in the produc-

tion of which French artists have no rivals, nor any approach to rivals;—these things alone render the books eminently worth possessing. But in addition to these things, and above and beyond them all, there are the stories! The stories are certainly inimitable; a finer and lighter touch has never been accompanied by a more delicate and penetrating insight into character, more vivacity and flexibility of expression, greater charm of style and atmosphere. They are stories to make one forget the toothache, or rejoice in the amputated leg which compels one to sit on the sofa and read them all day long. They are full of wit, humor and irony; of subtle observation and brilliant execution. They are the product of one of the masters of a school of fiction the like of which exists nowhere but in Paris, and which has produced results that in many respects surpass any attained heretofore or elsewhere.

18. 'BLEDISLOE: AN INTERNATIONAL STORY.' By Ada M. Trotter. (Cupples & Hurd). This is a novel which vibrates between America and England, and contains pictures of English life which have merit, and would have more, if the ground were less familiar to us than it has lately become.

19. 'ZORAH.' By Elizabeth Balch. (Cupples & Hurd). The scene of this tale is laid in modern Egypt, and will especially interest travellers who have visited that region. Novels of modern Egypt are not so common as novels of modern England, and there is more room for romance and strange characters. The author has made good use of her opportunities, and her story is worth reading.

JULIAN HAWTHORNE.

AMERICAN NOTES.

Miss EDITH M. THOMAS has collected a new volume of her poems which she entitles 'Lyrics and Sonnets.' It has been published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

MR. STEVENSON will contribute to each number of *Scribner's* during the coming year a paper on topics suggested by the literature and life of the day.

MR. HOWELLS has written an additional chapter for 'Their Wedding Journey,' and the enlarged edition will be issued by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Charles Egbert Craddock's new book, 'The Story of Keelon Bluffs,' will be published by the same house; which also promises a little book, entitled 'Bird Talk,' by Mrs. Whitney, containing poems which purport to be spoken or sung by various familiar birds.

KEATS's 'Endymion,' Macaulay's 'Warren Hastings' and Dr. Johnson's translation of Lobo's 'Voyage to Abyssinia' are the latest additions to Cassell's National Library.

D. C. HEATH & Co. will issue immediately, in their series of Monographs on Education, Prof. F. C. Woodward's 'English in the Schools,' and Ernest W. Huffcut's 'English in the Preparatory Schools.'

THE library edition of the Waverley novels, published by J. B. Lippincott Co., in connection with

Adam & Charles Black, is just completed. Each volume contains an entire novel, printed on fine paper and in bold type, and illustrated with steel-plates by eminent engravers. It is the best edition ever offered to the American public.

CAPTAIN CHARLES KING, whose former novel, 'The Deserter,' proved one of the most successful of the series now publishing in *Lippincott's Magazine*, contributes to the December number of that periodical a companion-story, called 'From the Ranks.' In the same number ALBION W. TOURGÉE begins a series of short stories of mystery, complication, and detective ingenuity, under the general heading of 'With Gauge & Swallow.' Each story will be complete in itself, though all revolve around a common centre of interest.

MR. LOWELL is to contribute to *The Century* a paper on Landor, which will be accompanied with some unpublished letters of the English poet's. Mark Twain has written 'something in the form of a play' for the same magazine—something in two languages, and entitled 'Meisterschaft.'

A POSTHUMOUS essay entitled 'In Dickens-Land,' will appear in the Christmas *Scribner's*, by Edwin Percy Whipple, the late critic and lecturer, who was one of the most ardent admirers of the genius of Charles Dickens.

E. H. BLASHFIELD, the well-known painter, and his wife, who have been frequent residents and close students of Florence, have contributed to the Christmas *Scribner's* a delightful paper associating some of the most picturesque features of that city with the scenes of George Eliot's famous romance, 'Romola.' Mr. Blashfield has made sixteen beautiful drawings to illustrate it.

AN illustrated edition of Mr. Stevenson's 'Kidnapped' is announced by the Scribner's.

THE new illustrated edition of Dr. Doran's book on the stage, 'Her Majesty's Servants,' has been edited and revised by R. W. Lowe from the author's annotated copy. It is illustrated for the first time with fifty newly engraved copperplate portraits of the leading and best known actors and actresses, all of which are printed as India proofs. There are also fifty-six illustrations, newly engraved on wood, printed on fine Japanese paper, and mounted at the head of each chapter, as well as some twenty or more character illustrations, also newly engraved on wood, and printed with the text at end of the chapters. There are numerous new and original foot notes given, as well as a copious and exhaustive index to each volume. Besides the demy 8vo edition, a limited number will be printed on royal 8vo fine deckel-edged paper, with a duplicate set of the fifty portraits, one on Japanese paper, and the other on plate paper, as India proofs. Each of these copies will be numbered. J. W. Bouton is the American agent of the London publisher.

A 'Selection from the Poetry of Leigh Hunt,' with a prefatory sketch and a reproduction of an unpublished portrait by Wilkie is in the press of Benjamin & Bell.

LITTLE, BROWN & Co. have just issued the first four volumes of 'The Mermaid Series,' which con-

sists of unexpurgated editions of the best plays of the old dramatist and of the literature of the days of Shakspeare, Beaumont and Fletcher. The series is under the general editorship of Havelock Ellis, and each volume will contain about five plays. The volumes now ready are 'Marlowe,' by Havelock Ellis; 'Massinger,' by Arthur Symonds; 'Middleton,' with introduction, by A. C. Swinburne; 'Beaumont and Fletcher,' by J. St. Joe Strachey, in two volumes, of which the first is now ready. Others will follow about one a month.

MR. STEDMAN's revised and enlarged 'Victorian Poets,' is to be issued in a large-paper two-volume edition, limited to 250 numbered sets. Eleven portraits will illustrate this edition of the book, the price of which will be \$10. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., who publish 'Victorian Poets,' have just issued a dollar volume of 'Lyrics, Idyls and Romances,' selected from Browning; and a new edition of John Brown's 'John Bunyan.'

S. E. CASSINO has in preparation an edition of Dickens's complete works. It will probably be in 50 volumes.

J. S. OGILVIE & Co. will publish at once 'In Thralldom: a psychological romance,' by Leon Mead.

AN American edition of Ruskin's last book, 'Hortus Inclusus' is in the press of John Wiley & Sons.

PAUL BOUBGET's 'psychological novel,' 'A Cruel Enigma,' is dedicated to Mr. Henry James.

AN edition of Dr. Cunningham Gekie's book, 'The Holy Land and the Bible,' is announced by James Pott & Co.

A TRANSLATION of the tale on which Dumas founded his great romance, 'The Count of Monte-Cristo,' is appended to the five-volume edition which the Routledges published.

KATE GREENAWAY's Almanack for 1898 will be published in three styles, in calf, in boards, and with hand-painted and embossed designs. (Routledge.)

MORLEY's Universal Library has been enriched by the addition of James Harrington's 'Commonwealth of Oceana,' a work but little known in modern days, especially on this side of the Atlantic, but which in the time of Cromwell was widely read and vigorously assailed for its original and revolutionary theories. (Routledge.)

THE novels of Charles Brockden Brown, the first successful American romancer, are being republished by David McKay, of Philadelphia. The edition will be limited to 500 numbered sets, printed on paper of fine quality water-marked with the author's initials. There will be six volumes, the first containing a Memoir of Brown, and 'Wieland; or, The Transformation;' the second and third, 'Author Mervyn; or, Memoirs of the Year 1793;' Vol. IV., 'Edgar Huntly; or, Memoirs of a Sleep-Walker;' Vol. V., 'Jane Talbot;' and Vol. VI., 'Ormond; or, The Secret Witness,' and 'Clara Howard; or, The Enthusiasm of Love.' In his Life of Shelley, Prof. Dowden says: 'Brown's four novels, Schiller's 'Robbers,' and Goethe's 'Faust' were—of all the works with which he was familiar—those which took the deepest root in Shelley's mind, and had the strongest influence in the formation of his character.

AMONG the most important literary events of the season is the arrangement by the Messrs. W. & R. Chambers of Edinburgh and J. B. Lippincott Company of Philadelphia, for the issue of a new edition of the well known Chambers's Encyclopædia. The work is to be thoroughly revised, entirely rewritten and printed from new stereotyped plates. Active collaborators in both countries are busily engaged on the revision, and the first volume is announced for publication early next spring. The work will be copyrighted in both countries and the publishers express their intention of making it a thoroughly International Encyclopædia.

ROBERT BURNS WILSON, the Kentucky poet, has made a collection of his poems for the first time and the volume will be published by Cassell & Co.

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS have made arrangements with Henry Holt & Co. by which they become the publishers of the stories of R. L. Stevenson which were on the latter's list.

CHARLES E. SPRAGUE, 1271 Broadway, N. Y., has published a 'Handbook of Volapük.' It will contain a complete exposition of the grammatical structure of Volapük, progressive exercises, with cautions and hints; grammatical analysis, showing how to proceed in translating; a vocabulary giving the commonest and most useful words, and a key to the exercises. It can be used for home study, and presupposes only a knowledge of English grammar.

LEE & SHEPARD have in preparation a work on 'The Pre-Glacial Man and the Aryan Race,' by Lorenzo Burge, 'Britons and Muscovites; or, Traits of two Empires,' by Curtis Guild; 'Poems,' by David A. Wasson, with portrait, edited by Edna Dean Cheney; 'Educational Topics of the day; or, Chips from a Teacher's Workshop,' by L. R. Klemm, Ph. D. and 'First Steps in the English Classics,' by Albert F. Blaisdell.

GEORGE H. ELLIS, Boston, has just published 'Science and Immortality,' a symposium giving the opinions of some of the most prominent scientific men in this country concerning the relation of science to the question of immortality; also, 'Social Equilibrium, and other problems, ethical and religious,' by Rev. George Batchelor, a volume of essays relating to the many new questions of social and religious organization which have been forced upon the modern mind by scientific discovery and economical progress.

FOREIGN NOTES.

MESSRS. HACHETTE & Co. have issued a translation by Mme. de Witt (née Guizot) of Helen Jackson's 'Ramona.'

QUANTIN announces a new work by the indefatigable Uzanne, 'Le Miroir du Monde,' with 160 illustrations by Paul Avril. Price fifty francs.

M. WELTER of Paris has issued the hitherto unpublished poem of Juan de la Cueva, a Spanish poet, (1550—1607) from the original MS. in the Columbine Library at Seville. (18 francs.)

M. HENRI BOUCHOT, author of 'Le Livre' has in preparation 'Les Reliures d'Art de la Bibliothèque Nationale.' It will be illustrated with 100 plates

after the originals and will be published by M. Edward Rouveyre.

THE Librairie Illustrée announces the publication of an edition in two volumes of the 'Cent Nouvelles Nouvelles' with 300 illustrations by A. Robida. (12 francs.)

M. MORGAND has now on sale the second volume of the Baron James de Rothschild's catalogue. The third and concluding volume is announced for immediate publication.

A NEW bibliographical weekly has made its appearance at Berlin, under the title of *Das Archiv*. The publications are arranged according to subjects, and each number contains a critical summary.

MR. LANG's version of 'Aucassin and Nicolette' will not be long behind Mr. Bourdillon's. Mr. Nutt is to publish it in Elzevir fashion.

PROF. TEN BRINK's new work on 'Beowulf' is looked for with very great interest in Germany, though many of his admirers regret that it has taken him off his continuation of his History of Early English Literature, and of his 'Chaucer-Studien.'

WE understand that Mr. J. Addington Symonds has undertaken to write a life of Edgar Allan Poe for publication in a popular series.

THE author of the volume entitled 'Religio Viatoris,' just issued anonymously from the press of Messrs. Burns & Oates, is understood to be Cardinal Manning.

MR. ANDREW LANG is to be Lord Iddesleigh's biographer.

MISS CHARLOTTE M. YONGE will write of Hannah More in the Eminent Women Series.

M. QUANTIN will shortly publish the long-promised 'Dictionnaire de l'Ameublement et de la Décoration depuis le XIII^e Siècle,' upon which M. Henry Havard has been engaged during more than ten years.

SIR CHARLES BOWEN in his translation of Virgil, which Mr. Murray promises, uses a modification of the hexameter, Hecuts off the final syllable of the ordinary hexameter, and thus obtains, he thinks, "a verse capable, amongst other advantages, of being easily dealt with in rhyme." The work is the result of the leisure hours of the learned judge since he was raised to the bench.

THE first number of *La Revue de Paris et de Saint Pétersbourg* is now published. It is extremely attractive, and contains, besides a preface by Arsène Houssaye, the chief editor, contributions from Camille Flammarion, the well-known astronomer, Alphonse Karr, the witty author, pieces of poetry by Theodore de Banville and Emile Augier, and an article entitled 'L'Élection d'un Roi (A King's Election)' from the pen of Lord Lytton.

'A DREAM OF JOHN BALL,' by Mr. William Morris, with a frontispiece by Mr. E. Burne Jones, will shortly be issued by Messrs. Reeves & Turner. The same firm announce vol. ii. of the *Odyssey*, translated by Mr. Morris, and a cheap edition of the completed work; 'A History of Russia,' by Joseph Shearwood, barrister-at-law; a new edition of Wright's 'Vision and Creed of Piers Plowman,'

2 vols.; Chapman's 'Homer's Hymns and Epigrams'; and 'Balder,' a poem translated from the Danish by the late George Borrow.

HIS Highness the Maharajah of Vizianagram, member of the Legislative Council at Madras, has requested Professor Max Müller to publish a new edition of the Sacred Book of the Brahmîns, the Rig Veda, with the commentary of Sāyanāchārya. The first edition of this work, consisting of six quarto volumes, has been out of print for some time. The Maharajah will bear the whole expense, which is considerable, and the new edition will be printed at the Oxford University Press.

MR. AUSTIN DOBSON's 'Life of Goldsmith' will appear soon in the series of 'Great Writers.'

MESSRS. BURNS & OATES have issued an *édition de luxe* of Mr. John Oldcastle's 'Life of Pope Leo XIII.' An authorized and a pirated edition have been printed in America, and a French translation is about to appear.

WITH the beginning of next year a new quarterly devoted to literary history will be published at Weimar under the editorship of Prof. Seuffert, with the co-operation of the directors of the Goethe Archiv.

MR. WALT WHITMAN has just sent to Mr. Ernest Rhys a preface and some new material for a second "popular" volume of prose, to consist of 'Democratic Vistas' and other pieces.

MR. J. SNODGRASS has thoroughly revised his translations from Heine, which appeared under the title of 'Heine's Wit, Wisdom, and Pathos' some seven or eight years ago, and is going to reissue them. Mr. Gardner, of Paisley, is the publisher.

THE results of M. du Chailly's Scandinavian researches will be published this winter by Mr. John Murray, in two volumes, with more than one thousand woodcuts. The book is entitled 'The Viking Age: the Early History, Manners, and Customs of the Ancestors of the English-speaking Nations, illustrated from the Antiquities discovered in Mounds, Cairns, and Bogs, as well as from the Ancient Sagas and Eddas.

THE next volume in the series of "Great Writers" (Walter Scott) will be 'Smollet,' written by Mr. David Hannay.

MESSRS. WYMAN & SONS announce a volume on 'Peru,' containing information about its resources, including its gold and silver mines, useful to merchants and emigrants. The author is Mr. H. Guillaume, Consul-General for Peru, at Southampton, England.

MR. QUARITCH's trade-sale dinner was an event of some significance, from the fact that it was attended by bidders from India, America, and the provinces, while almost entirely neglected by the metropolitan booksellers. The result was also curious: not a single copy of the beautiful memorial edition of Bewick finding a purchaser, and the grand new catalogue (already subscribed for by many private collectors) being similarly neglected. The American edition of Edward Fitzgerald's works was, however, a considerable success, and proved how deeply the public mind has been impressed by the unique genius of the translator of Omar Khayyam.

THE bibliography of the historical and archaeological works issued by French learned societies, undertaken by the Ministère de l'Instruction Publique some years ago, is in progress. The first volume, compiled by MM. de Lasteyrie and E. Lefèvre-Pontalis, comprehending the societies of the departments Ain to Hérault, is nearly ready for publication. A complete summary of the work has lately been issued by the Comité des Travaux Historiques et Scientifiques under the title of *Bibliographie des Sociétés savantes de la France*, par E. Lefèvre-Pontalis.

It may be interesting to record the fact that Sir Henry W. Gordon, whose death was announced this week, has left behind him a large quantity of documents which had belonged to his brother Gordon Pasha, including the latter's correspondence with the ex-Khedive.

A NEW bibliography of German literature is about to be published by Fr. Cruse's Buchhandlung in Hanover. It is entitled, 'Schlagwort Katalog,' a list of books and maps in order of subjects, compiled by C. Georg and L. Ort. It contains about 100,000 titles, with date of publication, publisher's name, size and price. The peculiarity of this catalogue consists in the arrangement, which is not under the names of the authors, nor yet under a classification of branches of knowledge, but under subjects like an Encyclopædia. So that when a bookseller wishes to tell a customer what has been written about any place, or science, or language, he can at once ascertain by turning to the name of the place, science, or language in question.

A ROMANCE dealing with modern magic, entitled 'Life in the Grave,' ('Das Leben im Graben'), by the editor of the Vienna *Tageblatt* (Herr Montz-Szeps), will soon appear.

It is proposed by the London booksellers to give a dinner in honor of Mr. G. Routledge, who is retiring from active concern in the management of the business his energy created.

ADMIRERS of the poetry of the late Phillip Bourke Marston will be pleased to learn that, with Dr. Westland Marston's consent and co-operation, one of the early volumes in 1888 in the 'Canterbury Poets' series will consist of a selection of the most representative poetry of the author of 'Song-Tide,' 'Wind-Voices,' &c.

A SELECTION of extracts from the MSS. of the Dr. N. Macleod, arranged by one of his daughters, under the title of 'Love the Fulfilling of the Law,' will appear shortly. She has been assisted in her choice by Prof. Flint, Mr. A. B. McGrigor, and Dr. Donald Macleod.

WE hear that in Mr. Kitton's forthcoming collection of portraits of Charles Dickens will appear, among other facsimiles, one of the first of a burlesque drama, which was written by the future novelist, for representation at home, in 1833, three or four years before the days of 'Pickwick.' The burlesque is called 'O'Thello (part of the Great Unpaid),' and is written in rhyme—of a sort. The page in question (which was given to the present owner in 1842 by Mr. John Dickens) is written with remarkable neatness, in a hand-writing easily recognizable on comparison with latter writing by Charles

Dickens. It would be interesting to know where the remainder of the MS. now is, if, indeed, it is still in existence.

MR. H. WATT is making arrangements to publish his long-promised translation of 'Don Quixote.'

MR. GEORGE MOORE's 'Confessions a Young Man,' which have been running through *Time*, will be published in volume form at an early date by Messrs. Swan, Sonnenschein & Co.

GENERAL NOTES.

READERS of Forster's 'Life of Dickens' will remember that a letter from Mr. Blackmore, in whose office Dickens was for some time, referring to a petty cash book kept by him during his term of service, was there quoted. This cash book has lately been unearthed and full particulars, with facsimiles of a page in Dickens's writing, and of the fly-leaf with his signature, will appear in Mr. Kitton's promised collection of portraits of Dickens. The signature is of great interest, being probably the earliest known; and it is remarkable that the book contains such names as Weller, Mrs. Bardell, and Newman Nott, which, of course, suggests Newman Noggs. The entries from the 5th of January to the 17th of March, 1838, are all in Dickens's own writing, and it appears that his salary of 13s. 6d. a week was raised on the 1st of August, 1838, to 15s. a week.

AN edition, apparently unknown hitherto, of the New Testament in English has turned up, and is in the possession of Mr. Toon, the well-known London book seller. It was printed at Dort by Canin in 1601, "at the expence of the sires of Henrie Charteris & Andrew Hart in Edinburgh." It registers in eights, and it is very small, only 3½ by 1½ inches. Canin printed an octavo Bible for Charteris & Hart in 1601, and an octavo New Testament in 1603, both much larger than this volume and having a commentary on the margin.

MESSRS. PUTTICK & SIMPSON will shortly sell by auction a very interesting holograph letter by Ben Jonson. It is many years since a letter written by 'rare Ben' has been sold, and no doubt it will fetch a good sum. The following is a full copy of the document:—

July 21, 1623.

MY DEAR FRENDE,—I hope the papers I sente biml Cousin arrived safe, and that they may be advantageous to you. I have met wyth 2 very interesting books lately which I will lend to you as soon as I can conveniently spare them. My Neighbor Mayster Lee has finished building his house which is of a very fair construction but hardly capacious enough I think for his large family. Over ye dore he has caused to be out on a stone

BANTHOLOMEW: LEE: BYILDED MEE:

IN: 1623.

Hoping this may meet you in good health as it leaves mee

Your Huble friend and Servant

BEN JONSON.

THE forty-eighth part of Mr. Walter Hamilton's 'Parodies' is devoted to travesties of the Hon. Mrs. Norton's poems. The next part, No. 49, which commences a new volume, will contain an exact reprint of the first edition of Gray's 'Elegy' with parodies of it.

PRESUMABLY the size of a book is determined by the number of folds of the paper which forms a "signature," but the length and breadth of paper vary so greatly that the number of folds really indicate nothing of the size of a book's page. In England they have just made an attempt to fix upon a new scale of standards as follows:

Large folio.....	la fol.....	over 18 inches.
Folio.....	fol.....	below 18 inches.
Small folio.....	sm fol.....	below 13 inches.
Large octavo.....	la 8vo.....	below 11 inches.
Octavo.....	8vo.....	below 9 inches.
Small octavo.....	sm 8vo.....	below 8 inches.
Dodecimo.....	12mo.....	below 8 inches.
Decimo 8vo.....	18mo.....	is 6 inches.
Minimo.....	mo.....	below 6 inches.
Large quarto.....	la 4to.....	below 15 inches.
Quarto.....	4to.....	below 11 inches.
Small quarto.....	sm 4to.....	below 8 inches.

These measurements may be useful as giving an idea of the sizes fixed by the librarians, who have abolished the three honored expressions, "imperial," "crown," "foolscap," "demy," and so on, and adopted the almost equally vague terms "large" and "small" instead.

In the *Art Amateur* for October is a design for a book-case: Bibliophiles who wish to know what to avoid in book-cases will do well to study it.

In a well-printed octavo volume of 246 pages, called 'The Bibliography of Shorthand' (Pitman), Dr. John Westby-Gibson has given a series of articles alphabetically arranged, with a list, under the name of each author, of the full titles of all his publications. The names of the principal systems are also given in their alphabetical places, with references to the authors' names. There are also articles on general subjects, such as "abbreviated longhand," "parliamentary reporting," &c., containing references to books and articles. A few subjects akin to shorthand are admitted, for example, phonotypy, spelling reform, and type-writing machines. The information given respecting early English authors is very full, and bears the obvious impress of original research. The same may be said of the references to authorities on old Greek and Roman shorthand. The account of modern English and American literature is all that could be desired; but the references to shorthand literature in foreign languages are meagre. We look in vain for the names of Aimé-Paris and Sénocq; and though the English and American adaptations of the Duployan system are duly catalogued, the original works of the brothers Duployé are not named. Comparisons will naturally be drawn between this work and the valuable catalogue compiled by J. E. Rockwell, and published by the Bureau of Education of the United States, under the name 'Circular of Information, No. 2, 1884.' Mr. Rockwell's catalogue is confined to English and American authors, though his preface gives much information respecting shorthand in foreign countries; and his catalogue is simply in alphabetical order of authors' names, whereas Dr. Westby-Gibson introduces an arrangement according to titles and subjects as well, thus rendering his information more accessible. He has also interspersed explanatory remarks which largely contribute to render his book attractive. It wears the appearance not of a dry catalogue, but of a labor of love, and we congratulate its author on having well performed the task which he has undertaken.

UNDER the title of 'La Comédie de Molière' (Hachette) M. Larroumet, favorably known by his excellent edition of the 'Précieuses Ridicules,' has reprinted a series of a titles which taken together may be said to constitute a biography of the great dramatist. The attention the French have given to elucidating the minutest details of his life has produced an enormous mass of literature: the journal founded in 1873, *Le Moliériste* alone fills seven large volumes, containing more than two thousand five hundred pages, and Germany has its 'Molière Museum.' Of course

there is a good deal of rubbish in all this accumulation of material; but if the reader compares M. Larroumet's book with the first edition of Taschereau's well-known biography (issued in 1825), he will not fail to see that much more is now known regarding Molière's surroundings and his methods of work than was the case sixty years ago. Many calumnies have been refuted. For instance, it is satisfactory to be sure that there is no truth in the idea that Molière purchased the licence to play 'Tartuffe' by celebrating in 'Amphitryon' the *Naissance* of Louis XIV. with Madame de Montespan. M. Larroumet treats his subject with the thoroughness of a man to whom its ramifications are familiar, and his criticism shows a sound judgment. We may observe that Mr. Lann's article on Molière in the 'Encyclopædia Britannica,' mentioned in the Bibliographical appendix, is hardly so lengthy as to form by itself a "gros volume."

DR. RICHARD GARNETT lately read before the Shelley Society an interesting paper on Lord Beaconsfield and Shelley. Altogether opposite as these men were in nature, yet they both admired the same type of woman. The Theodora of 'Lothair' is Shelley's Cythra. Disraeli must have been a close student of Shelley; in his 'Venetia' Marmion Herbert is in person, education opinions and death mainly Shelley, though with a mixture of Byron, according to Disraeli's practice of making his characters out of two persons. Disraeli's 'Revolutionary Epilo' is framed after Shelley's 'Revolt of Islam' (see sec. 21, Book I, and sec. 41), and his Demogorgon is Shelley's too. Part of Shelley's 'Defence of Poetry,' his 'Alastor,' his 'Hellas' and 'Sonnet to Byron' are also quoted or imitated, though without acknowledgment, by Disraeli, who must have followed closely the work and talk of Hogg and Trelawney, though his criticism is rather that of Bulwer. Dr. Garnett's paper will be at once printed by the Shelley Society.

We have dedided, at any rate, for the present, to discontinue the monthly publication of 'Shaksperiana.' We tender our cordial thanks to Mr. Frey for the ability with which he has conducted this department.

Messrs. RAND, McNALLY & Co., of Chicago, send us their excellent indexed county and township pocket maps and shipper's guides to Illinois, New Mexico, and Nebraska; (25 cents each). A sectional map of Michigan (1 dollar) and a new enlarged scale railroad and county map of Tennessee (\$1.25.)

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

- Bouchot, Henri. 'The Printed Book,' Translated and enlarged by Edward C. Bigmore. New York, (Scribner & Welford.)
- Darwin, Francis. 'The Life and Letters of Charles Darwin.' 2 vols. New York, (Appleton & Co.)
- Hogan, M. E. (the author of 'Ismay's Children.' London and New York, (Macmillan & Co.)
- Lang, Andrew. 'Johnny Nut and The Golden Goose.' London and New York, (Longmans, Greene & Co.)
- "Litera." 'For Her Daily Bread.' Chicago, (Rand, McNally & Co.)
- Marble, Charles C. 'Addresses of the Dead.' New York, (G. W. Dillingham.)
- Mumck, John R. 'Calamity Row; or, 'The Sunken Record.' Chicago, (Rand, McNally & Co.)
- Saunders, F. 'The Story of some Famous Books.' New York, (A. C. Armstrong & Son.)
- Scudder, Horace E. 'Men and Letters. Boston, (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

Stevenson, R. L. 'Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde. Chicago, (Rand, McNally & Co.)
 Wood, Henry. 'Natural Law in the Business World. Boston, (Lee & Shepard.)
 New Antigone, The. London and New York. (Macmillan & Co.)
 Dumas, A. The Count of Monte Cristo, 5 vols. London and New York, (Routledge & Co.)

CATALOGUES WANTED.

Addresses inserted in this department at the rate of fifteen cents per line.

The following persons want Catalogues and lists of New, Second-Hand or Rare Books:

C. C. Van Dwyer, Kingman, Kansas.
 John Heise, Syracuse, New York.
 Edward Mills, 309 North Ninth St., St. Louis, Mo.
 Wm. P. Kenny, 394½ Hanover St., Milwaukee, Wis.
 P. J. Healy, 104 O'Farrell St., San Francisco, Cal.
 Stockton Hough, University Club, New York City, Medical and Bibliography.

CATALOGUES RECEIVED.

Dealers issuing Catalogues will confer a favor by sending copy to each of the addresses in the department of Catalogues Wanted.

FAVOR both EDITOR and PUBLISHERS with copies.

All Catalogues received will be entered in this list with address of firm issuing them. For any addition at notice desired 10 cents per line will be charged.

Ackermann, Theodor, München, Germany.
 Avery, Edward, London, England.
 Baer, Jos. & Co., Frankfort-on-Main, Germany.
 Baillieu, Libraire, Paris, France.
 Bull & Auvache, London, England.
 Baker, Thomas, London, England.
 Britnell, John, Toronto, Canada.
 Brockhaus, F., Leipzig, Germany.
 Belin, Théophile, Paris, France.
 Bouton, J. W., New York, N. Y.
 Bailey Brothers, London, England.
 Bradburn, Thomas, New York.
 Britnell, John, Toronto, Canada.
 Clarke, A. S., New York.
 Cohn, Albert, Berlin, Germany.
 Cornish, J. E., Manchester, England.
 Durel, A., Paris, France.
 Douglas & Foulis, Edinburgh, Scotland.
 Fawn, James & Son, Bristol, England.
 Ferroud, A., Paris, France.
 Froget, Pelouzac, M. M. Lyons, France.

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 Gilbert, Henry M., Southampton, England.
 Glaisher, Wm., London, England.
 Gregory, H., Providence, R. I.
 Harper, Francis P., New York, N. Y.
 Hiersmann, Karl W., Leipzig, Germany.
 Higham, Charles, London, England.
 Hutt, Charles, London, England.
 Jackson, Albert, London, England.
 Jarvis, J. W. & Son, London, England.
 Johnston, George P., Edinburgh, Scotland.
 Jarrold & Sons, Norwich, England.
 King, P. S. & Son, London, England.
 Labitte, Adolphe Vve., Paris, France.

Librairie de Bibliophile Paris, France.
 Librairie, Lehec, Paris, France.
 Littlefield, George E., Boston, Mass.
 Liseux, Isidore, Paris, France.
 Loescher, Ermanno, Torino, Italy.
 Long, W. H., Portsmouth, England.
 Maggs, U., London, England.
 Mudie's Library, London, England.
 Murray, Frank, Derby, England.
 Nash, E. W., New York, N. Y.
 Nichols, H. S., Sheffield, England.
 Palmer, Clement S., London, England.
 Parsons, E., London, England.
 Pickering & Chatto, London, England.
 Price, C. J., Philadelphia, Pa.
 Quaritch, B., London, England.
 Reader, Arthur, London, England.
 Robson & Kerslake, London, England.
 Rouquette, P., Libraire, Paris, France.
 Rosenthal, Herman, & Co., New York.
 Reeves & Turner, London, England.
 Rouveyre, F., Paris, France.
 Sagot, E., Paris, France.
 Salkeld, John, London, England.
 Simmons, Thos., Leamington, England.
 Smith, W. H. & Son, London, England.
 St. Goar, Isaac, Frankfort-on-Main, Germany.
 Sutton, Richard H., Manchester, England.
 Scott, Walter, Edinburgh, Scotland.
 Stargardt, J. A., Berlin, Germany.
 Teal, J., Halifax, England.
 Thorpe, J., Brighton, England.
 Wallar, John, London, England.

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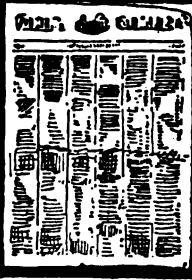
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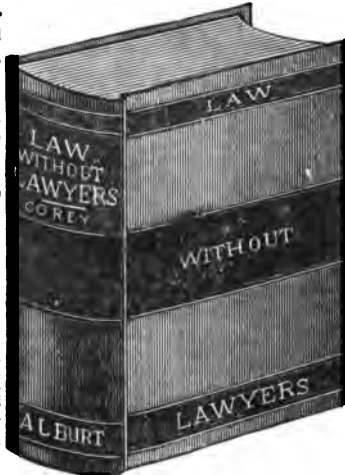
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BOOKMART



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HALKETT LORD, LITERARY EDITOR.

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THE COUNTRY SQUIRE.

A country squire, of greater wealth than wit,
(For fools are often blessed with fortune's smile),
Had built a splendid house and furnished it
In splendid style.

"One thing is wanting," said a friend; "for, though
The rooms are fine, the furniture profuse,
You lack a library, dear sir, for show,
If not for use."

"'Tis true; but 'zounds!" replied the squire with
glee,

"The lumber room in yonder northern wing,
(I wonder I ne'er thought of it), will be
The very thing.

"I'll have it fitted up without delay
With shelves and presses of the newest mode
And rarest wood, befitting every way
A squire's abode.

"And when the whole is ready, I'll dispatch
My coachman—a most knowing fellow—down
To buy me, by admeasurement, a batch
Of books in town."

But ere the library was half supplied
With all its pomps of cabinet and shelf,
The booby squire repented him, and cried
Unto himself:—

"This room is much more roomy than I thought;
Ten thousand volumes hardly would suffice,
To fill it, and would cost, however bought,
A plaguy price."

"Now as I only want them for their looks,
It might, on second thoughts, be just as good,
And cost one next to nothing, if the books
Were made of wood."

"It shall be so, I'll give the shaven deal
A coat of paint—a colorable dress,
To look like calf or vellum, and conceal
Its nakedness."

"And, gilt and lettered with the author's name,
Whatever is most excellent and rare
Shall be, or seem to be ('tis all the same),
Assembled there."

The work was done; the simulated hoards

Of wit and wisdom round the chamber stood,
In binding some; and some, of course, in boards,
Where all was wood.

From bulky folios down to slender twelves
The choicest tomes, in many an even row
Displayed their lettered backs upon the shelves,
A goodly show.

With such a stock as seemingly surpassed
The best collection ever formed in Spain,
What wonder if the owner grew at last
Supremely vain?

What wonder, as he paced from shelf to shelf,
And conned their titles, that the squire began,
Despite his ignorance, to think himself
A learned man?

*Let every amateur, who merely looks
To backs and bindings, take the hint, and sell
His costly library—for painted books
Would serve as well.*

(Anonymous translation from Thomas Yriarte.)

AN ADDRESS ON APHORISMS.

MR. JOHN MORLEY, M. P., AT THE EDINBURGH
PHILOSOPHICAL INSTITUTION.

"The golden Gospel of Silence is effectively compressed," said Mr. John Morley once of Carlyle's works, "in thirty fine volumes." Mr. Morley himself has now compressed the Gospel of Concise Wisdom into the following long but interesting address, which was lately delivered to the Edinburgh Philosophical Institution:—

THE "TIT-BITS" OF LITERATURE.

Mr. Morley began by some reference to the subjects which he had first thought of taking for his lecture, but which he had subsequently discarded in favor of a quiet chapter in the history of books. There is a loud cry (Mr. Morley continued) in these days for clues that shall guide the plain man through the vast bewildering labyrinth of printed books. Everybody calls for hints what to read, and what to look out for in reading. Like all the rest of us, I have often been asked for a list of the hundred best books, and

the other day a gentleman wrote to me to give him, by return of post, that far more difficult thing—a list of the three best books in the world. Both the hundred and the three are a task far too high for me; but perhaps you will let me try to indicate what, among much else, is one of the things best worth hunting for in books, and one of the quarters of the library where you may get on the scent. Though tranquil, it will be my fault if you find the hour dull, for this particular literary chapter concerns life, manners, society, conduct, human nature, our aims, our ideals, and all besides that is most animated and most interesting in man's busy chase after happiness and wisdom.

THE TWO KINDS OF WISDOM.

What is wisdom? That sovereign word, as has often been pointed out, is used for two different things. It may stand for knowledge, learning, science, systematic reasoning; or it may mean, as Coleridge has defined it, common sense in an uncommon degree—that is to say, the unsystematic truths which come to shrewd, penetrating, and observant minds, from their own experience of life and their daily commerce with the world, and which is called the wisdom of life, or the wisdom of the world, or the wisdom of time and the ages. The Greeks had two words for these two kinds of wisdom: one for the wise who scaled the heights of thought and knowledge; another for those who, without logical method, technical phraseology, or any of the parade of the schools, whether Academics old and new, Cynic, Peripatetic, the sect Epicurean, or Stoic severe, held up the mirror to human nature, and took good counsel as to the ordering of character and of life. Mill, in his little fragment on 'Aphorisms,' has said that in the first kind of wisdom every age in which science flourishes ought to surpass the ages that have gone before. In knowledge and methods of science each generation starts from the point at which its predecessor left off; but in the wisdom of life, in the maxims of good sense applied to public and private conduct, there is, said Mill, a pretty nearly equal amount in all ages. If this seem doubtful to any one, let him think how many of the shrewdest moralities of human nature are to be found in writings as ancient as the apocryphal Book of the Wisdom of Solomon and of Jesus the Son of Sirach; as *Æsop's Fables*; as the oracular sentences that are to be found in Homer and the Greek dramatists and orators; as all that immense host of wise and pithy saws which, to the number of between four and five thousand, were collected from all ancient literature by the industry of Erasmus in his great folio of *Adages*. As we turn over these pages of old times, we almost feel that those are right who tell us that everything has been said, that the thing that has been is the thing that shall be, and there is no new thing under the sun.

THE WISDOM OF LIFE CONDENSED INTO APHORISMS.

It is natural that this second kind of wisdom, being detached and unsystematic, should embody itself in the short and pregnant form of proverb,

sentence, maxim, and aphorism. The essence of aphorism is the compression of a mass of thought and observation into a single saying. It is the very opposite of dissertation and declamation; its distinction is not so much ingenuity as good sense brought to a point; it ought to be neither enigmatical nor flat, neither a truism on the one hand, nor a riddle on the other. These wise sayings, said Bacon, the author of some of the wisest of them, are not only for ornament, but for action and business, having a point or edge, whereby knots in business are pierced and discovered. And he applauds Cicero's description of such sayings as salt-pits—that you may extract salt out of them, and sprinkle it where you will. They are the guiding oracles which man has found out for himself in that great business of ours, of learning how to be, to do, to do without, and to depart. Their range extends from prudential kitchen maxims, such as Franklin set forth in the sayings of Poor Richard about thrift in time and money, up to such great and high moralities of life as are the prose maxims of Goethe—just as Bacon's essays extend from precepts as to building and planting up to solemn reflections on truth, death, and the vicissitudes of things. They cover the whole field of man as he is, and life as it is, not of either as they ought to be; friendship, ambition, money, studies, business, public duty, in all their actual laws and conditions as they are, and not as the ideal moralist may wish that they were. It has been said that the order of our knowledge is this: that we know best, first, what we have divined by native instinct; second, what we have learned by experience of men and things; third, what we have learned not in books, but by books—that is, by the reflections that they suggest; fourth, last and lowest, what we have learned in books or with masters. The virtue of an aphorism comes under the third of these heads; it conveys a portion of a truth with such point as to set us thinking on what remains. Montaigne, who delighted in Plutarch, and kept him ever on his table, praises him in that, besides his long discourses, "There are a thousand others, which he has only touched and glanced upon, where he only points with his finger to direct us which way we may go if we will, and contents himself sometimes with only giving one brisk hit in the nicest article on the question, from whence we are to grope out the rest!" And this is what Plutarch himself is driving at when he warns young men that it is well to go for a light to another man's fire, but by no means to tarry by it, instead of kindling a torch of their own.

MAXIMS AND APHORISMS: A DISTINCTION WITHOUT A DIFFERENCE.

Grammarians draw a distinction between a maxim and an aphorism, and tell us that, while an aphorism only states some broad truths of general bearing, a maxim, besides stating the truth, enjoins a rule of conduct as its consequence. For instance, to say that "there are some men with just imagination enough to spoil their judgment" is an aphorism.

But there is action as well as thought in such sayings as this: "Tis a great sign of mediocrity to be always reserved in praise;" or in this of M. Aurelius, "When thou wishest to give thyself delight, think of the excellences of those who live with thee: for instance, of the energy of one, the modesty of another, the liberal kindness of a third." Again, according to this distinction of the word, we are to give the name of aphorism to Pascal's saying that "most of the mischief in the world would never happen if men would only be content to sit still in their parlors;" and we are to give the name of maxims to the great and admirable counsel of a philosopher of a very different school, which I confess is a favorite one with me, that "If you would love mankind you should not expect too much from them." But the distinction is one without much difference; we need not labor it, nor pay it further attention. Aphorism or maxim, let us remember that this wisdom of life is the true salt of literature; that those books, at least in prose, are most nourishing which are most richly stored with it; and that it is one of the great objects, apart from the mere acquisition of knowledge, which men ought to seek in the reading of books.

THE REACTION AGAINST THE WISDOM OF THE WORLD.

A great living painter has said that the longer he works the more does he realize how very little anybody, except the trained artist, actually perceives in the natural objects constantly before him; how blind they are to impressions of color and light and form, which would be full of interest and delight if people only knew how to see them. Are not most of us just as blind to the thousand lights and shades in the men and women around us? We live in the world as we live among fellow-inmates in an hotel, or fellow-revellers at a masquerade. Yet this, to bring knowledge of ourselves and others "to our business and our bosoms," is one of the most important parts of culture. Some prejudice is attached in generous minds to this wisdom of the world as being egotistical, poor, unimaginative, of the earth earthy. Since the great literary reaction at the end of the last century, men have been apt to pitch criticism of life in the high poetic key. They have felt with Wordsworth:—

The human nature with which I felt
That I belonged and revered with love,
Was not a persistent presence, but a spirit
Diffused through time and space, with aid derived
Of evidence from monuments, erect,
Prostrate, or leaning towards their common rest
On earth, the widely-scattered wreck sublime
Of vanished nations.

Then, again, extraordinary advances have been made in ordered knowledge of the various stages of the long prehistoric dawn of human civilization. The man of the flint implement and the fire-drill, who could only count up to five, and who was content to live in a hut like a beehive, has drawn in-

terest away from the man of the market and the parlor. The literary passion for primitive times and the raw material of man has thrust polished man, the manufactured article, into a secondary place. All this is in the order of things. It is fitting that we should pierce into the origins of human nature. It is right that the great poets, the ideal interpreters of life, should be dearer to us than those who stop short with mere deciphering of what is real and actual. The poet has his own sphere of the beautiful and the sublime.

YET SUCH WISDOM IS THE SALT OF LITERATURE.

But it is no less true that the enduring weight of historian, moralist, political orator, or preacher depends on the amount of the wisdom of life that is hived in his pages. They may be admirable by virtue of other qualities, by learning, by grasp, by majesty of flight; but it is his moral sentences on mankind or the State that rank the prose writer among the sages. These show that he has an eye for the great truths of action, for the permanent bearings of conduct, for things that are for the guidance of all generations. What is it that makes Plutarch's Lives "the pasture of great souls" as he was called by one who was himself a great soul? Because his aim was much less to tell a story than, as he says, "to decipher the man and his nature;" and in deciphering the man, to strike out many pregnant and fruitful thoughts on all men. Why was it worth while for Mr. Jowett, the other day, to give us a new translation of Thucydides' history of the Peloponnesian War? and why is it worth your while at least to dip in a serious spirit into its pages? Partly, because the gravity and conclusion of Thucydides are of specially wholesome example in these days of over-colored and over-voluminous narrative; partly, because he knows how to invest the wreck and overthrow of those small States with the pathos and dignity of mighty imperial fall; but most of all, for the sake of the wise sentences that are sown with apt but not unsparing hand through the progress of the story. Well might Gray ask his friend whether Thucydides' description of the final destruction of the Athenian host at Syracuse was not the finest thing he ever read in his life; and assuredly the man who can read that stern tale without admiration, pity, and awe may be certain that he has no taste for noble composition and no feeling for the deepest tragedy of mortal things. But it is the sagacious sentences in the speeches of Athenians, Corinthians, Lacedæmonians, that do most of all to give the historian his perpetuity of interest to every reader with the rudiments of a political instinct, and make him as modern as if he had written yesterday. Tacitus belongs to a different class among the great writers of the world. He had, beyond almost any author of the front rank that has ever lived, the art of condensing his thought and driving it home to the mind of the reader with a flash. Beyond almost anybody he suffered from what a famous writer of aphorisms in our time has described as "the cursed ambition to

put a whole book into a page, a whole page into a phrase, and the phrase into a word." But the moral thought itself in Tacitus mostly belongs less to the practical wisdom of life than to sombre poetic indignation like that of Dante, against the perversities of men and the blindness of fortune. Horace's epistles are a mine of genial, friendly, humane observation. Then there is none of the ancient moralists to whom the modern, from Montaigne, Charron, Raleigh, Bacon, downwards, owe more than to Seneca. Seneca has none of the kindly warmth of Horace; he has not the animation of Plutarch; he abounds too much in the artificial and extravagant paradoxes of the Stoics. But, for all that, he touches the great and eternal commonplaces of human occasions—friendship, health, bereavement, riches, poverty, death, with a hand that places him high among the wise masters of life. All through the ages men, tossed in the beating waves of circumstances, have found more in the essays and letters of Seneca than in any other secular writer words of good counsel and comfort.

UNITY OF LITERATURE: DIVERSITY OF MORALS.

And let this fact not pass without notice of the light that it sheds on the great fact of the unity of literature and of the absurdity of setting a great gulf between ancient or classical literature and modern, as if under all dialects the partakers in Græco-Roman civilization, whether in Athens, Rome, Paris, Weimar, Edinburgh, London, Dublin, were not the heirs of a great common stock of thought and speech. I certainly do not mean anything so absurd as that the moralists, whether major or minor, whether affecting the foundation of conduct or the surface of manners, remain fixed. On the contrary, one of the most interesting things in literature is to mark the shifts and changes in men's standards. Boswell tells a curious story of the first occasion on which Johnson met Sir Joshua Reynolds. Two ladies of the company were regretting the death of a friend to whom they owed great obligations. Reynolds observed that they had, at any rate, the comfort of being relieved from a debt of gratitude. The ladies were naturally shocked at this singular alleviation of their grief, but Johnson defended it in his clear and forcible manner, and, says Boswell, "was much pleased with the mind, the fair view of human nature, that it exhibited, like some of the reflections of Rochefoucauld." On the strength of it he went home with Reynolds, supped with him, and was his friend for life. No moralist with a reputation to lose would like to back Reynolds's remark in the nineteenth century.

ENGLISH APHORISMS: "THEY MANAGE THEM BETTER IN FRANCE."

Our own generation in Great Britain has been singularly unfortunate in the literature of aphorism. One too famous volume of 'Proverbial Philosophy' had immense vogue, but it is so vapid, so worldly, so futile, as to have a place among the books that dispense with parody. Then, rather earlier in the cen-

tury, a clergyman who ruined himself by gambling, ran away from his debts to America, and at last blew his brains out, felt peculiarly qualified to lecture mankind on moral prudence. He wrote a little book in 1820, called 'Lacon; or, Many Things in Few Words, addressed to those who think.' It is an awful example to anybody who is tempted to try this hand at an aphorism. Thus, "Marriage is a feast where the grace is sometimes better than the dinner." I had made some other extracts from this unhappy sage, but you will thank me for having thrown them into the fire. Finally, a great authoress of our time was urged by a friend to fill up a gap in our literature by composing a volume of 'Thoughts;' the result was that most insufferable of all deadly-lively prosings in our sublunary world, 'Theophrastus Such.' One living writer of genius has given us a little sheaf of subtly-pointed maxims in the 'Ordeal of Richard Feverel,' and perhaps he will one day divulge to the world the whole contents of Sir Austin Feverel's unpublished volume, 'The Pilgrim's Scrip.' Yet the wisdom of life has its full part in our literature. Keen insight into peculiarities of individual motive, and concentrated interest in the play of character, shine not merely in Shakspeare, whose mighty soul, as Hallam says, was saturated with moral observation, nor in the brilliant verse of Pope. For those who love meditative reading on the ways and destinies of men we have Burton and Fuller and Sir Thomas Browne in one age, and Addison, Johnson, and the rest of the essayists in another. Sir Thomas Overbury's 'Characters,' written in the Baconian age, are found delightful by some; but for my own poor part, though I have striven to follow the critic's golden rule, to have preferences but no exclusions, Overbury has for me no savor. In the great art of painting moral portraits, or character-writing, the characters in Clarendon, or in Burnet's 'History of His Own Time,' are full of life, vigor, and coherency, and are intensely attractive to read. I cannot agree with those who put either Clarendon or Burnet on a level with the characters in St. Simon or the Cardinal de Retz; there is a subtlety of analysis, a searching penetration, a breadth of moral comprehension, in the Frenchmen which I do not find, nor, in truth, much desire to find, in our countrymen. A homelier hand does well enough for homelier men. For all that, such characters as those of Falkland, of Chillingworth, by Clarendon, or Burnet's very different Lauderdale, are worth a thousand battle-pieces, cabinet plots, or Parliamentary combinations, of which we never can be sure that the narrator either knew or has told the whole story. It is true that these characters have not the strange quality which some one imputed to the writing of Tacitus, that it seems to put the reader himself and the secrets of his own heart into the confessional. It is in the novel that, in this country, the faculty of observing social man and his peculiarities has found its most popular instrument. The great novel, not of romance or adventure, but of character and manners, from the mighty Fielding down, at

a long interval, to Thackeray, covers the field that in France is held, and successfully held, against all comers, by her maxim writers, like La Rochefoucauld, and her character writers, like La Bruyère.

OUR ONLY ORACLE.

But the literature of aphorism contains one English name of magnificent and immortal lustre—the name of Francis Bacon. Bacon's essays are the unique masterpiece in our literature of this oracular wisdom of life, applied to the scattered occasions of our existence. The essays are known to all the world; but there is another and perhaps a weightier performance of Bacon's which is less known, or not known at all, except to students here and there. I mean the second chapter of the Eighth Book of his famous treatise, 'De Argumentis.' It has been translated into pithy English, and you will find it in the fifth volume of the great edition of Bacon, by Spedding and Ellis, which is doubtless in your library. In this chapter, among other things, he composes comments on between thirty and forty of what he calls the 'Aphorisms or Proverbs of Solomon,' which he truly describes as containing, besides those of a theological character, 'not a few excellent civil precepts and cautions, springing from the innermost recesses of wisdom, and extending to much variety of occasions.' I know not where else to find more of the salt of common sense in an uncommon degree than in these terse comments on the Wise King's terse sentences, and in the keen, sagacious, shrewd wisdom of the world lighted up by such brilliance of wit and affluence of illustration, in the pages that come after them. This sort of wisdom was in the taste of the time; witness Raleigh's 'Instructions to his Son,' and that curious collection 'of political and polemical aphorisms grounded on authority and experience' which he called by the name of the 'Cabinet Council.' Harrington's 'Political Aphorisms,' which came a generation later, are not moral sentences; they are a string of propositions in political theory, breathing a noble spirit of liberty, but too abstract for practical guidance through the troubles of the day. But Bacon's admonitions have a depth and copiousness that are all his own. He says that the knowledge of advancement in life, though abundantly practised, had not been sufficiently handled in books, and so he here lays down the precepts for what he calls the 'Architecture of Fortune.' They constitute the description of a man who is polite for his own fortune, and show how he may best shape a character that will attain the ends of fortune. He was conscious that his maxims were in some need of elevation and of correction, for he winds up with wise warnings against being carried away by a whirlwind or tempest of ambition; by the general reminder that "all things are vanity and vexation of spirit," and the particular reminder that "being without well-being is a curse, and the greater being the greater curse," and that "all virtue is most rewarded, and all wickedness most punished, in itself;" by the question whether this incessant, restless, and, as it were, Sabbathless, pursuit of fortune leaves time for

hollower duties, and what advantage it is to have a face erected towards heaven with a spirit perpetually grovelling upon earth, eating dust like a serpent; and, finally, he says that it will not be amiss for men in this eager and excited chase of fortune to cool themselves a little with that conceit of Charles V. in his instructions to his son, that "Fortune hath somewhat of the nature of a woman, who, if she be too closely wooed is commonly the further off," nobody need go to such writings as these for moral dignity or moral energy. They have no place in that nobler literature, from Epictetus and Marcus Aurelius downwards, which lights up the young soul with generous aims, and fires it with the love of all excellence. Yet the most heroic cannot do without a dose of circumspection. The counsels of old Polonius to Laertes, one of the most admirable collections of maxims in our language, are less sublime than Hamlet's soliloquy, but they have their place. Bacon's chapters are a manual of circumspection, whether we choose to give circumspection a high or a low rank in the list of virtues. Bacon knew of the famous city which had three gates, and on the first the horseman read inscribed "Be bold;" and on the second gate yet again, "Be bold, and evermore be bold;" and on the third it was written, "Be not too bold." This cautious tone had been brought about by the circumstances of the time. Government was strict; dissent from current opinions was dangerous; there was no indifference and hardly any tolerance; authority was suspicious and it was vindictive. When the great genius of Burke rose like a new sun into the sky, the times were happier, and nowhere in our literature does a noble prudence, as distinguished from an ignoble prudence, wear statelier robes.

GERMAN APHORISMS: HOW NOT TO DO IT.

Those who are curious to follow the literature of aphorism into Germany will, with the mighty exceptions of Goethe and Schiller, find but a parched and scanty harvest. They, too, often justify the unfriendly definition of an aphorism as a form of speech that wraps up something quite plain in words that turn it into something very obscure. As old Fuller says, the writers have a hair hanging to the nib of their pen. Their shortness does not prevent them from being tiresome. They recall the French wit to whom a friend showed a distich. "Excellent," he said; "but isn't it rather spun out?" Lichtenberg, a professor of physics, who was also a considerable hand at satire a hundred years ago, composed a collection of sayings, with a little wheat amid much chaff:—

People who never have any time are the people who do least.

The utmost that a weak head can get out of experience is an extra readiness to find out weaknesses of other people.

Over anxiously to feel and think what one could have done is the very worst thing one can do.

He who has less than he desires should know that he has more than he deserves.

Enthusiasts without capacity are the really dangerous people.

This by the way, recalls a saying of the great French reactionary De Bonald, and which is never quite out of date: "Follies committed by the sensible, extravagances uttered by the clever, crimes committed by the good—that is what makes revolutions." Radowitz was a Prussian soldier and statesman who died rather more than half a century ago, and left, among many other things, two or three volumes of short fragmentary pieces on politics, religion, literature, and art. They are intelligent and elevated, but contain hardly anything to our point to-night, unless it be this, that what is called stupidity springs not at all from mere want of understanding, but from the fact that the free use of a man's understanding is hindered by some definite vice—frivolity, envy, dissipation, covetousness, all these darling vices of fallen man—these are at the bottom of what we name stupidity. 'This is true enough, but it is not so much to the point as the saying of a highly judicious aphorist of my acquaintance, that "Excessive anger against human stupidity is itself one of the most provoking of all forms of that stupidity."

GOETHE: "PHYSICIAN OF THE IRON AGE."

It is only Goethe and Schiller, and especially Goethe, "the strong, much-tolling sage, with spirit free from mists, and sane and clear," who combine the higher and the lower wisdom, and have skill to put moral truths into forms of words that fix themselves with stings in the reader's mind. All Goethe's work, whether poetry or prose, his plays, his novels, his letters, his conversations, are richly bestrewn with the luminous sentences of a keen-eyed, steadfast, patient, indefatigable watcher of human life. He deals gravely and sincerely with men. He has none of that shallow irony by which small men who have got wrong with the world seek a shabby revenge. He tells us the whole truth. He is not of those second-rate sages who keep their own secrets, externally complying with all the conventions of speech and demeanor, while privately nourishing unbridled freedom of opinion in the inner sanctuary of the mind. He deals soberly, faithfully, unobtrusively, cheerfully, with motive and with conduct. He marks himself the friend, the well-wisher, and the helper. I will not begin to quote from Goethe, for I should never end. The volume of *Sprüche*, or aphorisms in rhyme and prose, in his collected works, is accessible to everybody, but some of his wisest and finest are to be found in the plays, like the well-known one in his 'Tasso'—"In stillness talent forms itself, but character in the great current of the world." But here is a concentrated admonition from the volume that I have named that will do as well as any other for an example of his temper:—

Wouldst thou fashion for thyself a seemly life?—
Then fret not over what is past and gone;
And spite of all thou mayst have lost behind,
Yet act as if thy life were just begun:
What each day wille, enough for thee to know,

What each day wille, the day itself will tell;
Do thine own task, and be therewith content;
What others do, that shalt thou fairly judge;
Be sure that thou no brother-mortal hate,
Then all besides leave to the master Power.

ADVICE TO THOSE ABOUT TO MAKE APHORISMS—
DON'T.

If any of you should be bitten with an unhappy fashion for the composition of aphorisms, let me warn such an one that the power of observing life is rare, the power of drawing lessons from it is rarer still, and the power of condensing the lesson in a pointed sentence is rarest of all. Beware of cultivating this delicate art. The effort is only too likely to add one more to that perverse class described by Gibbon, who strangle a thought in the hope of strengthening it, and applaud their own skill, when they have shown in a few absurd words the fourth part of an idea. Let me warmly urge anybody with so mistaken an ambition, instead of painfully distilling poor platitudes of his own, to translate the shrewd saws of the wise-browed Goethe. Some have found light in the sayings of the Battusai Gracian, a Spaniard, who flourished at the end of the seventeenth century, whose maxims were translated into English at the very beginning of the eighteenth, and who was introduced to the British public in an excellent article by Sir M. E. Grant Duff a few years ago. The English title is attractive, 'The Art of Prudence; or, a Companion for a Man of Sense.' I do not myself find Gracian much of a companion, though some of his aphorisms gave a neat turn to a commonplace:—

The pillow is a dumb sibyl. To sleep upon a thing that is to be done is better than to be wakened up by one already done.

To equal a predecessor one must have twice his worth.

What is easy ought to be entered upon as though it were difficult, and what is difficult as though it were easy.

Those things are generally best remembered which ought most to be forgot. Not seldom the surest remedy of the evil consists in forgetting it.

THE FINISH OF THE FRENCH.

It is France that excels in the form apart from the matter of aphorism, and for the good reason that in France the arts of polished society were relatively at an early date the objects of a serious and deliberate cultivation which was and perhaps is unknown in the rest of Europe. Conversation became a fine art. "I hate war," said one; "it spoils conversation." The leisured classes found their keenest relish in delicate irony, in piquancy, in contained vivacity, in the study of niceties of observation, and finish of phrase. You have a picture of it in such a play as Molière's 'Misanthropist,' where we see a section of the polished life of the time—men and women making and receiving compliments, discoursing on affairs with an easy lightness, flitting backwards and forwards with a thousand petty hurries, and among them one single figure, hoarse,

rough, sombre, moving with a chilling reality in the midst of frolicking shadows. But the shadows were all in all to one another. Not a point of conduct, not a subtlety of social motive, escaped detection and remark. Dugald Stewart has pointed to the richness of the French tongue in appropriate and discriminating expressions for varieties of intellectual turn and shade. How many of us who claim to a reasonable knowledge of French will undertake easily to find English equivalents for such distinctions as are expressed in the following phrases—"esprit juste," "esprit étendu," "esprit fin," "esprit délié," "esprit de lumière." These numerous distinctions are the evidence, as Stewart says, of the attention paid by the cultivated classes to delicate shades of mind and feeling. Compare them with the colloquial use of our overworked word "clever." Society and conversation have not been among us the school of reflection, the spring of literary inspiration, that they have been in France. The English rule has rather been like that of the ancient Persians, that the great thing is to learn to ride, to shoot with the bow, and to speak the truth. There is much in that. But it has been more favorable to strength than to either subtlety or finish.

LA ROCHEFOUCAULD: THE SELFISH MIRROR.

One of the most commonly known of all books of maxims, after the Proverbs of Solomon, is the moral reflections of La Rochefoucauld. The author lived at Court, himself practised all the virtues which he seemed to disparage, and took so much trouble to make sure of the right expression that many of these short sentences were more than thirty times revised. They were given to the world in the last half of the seventeenth century in a little volume which French men used to know by heart, which gave a new turn to the literary taste of the nation, and which has been translated into every civilized tongue, paints men as they would be if self-love were the one great mainspring of human action, and makes magnanimity itself no better than self-interest in disguise.

Interest (he says) speaks all sorts of tongues and plays all sorts of parts, even the part of the disinterested.

Gratitude is with most people only a strong desire for greater benefits to come.

Love of justice is with most of us nothing but the fear of suffering injustice.

Friendship is only a reciprocal conciliation of interests, a mutual exchange of good offices; it is a species of commerce out of which self-love always intends to make something.

We have all strength enough to endure the troubles of other people.

Our repentance is not so much regret for the ill we have done, as fear of the ill that may come to us in consequence.

And everybody here knows the saying that "in the adversity of our best friends we often find something that is not exactly displeasing." We cannot wonder that in spite of the piquancy of form, such sentences

as these have aroused in many minds an invincible repugnance for what would be so tremendous a calumny in human nature, if the book were meant to be a picture of human nature as a whole. Yet, as a faithful presentation of human selfishness, and of you and me in so far as we happen to be mainly selfish, the odious mirror has its uses by showing us what manner of man we are or may become. Let us not forget either that not quite all is selfishness in La Rochefoucauld. Everybody knows his saying that hypocrisy is the homage that vice pays to virtue. There is a subtle truth in this, that to be in too great a hurry to discharge an obligation is itself a kind of ingratitude. Nor is there any harm in the reflection that no fool is so troublesome as the clever fool; or in this, that only great men have any business with great defects; or, finally, in this, that we are never either so happy or so unhappy as we imagine.

PASCAL, CHAMFORT, AND LA BRUYERE.

No more important name is associated with the literature of aphorisms than that of Pascal; but the thoughts of Pascal concern the deeper things of speculative philosophy and religion, rather than the wisdom of daily life, and, besides, though aphoristic in form, they are in substance systematic. "I blame equally," he said, "those who take sides for praising man, those who are for blaming him, and those who amuse themselves with him. The only part is search for truth—search with many sighs." On man, as he exists in society, he said little, and what he said does not make us hopeful. He saw the darker side. "If everybody knew what one says of the other, there would not be four friends left in the world." "Would you have men think well of you, then do not speak well of yourself." And so forth. If you wish to know Pascal's theory, you may find it set out in brilliant verse in the opening lines of the second book of Pope's 'Essay on Man.' "What a chimera is man," said Pascal; "what a confused chaos! What a subject of contradiction! A professed judge of all things, and yet a feeble worm of the earth; the great depository and guardian of truth, and yet a mere huddle of uncertainty; the glory and the scandal of the universe." Shakspeare was wiser and deeper when, under this quintessence of dust, he discerned "what a piece of work is man, how noble in reason, how infinite in faculty, in form and moving, how express and admirable." This serene and radiant faith is the secret, added to matchless gifts of imagination and music, why Shakspeare is the greatest of men. There is a smart, spurious wisdom of the world which has the bitterness not of the salutary tonic but of mortal poison; and of this kind the master is Chamfort, who lived through the French Revolution, and whose little volume of thoughts is often extremely witty, always pointed, but not seldom cynical and false. "If you live among men," he said, "the heart must either break or turn to brass." "The public, the public," he cried, "how many fools does it take to make a public!" "What is celebrity? The advantage of being known to people who do not know you." All literature

might be ransacked in vain for a more repulsive saying than this, that "A man must swallow a toad every morning if he wishes to be quite sure of finding nothing more disgusting still for the rest of the day." We cannot be surprised to hear of a lady who said that a conversation with Chamfort in the morning made her melancholy until bedtime. Yet Chamfort is the author of the not unwholesome saying that "the most wasted of all days is that on which one has not laughed." One of his maxims lets us into the secret of his misanthropy. "Whoever," he said, "is not a misanthropist at forty can never have loved mankind." It is easy to know what this means. Of course, if a man is so superfine that he will not love mankind any longer than he can believe them to be demigods and angels, it is true that at forty he may have discovered that they are neither. Beginning by looking for men to be more perfect than they can be, he ends by thinking them worse than they are, and then secretly plumes himself on his superior cleverness in having found humanity out. For the deadliest of all wet blankets give me a middle-aged man who has been most of a visionary in his youth. To correct all this, let us recall the saying that I have already quoted, which made so deep an impression on Jeremy Bentham, "In order to love mankind, we must not expect too much from them." And let us remember that Archbishop Fénelon, one of the most saintly men that ever lived, and whose very countenance bore such a mark of goodness that when he was in a room men found they could not desist from looking at him, wrote to a friend a year before he died, "I ask little from most men; I try to render them much, and to expect nothing in return, and I get very well out of the bargain." Chamfort I will leave with his sensible distinction between pride and vanity. "A man," he says, "has advanced far in the study of morals who had mastered the difference between pride and vanity. The first is lofty, calm, immovable; the second is uncertain, capricious, unquiet. The one adds to a man's stature; the other puffs him out. The one is the source of a thousand virtues; the other is that of nearly all vices and all perversities. There is a kind of pride in which are included all the commandments of God; and a kind of vanity which contains the seven mortal sins." I will say nothing of La Bruyère, by far the greatest, broadest, strongest of French character-writers, because his is not one of the houses of which you can judge by a brick or two taken at random. For those in whom the excitements of modern literature have not burned up the faculty of sober meditation on social man, La Bruyère must always be one of the foremost names. Macaulay somewhere calls him thin. But Macaulay has less ethical depth, and less perception of ethical depth, than any writer that ever lived with equally brilliant gifts in other ways; and *thin* is the very last word that describes this admirable master. If one seeks to measure how far removed the great classic moralists are from thinness, let him turn from La Bruyère to the inane subtle-

ties and meaningless conundrums, not worth answering, that do duty for analysis of character in some modern American literature.

"GREAT THOUGHTS COME FROM THE HEART."

I will say nothing of Rivarol, a caustic wit of the revolutionary time, nor of Joubert, a writer of sayings of this century, of whom Mr. M. Arnold has said all that needs saying. He is delicate, refined, acute, but his thoughts were fostered in the hothouse of a coterie, and have none of the salt and sapid flavor that comes to more masculine spirits from active contact with the world. I should prefer to close this survey in the sunnier moral climate of Vauvenargues. He died 140 years ago, leaving a little body of maxims behind him which for tenderness, equanimity, cheerfulness, grace, sobriety, and hope are not surpassed in prose literature. "One of the noblest qualities in our nature," he said, "is that we are able so easily to dispense with greater perfection."

Magnanimity owes no account to prudence of its motives.

To do great things a man must live as though he had never to die.

The first days of Spring have less grace than the growing virtue of a young man.

You must rouse in men a consciousness of their own prudence and strength if you would raise their character.

Just as somebody else said, "He who despises mankind will never get the best out of either others or himself." The best known of Vauvenargues's sayings, as it is the deepest and the broadest, is the far-reaching sentence already quoted, that "Great thoughts come from the heart." And this is the truth that shines out as we watch the voyagings of humanity from the "wide, grey, lampless depths" of time. Those have been greatest in thought who have been best endowed with faith, hope, sympathy, and the spirit of effort. And next to them come the great stern, mournful men, like Tacitus, Dante, Pascal, who, standing as far aloof from the soft poetic dejection of some of the moods of Shelley or Keats, as from the savage fury of Swift, watch with a prophet's indignation the heedless waste of faculty and opportunity, the triumph of paltry motive and paltry aim—as if we were the flies of a summer noon—which do more than any active malignity to distort the great lines, and to weaken or to frustrate the strong and healthy parts of human nature.

CHOOSE WELL: YOUR CHOICE IS BRIEF BUT YET
ENDLESS.

For practical purposes all these complaints of man are of as little avail as Johnson found the complaint that of the globe so large a space should be occupied by the uninhabitable ocean, encumbered by naked mountains, lost under barren sands, scorched by perpetual heat or petrified by perpetual frost, and so small a space be left for the production of fruits, the pasture of cattle, and the accommodation of men. When we have deducted, said Johnson, all the time

that is absorbed in sleep, or appropriated to the other demands of nature, or the inevitable requirements of social intercourse, all that is torn from us by violence of disease, or imperceptibly stolen from us by languor, we may realize of how small a portion of our time we are truly masters. And the same consideration of the ceaseless and natural preoccupations of men in the daily struggle will reconcile the wise man to all the disappointments, delays, shortcomings of the world, without shaking the firmness of his own faith, or the intrepidity of his own purpose.



CERVANTES.

The Literary Conference at Madrid did not break up without doing honor to "the maimed man of Lepanto," the immortal Cervantes. Its last act was a solemn procession in which the members of the Congress, the members of the Athenæum, deputations from all the learned and literary societies and academies, the University and its students with their velvet banners, a great number of politicians and artists, joined to carry to the statue of Miguel Cervantes seven splendid wreaths which were offered by Mr. Knighton in the name of British artists, and by the German, French, Belgian, Dutch, Hungarian, and Italian delegates and members of the Congress. Speeches were made, and a most amiable telegram from the Italian Government was communicated by the President of the Athenæum. Thousands of Madrileños assembled to witness this touching scene; and well might Señor Nunez de Arce exclaim that Literary and Artistic Congresses and the objects they pursue had one praiseworthy result, that of drawing closer nations and societies that could forget in their intellectual relations the political dissensions and animosities of the past. Who remembers that Cervantes was busily engaged in the victualling of the Invincible Armada, and must have been the bitter enemy of England? That was merely his duty in the way of business; his memory is now the memory of a benefactor. The author of 'Don Quixote' wears the purest kind of glory that can fall to the human lot. Men of letters, poets, and romancers have very seldom indeed been men of war. In Dr. Wendell Holmes's humorous tale, 'The Guardian Angel,' everyone will remember the characteristic conduct of Gifted Hopkins, the rural poet. "Go to victory," he said, in effect, when the war broke out; "you will win battles, my brethren. I will sing of them." The share assigned to himself in the national struggle by Gifted Hopkins is that which the poet has usually preferred. We can count Sir Philip Sidney, and Lovelace, and a few others among English poets who have held a sword. But we can boast of none, and perhaps only Greece can boast of one poet whose feats as a fighting man and a patriot were on a level with his poetic fame. Eschylus at Marathon, and Cervantes at Lepanto, the Salamis of the modern world, gained such laurels as scarce any other poet can claim. Perhaps

those of the Spaniard are the greenest, for he rose from a bed of sickness to take the post of danger in the combat with the Turks, and he came out of the battle with three dangerous wounds. This gallantry, and his heroic conduct when, as a captive in Algiers, he kept the Moors in ceaseless uneasiness, himself undaunted by the fear of torture and death, would have won for Cervantes a noble name had he never attempted prose nor verse. Indeed, his verse could have gained him but a dusty honor in the packed pages of literary history. Had he died in youth he would have been forgotten; had he died in middle age he would have been known to historians as a gallant patriot; but he lived to be old, and to create 'Don Quixote' out of the garnered experiences of a long life. With 'Don Quixote' he founded the modern novel, and without our old enemy of the Armada we could scarcely have had a Scott, certainly not a Fielding, and probably not a Thackeray. They are all his spiritual descendants, for his briefer tales suggested the 'Waverley Novels,' 'Joseph Andrews,' is a professed attempt to follow in Cervantes's footsteps, and the spiritual descent of Thackeray from Fielding is visible in many a feature of his genius.

'Don Quixote' is, or should be, a great comfort, as well as a great ensample to the novelist. The book is like the good hap of the Penitent Thief. He proved that there was always a chance even at the last, and Cervantes showed that a man may never do his best work till he is old. Lockhart, indeed, ends his remarks on 'Don Quixote' with the saying that "Cervantes was an old man when he wrote his masterpiece of comic romance, and that nobody has ever written successful novels when young but Smollett." In an age when the most successful novels are frequently attributed to young ladies of seventeen, this of Lockhart's is a comfortable saying. It whispers to the novelist that he need never despair, his masterpiece may be waiting for him when he comes to sixty years. Whether this thought will encourage the novelist's publishers is of course a very different problem. They may weary of waiting or may advise him to hold his hand till he is turned of fifty. Again, the small but not undeserving nor contemptible minority who are growing old without having written any novel at all may comfort themselves by the example of Cervantes. He was old when he wrote 'Don Quixote,' and he had been most things before he made an eternal name — and no money to speak of — by his romance. He had been a page, a soldier, a captive, a poet, a scholar. Like his own Don, he was able to contrast from uncomfortable experience the lot of the scholar with that of the man-at-arms. The scholar goes "in hunger, in cold, in nakedness, and sometimes in all of them together." Still, he dines at last, of the rich man's scraps, or "goes a sopping," which answered more or less to the Roman institution of the *sportula*. Bits of bread, in porridge, were given away at the doors of monasteries, and it is only too likely that Cervantes, the glory of Spain, had often been reduced to go a sopping. Still, scant

of linen, shoon, and clothes, the scholar had commonly some kind of roof over his head, whereas the soldier had none but the sky. The scholar, too, was more likely to get preferment than the soldier. But soldier or scholar, Cervantes never had any good fortune, and at evil fortune he never repined. His bad luck was our good luck. Had he not seen so much of the seamy side of the world in every way; had he not been first filled and fired with the true spirit of chivalry, and then tried by every sorrow of peace and war, he could never have written 'Don Quixote.' Like 'Aucassin et Nicolette,' which Mr. Bourdillon has just translated for the pleasure of English Readers, 'Don Quixote' is the "déport du viell captif," the delightful romance of the old captive. It is his gallant criticism of that life in which he has seemed a failure. There never was a braver nor better hearted book, one more full of humor, and of good humor, of diversion, and noble nature.

It seems strange that for this fountain head of the humorous novel we should have to thank Spain. That the classical French drama should have come from Spain, that the stately and ardent 'Cid' should have been adopted from Spain by Corneille, seems perfectly natural. But humor like that of Cervantes, gaiety, kindness, melancholy, we rather expect from the countrymen of Montaigne and Molière, of Chaucer and Shakspeare. But as Meleager, the sweet old poet, says, "If I be a Syrian, what marvel?" so Cervantes might say it is no wonder he was a Spaniard. He was as unlike the Protestant Elizabethan idea of a Spaniard as it was possible for man to be. But in the day of the enlarging of a nation all her genius appears to blossom at once; genius for war, for letters, for commerce. Cervantes came at the crowning time of Spain, and saw the beginning of the decay. He left in his famed romance an example which others have followed to more successful purpose than his countrymen. All novels which break away from the beaten paths of chivalrous romance are the descendants of his Don. Among them are 'Francion,' and the 'Roman Comique,' and the bitter 'Roman Bourgeois,' and Fielding's tales, and Smollett's, and the stories of Le Sage, and Scott, and Dickens. He brought humor into romance and realism enough for his purposes. Probably the Extreme Left of modern "Realism" look on the Knight of the Rueful Countenance as an extravagant invention. They certainly make a point of never finding any Dulcinea in "a good likely country lass named Aldonzo Lorenzo." But it is well for fiction, or for some of its masters, to have the good Don's faculty of seeing queens and giants where no such things can be. To the modern realists, as to Sancho, the Don would have said that they were "most miserably ignorant in matters of adventures."

In the January number of the *American Magazine*, Wm. H. Rideing has the first paper of a series on Boston Artists and their Studios, reproducing some of their paintings and showing their distinctive styles of art, and Joaquin Miller contributes a poem on 'Twilight at Nazareth.'

TO THE GENTLE READER.

"A French writer (whom I love well) speaks of three kinds of companions, men, women and books."—SIR JOHN DAVYS.

Three kinds of companions, men, women and books,
Were enough, said the Elderly Sage, for his ends.
And the women we deem that he chose for their looks,
And the men for their cellars: the books were his friends:
"Man delights me not," often, "nor woman," but books
Are the best of good comrades in loneliest nooks.

For man will be wrangling—for woman will fret
About anything infinitesimally small:
Like the Sage in our Plato, I'm "anxious to get
On the side"—on the sunnier side—"of a wall."
Let the wind of the world toss the nations like reeds
If only you'll leave me at peace with my Books.

And which are my Books? why, 'tis much as you please,
For, given 'tis a book, it can hardly be wrong,
And Bradshaw¹ himself I can study with ease,
Though for choice I might call for a Sermon or Song;
And Locker on London, and Sala on Cooks,
And "Tom Brown," and Plotinus, they're all of them Books.

There's Fielding to lap one in currents of mirth;
There's Herrick to sing of a flower or a fay;
Or good Maitre François to bring one to earth,
If Shelley or Coleridge have snatched one away;
There's Müller on Speech, there is Gurney on Spooks
There is Tylor on Totems, there's all sorts of Books.

There's roaming in regions where every one's been,
Encounters where no one was ever before,
There's "Leaves" from the Highlands we owe to the Queen,
There's Holly's and Leo's Adventures in Kôr;
There's Tanner who dwelt with Pawnees and Chinooks,
You can cover a great deal of country in Books.

There are books, highly thought of, that nobody reads,
There is Gen-ius's dearly delectable tome
On the Cannibal—he on his neighbor who feeds—
And in blood-red morocco 'tis bound by Derome;
There's Montaigne here (a Foppens) there's Roberts²
(or Flukes),
There's Elzevirs, Aldines and Gryphius' Books.

There's Bunyan, there's Walton, in early editions,
There's many a quarto uncommonly rare;
There's quaint old Quevedo adream with with his visions,

¹ An English Railway Guide.

² The English billiard player and writer on billiards.

There's Jonson the portly and Burton the spare;
There's Boston of Ettrick, who preached of the
"Crooks
In the Lots" of us mortals, who bargain for Books.

There's Ruskin to keep one exclaiming "what next?"
There's Browning to puzzle and Gilbert to chaff,
And "Marcus Aurelius" to soothe one if vexed,
And good Marcus Tullius to lend you a laugh;
And there's capital tomes that are filled with fly-
hooks,
And I've frequently found them the best kind of
Books.

ANDREW LANG.

ROLFE'S EDITION OF SCOTT'S POEMS.

A few specimens of the corruptions that abound in all former editions of Scott's poems published in the last fifty years or more, may be of interest as showing the real value and importance of Dr. Rolfe's revision of the text, published by Ticknor & Co.

In the 'Lady of the Lake,' i. 12 (the numbers are of canto and stanza), Scott wrote:

'The primrose pale and violet flower
Found in each *clift* a narrow bower;'

and it is so printed in the first edition, A. D. 1810. In every other, *clift* is misprinted *cliff*. To say that each little flower found a 'narrow bower,' or lodging-place, in a *cliff* is much like saying that a fly managed to find standing-room on a barn-door.

In ii. 30 of the same poem, Roderick Dhu, according to every edition (except Rolfe's) issued since 1821, says:

'Nay, Ellen, blench not thus away:
And, mother, cease these signs, I pray.—
I meant not all my *heart* might say.'

This is absolute nonsense, due to the misprint of *heart* for *heat*; but it passed undetected for more than half a century.

In vi. 15 ('To hero bounne for battle strife') the old Scottish *bounne* (though it occurs twice elsewhere in the poem) has long been corrupted into *bound*; as the old *barded* (armored) in "Their barded horsemen in the rear," a few lines below, has been changed to *barbed*.

In vi. 17, the editions since 1821 print 'For life! for life! their *plight* they ply' (for '*flight* they ply'), and one critic attempts to explain the use of *plight*, though he has to admit, after all, that "the meaning is not very clear!"

Marmion was never printed correctly until Dr. Rolfe edited the poem. Scott overlooked some misprints in the first edition, and these have been reproduced from that day to this. At the beginning of canto ii., for instance, every edition but Rolfe's reads:

"The breeze which swept away the smoke
Bound Norham castle roll'd,
When all the loud artillery spoke
With lightning-flash and thunder-stroke
As Marmion left the hold.
It curl'd not Tweed alone, that breeze," etc.

But Scott unquestionable put a *comma* at the end of the fifth line, and did not see that the printer accidentally changed it to a *period*, which makes nonsense of the passage by turning the participle *rolled* (referring to smoke) to a past tense, with *breeze* for its subject.

In the last stanza of the same canto of 'Marmion,' similar confusion has been made by putting a colon (equivalent to a period), instead of a comma at the end of the line, "As hurrying, tottering on."

In ii. 24, Lockhart, in 1833, misprinted "They knew not how, *nor* knew not where" for "*and* knew not where," introducing a double negative (which Scott, with all his fondness for archaisms, never uses), and the solecism has been retained in all succeeding editions. So in v. 8, Lockhart, or his printers, changed "For royal *were* his garb and mien" to "For royal *was*," which has been similarly perpetuated.

In the 2d stanza of 'The Vision of Don Roderick,' all editions except the earliest read "Yes! such a strain, with all *o'er-pouring* measure," instead of "*o'er-powering*;" and in stanza 57 they have "Far glance the *light* of sabres flashing bright" for "the *lines* of sabres," etc.

In 'Rokeby,' there are many little corruptions, like "And the buff coat, *an* [*in*] ample fold," "His guest the while laid *low* [*slow*] aside" (both in i. 6); "The thin grey clouds *wax* [*waxed*] dimly light" (ii. 1); "And ere he *paced* [*pace*] his destined hour" (ii. 2); "Then plunged him *from* [*in*] his gloomy train" (iii. 10), etc.

So in 'The Bridal of Triermain' we find "Our *peace* [*pace*] in Virtue's toilsome way" (ii. 3); "And beauty's breath *shall* [*should*] whisper *peace*" (ii. 20) and the like.

In 'The Lord of the Isles' also, these petty misprints abound, and occasionally destroy the sense; as in vi. 28, where *ye* is put for *he* in "To Cambuskenneth straight *he* pass."

In like manner in 'Harold the Dauntless,' the change of a single letter makes nonsense of a line in the 'Song' in canto i.: "But worse, *if* [*of*] instant token," etc.

These are only scattered specimens of the corruptions, more or less important, in all the standard editions of the past fifty years or more. Dr. Rolfe has kept no full list of them, and the copy of the corrected text, used by the printer, has not been preserved. The examples here given are merely such as are to be found on a casual glance over the pages by the editor. The notes to the "Students' Edition" of 'The Lady of the Lake' 'Marmion' enumerates many more in those poems, and the other poems are no less plentifully besprinkled with them. It is amazing that the text of a writer of the present century, and one so widely read and studied as Scott, should have become so corrupt; but his works have never been *critically* edited except by Lockhart, who very rarely corrected any error in early editions, while he overlooked many slips of the type due to his own printers.

NOTES AND QUERIES FOR A BIBIOGRAPHY OF W. MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

(*Athenæum*.)

It must be set down to the credit of Americans, when English authors inveigh against their copy-right arrangements, that it has before now happened that a future great author has received encouragement from the other side of the Atlantic at a time when he was seeking it here in vain. The Americans were very early in recognizing the genius of Thackeray, and they showed their appreciation of his work by publishing collected editions of his miscellanies before anybody in this country had considered such a collection worth making. Nay, more than this, some of Thackeray's early papers were published, and it may be presumed paid for, in America before they appeared in England. This fact was first pointed out in the *Athenæum* for the 7th of August, 1886. These papers were four in number, and appeared in the *Corsair: a Gazette of Literature, Art, Dramatic Criticism, Fashion, and Novelty*, in the months of August, September, and October, 1839. The first three letters were reprinted in 'The Paris Sketch-Book' in 1840, under the titles of 'An Invasion of France,' 'The Fêtes of July,' and 'Madame Sand and the New Apocalypse'; but the remaining letter has only appeared in this country in 'The Students' Quarter,' a volume published by John Camden Hoten shortly after Thackeray's death. It is proposed to give short particulars here of such writings of Thackeray as appeared in book form in America before they were so published here, and to note the variations between the contents of the several volumes as first published in the two countries.

In 1852 Messrs. D. Appleton & Co., of New York, published in 'Appleton's Popular Library' a great many of Thackeray's miscellanies, of which the following volumes have come under our notice.

1. 'The Yellowplush Papers,' 1852. This volume has in itself no special interest, as it was taken from the 'Comic Tales and Sketches' of 1841. The announcement of the volume, however, mentions, after a reference to the London edition of 1841, that "an imperfect collection, long since out of print, had previously been published in Philadelphia." It would be very interesting to have particulars of this Philadelphia edition, as it probably was the first volume of Thackeray's writings published in America.

2. 'The Confessions of Fitz-Boodlee; and Some Passages in the Life of Major Gahagan,' 1852. This volume is remarkable as containing the third of Fitz-Boodlee's 'Confessions' (which has never been reprinted in England since its first appearance in *Fraser's Magazine*), as well as the stories of 'Dorothea,' 'Ottilla,' and 'Miss Löwe,' none of which was included in the English edition of 1857, and the last-mentioned was only reprinted here for the first time in the volumes of 'Miscellaneous Essays, Sketches, and Reviews,' published in 1855.

3. 'Men's Wives,' 1852. This is not only the first collected edition of these papers, which originally appeared in *Fraser's Magazine*, but the volume con-

tains the article 'The ——'s Wife,' which has never been reprinted in England.

4. 'The Luck of Barry Lyndon,' 2 vols., 1852. This is the first separate edition, the first English edition being that of 1856.

5. 'A Shabby Genteel Story,' 1852. The first separate edition, though it does not contain the touching note written for the first English edition of 1857. The other three stories in the volume, 'The Professor,' 'The Bedford Row Conspiracy,' and 'A Little Dinner at Timmins's,' had appeared here in 1841 in the 'Comic Tales and Sketches.'

6. 'The Book of Snobs,' 1852. This was not the first edition, one having been published here in 1848, but it included the seven suppressed articles, which were not reprinted in England until the volume of 'Contributions to *Punch*' appeared in 1886.

7. 'Jeames's Diary; A Legend of the Rhine; and Rebecca and Rowena,' 1853. The first two stories were collected in this volume for the first time, but 'Rebecca and Rowena' appeared separately here in 1850.

8. 'Punch's Prize Novelists; The Fat Contributor; and Travels in London,' 1853. This volume contains the first collection of all these papers. Some of them were not reprinted here until the volume of 'Contributions to *Punch*' appeared, and some do not appear even in that collection.

9. 'Mr. Brown's Letters to a Young Man about Town; with The Proser and other Tales.' This volume has a special value, inasmuch as it not only is the first collection of the papers which appear in it, but contains an "Author's Preface," expressly written by Thackeray for the series, and also some papers which have not been reprinted here.

There may be more volumes in this series which deserve notice; but the Americans, though willing enough to buy Thackeray's books from us, are not to be induced to part with their own first editions.

An American edition of great interest is that of 'The English Humourists,' which was published by Messrs. Harper & Brothers in New York in 1863, the year of its publication here, and contained Thackeray's extra lecture on 'Charity and Humour,' which was not included in the English edition, and was not printed in this country until it found a place among the 'Miscellaneous Essays' in 1885.

Since Thackeray's death many volumes of his collected papers have appeared in America, the most noteworthy being, perhaps, Messrs. Ticknor & Field's 'Early and Late Papers,' published in 1867, which shows how carefully Thackeray's early writings had been collected and stored up. It contains, among early papers, 'Memorials of Gormandizing,' 'Men and Coats,' 'Bluebeard's Ghost,' 'Dickens in France,' and others which have lately been unearthed and reprinted in this country. Other volumes were promised by Mr. Fields, who himself edited this, but whether they appeared or not we cannot say.

It will be seen, however, from the above notes, incomplete as they doubtless are, that many of Thackeray's writings can only be had in their first collected form by means of these American editions, while some have not even yet been reissued here, though known to Thackeray's Transatlantic admirers many years ago.—

DRAMA.

'The Old German Puppet Play of Doctor Faust.'
Translated by T. C. H. Hedderwick, (Kegan Paul,
Trench & Co., London).

Mr. Hedderwick has taken the tide of interest in the Faust legend at the flood; and those who are looking forward with interest to the publication, promised at an early date, of Goethe's first draft of his earliest written scenes of 'Faust' will do well to peruse this transcription of that 'marionette fable of Faust that murmured with many voices' in Goethe's soul. The transcription has been made from the German text published in 1850 by Dr. Wilhelm Hamm, who, by a combination of industrious listening and pious fraud, obtained the jealously guarded stage manuscript from Bonneschky the puppet-player (Introd., pp. xix-xxi). There is, it appears, an earlier English version by a Mr. Drakeford, of Cambridge; this, however, was made from Simrock's versified adaptation; it is, Mr. Hedderwick assures us, "inaccurate and incomplete" in relation to Simrock's production, and doubly distant, therefore, from the original puppet play. For English readers, therefore, Mr. Hedderwick holds the field.

We must confess to a certain dislike for Mr. Hedderwick's style as a prose writer. It is perhaps natural to compare 'The Puppet Play of Doctor Faust' with our own Mr. Punch; but the mixture of rhetoric and forced humor with which the comparison is instituted is as discordant as Punch's own screech or Casper's invocations. We are told that

"Punch might boast a pedigree in puppetry many a peer might envy, the proudest hardly parallel.....I confess I am of the mob's way of thinking. I find more genius and food for laughter in the mannikin's wooden noll and inarticulate drolleries than in any farce the pit of a theatre ever yawned at. I never hear the showman's pipe and drum.....without being conscious of a more agreeable and quickened sense of pleasure than any catgut capering in an operative overture excites. It is absurd, it may be, to confess so much, even in honesty; yet, since Beethoven and Mozart are dumb, let the offended reader who happens to know how to blow a French horn absolve me or maintain a like grave silence. His withers, it is certain, are unwrung."

Is it possible to express a simple predilection with more absurd pomp of language? But while we cannot commend Mr. Hedderwick's style when it aims at being impressive, his knowledge and research into his subject are worthy of high praise. Briefly speaking, his object is to attack the accepted view that Marlowe's tragedy is based upon this or some earlier form of the Puppet Play, and to suggest that the parentage must be reversed. In the impressive soliloquy (Act IV., sc. vi.,) of the Puppet Play, "O thu zu dem allgütigen Gott noch einmal mein Gebet empfö! Dort wo des Abends Purpurflammen wehen, da ist—ha Fluch!—der Hölle Feuerthor!" "O rise, my prayer, once more to the all-pitying ear of God! Yonder, where glow the purple fires of sunset—yonder is—ha, curses!—the fiery gate of hell!" he thinks

we find unquestionable traces of "the broken and confused utterances of Faust in the agonizing scene with which Marlowe's tragedy closes";—

Oh, I'll leap up to my God! Who pulls me down?
See, see where Christ's blood streams in the firmament.

We cannot follow him here; the thought differs, literally *toto cælo*, from Marlowe's. We do, indeed, see in the German much reason to suspect a *versus* original—see especially the last-quoted sentence—but that, we think, is all that can safely be said. Nevertheless, we give due weight to the evidence brought forward by Mr. Hedderwick (Introduction, pp. xxx-xliii) that the Faustus story was a dramatic favorite in England much earlier than it can be proved to have been in Germany. Early in the fifteenth century English actors made a sensation in Germany; by the latter part of the sixteenth their companies were high in favor in Denmark, Holland, and Saxony. According to Mr. Hedderwick, the Germans "do not appear to have had a notion of professional play-acting until the strolling troops of English comedians landed on their shores." In 1628 English actors performed several of Shakspeare's plays at the Court of Dresden, and "on July 7th a tragedy of Dr. Faustus was performed"; this, he thinks, must have been Marlowe's tragedy, no other dramatic version of the legend being known to have existed at that date. But the argument appears to us inconclusive in itself, and quite inadequate to prove that the Puppet Play is directly based on Marlowe's work. The popular imagination was excited about Faustus, and hence the 'Faustbuch' of Spies (published 1537) may well have borne dramatic fruit, or stirred dramatic impulse, in Germany as well as in England, where Marlowe probably found it in a translation. In other words, it is more easy to believe that Marlowe's 'Faustus' and the Puppet Play had a common origin than that the latter descended from the former. For, indeed, this Puppet Play, though a laughable piece of folly in certain scenes, *e. g.*, the end of Act I., is, on the whole, very poor reading. There is altogether too much of Casper, whose vulgarity is so much in excess of his wit as practically to eclipse it. The most dramatic scene is that which Lessing—if Mr. Hedderwick will allow us to say so—raised by a single touch to real dignity. It is sc. v. of Act I.; the various spirits of hell offer their services to Faust, but are rejected as lacking in speed, though one is as swift as the wind, another as a bullet. Eventually the services of Mephistophilis are accepted, because he is as swift as thought.

FAUST. As fleet as human thought? Ha! that is an extraordinary fleetness, for in a moment, in thought, I can now be in Africa and now in America. Speak hell-fury! wilt thou serve me if, after the expiration of a certain time, which I shall appoint, I promise to become thine, body and soul?

This rather sorry stuff Mr. Hedderwick thinks "truer to nature" than Lessing's noble fragment, here translated in an appendix (pp. 92-4), and also

to be found in Mr. Copeland's 'Spirit of Goethe's Faust.' Lessing makes Faust reject the spirit that is merely as swift as thought, on the ground that the thoughts of man are often sluggardly. Then:—

(*To the Sixth Spirit*) How swift art thou?

SIXTH SPIRIT. As swift as the vengeance of the Avenger. of the Mighty, the Terrible, who reserves vengeance to Himself alone, because vengeance delights Him.

FAUST. Can His wrath be swift? Swift! And I still live? And I still sin?

SIXTH SPIRIT. That He still lets thee sin is vengeance already.

FAUST. If thou art not swifter than His wrath, then get thee hence! (*To the Seventh Spirit*) How swift art thou?

SEVENTH SPIRIT. Nor more nor less than the transition from good to bad.

FAUST. Ha! thou art my devil! As swift as the transition from good to bad! Ay, that is swift; swifter is naught than that.

There are two thoughts here worthy of Marlowe or Shakspeare; both are added by Lessing, fitted into the framework of the Puppet Play, yet Mr. Hedderwick only mentions Lessing's fragment to disparage it!

As a critic of poetry and of humor, then, Mr. Hedderwick seems to be somewhat deficient in insight and imagination. But the study of the Faust legend has been much impeded in England by the want of such a compilation, such a background, of German materials, as he here furnishes; if therefore he fails to rouse our admiration for his style, he deserves our gratitude for his learning and information.—*Athenæum*.

CHAUCER'S NUN'S PRIEST'S TALE.

Tyrwhitt has pointed out how cleverly Chaucer has expanded his Nun's Priest's Tale out of one of the fables of Marie de France. He quotes the fable, in the original Old French, from the Harleian MS. No. 978, fol. 76. The same fable appears as No. 51 in Roquefort's edition of the fables of Marie de France (Paris, 1820), where it is printed from another MS. I think many readers would be glad of a translation of Marie's fable, as it enables one to make the comparison with Chaucer much more easily. I, therefore, subjoin one, following Tyrwhitt's text mainly, as it seems to be the better of the two:—

"THE COCK AND THE FOX.

"A Cock our story tells of, who
High on a dunghill stood and crew.
A Fox, attracted, straight drew nigh,
And spake soft words of flattery.
'Dear sir!' said he, 'your look's divine;
I never saw a bird so fine!
I never heard a voice so clear
Except your father's—ah! poor dear!
His voice rang clearly, loudly—but
Most clearly when his eyes were shut!'
'The same with me,' the Cock replies,

And flaps his wings, and shuts his eyes.
Each note rings clearer than the last—
The Fox starts up, and holds him fast;
Towards the wood he hies apace.

But as he crossed an open space,
The shepherds spy him; off they fly;
The dogs give chase with bue and cry.
The Fox still holds the Cock; but fear
Suggests his case is growing queer—
'Tush!' cries the Cock, 'cry out, to grieve 'em,
'The Cock is mine! I'll never leave him!'
The Fox attempts, in scorn, to shout,
And opens his mouth; the Cock slips out.
And, in a trice, has gained a tree.

Too late the Fox begins to see
How well the Cock his game has play'd;
For once his tricks have been repaid.
In angry language, uncontroll'd,
He 'gins to curse the mouth that's bold
To speak, when it should silent be.

'Well,' says the Cock, 'the same with me:
I curse the eyes that go to sleep
Just when they ought sharp watch to keep
Lest evil to their lord befall.'

Thus fools contrariously do all:
They chatter when they should be dumb,
And, when they ought to speak, are mum."

WALTER W. SKEAT.

THE RECOVERY OF MANUSCRIPTS.

The survival and recovery of manuscripts, when we consider their naturally frail and perishable character, are sometimes surprising. Two striking instances of this have recently been brought to my notice. The first is related by the editor of 'Boswell's Letters,' in the preface to that publication. It is to be regretted that the aforesaid editor had not been a little more explicit and full on such an interesting subject, but from the date of the publication of the 'Letters,' we may assume that they were recovered about the year 1850. "A few years ago," says he, "a clergyman having occasion to buy some small articles at the shop of Madame Noel, at Boulogne, observed that the paper in which they were wrapped was the fragment of an English letter. Upon inspection, a date and some names were discovered: and further investigation proved that the piece of paper in question was part of a correspondence, carried on nearly a century before, between the biographer of Dr. Samuel Johnson and his early friend, the Rev. William Johnson Temple. On making inquiry, it was ascertained that this piece of paper had been taken from a large parcel recently purchased from a hawker, who was in the habit of passing through Boulogne once or twice a year, for the purpose of supplying the different shops with paper. Beyond this no further information could be obtained. The whole contents of the parcel were immediately secured." The letters were subsequently published in a handsome volume by Bentley, of London, and they are invaluable to every Boswellian.

The 'Manuscript Found' was written by Solomon Spaulding about the year 1812. He died in 1816. The book was never printed. For nearly twenty years after his death the document lay neglected and forgotten. About the year 1834 it was brought to the surface for a short time; it then again disappeared from view, and was the manuscript lost for half a century. Meantime a great deal of interest attached to it, for it was claimed by the enemies of the Mormons, that it had been made the basis of the 'Book of Mormon,' which appeared in 1830. This of course the Mormons strenuously denied. The manuscript only could prove or disprove the charge; but it was believed to be utterly lost. But in the year 1884 it was discovered intact at Honolulu, in the Sandwich Islands. A more unlikely place for its reappearance could scarcely be conceived. The story of its recovery is briefly told by President Fairchild, of Oberlin College, in a recent number of the *Magazine of Western History*. Mr. Rice, of Honolulu, had formerly been state printer and an anti-slavery editor at Columbus, Ohio. President Fairchild had asked him "to examine his old pamphlets and papers and see what contributions he could make to the anti-slavery literature of the Oberlin College library." In the course of his search Mr. Rice found among his papers an old document certified to be the writings of Solomon Spaulding. It was the long lost and much desired copy of 'The Manuscript Found.' Its title seemed a prophecy of its own destiny. The document was forwarded to President Fairchild, and from it has been printed an edition of the book by the Josephite Mormons, a comparison of which with the 'Book of Mormon' will show anyone how far the latter book is indebted to Solomon Spaulding for its inspiration.

These two cases we think are remarkable instances of the survival and recovery of manuscripts, and form an interesting chapter in the curiosities of literature.

To return for a moment to 'Boswell's Letters:' some surprise has been expressed that Boswell has nowhere made any mention of Robert Burns. Auchinleck, Boswell's estate, is in Ayrshire, and Burns was his neighbor, and it might be expected that Boswell, who has always been represented as an invincible tuft hunter, would have been among the first to swarm around Burns when his poems had made him famous. This omission may be accounted for. Burns' volume was first published in July, 1786, but well had gone to London, where he remained almost continuously until the close of his life in 1796. It is doubtful if Burns' fame extended with any particular effulgence so far as the metropolis. Edinburgh seems to have gone into ecstasies over his poetry; but Edinburgh was provincial, was Scotch, and Burns' poetry was local and Scottish. It aroused no enthusiasm in England. A year after the first appearance of his volume, Cowper spoke well and warmly of his verse, but as of something new and strange. Boswell may never have heard

much about Burns, and he may not have taken much interest in some simple dialect rhymes written by an Ayrshire plowman. Boswell's life had lain almost altogether among the most cultivated of English scholars and writers, and the conventional measures of Dryden and Pope, of Johnson and Goldsmith, were all that he could appreciate in poetry.

T. J. CHAPMAN.

TO OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

O thou, whose wisdom and whose wit,
Whose fancy and whose fable,
Have won two hemispheres to sit
Around thy breakfast table.
Our old-world notions never find
A more indulgent critic,
Though your sharp scalpel lurks behind
Your verdicts analytic.

In Elia's hand the essay writ
With admirable fancy,
A thousand prosy subjects lit
With potent necromancy.
So now across the western seas,
Atlantic billows tost on,
There comes, in precious books like these,
A lamb—"designed of Boston."

I never crossed from this old shore
Atlantic ocean ridges,
I never heard the Charles downpour
Through all the Boston bridges;
And yet I seem to know your home,
The "Hub," the Boston people;
To see the State House with its dome,
Hear chimes from Christ Church steeple.

For I have pondered o'er each page,
Till half my heart I know it,
Of keen "Professor," kind and sage,
Of tender-hearted "Poet."
Before the "Autocrat" I see
In vain his foemen flounder,
Like Don Diego Perez, he
A veritable "pounder."

One idyl to my heart of hearts,
Professor, you have granted.
Though scarce susceptible to darts
By Aphrodite planted.
In dreamland Iris still I woo:
It rises up my dander,
To think she married even you.
O happy Marylander!

So trust me, Doctor, writing here,
Afar 'mid English daisies,
Howe'er unkempt my rhymes appear,
That honest are my praises.
I cry "Peccavi!" if you care
With my poor verse to quarrel,
And humbly ask you'll deign to wear
This leaf of English Laurel.

H. SAVILE CLARKE.

RESTORING DEFECTIVE BOOKS.

Experts who live by repairing, restoring, and otherwise renovating mutilated books, are to be found in most centres of literary activity; are to be found, that is, by those who know where to look for them, and have themselves a practical acquaintance with dingy holes and corners in forgotten lanes and alleys. The trade is not a good one, and there is, moreover, a sufficient favor of falsehood and fraud about it to make the scrupulously honest collector wish it were worse. The wages of sin are usually exceedingly small, and hence it comes to pass that the "Book-Faker" has a lean and hungry look, for a pair of hands cannot always provide for a dozen or more of mouths, and apprentices to this particular business are quite unknown.

The skilled and ingenious man who for a consideration will make your imperfect copy of Walton and Cotton spick and span again, notwithstanding the fact that when it was handed over to his tender care it was "cut," imperfect, mutilated and stained with ink, grease and filth of every description, is probably some fallen bookseller who for years had spent his odd hours in "renovating" his own stock, until regular customers gave him and his tomes a wide berth. His reputation, however, as a "faker" increased as his business declined, and when at last he was forced to go by the board he found plenty of other booksellers who were willing to employ him in making up imperfections and gilding over blemishes. Books frequently stand in urgent need of repair, and every large library, public or private, contains many which have passed through the hands of the experts before they were sent to the binders. Dealers of repute also often find it to their advantage to "make up" some excessively rare volume and to describe it in their catalogues as "restored" or "beautifully facsimiled," as the case may be and circumstances require. This is legitimate, and both dealer and expert are within their rights; but what about the ragged volume which comes back looking as fresh as a work on Theology, and is catalogued and sold without any reference whatever to the multitude of latent defects with which it abounds? Such a book as this is the bibliophile's horror, for more often than not his latest bargain is found to have been thus tampered with and palmed off as sound.

The original binding, which now looks so perfect, will, on investigation, be found to have been plastered with a mixture of bread and mastic varnish, and then brushed with white of egg. The surface has perhaps even been designedly soiled to make the fraud look genuine. Leaves have been extracted from other and similar works, and then inserted with great precision and accuracy, and under favorable conditions the very date on the title-page may have been deftly altered. Sometimes the corner of a page that has been torn away is added, letterpress and all, and it would take Argus himself to detect the imposition.

In some special instances whole pages are inimit-

ably copied *by hand* on paper resembling that on which the book is printed. These useful sheets of paper are torn out of old folios and carefully preserved by the expert, forgoing, in point of fact, his stock-in-trade. In the British Museum there are many books containing added leaves, which it is almost impossible to tell from actual typography, so neatly and excellently has the labor of copying been performed. Grolier, who liked wide margins, frequently welded strips of paper to the edges of his books, which became to all appearance as good as they were before they had been planed down. What Grolier did, the expert can do now. The volume is stripped of its cover and each leaf carefully and laboriously made taller, and then perhaps stained with a weak solution of coffee or one of the numerous other dyes calculated to produce uniformity. Worm-holes are plastered up with pulped paper; dirt is removed by oxalic acid, which will not touch printing ink, though it will remove marginal notes in writing ink. If the book is adorned with prints, the sharpness of these is heightened by a bath of whisky and water. The engraved title-page, if irretrievably mutilated, may be transferred to other and similar paper from the stock-in-trade, by means of a receipt which is worth mentioning, as it may be useful for other and more legitimate purposes. The title-page is first exposed for ten seconds to the vapor of iodine. The paper on which the impression is to be reproduced has previously been dipped in a weak solution of starch, and when dry in a similar solution of oil of vitriol. When again dry, the prepared paper is placed on the engraving and put for a few minutes under a press, when all the fineness and delicacy of the print will be found to have been faithfully transferred. A little more whisky and water, and a few strokes from a pen to heighten the effect, and it would take a very circumspect and cautious person, on the continual look-out for cheats and impostures, to discover the interloper.

Chloride of lime is, of course, largely employed by book-makers (for so they may indeed be called), since this chemical bleaches, though it rots the paper, and invests the grimy page with a surface of virgin white.

The expert will sometimes purchase on his own account two or three wretched wrecks of volumes, which to all appearance are mere waste-paper, fit only to be thrown aside. If perfect the books would have been valuable, but in their present condition their value is nil. Out of ruin and chaos he produces order, and may greatly enrich himself, for surely one perfect volume is better, artistically and peculiarly, than any number of shocking examples of carelessness and mutilation such as he has so deftly practised upon.

MESSRS. MACMILLAN announce a new novel by Mrs. Oliphant, in three volumes, entitled 'The Second Son'; and also a collection of 'Four Ghost Stories,' by Mrs. Molesworth.

AMONG MY BOOKS.

Among my books—what rest is there
From wasting woes! what balm for care!
If ill's appalling or clouds hang low
And drooping dim the fleeting show,
I revel still in visions rare.

At will I breathe the classic air
The wanderings of Ulysses share;
Or see the plume of Bayard flow

Among my books.

Whatever face the world may wear—
If Lillian has no smile to spare,
For others let her beauty blow,
Such favors I can well forego;
Perchance forget the frowning fair

Among my books.

From Cap and Bells, by Samuel Minturn Peck.

RUSKIN AS A HUMANIST.

From W. J. Stillman's article on Ruskin, in the *January Century*, accompanied by a frontispiece portrait, we quote the following:

"Any present judgment of him as a whole is difficult if not impossible, because there are in him several different individuals, and the perspective in which we now see them makes of his position as an art-teacher, the dominant element of his personality; whereas, in my persuasion, his art-teaching is in his own nature and work subordinate to his moral and humanitarian ideals. He always saw art through a religious medium, and this made him, from the beginning, strain his system of teaching and criticism to meet the demand of direct truth to nature, the roots of his enthusiasm and reverence being not in art but in nature, and in her beneficial influence on humanity.

"A little incident of our Alpine summer will illustrate this view of his character better than all my appreciations. During our stay at Geneva he had some mountain drawing to do at the Perte du Rhône, and asked me to drive down with him. Not far from the point of view which he had selected was a group of wretched dwellings misnamed cottages, but which in America we call shanties,—not the picturesque wall-and-thatch structures which the word cottage calls up in England, but built of boards, shabby without being picturesque, and to my American notions only capable of association with poverty and discomfort. Ruskin asked me to draw them while he was drawing the mountains. The subject was anything but attractive or pictorial, and though it should have been enough for me that he wished me to draw it carefully, I only obeyed my own feeling and made a careless ten-minutes' pencil drawing,—all the thing was worth to me. When Ruskin drove up to take me in, on the way back to Geneva, and saw what I had done, he was—and I must say, with good reason, offended at the indifferent way

in which I had complied with his request, and after a few reproachful words, threw himself back in the carriage in a sullen temper. I replied that the subject did not interest me, and that the principal feeling I had in looking at it was that it must be a wretched home for human beings and promised more fevers than anything else, and that, in short, I did not think it worth drawing. Nothing more was said by either of us until we had driven half-way back to Geneva, when he broke out with, 'You are right, Stillman, about those cottages; your way of looking at them was nobler than mine, and now, for the first time in my life, I understand how anybody can live in America.' It has always seemed to me that this was a true epitome of the man's nature,—first, the æsthetic, outside view of the matter; then, the humanitarian, overpowering it; the womanish pettishness, and the generous admission of his error when seen; and after this confession, his greater cordiality to me—for he always valued more, anyone who brought him a new idea, though he often broke friendship with those who differed from him too strongly."

MONTE CRISTO.

The new illustrated edition of Dumas's great Romance, just issued in five handsome volumes by George Routledge & Co., is one of the charming literary events of the season. No one who pretends to any knowledge of books can have failed to at least hear the name of this famous story; but there may be many persons, young and old, who, for some reason, have hitherto postponed reading it. I envy those persons; though, indeed, I am inclined to think that the romance improves upon a second or third perusal; I have read it twice myself, from title-page to colophon, and yet, when I had taken these five volumes out of their box, it took me two days to "glance over" them, instead of the half hour I had intended. The fascination is extraordinary, not only of the plot of the story, but of the manner in which it is told,—the dash, the gaiety, the earnestness, the color, the audacity, the power, the endless resource. The fundamental plan of the book is a large and lofty one, and at no point of the execution is there any faltering or uncertainty. The artistic proportions are unimpeachable, and the intricate web of events always interests, but never perplexes. It is a banquet every dish of which is the best of its kind. The crime committed against the young Edmond Dantes is the extreme of heartlessness and wickedness: the fourteen years in the dungeon sum up all horror, hope, ingenuity and despair; the escape is the height of thrilling but legitimate sensationalism; the concealed treasure is simply the most magnificent treasure imaginable at the period when Dumas wrote; and my only regret is that he allowed himself to limit it by figures. What are a hundred million francs to us to-day? A

billion would not be too much, and I fancy, if the facts were known, the latter sum would be found much nearer the truth. Well, then comes Monte-Cristo himself; and where in the realm of fiction can the peer of this magnificent and appalling creature be found? In the realm of fiction he is undisputed autocrat of all mysterious and dazzling adventurers; and as for the realm of real life, I doubt if there be a single chevalier of industry who has lived since Dumas's time, who has not made the immortal Count his model. There are passages in this book—descriptions of his habits, accomplishments and traits, reports of his utterances and feats—in which you behold as in a looking-glass, not the reality indeed, but the claims and pretensions of every member of this class who has risen to any eminence in his calling. He carries bank notes for a million in his waistcoat pocket; he writes his name in bullet-holes with a pistol; he buys the finest team of horses in the city at sight; he speaks all languages with equal fluency; he is a miracle of strength, of courage, and of impassiveness; he is handsome, unconquerable, gracious and terrible; he forgets nothing and foresees everything. Of course he is utterly impossible and even preposterous; but we are boundlessly grateful for him just the same. Occasionally he comes dangerously near being ridiculous; but Dumas is ever on the lookout, and saves his hero by the skin of his teeth from being unheroic. The genius of the author is also shown in permitting circumstances to modify the designs of his irresistible Countship: he relents and forbears to cut the mingled threads of destiny; there are moments when he doubts the validity of his credentials as the Deputy of Providence. The whole episode of the Villefort household is admirably given; and how delightfully exciting are the kaleidoscopic transformations from the Count to the Abbé, from the Abbé to the Englishman, and from the Englishman back again to the Count! Dumas was the greatest story-teller that has ever lived; and though he has written nothing that is not charming, this romance is upon the whole his most memorable achievement.

The typography of the book is worthy of the story; and the value of this edition is greatly enhanced by the innumerable illustrations—there are some five hundred full-page designs in all—reproductions of the old originals by the French artists of Dumas's time. They are a blessed relief from our impeccable modern wood engravings, and are full of spirit and vivacity, and the quaint costumes of the period render them infinitely amusing as well. The last pages of the fifth volume are devoted to the short tale or legend which suggested to Dumas his masterpiece. To read it gives an insight into the nature of the great writer, as well as enables us to form some estimate of the creativeness of his genius. He loses nothing that is good, improves all that is imperfect, and supplies an immense deal from his own superb resources.

JULIAN HAWTHORNE.

LIBRARY NOTES.

THE mammoth \$4,000,000 Capitol at Albany is not by any means finished yet, as tax-payers know, and among the rooms that are yet to be completed are those set apart for the use of the State library. A large part of the library at present is stored away in the basement, and what is not there is not easily accessible; so that the books are not only of no particular use to anybody, but are suffering damage from the condition they are kept in. The Board of Regents, at its last meeting, turned its attention to this matter, and a committee was appointed to induce the Legislature to make provision for the books this winter. The cheapest way, in the long run, would be to go ahead and complete the rooms in the Capitol.

THE library at the London City Liberal Club is being used as a lending library to the members. This experiment has been rendered possible by the appointment of an honorary librarian, Mr. Edward M. Borrajo.

MR. J. H. QUINN, of the Liverpool Free Library, has been appointed chief Librarian of the Chelsea Free Libraries.

BIBLIOPHILIANA.

Who can be beabout whom *Blackwood* has roused curiosity last month in an article on literary voluptuaries? The portrait ought to be identified. It is that of a lawyer in large practice, the sole surviving partner in a great solicitors' firm, a friend and confidant of his clients, a busy man with other avocations, such as the direction of insurance companies and of shipping speculations a man who never wants or cannot take a holiday, but whose "mania, his extravagance, his recreation, is buying books and collecting engravings to illustrate them." If you go to this man's office and hear that he is indisposed, you are to understand that he is off to a book sale. "Indisposed for business he is, but he has never had an hour's illness in his life." Though his rancy is for sumptuous editions and rarities, "the marvel is that this man reads his books and finds leisure, without an apparent moment of spare time, to have all the literature and literary controversies of the day at his tongue tip." Who is this marvelous man, and where was he when the late Hill Burton wrote his 'Book Hunter'?

ABOUT the year 1538 there was published in London, in 16mo form, an edition of Myles Coverdale's New Testament, with the following title: "The New Testament, faithfully translated and newly corrected by Myles Coverdale, with a true concordance in the margent, and many necessary Annotations after the chapters," &c. Among the many editions of the Bible in the Library of the British Museum are two copies of this New Testament. Both are imperfect, but one is of great interest and value from the fact that it was once in the possession of Queen Eliza-

beth, and that it contains a beautiful specimen of her writing. Upon the inside of the cover is the following manuscript note: "This small book was once the property of Q. Elizabeth, and actually presented by her to A. Poynts, who was her maid of Honor. In it are a few lines of the Queen's own handwriting and signing.

AMONG the prodigious productions of the early part of this century may be mentioned 'Rees's Cyclopædia,' which consisted of 39 volumes, 4to, in 79 parts, with six supplementary parts and numerous engravings; London, 1802-20. It was stated in an address issued at the completion of the work that the entire cost of production exceeded \$1,500,000!—an expenditure on a single work which, it was stated, had no parallel up to date. Dr. Rees previously edited the first edition of 'Chambers' Cyclopædia,' which appeared in four volumes in 1781. He died in 1825 at the age of eighty-two.

THE inspection of the MS. of *Ariosto*, preserved at Ferrara, greatly confirms the opinion of those who think that consummate excellence, united to the appearance of ease, is almost always the result of great labor. The corrections are innumerable. Several passages where, as they now stand, the words and thoughts seem to flow along with the most graceful facility, and the rhyme to come unsought for, have been altered over and over again till scarcely a line of the first draft has been allowed to remain. *Ars est celare artem*. Another MS. of *Ariosto* has been preserved in Tuscany. It is curious from being full of grammatical errors and vulgarisms. He writes to his servant in the same dialect in which his servant would have written to him.

VARIOUS mementoes of Charles Dickens have been brought together by Mr. Kitton in the search he has instituted after portraits for his forthcoming book, 'Dickens Portrayed by Pen and Pencil.' Prominent among these is a miniature on ivory, painted by Miss Drummond in the "Pickwick" days, as an engagement gift from Dickens to his future wife, Miss Hogarth. Then there is a painting by Augustus L. Egg, R. A., of the great novelist as Sir Charles Coldstream; as well as E. M. Ward, R. A.'s picture of him in his study at Tavistock House, and the bust by Mr. Woolner, R. A., modelled from the death-mask. There is also the etched portrait by Mr. George Augustus Sala, done in 1849 for the frontispiece to the extremely rare little book entitled 'The Battle of London Life; or, Boz and His Secretary,' by Morna.

ANOTHER MS. recently acquired by the Bodleian Library has been found to contain unexpected matter of interest, besides that of Queen Margaret of Scotland. In a book of Hours of the beginning of the fifteenth century (ornamented in a style of somewhat earlier date) a hymn, consisting of twenty-four lines, and a collect, in honor of a martyred bishop Richard, described as having been "palam proditus sed nimis callide," and put to death with five wounds, "post donum Spiritus,"

"Willelmi presulis fulgente jubare," have been proved by the Rev. W. D. Macray to commemorate Richard Scrope, Archbishop of York, who was beheaded by Henry IV. in 1405, on Whit Monday, June 8th, the day of the death of his predecessor St. William in 1154. A full-paged miniature representing the decapitation accompanies the text. In the two following lines of the hymn there is probably some allusion to his name:—

Scrobum purificat a sorde crimum,
Et scopam ordinat sanguinem proprium.

He was held in great veneration for sanctity. Miracles were said to be wrought after his death, and pilgrimages were made to the place of his burial until forbidden, as Walsingham tells us, by some of the friends of King Henry IV. The account of his trial and execution, by Clement Maydeston, is printed in Wharton's 'Anglia Sacra,' and was lately reprinted by Mr. Raine in vol. ii. of his 'Lives of the Archbishops of York' in the Rolls series. Probably this contemporary MS. may be the only one to be found containing this proof of the popular and high esteem in which, for a generation, the prelate's memory was held.

THE following cutting from Cornish's recent catalogue (Manchester) may have some interest as a curiosity and as a record of William Combe:—

"Combe's (Dr. William) Autograph Manuscript Commonplace Book in one thick folio volume, containing the originals of Dr. Syntax, Qui Genus, accounts of Public Edifices and Schools, the University of Oxford, various Histories of Towns, Essays, Poems, Works written for professed authors who could not write themselves; a curious defence, written in the name of the Marshall of the King's Bench, concerning his conduct in connexion with Lord Cochrane's Escape, and giving several curious particulars of the circumstances attending the same, and many other things, altogether a very interesting volume, but roughly used by himself, who wrote just where the book opened, either end upwards. Very imperfect in many places. The original Manuscript has been covered by a second Composition being written over it with a coarse pen."

MR. E. H. MARSHALL writes:—I do not think that in any edition of 'Boswell' there is a note on his account of the dinner at Owen Cambridge's at Twickenham, April 18, 1775, referring to Mrs. Harris's account of the dinner, in her letter to her son, afterwards Lord Malmesbury. Boswell says:—

"Johnson was here solaced with an elegant entertainment, a very accomplished family, and much good company; among whom was Mr. Harris, of Salisbury, who paid him many compliments on his 'Journey to the Western Islands.'"

Mrs. Harris thus candidly states her opinion:—

"Tuesday. — Dr. Johnson, his fellow-traveller through the Scotch Western Islands, Mr. Boswell, and Sir Joshua Reynolds dined here. I have long wished to be in company with this said Johnson; his conversation is the same as his writing, but in a dreadful voice and manner. He is certainly amusing as a novelty, but seems not possessed of any benevolence, is beyond all description awkward, and more beastly in his dress and person than anything I ever beheld. He feeds nastily and ferociously, and eats quantities most

unthankfully. As for Boswell, he appears a low-bred kind of being."—"Letters of First Lord Malmesbury," vol. i. p. 303.

THERE is a curious metrical olio bearing this title, "Recreation for ingenious Head-pieces, or a Pleasant Grove for their Wits to walk in. Of Epigrams, 700; Epitaphs, 200; Fancies, a number; Fantasticks, abundance. London, 1667. 12mo." This book was popular with the gay creatures of the Court of Charles II. It contains some rude woodcuts, and a frontispiece by Marshall. It is apparently an enlarged edition of the 'Wit's Recreation' of 1641. The following examples are interesting:—

5. "When man and woman dice, as poets sung,
His heart's the last that stirs, of her's the tongue
43. Sextus doth wish his wife in heaven were;
Where can she have more happiness than there?
163. Dracus his head is highly by him borne,
And so by straws are empty heads of corn.
278. Tusser! they tell me when thou wert alive
Thou, teaching thrift, thyself could'st never thrive;
So, like the whetstone, many men are wont
To sharpen others when themselves are blunt.
356. Celsus doth love himself, Celsus is wise,
For now no rival e'er can claim his prize.
453. A pedant asked a puny wight and bold
In an hard frost the Latin word for cold.
'I'll tell you out of hand,' quoth he, 'for lo!
I have it at my fingers' ends, you know.'
491. He that fears death, or mourns it in the just,
Shows of the Resurrection little trust."

Some of the epigrams are evidently taken from the old collections of Thomas Freeman, Henry Fitzgeffery, and Henry Parrot, and have descended at last to the well-thumbed pages of a 'Joe Miller.'

CASES of mistaken identity must often occur in private life. Every one, almost, has spoken to a total stranger in the street, under the delusion that he is an intimate friend. Indeed short-sighted people nearly as often address the wrong man as "cut" the right man. It is not certain which accident is more unpleasant. The persons who make these errors must often say, "I met so-and-so to-day, in such a place, "in such company," when no such encounter actually took place. The peace of families, and the reputation of the great, have often been injured by the same kind of error as brought Lesurques to the scaffold. No worse misfortune can befall a man than to have a dissipated "double." Marie Antoinette, in the famous affair of the Queen's necklace, was not the only sufferer. The affair had already been rehearsed, as it were, in the case of Madame Molière, the widow of the great comic poet. Madame Molière's reputation was not without its enemies. But her champions have been able to prove an alibi long after her decease, and to show that she could not have intrigued with De Guiche, for example, on a given occasion, because Le Gulche was in Poland at the time, and she was in Paris. The poor lady had a "double" in Paris, a girl named La Tourelle. They were so much alike, says the historian of this business, that they could scarcely be distinguished from each other. A lover should recog-

nise the object of his passion, but a lawyer from Grenoble in love with Madame Molière was deceived by La Tourelle. The "double" put on Madame Molière's little cough (which may have been a trick caught from her famous husband), and the wooer was perfectly content. Once, unluckily, he tried to speak to Madame Molière on the stage, who had never seen him in her life. A comic scene followed, both the lady and the gentleman lost their tempers, and the lawyer passed the night in a police cell. The unlucky double was publicly whipped, two comedies were made on the story, and M. Livet thinks that this old anecdote suggested the intrigue of the Queen's necklace.

A CORRESPONDENT writes to the London *Literary World*:—"To-day, for the first time, I read the world-famous poem, 'Curfew shall not ring to-night.' As the incident therein chronicled seemed familiar to me, I turned to 'Pictures of Life,' by Albert Smith, (Kent and Co.), and there found the identical story in prose under the title of 'Blanche Heriot, a Legend of old Chertsey Church;' the time of action being—not Cromwell's,—but during the Wars of the Roses. A melodrama on the same subject, under the same title, by the same author, was produced at the Surrey Theatre in 1841 or '42. The authoress of the 'Curfew' has complained of unscrupulous persons filching from her the credit of the poem. I wonder what answer she will make to this, should it ever meet her eye.

It will be remembered that some three or four years ago Mr. Ruskin republished, with facsimiled, but uncoloured illustrations, an anonymously written child's book of amusing verse entitled 'Dame Wiggins of Lee,' which first appeared in 1823. Mr. Ruskin is silent as to the authorship, and as his copy no doubt bears the imprint of A. K. Newman & Co., of the old Minerva Press, Leadenhall Street, he naturally, but it now appears wrongly, credited the publication of the little book to that firm. The almost forgotten original wood-block to 'Dame Wiggins of Lee,' and to many other children's books of the same series, have recently been found. The real publishers were Dean & Munday, of Threadneedle Street, from whom Newman seems to have been in the habit of purchasing special editions of what he considered their best—most saleable—publications, and, by arrangement, his name only appeared in them as publisher. It must have been one of these copies that fell into Mr. Ruskin's hands. 'Dame Wiggins of Lee' was written by a Mrs. Sharpe, sister of a grocer of that name in Bishopsgate Street; and the clever cuts—sometimes ascribed to Sir H. Brookes, of Hastings—are by R. Stennet, who illustrated for the same publishers two other stories for children, 'Deborah Dent and her Donkey' and 'Madam Flix's Gala.' We learn that a series of "Forgotten Picture Books for Children," to include those mentioned, with hand-colored cuts from the original books, and an introduction by Mr. Andrew Tuer, is shortly to be issued in cheap form from the Leadenhall Press.

The Bookmart.

January, 1888.

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SPECIAL NOTES

A most novel, convenient, and valuable business calendar for 1888 is the Columbia Bicycle Calendar and Stand, just issued by the Pope Mfg. Co., of Boston, Mass. In this calendar a new departure has been made, decidedly unique and different from any previous attempt in calendar construction. The calendar proper is in the form of a pad, containing 365 leaves, one for each day in the year, to be torn off daily. A portion of each leaf is left blank for memoranda, so arranged that the memorandum blank for any coming day can be turned to immediately at any time. The pad rests upon a portable stand, and when placed upon the desk or writing-table the entire surface of the date leaf is brought directly, and left constantly, before the eye, furnishing date and memoranda, impossible to be overlooked. Upon each slip appear fresh quotations pertaining to cycling from leading publications and prominent writers—a collection which illustrates the popularity and universality of cycling the world over.

'HISTORY OF THE CHURCH IN BURLINGTON, N. J., an American Historical Work. Second edition, enlarged and illustrated, comprising the facts and incidents of nearly two hundred years, from original, contemporaneous sources, by the Rev. George Morgan Hills, D. D., Rector of St. Mary's Parish and Dean of Burlington; Member of the His-

torical Society of Pennsylvania, etc. 8vo, pp. 881; 325 copies only. \$10.

Beautifully illustrated with phototypes and engravings, viz.: St. Mary's Church, Burlington, N. J.; Friends' Meeting House, 1688; Rev. George Keath—the first missionary of the Society for propagating the Gospel in Foreign Parts; Col. Daniel Cox—the originator of the plan for an American union, subsequently used by the Thirteen United States; Autograph and Episcopal Seal of John Talbot, the first Bishop in North America, 1722-7; Rev. Colin Campbell, for twenty-eight years Rector of Burlington; and the founder of the Church in Mount Holly, N. J.; Rev. Jonathan Odell, the loyalist poet and refugee, and first Secretary of the Province of New Brunswick; Rev. Charles H. Wharton, D. D., one of the leading clergymen in organizing and nationalizing the American Church; Bishop G. W. Doane, founder of St. Mary's Hall, and Burlington College, (with autograph); Old St. Mary's Church, 1834; Bishop Odenheimer, (with autograph); "Riverside"—the Episcopal Residence; Rev. Wm. Crosswell Doane—now Bishop of Albany, (with autograph); Rev. Eugene A. Hoffman—now Dean of the General Theological Seminary, New York; Rev. Wm. Allen Johnson—now Professor in the Berkeley Divinity School, Conn.; St. Mary's Hall enlarged, 1870; Rev. George Morgan Hills, D. D.; Altar vessels of St. Mary's Church—nineteen pieces, including Queen Anne's; Enlarged photograph of Talbot's Seal; The Talbot Memorial Tablet; Seal of Burlington College; Graduate's Medal of St. Mary's Hall; Spire of the Church, looking south; Lynch-Gate of St. Mary's Churchyard.

Together with transcripts of the Log and Pay Roll of the ship Centurion, which brought the first missionaries of the S. P. G. to America; certificates, diplomas, etc., of great interest and value to the historian and antiquarian; besides a complete List of Names in the Parish Register from February 20, 1702, to March 28, 1886.

BOOK REVIEWS.

'ISMAEL'S CHILDREN.' By the author of "Hogan, M.P." (Macmillan.) It is nearly ten years since "Hogan M. P." made a sensation in London, and opinion was divided as to the sex of the author. That author has since turned out to be a woman; and she has written two or three other books, among which 'Flitters, Tatters, and the Counsellor' is perhaps the most agreeable and entertaining. But she has been unusually reticent, in these days of over production; and it is partly due to this fact, no doubt, that her stories have risen so much above the average level of modern fiction. She is an Irishwoman, and she has the finest quality of Irish humor: she also possesses the power of conceiving and writing genuine pathos and tragedy: she is deeply in earnest, and her pictures of Irish life and character are so painted as to convince the reader of their truth. No other Irish novelist, and few living novelists of

her sex anywhere, are to be mentioned in the same breath with the author of "Hogan, M. P." As to the present work, the only serious complaint that can be brought against it is, that its gloom is too unmitigated. There are charming characters in the story, —little old Miss D'Arcy, the guardian aunt of the dead Ismay's children, is a most fascinating creation, and the story itself is compellingly interesting; but it is too uniformly dark in its tone; a deeper view even of the least sunshiny life discovers more bright places in it: and meanwhile, the ordinary reader would rather see the world represented in fiction as pleasanter than it really is, than gloomier. The portrayal of Irish peasant character is remarkable as showing them to be far more addicted than is generally supposed to a hard, money-loving, unsentimental view of things, that almost reminds one of the awful depths of avarice revealed in Balzac's great story of 'Eugenie Grandet.' But whatever its faults may be, 'Ismay's Children' is a book that no one can regret having read: real power is refreshing and stimulating, even when it is clothed in a funereal garb. And after it has been read, many passages of beauty and humor will recur to the memory, and perhaps remain after the others have become dim.

'LIFE AND LETTERS OF CHARLES DARWIN.' Edited by his son, Francis Darwin. Including an Autobiographical Chapter. (Appleton & Co.)

The leader of scientific thought in this century had in his nature a strong vein of the poetical faculty, in this respect resembling Goethe; though Goethe was a scientific man only by inspiration of his poetic gift: while Darwin was not in the least a practical poet (if the term be admissible) but was enabled to lift and organize his scientific ideas by dint of the comprehensive, harmonising instinct of the poet. He felt compelled to believe, as the poet does, that the vast and interminable phenomena of nature are the vibrations of a central origin and energy: but his work and observation were on the physical, not on the spiritual plane, and therefore his great life-work was not a new *Paradise Lost* but an 'Origin of Species.' But although the 'Origin of Species' is not technically a poem, it is the covering or embodiment of a greater poem than ever has been put in verse. Mr. Darwin, meanwhile, to his own apprehension and that of his friends, was the most literal and obvious of men: and his style of writing was almost uncouth in its stumbling directness. But though uncouth, there is a charm about it,—a personal charm, resembling, as his son somewhere suggests, the conversation of a simple, honest gentleman, who forgets grace and polish in his earnest effort to convey his exact meaning. The lines of Darwin's thought and life, after a little confusion and uncertainty at the outset, straightened themselves out in one unvarying direction, and never strayed from it. When science got got him fairly by the hand, he could not care for any other form of intellectual exercise. He himself laments his sudden inability any longer to enjoy Shakspeare: and though he had "read through 'The Excursion' twice," and burrowed with appetite

in 'Paradise Lost,' during his nonage, he wrote nothing of them later. He was thenceforth a man of one idea; but, barring Divine inspiration, it was the greatest idea that ever came to a man, and the most influential. He is unaffectedly modest about it all, and evidently considered himself in great measure a creature of circumstance and opportunity. But he probably deserves as much personal credit as any discoverer. And he must surely have been one of the happiest men that ever lived, despite the constant ill health that pursued him after his five years' voyage in "The Beagle." For, at the age of twenty-nine, he conceived the outlines of his great theory: and from that time till his death, half a century later, he never ceased to develop it, and always found it answer his expectations. It filled all his thoughts and vivified all his actions. It kept his mind in contact with broad and profound ideas, and himself in cordial relations with the great men of his time. He was like a great innocent infant, with genius superadded. In explaining nature he felt that he was moving in harmony with her, and that she bore him affectionately to success and honor.

His theory or theories will always have their value, though doubtless the final explanation of nature and man is yet to make. Darwin confined himself to the outside—the material part of the problem, and thus evaded the mysteries, which are of course the more interesting and profound part of the matter. He describes the body without the soul, and endeavors to make it walk and talk of itself. But from this point of view nature must always remain inert and helpless, wonderfully arranged and organized, but inexplicable. It is only by regarding man as, spiritually, prior to nature, that the true problem can be approached. The history of nature is the history of the development of man's mind. Matter is not a creation, but an incident or corollary. It exists in order to give the real or spiritual evolution a medium to express itself in fixed and concrete symbolism. All animals are contained in man, but nothing that makes man human is contained in any animal. The transition or "missing links" occur on the spiritual plane, but cannot appear on the physical.

This is the most charming and valuable biography that has appeared in a generation. It is as absorbing as the best kind of novel. The editor has done his delightful task in an unimpeachable manner, and has benefitted the world by showing that, for once, the private life and conversation of a great man was as pure, amiable and lovable as the public side of him was eminent and honorable.

'WINTER.' From the journal of H. D. Thoreau. Edited by H. G. O. Blake. (Houghton & Co.)

Thoreau's defects were the chief occasion of his eminence. No man's defects were ever more useful to him. By eminent I do not mean that he was great; I cannot see any greatness in him. But they enabled him—gave him leisure and stimulus—to define himself and explain himself; he becomes a distinct and noticeable figure, as would any man whose connection with human life was solely that

of a spectator, critic, and complainer. His intellectual faculty was moderate, but artful, acute and secret, as often happens in New England. If he had had more brains, his apparent stature would be much less, for he would then have come into competition with his fellow men on ordinary human grounds, and would have been equalled by most of them and distanced by many. If his heart had been capable of giving precedence to anything over himself, he would have been a much happier and more useful man, but he could not have been the cross-grained and evasive "hermit of Walden." His defects were his fortune, and he deceived himself first, and others afterwards, into regarding them as virtues. He was incurably and justly shy and awkward in company, because he knew that he was physically ugly and of involuntarily offensive manners; and this drove him to the woods; and there, with no one to answer him or be compared with him, he grew tall and positive in his own conceit. He was abnormally self-conscious, artificial, and selfish; and this kept him continually prying into himself, and generalising thence to mankind. Hence his books, whose most noticeable quality is the astonishing assurance with which they put forward petty or hackneyed matter as original and significant. He has actually gone near to disenchanting many people with nature, by dint of so staining our innocent mother with the bitter and darksome juices of his own personality. He is not a man; but the most mature and worldly man is nearer to being a child than Thoreau is. Some men are intellectually great, but personally small; but Thoreau's personal pettiness infects his intellect. He was an incorrigible humbug from first to last,—incorrigible, because he humbugged himself to begin with. The more he removed himself from his neighbors, the more he hankered after their sympathy, applause and notice, and the more he abused and belittled them. When he is not at this work, he fills his pages with detached and pigmy observations of nature, or with arrogant and vain theories about subjects which he had heard discussed by Emerson and Alcott. He felt that he did not believe in his own "views," and by way of helping his unbelief, he studied out more positive and insolent ways of stating them. People who make a fuss and an outcry—selfish people—people who contradict, call names, and affect perverse and eccentric habits,—these people are apt to obtain undue consideration from the amiable mass of mankind, who only wish to be allowed to go peaceably about their business, and who take it for granted that anybody who behaves in this odd way must have some good reason or warrant for it; and if he screams out, "I am a philosopher," reply, "all right; we suppose you must be." The good that Thoreau has done, such as it is, has been quite involuntary on his part. He has been admired, revered even, and for aught I know loved by a number of good people, some of whom are merely foolish and unthinking followers of notoriety, while others, like the editor of this volume, endow all his acts and

utterances with their own wisdom and reason, as one hangs handsome draperies on a clothes-horse, and then calls the clothes-horse beautiful. But innocent worship of this kind is good for the soul, and in so far Thoreau may be considered a benefactor of his species. His pretence is taken for performance; and so his disciples are stimulated to perform what he pretended. No doubt they might be in a better business. It is arduous work digesting chaff into wholesome flesh and blood. But it is better than doing nothing; and if Thoreau were not at hand, some other idol would be discovered in the wilderness.

'MEN AND LETTERS.' By H. E. Scudder. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

Mr. Scudder seems to be an intellectual descendant of the Concord sages, lacking their edge of novelty, but with all their gravity and earnestness. You feel, in reading these essays, that the author would have made them still more like Lowell's disquisitions, if, as Charles Lamb would say, he had had a mind to. He has the culture (or a good share of it) but not the wit: he affects the same topics, but lacks the genius. Some men are injured by culture: it uses up their intellectual vitality. Mr. Scudder seems somehow antiquated; he lives in an atmosphere of Boston Common and Harvard Square; he would benefit by a year's confinement in Chicago, in the same cell with, for example, the Rev. Eugene Field. What has the world to do with an elaborate portrait of Elisha Mulford, charming old gentleman though he was; or with critical eulogies of Longfellow and Emerson; or with reflections anent Landor, Maurice, and Annie Gilchrist? The book, in short, is wanting in living interest; and yet we cannot help feeling respect and regard for a man who believes enough in the worth and vitality of these topics to spend much learning and pains in writing about them. Volumes of serious essays are not too common in this country, and perhaps it is as well that their descent should be prolonged a little further. Of course, if Mr. Scudder had genius, he might write about cobblestones or Boston State House with advantage to himself and his readers; and no doubt, again, there will be many readers in his own neighborhood who will discover genius in these essays. At all events, it gives one a certain sense of virtuous earnestness to peruse them, just as to take a constitutional up Beacon Hill and back on an East-windy day might do. Such sentences as "a topical treatment would inevitably fail to convey a notion of that organic development of national life which is the last and finest disclosure of historical composition," has about it something that conduces to self-complacency.

THE second edition of Henry Giles's lecture on 'Human Life in Shakspeare.' (Lee & Shepard, Boston) is a book anybody may well be glad to see; and the eloquent and hearty introduction by John Boyle O'Reilly says not a word too much in its praise. These lectures catch the sympathies of the hearer or reader as quickly and surely as a magnet

attracts iron filings; they are so human, genial, inclusive, witty and right. Titles had the kind of eloquence and insight that inspire love no less than admiration; and in Shakspeare he had a theme that put him on his mettle and drew out his best thoughts. It is a noble little book; and I wish that every boy and girl could read it before going out to meet the world. After they have met the world, they will be sure to return to the little book.

'BOOKS WHICH HAVE INFLUENCED ME,' (James Potts & Co.) This is a reprint from the English of a book destitute of practical value, though its "me" includes Gladstone, Ruskin, Stevenson and Farrar. Ruskin and Stevenson, indeed, are always worth reading, even on so absurd a topic as this. But the editor of *The British Weekly* who is responsible for the compilation, is not to be thanked for putting good men in a bad position.

'THE SAONE,' a summer voyage, by P. G. Hamerton, illustrated by Joseph Pennell and the author. (Roberts Bros.)

If Mr. Hamerton only had a sense of humor, and some literary style, he would have made the letterpress of his volume as inviting as are its pictures and get-up generally. Not without pains and ingenuity, he devised a new way of "doing" a tract of scenery which, though within a day's journey of London, is comparatively remote from general knowledge. He carried out his plans (so far as the suspicions of the watchful military guardians would permit) with diligence and thoroughness; but he made the mistake (which he considers a happy thought) of writing his descriptions on the spot, and in the form of letters. Mr. Hamerton is not Lady Mary Wortley Montague; and whatever he gains in freshness of impression and detail of observation, he loses in atmosphere. Besides, freshness and detail were not essential in a book which was to have illustrations on almost every page; and as for his arrest and detention on suspicion of being a spy, which is the only episode that is not illustrated, he loses the literary value of it by writing of it in an angry and irritated tone; whereas, if he had waited a year or two, he might have seen the humor of it. He travelled in a sort of canal-boat, picturesque of malice aforethought; and Mr. Pennell drew everything, almost down to the toes of his own boots peeping beyond the edge of his sketch-book; and his sketches are as graphic and effective as they can be. But many of them might have been omitted without detriment; the subjects are too trivial. The book is a large octavo of over 350 pages, with an index.

'JOHNNY NUT AND THE GOLDEN GOOSE' by Andrew Lang (Longmans, New York) is a charming interpretation of one of Deulin's stories: Deulin having made it up of two or more folk-lore originals culled in his native province of French Flanders. Mr. Lang writes with freedom, quaintness and high spirits, and has made just the story that healthy children will and should like. The pages are covered with delightful and vigorous little sketches, which

crowd up and down the margins and push aside the text; and Johnny is a most wise and wholesome hero, who deserves all the goose he gets. The leading moral drawn is to be Easily Amused; and the solar myth point of view is sternly discouraged.

'THE PRINTED BOOK,' (*Le Livre*) by H. Bouchot, translated by E. C. Bignmore. (Scribner & Welford) This is a unique and invaluable volume for any one who cares for books apart from their literary contents. It gives the history of printed books from Gutenberg down, with countless illustrations of all that should be illustrated. To review such a work adequately in any practicable limits would be impossible. It is certain to be read by the not inconsiderable portion of the public, to whom it is especially addressed; and no one can read it without advantage.

'BALLADS ABOUT AUTHORS,' By Harriet Prescott Spofford. (Lothrop Co.)

It is not too much to say that this is the best volume of ballads that has been published in America since the best days of Whittier. They are delightful reading, both as regards style, sentiment and subjects. The authors sung of are such as Shakspeare, Milton, Goldsmith, Johnson, Cowper and Collins; the intellectual sympathy of the writer with her themes, her imaginative power, and the fresh and flowing poetry of her verses are really a charming surprise in these days. The book is illustrated, not adequately but respectably, by Mr. E. H. Garrett.

'MY GARDEN,' By S. T. Clark. Illustrated by I. J. Ringueberg and F. S. Mathews. (S. E. Cassino) This is a book in which the illustrations stand before the text—a holiday volume, in short, which exists for the sake of the illustrations; though the poem on which the illustrations are threaded is often as good as they are. They consist chiefly of woodcuts of garden-flowers, with a bit of landscape here and there, and are well designed and executed. I am not sure, however, about the value of a flower in black and white. Take from a flower its color and its perfume, and there is not much left. The book is well made and good looking, and is printed on one side only of the leaves.

'GARDEN SECRETS,' by P. B. Marston (Roberts) contains poems which have been compared favorably with those of Shakspeare by no less an authority than the late D. G. Rossetti; and the poet is also vouched for by Swinburne, and, in a very tender introduction, by Louise Chandler Moulton. There is moreover, a portrait. Mr. Marston was blind, he had a gentle and slender vein of poetic genius—perhaps talent would be the truer word—and he died young after much suffering. His friends were warm friends, but perhaps not always judicious.

'LOCKRINE,' by A. C. Swinburne, (Worthington) is a tragedy in verse by a poet who has written poetry, and who may do so again. This story does not seem to me to show him at his best, though it reproduces much that has accompanied his best in bygone years.

'CALAMITY ROW; OR, THE SUNKEN RECORDS,' by I. K. Musick. (Rand, McNally & Co.)

A twenty-five cent volume of plot, mystery, crime and virtue, couched in a form that is at least amusing. The scene is New York, and the time the present. The author seems to have more energy than experience.

'FROM HEART AND NATURE,' by S. K. and C. K. Bolton (Crowell) is a volume of verses on all conceivable subjects, well written, but containing nothing essentially new, and concerning which nothing new can be said.

'ADDRESSES OF THE DEAD,' by Chas. C. Marble (Dillingham) is a compilation giving the dates of birth and death of "eminent Americans" and the names of the places where they are buried.

'NATURAL LAW IN THE BUSINESS WORLD,' by Henry Wood, (Lee & Shepard) is a good and useful little manual, touching on subjects of current economic importance in a way that common people can understand and profit by.

'BITS OF DUTCHLAND,' by Louis Harlow (Cassino & Co.) is a series of half a dozen etchings, on loose leaves, of Dutch subjects: and alternating with them, printed description on a rough gray paper, decorated with etched scraps of scenery at top and bottom. The thing is prettily done: but the head and tail-pieces are prettier than the formal etchings.

DIE MYTHEN UND SAGEN-KREISE IM HOMERISCHEN SHIFFS EPOS GENNANT ODYSSEE,' by Friederich Soltau (Stuttgart, Berlin) is the partial title of an elaborate and characteristically German pamphlet on the esoteric nature and origin of the Homeric poems, with a glance at the 'Argonauten-Sage' as collateral.

'HALF HOUR WITH HAWTHORNE,' (E Newton & Co., Phil.) is a series of photographs of Nath. Hawthorne and his abodes and haunts, with appropriate remarks and quotations. The photographs are new and well selected. They are prettily bound together in a white cover. A similar collection of Longfellow photographs and extracts is published by the same firm.

JULIAN HAWTHORNE.

AMERICAN NOTES.

MR. W. E. HENLEY, some of whose verses appeared in the recent volume of 'Ballades and Rondeaux,' has been asked by an English publisher to make a collection of his poems for publication. At present he is at work on a brief biography of Dumas, for the Great Writers Series.

GEN. LEW WALLACE has half finished a novel treating of the time of Mohammed.

BAYARD TAYLOR'S 'Faust' is to be brought out in a dollar volume by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

SAMUEL CARSON & Co., San Francisco, Cal., will publish directly 'California Three Hundred and Fifty Years Ago—Manuelo's Narrative,' translated from the Portuguese, by a Pioneer.

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS will publish at once 'A Girl's Life Eighty Years Ago,' by Eliza Bowne,

a few selections from which have been printed in *Scribner's Magazine*. Mr. Clarence Cook, who has written an introduction to the book, says: 'Never was a reigning beauty more spirited, never was a spirited girl of fashion more truly lovable than Eliza Bowne.'

LEE & SHEPARD publish 'Pre-Glacial Man and the Aryan Race,' a history of creation from B. C. 32, 500, to B. C. 15,000, by Lorenzo Burge, with a history of the Aryan race commencing B. C. 15,000, their rise and progress, and the promulgation of the first revelation, as well as an account of the 'Oannes Myth,' and a chapter on the deluge; 'Poems' by David Wasson, with portrait, edited by Edna Dean Cheney and 'Talks to Young Men,' with 'Asides' to Young Women, by Robert Collyer.

In the paper which Robert Louis Stevenson contributes to the January *Scribner's Magazine*, he tells in an interesting, personal way about the Brownies who are his good geniuses, and who, he says, work for him while he sleeps and weave the plots of some of his most interesting tales. The paper is entitled 'A Chapter on Dreams.'

THE well-known artist, E. H. Blashfield, who with Mrs. Blashfield wrote the entertaining study entitled 'In Florence With Rembrandt,' in the Christmas number of *Scribner's Magazine*, contributes to the January number the first part of an elaborate description of 'The Man At Arms,' which is the fruit of long-continued study and research among the museums and libraries of Europe. He traces the man at arms from the time of Charlemagne to the disuse of armor. The illustrations are unusually elaborate and were made by Mr. Blashfield.

AMONG Messrs. Ticknor & Co.'s more recent publications are 'Miss Curtis,' a novel, by Kate Gannett Wells, 'The Shakespearian Drama,' a commentary, the tragedies, by Denton J. Snider; 'The Morse Collection of Japanese Pottery,' by Sylvester Baxter; 'The Story of an Enthusiast told by Himself,' a novel, by Mrs. C. V. Jamison, and 'Sobriquets and Nicknames,' by Albert R. Frey. The same firm announce for immediate publication:—The New Astronomy,' by S. P. Langley. An instructive volume, giving the latest discoveries and theories in Astronomical Science; 'New Waggings of Old Tales,' by Two Wags. Illustrated by Oliver Herford; 'The White Sall,' and Other Poems, by Louise Imogen Guiney; 'Olden Time Music,' collected and edited by Henry M. Brooks; 'Women and Work,' an essay treating on the relation to health and physical development, of the higher education of girls, and the intellectual or more systematized efforts of women, by Emily Pfeiffer; 'The Hunter in Fairy Land,' Aino Fairy Tales, No. 1; and 'The Birds' Party,' Aino Fairy Tales, No. 2, by Basil H. Chamberlin. These dainty and beautiful little works are printed on the most delicate and silky Japanese paper, with quaint colored illustrations in the text and on the covers; and are bound with knotted silken cords.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON'S 'Virginibus Puerisque' and his new volume, 'Memories and Portraits,' have been issued by Chas. Scribner's Sons.

MACMILLAN & Co. announce a work on 'Musical Instruments—Historic, Rare and Unique,' containing fifty plates in chromo-lithography of rare and

famous musical instruments, with introduction and descriptive notes by A. J. Hipkins, F. S. A. The subjects of illustrations have been obtained from private and public collections, including the remarkable one of the Loan Exhibition recently held at South Kensington.

REV. EDWARD C. TOWNE is preparing a critical Life of Bacon, a work for which, says the Boston *Transcript*, there is special need, since 'Spedding's, which is so rich in materials, is the work of an apologist, who does not recognize the criticisms, such as Huxley's, Liebig's, Dr. E. A. Abbott's, and Dean Church's, which threaten, when fully worked out, to pull Bacon from his pedestal altogether.' The Shakspeare-Bacon 'question' will be dealt with in a second volume—a complete handbook of the discussion.

THE January number of *Lippincott's Magazine* has among its contributors Brander Matthews, Edgar Saltus, Albion W. Tourgee, Edgar Fawcett, Amélie Rives, W. H. Furness, and John James Platt.

In the January *Lippincott's*, Mr. Edgar Fawcett endeavors to demolish 'The Browning Craze.'

SAMUEL SMILES's 'Character' has been added to Farrer's Franklin Square Library; and Beckford's 'Vathek,' Shakspeare's 'King John' and Butler's 'Human Nature, and Other Sermons,' to Cassell's National Library.

MR. WM. C. HARRIS, editor of *The American Angler*, has been preparing, for several years, a work to be called 'The Fishes of North America.' Each part will contain at least two portraits of fishes, printed in colors on heavy cardboard.

FOREIGN NOTES.

MESSRS. LAUNETTE & Co., of Paris, have published a new edition of 'Paul et Virginie' with 130 designs by M. Maurice Leloir. 20 francs.

FOR illustrating 'Manon Lescaut,' Messrs. Magnier & Co., of Paris, have published ten aquarelles by Lionel Royer.

THE next volume of "Great French Writers" to be published by Messrs. Hachette & Co. will be 'Voltaire' by M. Ferdinand Brunetière and 'Racine' by M. Anatole France.

M. CALMANN LEVY has published at ten francs George Sand's 'François le Champi' with aquarelles and other illustrations by Eugène Burnand.

THE Librairie Illustrée publishes the Canadian Laureate's (Louis Fréchette) 'La Légende d'un Peuple,' with a preface by M. Jules Claretie. 7 fr. 50.

M. VIEWEG, of Paris, has published with 8 photogravure facsimiles, 'La Bibliothèque de Fulvio Orsini: Contributions à l'Histoire des Collections d'Italie et à l'Étude de la Renaissance,' by Pierre de Nolhac. 15 francs.

MR. QUARITCH announces as now in press a new and original translation of 'Don Quixote' by Mr. H. E. Watts (who has been for the last seventeen years engaged on this task). The special features of this new translation, on which is based its claim on the

support of all lovers of Cervantes and students of Spanish literature, are chiefly three:—First,—A pure and faithful rendering of the text of Cervantes' masterpiece without mutilation or abridgment, in a version as literal as may be consistent with simple and idiomatic English. Every word of the original will be translated, if possible, by a corresponding English word; if not possible by an English equivalent or analogous word, with neither a slavish adherence to the letter nor a capricious preference for what may be thought to be the spirit, but, so far as may be practicable, having regard to the difference between the two languages, with a loyal respect and reverence for "the spirit of the letter." Second,—A commentary, fuller than has been ever attempted in English, with notes original and selected from Bowle, Pellicer, Clemencin, Hartzenbusch, and other later critics and commentators, Spanish and foreign, in which will be embodied all the results of recent research, including illustrations of life and manners, with the verification of the numerous references to books, places, and historical personages and events. Third, a new biography of Cervantes, compiled from the best authorities, old and new, including a detailed account of his varied and eventful life, with a critical notice of his works, and the bibliography of all the literature of 'Don Quixote.' This new edition it is proposed to issue in five volumes, foolscap quarto size, printed on hand-made paper with antique type and broad margins—in such a form as to be worthy of the author, as well as acceptable to all lovers of choice books. The impression will be strictly limited to 250 copies, for which the price, to subscribers, will be 16 shillings a volume. The two first volumes, including the first part of 'Don Quixote,' will be ready in the Spring.

MR. CHARLES MACKAY, LL.D., is about to publish his 'Dictionary of Lowland Scotch,' upon which he has been engaged for some time. It will give the more important words with their meanings and etymological derivations, also an introduction dealing with the historical and literary development of the language, together with a list of Scottish Proverbs. Whilst forming a companion to all lovers of Allan Ramsay, Burns, Scott, and other Scottish writers, it contains numerous extracts from their writings and illustrates the poetry and humor of the Lowland Vernacular. The first edition, privately printed on Whatman paper, will be limited to 125 copies, each one being numbered and signed by the author himself.

THE new work by Prof. Roberts, of St. Andrews, entitled 'Greek, the Language of Christ and His Apostles,' is now nearly ready. It will be published by Messrs. Longmans & Co.

MR. WILKIE COLLINS's new story, which Messrs. Tillotson are offering to the newspapers at home and abroad, is entitled 'The Legacy of Cain.' The same firm announce a new story by Mr. Bret Harte, the name of which is 'The Argonauts of North Liberty.'

THE Shelley Society is now sending out to its members the handsome present which one of its committee, Mr. R. A. Potts, has made it—the reprint of Shelley's 'Epipsychidion,' with a critical introduction by Mr. Stopford Brooke, a note by Mr. Swinburne, and a bibliographical notice by Mr.

Potts. Dr. R. Garnett's paper on 'Lord Beaconsfield and Shelley' accompanies Mr. Potts's gift.

THE Browning Society has taken 250 copies of Mr. Jas. F. Fotheringham's just published 'Studies in the Poetry of Robert Browning,' and will issue one forthwith to each of its members.

THE late Mr. Thomas Satchell, who had been engaged upon a second series of 'The Angler's Notebook' for some years before his death, left the volume completed except the last few sheets. Mr. Alfred Wallis, of Exeter, has undertaken to complete the work.

MR. ALFRED AUSTIN intends prefixing to the second edition of 'Prince Lucifer,' which is now being prepared for publication, an essay on 'The Aim and Limits of Objective Poetry.'

WHEN books will attain the lowest level of cheapness it is difficult to say. An edition of Dickens's 'Christmas Carol' and 'The Cricket on the Hearth' has just been issued in Liverpool; the brochure which contains both the stories is one penny in price.

THE genuine 'Memoirs' of Garibaldi, written by himself in Italian, have been published by Barbèra. They extend to the year 1874.

THE Société Bibliographique are making preparations for an International Bibliographical Congress, to take place at Paris in April next. The proceedings will follow the arrangement adopted in the former congress of 1878, and will be divided into four sections: the literary and scientific progress of the last ten years, popular publications, bibliography proper, and societies and international relations.

MR. AUSTIN DOBSON's 'Life of Goldsmith,' which forms the next volume of the "Great Writers" series, will contain three hitherto unprinted letters of Goldsmith, from the collection of Mr. F. Locker-Lampson. They relate to the poet's nephew William Hodson, whose outfit helped to swell his uncle's bills with Mr. Filby at the Harrow in Water Lane. Goldsmith's letters are so rare, and so many of these already published are from copies of originals no longer existing, that three new specimens from known MSS. cannot fail to be of interest.

MESSRS. BREITKOPF & HARTEL, of Leipzig, have published a revised edition of 'Die Koberger' by Dr. Oscar Hase. The author has attempted to give, for the first time, a systematic presentation of the way in which the printing and publishing trades were conducted during the first century after the invention of printing. To do this he has given an intelligible view of the printing publishing, and retailing as shown in the work of the greatest printer and publisher of that time, Anton Koberger, his family and his business friends.

GENERAL NOTES.

MRS. BRYAN WALLER PROCTOR, the widow of "Barry Cornwall," is now living in London, at the age of eighty-seven. She has a flat on the fourth floor in the Albert Mansions.

A DEPARTMENT for literature and others for printing and paper have been arranged at the Brussels International Exhibition next year.

MRS. ALICE GREEN, widow of the distinguished historian, and herself responsible for much of the work in his last book, 'The Conquest of England,' is preparing an exhaustive study of Henry II., which will appear next year.

WALTER BESANT's new book 'The Eulogy of Richard Jefferies,' is nearly ready for publication.

MISS MURFREE's novel, 'The Despot of Broom-edge Cove,' will run through the coming year in *The Atlantic*.

IT is not, perhaps, generally known that one of the most successful French school-books, Staaff's 'La Littérature Française,' is the work of a Foreigner. Col. Ferdinand Nathanael Staaff, who died on the 19th of November in Paris, where he was *attaché* at the Swedish Legation, had spent the greater part of his life in France, and wrote in French by preference. He was the author of the best Swedish version of Béranger and the best French version of several of the Swedish poets, including Tegnér. Staaff was born in 1823.

ON November 17th the Dutch celebrated the three hundredth birthday of their greatest poet, Joost van den Vondel. The Belgians and Rhinelanders also held "Vondel feasts"—the former in Antwerp, to which his family belonged; the latter in Cologne, which was his birthplace. The clergy took part in the celebration, as Vondel, who was at one time the deacon of a Mennonite congregation, became a convert to the Roman Catholic Church and a great friend of the Jesuits.

MR. T. A. TROLLOPE saw much of George Eliot, and was apparently intimate with her, for she once said to him in Florence that "she regretted she had been born," an utterance which he attributes, somewhat hastily perhaps, entirely to ill-health. There is little, however, in the few letters from her beyond a somewhat heavy good-humor, and there is no estimate of a character which remains obscure; but the description of her personal appearance will have interest for many readers:—

"She was not, as the world in general is aware, a handsome, or even a personable woman. Her face was long; the eyes not large nor beautiful in color—they were, I think, of a greyish blue—the hair, which she wore in old-fashioned braids coming low down on either side of her face, of a rather light brown. It was streaked with grey when last I saw her. Her figure was of middle height, large-boned and powerful. Lewes often said that she inherited from her peasant ancestors a frame and constitution very robust. Her head was finely formed, with a noble and well-balanced arch from brow to crown. The lips and mouth possessed a power of infinitely varied expression. George Lewes once said to me when I made some observation to the effect that she had a sweet face (I meant that the face expressed great sweetness), 'You might say what a sweet hundred faces! I look at her sometimes in amazement. Her countenance is constantly changing.' The said lips and mouth were distinctly sensuous in form and fullness. She has been compared to the portraits of Savonarola (who was frightful) and of Dante (who, though stern and bitter-looking, was handsome). Something there was of both faces in George Eliot's physiognomy. Lewes told us in her presence, of the exclamation uttered suddenly by some one to whom she was pointed out at a place of public entertainment—I believe it was at a Monday Popular Concert in St-

James's Hall. 'That,' said a bystander, 'is George Eliot.' The gentleman to whom she was thus indicated gave one swift, searching look and exclaimed *alto voce*, 'Dante's aunt!' Lewes thought this happy, and he recognized the kind of likeness that was meant to the great singer of the 'Divine Comedy.' She herself playfully disclaimed any resemblance to Savonarola. But, although such resemblance was very distant—Savonarola's peculiarly unbalanced countenance being a strong caricature of hers—some likeness there was."

MR. RIDER HAGGARD, in answer to a question concerning the best three books—next to the Bible—for a young man entering life, recommends Shakspeare, 'Don Quixote,' and 'The Pilgrim's Progress.' Professor Elmslie makes a queer choice—Æsop's 'Fables,' 'Livy,' and 'Romeo.'

MR. J. I. C. CLARKE, of the *Morning Journal*, is about to publish a prose drama of which Robert Emmet is the hero. The kindness of Dr. T. A. Emmet, the grand-nephew of the young Irishman, has enabled the author to illustrate his work with absolute reproductions of the originals of all the portraits of Emmet. The subject is a picturesque one and offers wide scope to the dramatist. The Putnam's will publish the volume.

It is said that Robert Louis Stevenson cherishes as his favorite novel Dumas's 'Viscomte de Bragelonne.'

THE December number, part 40, of Mr. Walter Hamilton's "Parodies" contains an exact reprint of the very rare first edition of 1751 of Gray's 'Elegy Wrote in a Country Churchyard,' together with a number of early parodies of that masterpiece. The next volume, the fifth, will contain parodies of the works of Gray, Cowper, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Monk Lewis, Parson, Leigh Hunt, Macaulay, Mrs. Browning, Lord Lytton, and of some of the more popular of our own modern poets.

MR EDGAR FAWCETT, when asked about his favorite novel, sat down very hard on Thackeray, who has always seemed to him a skimmer over the mere surface of English life.

The *London Telegraph* gives a just and careful presentation of that part of Mr. Donnelly's Bacon-Shakspeare argument which he is willing at present to intrust to the public. It gives him credit for an enormous if sinister industry and concludes by saying: "The sheets of the work placed in our hands have failed to satisfy us. The narrative, as far as it lies unwoven under our eyes, looks rather as if so frightfully complex a system had been invented to force into order words already marked in coherent sequence. The belief of Shakspeare's contemporaries, the praise of him by Ben Jonson and others, the sonnets wherein the name 'Will' occurs and recurs, the earnest language of the preface to the folio, the very mistakes of the plays—as when Richard III. quotes Machiavelli, who was not then born, and Bohemia has a seacoast—speak trumpet-tongued against this daring American. We cannot and will not as yet surrender Shakspeare's glorious name and fame to the desperate ingenuity or immense self-deception of Mr. Donnelly. The disproportion of any man's personal credit compared with that of the Bard of Avon is too vast to allow the complaisant acceptance of aught save bitter and per-

fect demonstration. Even if this completed story thus unearthed should bear out the author's declaration, and be found to run under the text at regular intervals, as he affirms, we should almost be inclined to fall back on the view that Bacon may have inserted such a cipher to steal an immortal reputation from the dead, rather than hastily give up England's time-honored faith that Shakspeare wrote the plays of Shakspeare."

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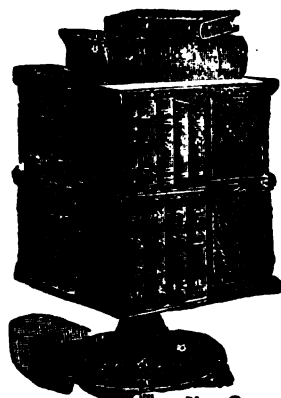
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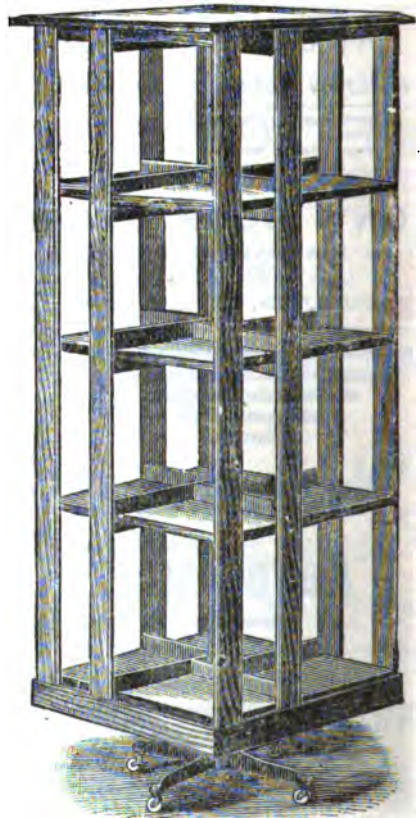
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Should be arrayed so cheap
Gives me a qualm; I sadly fear
My Lamb must be half-sheep!

IRVING BROWNE.

—*The Critic.*

THE BOOKWORM.

"For every worm beneath the moon
Draws different threads, and late and soon
Spins, tolling out his own cocoon."

—Tennyson.

Dr. Thomas Frognall Dibdin tells us in his notes on the bookworm, that his friends Mr. Heber and Mr. Laing saw, caught, and detected, in the sale-room of Mr. King, one of these destructive insects, and that Mr. Heber, in calling attention to it, exclaimed, "Behold our mortal enemy!" If all the instances in which the bookworm has destroyed rare, and sometimes unique, books, were brought together, they would form a terrible indictment, and we should realize that the insect has been one of the worst among the various "enemies of books." Yet, by one of those happy inspirations known only to the Philistine, the term "bookworm" has for many years been freely applied to those lovers of books to whom the worm has been a terror. Collectors and bibliographers, nay even the very readers of old-time literature, have been contemptuously dismissed as "bookworms." In a word the cognomen has an unpleasant savor, and has therefore been readily employed by busy people who were troubled with a lurking sense of the virtue and the wisdom of those who turn aside from the clamorous present to the "silent friends" on their library shelves. Silent friends, yet how eloquent, with infinite capacity for adapting themselves to our varying humors and needs! Let any man who knows not, and who is not wilfully incredulous, read Mr Ireland's book of extracts, and he will see reflected in these tributes made by authors to books and their writers, what solace, what hope, what strength lie in the spoken word of human experience! Many a one who has been wounded in the battle of life, and has drunk in new spiritual strength from this ever-

lasting fountain, has been called a "bookworm."

In these few introductory remarks we are anxious to avoid hyperbole, on the one hand, while on the other it is important that we should throw into decided relief the main outline of the subject of books, as we regard them. We English, in our connoisseurship of books as in our making of plays, are the slavish imitators of the French;—let the acknowledgment be made freely, and, so far as is possible with us, gracefully;—yet, here in England, not to speak of ancient Richard de Bury, the humors of the book-lover have been illustrated by Dibdin and Hill Burton, and latterly by Mr. Andrew Lang, in his delightful volumes. Now, in all these, there is possibly, not in the writers' minds, but in the proportions of their books, a plethora of detail and humor (as Ben Jonson used the word), built, doubtless, upon a spiritual reality, which the new-comer is apt to overlook. Too much is implied, too much taken for granted, for the enlightenment of the uninitiated. It is flattering to the tyro to be credited with much lore, but it is bewildering too. With great deference, we hope to supply this unintentional deficiency. We rely with confidence upon the true scholar to countenance and assist this purpose; we believe that literature exists for all, and that the genuine booklover should rejoice to see the bands of the select recruited from the ever-increasing reading public.

"There is a deal of human nature in man, after all," exclaimed a philosopher; and it would not be difficult to show that the bibliophile can be very human. We wish to insist that the craze for books has a human beginning. It is only when the passion ceases to grow and mellow gently with the expansion of heart and mind, but hurries on, overtopping and crowding out other interests, that it merits discouragement or that contumely which has been heaped upon the studious. Much of the contempt which the bookworm has had to endure has arisen from a confusion in the popular mind; there has been no effort to distinguish the true from the false, the amiable from the unamiable. The logic of the true bookworm's position has been overlooked. A man loves books because he is grateful to them; all the minutiae of the collector's pursuit are so many leaves and flowers composing a wreath which the devotee lays upon the shrine of the great of soul and of intellect. Conscious of what he owes to books, a man who has enriched his mind from many stores, collects these benefactors around him, cherishes them, studies the history of their production, elucidates obscure points of criticism, and so endeavors to pay back in grateful homage some of his obligation to books. His reward, too often, is to become derided; his friends hurl the word "bibliomaniac" at him; if that has no effect, they follow it up with "bookworm," a term which somehow is more irksome to bear than the other.

In these pages we have boldly inscribed the opprobrious word as our badge and title. We will adopt the epithet of the enemy and wear it till it become glorious. Why not? It does not take away the charm

of old books and the sweet fragrance of the by-ways of literature. We human bookworms strangely resemble and differ from our entomological prototype. Like them we are voracious of volumes; but while the insect has been the arch-enemy, the human bookworm has been still the true friend of books. On the point of voracity, wherein we resemble the grub, Dr. Dibdin has the following amusing passage:—

"It is curious to notice the sort of small-shot peppering in ancient volumes more particularly, in consequence of the ravages of the insect here described. From beginning to end, through boards and through leather, amidst margin and printed text, now breakfasting upon a syllogism of Duns Scotus, then dining upon a devotional sentiment of Lactantius, and afterwards supping upon a bit of Vincent de Beauvais' legends, this diminutive but desperate pioneer urges his 'forceful way!' Nothing comes amiss to these creatures; their digestive powers being wonderful. They will nibble at Hebrew, eat largely of Greek, riot upon Latin, and satiate themselves with Italian!"

But there is a class of collectors to whom the term bookworm might have been appropriately applied. Their depredations are nefarious, and greatly exceed those of the poor worm. Mr. Lang has given them a name which fits them exactly: he calls them the book-ghouls. There is the biblioklept, of whom Mr. Blades is very tolerant, since "they do no harm to the books themselves, by merely transferring them from one set of bookshelves to another." But the ghoul is he who injures books. "He is a collector of title-pages, frontispieces, illustrations, and book-plates. He prowls furtively among public and private libraries, inserting wetted threads, which slowly eat away the illustrations he covets; and he broods, like the obscene demon of Arabian superstitions, over the fragments of the mighty dead. His disgusting tastes vary. He prepares books for the American market. Christmas books are sold in the States stuffed with pictures cut out of honest volumes. . . . But few book-ghouls are worse than the moral ghoul. He defaces, with a pen, the passages, in some precious volume, which do not meet his idea of moral propriety. . . . The antiquarian ghoul steals title-pages and colophons. The æsthetic ghoul cuts illuminated initials out of manuscripts. The petty, trivial, and almost idiotic ghoul of our own days sponges the fly-leaves and boards of books for the purpose of cribbing the book-plates. . . . The conceited ghoul writes his notes across our fair white margins, in pencil, or in more baneful ink."

And so they spin and toil out their own cocoon. Their deeds are evil, and their nature cannot be good. The synthesis and the analysis of book-love we have indicated; but what unhappy impulse it is that causes the ghoul to make books his prey, must remain an unfathomable mystery. "It cannot be love," as Hamlet says. For such, we may be sure, retribution in some form is waiting.

With a fine humor, Mr. Lang has shown "from the lost Aristotelian treatise Concerning Books," that excess of book-passion leads to sin and evil. We do not count as genuine bookworms those who allow this interest like a huge wen to suck up all the juices of nature. Let such also take a warning from this illustration. Mr. Lang makes Aristotle thus estimate the position of the true book-worm: "As to the man who is exactly in the right mean, we call him the book-lover. His happiness consists not in reading, which is an active virtue, but in the contemplation of bindings, and illustrations, and title-pages. Thus his felicity partakes of the nature of the bliss we attribute to the gods, for that also is contemplative, and we call the book-lover 'happy,' and even 'blessed,' but within the limits of moral happiness."

There is a suggestion of satire in the contemplative character here attributed to the book-lover. But the book-worm is invariably an omnivorous reader. Old Richard de Bury wrote in his 'Philobiblon' in 1344 (Inglist's translation, 1832):

"You only, O Books, are liberal and independent. You give to all who ask, and enfranchise all who serve you assiduously. . . . Truly you are the ears filled with the most palatable grains. . . . You are golden urns in which manna is laid up, rocks flowing with honey, or rather indeed honey combs; udders most copiously yielding the milk of life, storerooms ever full; the four-streamed river of Paradise, where the human mind is fed, and the arid intellect moistened and watered; . . . fruitful olives, vines of Eugaddi, fig-trees knowing no sterility; burning lamps to be ever held in the hand."—*Bookworm*.

THE ART OF TALK.

"Boys," said an eminent headmaster of Rugby in a school sermon—"Boys, let your repartees be lambent and innocuous as the summer lightning." This was excellent and much needed advice on a part of the Art of Conversation. Professor Mahaffy, of Trinity College, Dublin, has now published a whole book on the Art of Conversation, and we hope it may work for good. It is related that an eminent Greek scholar and divine was once staying with a friend in Scotland, and was asked to occupy the local pulpit. He kindly assented, took with him a sermon that had been admired in his college chapel, and delivered a composition on the Art of Conversation to a bewildered audience of Calvinistic fishwives. May the other Professor's discourse fall on more fruitful soil! Professor Mahaffy says he lives in a country where conversation is professedly on a high level, and where the average man is able to talk well. He comes like a kind of genial missionary from the Isle of Good Talk, and his work has been revised by two ladies, who, we doubt not, are accomplished and witty. The Professor, as a Professor should, treats his topic in a somewhat Aristotelian

manner. He begins by a remark, which will surprise some. "Of all the accomplishments prized in modern society, that of being agreeable in conversation is the very first." We confess that the accomplishments of being uncommonly pretty, of whistling, of singing, of being Buffalo Bill, of playing the banjo, of having plenty of money, of giving good dinners, of wearing odd dresses, of thought-reading, and of playing the fool, seem to us to be more valued in modern society than skill in the Art of Conversation. But it may be otherwise in Dublin and in civilized countries generally. In those glad lands, inability to talk well "may be punished by the dislike or neglect of society." Not so in England, happily for the British matron in general, who can only talk with real interest about her children. She is not punished by the contempt and dislike of society; nay, she sits at rich men's feasts, and beside persons whom she would vaguely describe as "clever." She does not "make this life so pleasant to them that they should very greatly care to live," but nobody punishes her, nor dislikes her. Professor Mahaffy says it seems an obvious inquiry whether the art of conversation can be taught. It can be taught about as much as the art of poetry. If taught, it ceases to be natural, and if not natural, conversation is worse than blessed silence.

This appears to have occurred to the wisdom of the *Natur-mensch*, as Professor Mahaffy calls him, of the natural man, the noble savage. He appears to have felt that women's conversation is often tedious. He got tired of hearing his lubra say how badly the other lubras tattooed themselves, and wondering how Minnehaha could think that bone nose-ring becoming, or marvelling how Ustani, with her family, managed to afford to buy that red kangaroo skin. Primitive man, wearied of these prattlings, made a law that no man should be allowed to marry a woman who spoke his own language. This rule was practised by the Caribs, is in force among the Dieyries of Australia, and is believed by the learned to have existed in early Greece. We may draw the ignoble inference that primitive man preferred "men's parties," and did not care for conversation with elegant women. Professor Mahaffy very justly rebukes the survival of this mental condition in modern life. "It is surely a bad sign of any society to find men's parties considered more agreeable than those of both sexes, for it is a sign of either of license in men's talk, or of narrowness in women's education." Perhaps not! Men have a great many interests that women do not share—cricket, stock-broking, German philosophy, comparative philology, old school and college reminiscences. Men may be very happy talking of such things, without being licentious, and women might be very much bored by them, without being uneducated. Generally speaking where "shop" is talked men are best by themselves. Now we all know the pleasure of talking shop, our own shop—military, literary, dramatic, or what not. But the man is a bore who brings his shop, except by special request,

into the society of ladies. Professor Mahaffy says that fox hunters, college dons, and stockbrokers are here the great offenders. Ladies talked plenty of fox-hunting shop in Sir Charles Grandison's time, perhaps they do still. College dons, we fancy, do not "rehearse in the evening what they have been doing all day." They are more apt to talk about all things on earth. But a Professor should know about college dons, at least in Dublin. Perhaps the race of men who talk most shop are lawyers; barristers often cannot get rid, at dinner, of the case of the day. Even Judges have been known to prose over legal matters. As to politicians, they had better avoid Irish ladies, for Professor Mahaffy says, Irish woman "of any but the highest classes" are deficient in "political education."

Professor Mahaffy finds almost as many moral qualities in the Perfect Talker as the old English poet found in the Perfect Angler. He must be modest, but not shy, no "stretch-mouthed knave" to break into the matter, but not apologetic. He must be simple, but not blunt. Professor Mahaffy knows a great English writer of the present day who is wanting in modesty. Who can it be? Great English writers must examine their own consciences. There are not many of them, and one of them wants modesty. Can it be Mr. Ruskin, or is it Professor Huxley, or is it the author of 'Vice Versa'? Professor Mahaffy says he need not name him, but he really should satisfy public curiosity in a second edition. The Perfect Talker must also be unselfish, otherwise he takes all the talk out of other people's mouths. So have men heard on Africa's sultry shore one lion roar, and then another roar, and the first lion thought the next a bore. Dr. Johnson did not take more than his share of the talk, perhaps, but his admirers, who said "Hush! the Doctor is going to speak," showed no great tact. And when the illustrious painter was implored to hold his tongue at dinner because the illustrious orator was going to say something, he probably refrained, with indignation, even from good words. Let a man, and still more a woman, beware of telling anecdotes. It may be all very well to "swap stories" in smoking rooms; but a man, and a woman, who tells anecdotes at dinner is within measurable distance of being a finished bore. Besides, "all the stories have been told," as Mr. Howells says; and everybody knows them. It is astonishing that society once liked anecdote-mongers. But some men, as Professor Mahaffy says, are selfish in silence; they do not help the conversational jug to pass, and leave their neighbor to melancholy gloom. Professor Mahaffy appears rather ungallantly to think women's part in conversation is mainly appreciative listening. This is better than wrangling, and better than being a mere wet blanket, like the ladies whose whole souls are away in their nurseries. But history seems to record more pleasant and witty talkers among women than among men, from Aspasia to ladies yet living. Probably Professor Mahaffy's book will no more make people good talkers than a treatise on billiards

would make them skilled in cannons and hazards. But it is easy to read these maxims, if it is difficult to practise them. For the Perfect Talker would be the perfect Christian, the perfect gentleman, and a very witty person into the bargain. These accomplishments are not the gift of fortune to most of us, nor do they come by nature.



RIGHT AND WRONG METHODS OF READING.

There has been current in the newspapers recently an account of an interview with Mr. A. R. Spofford, the librarian of Congress, in which we are told at length of that gentleman's rapid method of reading:

"I acquire the subject-matter," said Mr. Spofford. 'I pick out the meat—the pith. I pay no attention to the verbiage. I scarcely see the words, and never note the form of sentences. I have learned, by long practice and having a natural tendency for it, to get the information without the rhetoric. In this way the thought is got at a glance. It is not the words you want. When your time is all too short for your work you can't afford to waste it on words. In reading there is so much that is of no use to you—a worthless lot of verbiage. By practice you can avoid all this. Nearly all books or papers are taken up mostly with rhetoric, and have the fact and substance stored away in a very small space, if you only know how to find it. I seldom spend more than half an hour, and never more than an hour and a half, in the reading—or reconnaissance of the largest volume. For instance, I take this,' and he took a volume from the shelf. 'No,' looking at the title, 'this is hardly the proper book to illustrate it with. This is Carlyle; he has to be read; every word. He is one of the few authors who cannot be read as I have described. You must read every word, and well it pays you for the time. But it is only such a rugged and extraordinary writer that it is necessary to read that way. All those thousands of books, with smooth, easy-running sentences, they are all alike, and you don't want to waste time on the language; you want to seize on to the soul and devour it in an instant. Like this, now,' and he reached another book (not Carlyle), and went down the pages one after another, as an expert accountant would go down a column of figures. 'Nothing there I want, nor there, nor there.' Then occasionally striking something to the point and getting the thought in an instant. He went over probably fifteen or twenty pages in this way in a length of time hardly worth reckoning, and without even making a break in the conversation."

A genius for skipping and scanning like this may excite our wonder, but a more pernicious method of reading could not well be. It is designed, no doubt, to make one extensively acquainted with title-pages, and this is about its only advantage. It is simply impossible by such a method, to my thinking, for any mind, whatever may be its capacity, to get any true understanding of literature, or to obtain accurate information on any subject. That this is

susceptible of demonstration I will endeavor to show:

I. In all books that consist of literature proper the manner is never less important than the matter. Nothing in higher criticism is better established than this. The exception made to Carlyle by Mr. Spofford is an exception that must extend to the entire body of imaginative writers, to all the poets, all the dramatists, all the novelists, all the essayists. In the perusal of the greater number of books, information is not the primary purpose, and the notion set forth in the paragraph I have quoted that information is the soul, the purpose, the body of literature, is a notion amusing enough to be grotesque. For information we read annals, statistics, encyclopedias, and all those books that Charles Lamb excluded from his list of "books that are books," and hence the confounding of productions that may be scanned for their facts with productions that have their meaning set in rare forms, simply shows that the very thing under discussion is not understood. We read the poets for their choice thoughts set in choice words, we read the essayists for their felicity of style; in fact, we read innumerable books distinctly for what Mr. Spofford calls their verbiage. And in order to understand the quality of this verbiage, in order to feel all the beauty of the arrangement of words, we are under the necessity of reading closely and appreciatively—and just as the writers lingered pleasantly over their themes must we linger over their verbal felicities. Lowell, in his essay upon the 'Faerie Queen,' declares that we can get at the heart of Spenser solely by repeated reading—by filling ourselves, as it were, with his music. There is no great author that can be understood without this long and searching study. Not only, as Mr. Spofford says, must every word of Carlyle be read, but every word of the great number of authors whose works are accepted as classics. We do not know an author until he is not only read but assimilated. One reading of Shakspeare will give a reader but a feeble and imperfect idea of his felicity of expression; at the fiftieth reading he may have entered the arcanum of the poet's genius, and discovered something of the infinite variety of his thought and the matchless skill of his art. There are shades of thought in all authors that are discovered only after frequent readings, there are exaltations of feeling that we cannot reach unless by sympathetic surrender of our attention. If there were any virtue in Mr. Spofford's method of reading, books would be written for it, and we should behold the art of expression vanishing into air, and books stripped of every accessory, reduced to the character and dimensions of so many catalogues.

II. But this is not all. If it is necessary to know a poet well in order to know him at all, it is also necessary to penetrate thoroughly the writings of men that deal simply with theories or facts, in order to accurately interpret them. Madame de Staël said that the student who had thoroughly mastered the writings of Kant had accomplished a work that

would render all other literary tasks almost nothing in comparison. It is clear that Kant could not be understood by scanning. Nor could any writer anywhere. All philosophies, all sciences, require a cautious weighing of facts, and the use of words with clear conception of their exact meaning, and no one could follow in these works the train of reasoning to its conclusion who did not read slowly and thoughtfully. Hasty reading is a process that leads people to hasty conclusions, and hasty conclusions nine times out of ten are wrong. Literature and speech are full of the effects of misconceptions, of inaccurate statements, of perverted quotations, of erroneous interpretations. The thing to be insisted upon is care and not haste in reading. In innumerable instances we can understand an author only by careful analysis, and often careful analysis is the only means we have to guard us against the adoption of wrong theories.

Facts or theories interjected into the mind by rapid scanning go for nothing. The only things we really understand are those we have slowly fused and assimilated. This is true of knowledge in all the arts, all the sciences, all the philosophies, all theories, all modes of thought. There is but one means to intellectual equipment, and that is thoroughness. I do not venture to question Mr. Spofford's great attainments, but it is certain that ordinary men who adopt his methods will be led to a great deal of inaccurate thinking, and simply secure for themselves a large fund of misinformation.

O. B. B.

—*Appleton's Literary Bulletin.*

SWINBURNE'S LOCRINE.

'Locrine:' a Tragedy. By Algernon Charles Swinburne. (Worthington Co., New York.)

Old Geoffrey of Monmouth did an ill service to English literature when he started the twelfth century with his tale of the conquest of Britain by Brutus the Trojan, putting forth as veritable history a fiction which had not even the merit of high poetical capabilities to excuse it. 'The Poet's Poet' fails to enchant with it in the second book of his 'Faerie Queen.' The "sacred feet" of Milton "lingered there," as Mr. Swinburne says, but eventually passed on; and who can doubt that it was a happy impulse which diverted his poetic fancy from ancient legendary Britain to the recorded beginnings of all humanity? The fact is that poets cannot always find nutriment in the food which chronicler's supply; and it would be well if the desperate attempt to link our English beginnings with "the tale of Troy divine" failed to attract them to fields where fancy has little room for its higher flights.

If the story of Locrine, son of Brutus, were potentially a great poem, Mr. Swinburne could not fail to make a great poem of it. He has not done so, and the choice of subject is the cause. He has told us in the graceful stanzas of dedication to his sister which introduce the drama how the case stands

with the material which he has chosen; and, were it not that introductions are usually written after what they introduce, one is led to wonder why he proceeded to his task. Nevertheless, although the poet knows that "these wan legends" have no part in the sun whose glory lightens Greece and gleams on Rome" he has not been deterred from giving us the drama of 'Lochrine,' attempting what smaller men would have left alone. He has even enwrap it in the atmosphere, if not in the sunlight, of Greece; and has put forth a tragedy in Attic shape in many ways, though, as will presently be shown, devoid of much that serves to relieve the austerity of Attic drama.

The story of Lochrine, which may be read either in canto x. of book II. of the 'Faerie Queen,' or in Milton's 'History of Britain to the Conquest,' may be briefly told here. Lochrine, Albanact, and Camber are the three sons of King Brutus, of whom Lochrine, as the eldest, rules Loegria—i. e., England, except Cornwall; Albanact has Scotland, and Camber, Wales, for his portion. On the occasion of an irruption of fierce strangers, who land on the Humber bank (probably historically true), Albanact is killed in a battle where Lochrine is victorious. Estrild or Estrildis, a German princess forcibly carried off by the invader from her own land, is found by the conqueror in the camp of the enemy, after the fight is over; and, though he is previously affianced to Guendolen, daughter of Corineus, the giantkilling king of Cornwall, and eventually marries her, Lochrine makes Estrild his paramour and by her has a daughter, the Sabrina of Milton's 'Comus.' When Guendolen discovers the relations between Estrildis and Lochrine she levies war against her husband, with the help of their son Madan, and Lochrine is mortally wounded in battle.

Mr. Swinburne has varied some of the details of this legend; but is there any obligation to abide by the original statement of a pure fiction? The tragedy is written in acts, each of which consists of two scenes. There are only seven speaking characters in the *dramatis personae*; and of these never more than three are present at a time, which suggests the limitations of Attic tragedy, rendered necessary by the small number of actors employed. The jealousy of the injured wife supplies the keynote to the drama, which contains much upbraiding and recrimination, undergone not only by the unfaithful husband, Lochrine, but also by the contemptible Camber, king of Wales, his brother, but no friend to him. Indeed, it may safely be said that the chief defect of the poem is that there is too much railing in it, and too little dignity of tone in some of the leading characters. It has been said above that 'Lochrine' is in many ways a tragedy in Attic shape; but it lacks the choral interludes which throw their glamor of loveliness around 'Atalanta in Calydon,' and there is no herald with his *rhesis* to compensate in a passage of vivid description for the absence of the stir of action on the stage. As a result, one is reminded somewhat of Racine rather than of

Sophocles, despite the Procrustean *stichomythia* which Mr. Swinburne, along with Milton, admires. At the risk of seeming to play with words we must, therefore, call 'Lochrine' a bloodless tragedy, which certainly serves to show this, if nothing else—how wide is the range of the poet who has written 'Songs before Sunrise' and the present drama.

Mr. Swinburne's rich vocabulary, which to our mind serves him in ill stead where it is employed in scenes of angry nature, enables him to enchant us whenever love is to the fore. Anyone reading the plot of 'Lochrine' might safely anticipate that the best scenes would be those where the cause of the lawful wife's jealousy, Estrild, appears, especially as with her is her daughter and Lochrine's, Sabrina, for our poet has studied childhood deeply, or else has an instinctive sympathy with child-nature. Had Estrild and Sabrina filled the stage during the main scenes of the drama, and had Camber and Madan been kept more in the background, the result would have been a poem of far greater beauty.

In justification of the contrast drawn between the more turbulent scenes and those where Estrild and Sabrina are present, two quotations may be given for the reader to choose—not which is the pleasanter reading, for it is not the special business of tragedy to be pleasant—but which consists best with his ideal of the dignity and artistic excellence of a great drama. Here is the one quotation, in a speech of Madan to Camber:

"Let the loud fierce knaves thy brethren quell'd
Ward off the wolves whose hides should line thy
throne,
Wert thou no coward, no recreant to the bone,
No liar in spirit, and soul, and heartless heart,
No slave, no traitor—nought of all thou art.
A thing like thee, made big with braggart breath,
Whose tongue shoots fire, whose promise poisons
trust,
Would cast a shieldless soldier forth to death
And wreck three realms to sate his rancorous lust
With ruin of them who have weigh'd and found him
dust.
Get thee to Wales; there strut in speech and swell;
And thence, betimes, God speed thee safe to hell."

And here the other, in a scene between Estrild and Sabrina:

"ESTRILD.

"Dost thou understand,
Child, what the birds are singing?"

"SABRINA.

"All the land
Knows that: the water tells it to the rushes
Aloud, and lower and softer to the sand:
The flower-says, lip to lip and hand in hand,
Laugh and repeat it all till darkness hushes
Their singings with a word that falls and crushes
All song to silence down the river-strand
And where the hawthorns hearken for the thrushes.
And all the secret sense is sweet and wise
That sings through all their singing, and replies
When we woul' know if heaven be gay or grey,
And would not open all too soon our eyes
To look, perchance, on no such happy skies
As sleep brings close and waking blows away."

Unfortunately, though there are other passages in 'Loocrine' like this, or nearly as beautiful, there are several like that, in which Mr. Swinburne seems to forget for a while that strong language does not make strong situations. Indeed, the absence of "situations," in the stage sense, is so marked that it is difficult to imagine an audience sitting out 'Loocrine,' though a student may find much delight in reading it. The confronting of leading characters with each other in two instances, where much could be made of their meeting, seems to be carefully avoided. Guendolen, the lawful wife never stands face to face with Estrild, the paramour; nor does Camber, the intriguing inferior brother, meet Loocrine, who, with all his faults, is morally his master, and could be made to show it in telling fashion by Mr. Swinburne in an interview between the two. Loocrine is a well-drawn personality, and an uncommon one, admirably summed up by his wife at the end of the drama: "Fair face, brave hand, weak heart that wast not mine"; and these last four words supply the explanation of the whole tragedy.

It has been already hinted that the character of Estrild has not been developed with any minuteness in 'Loocrine,' and this seems to be an instance of the self-restraint which Mr. Swinburne exhibits throughout the poem. It certainly would be far more congenial to him, one would think, to dwell more fully on her and her child, instead of on the angry Guendolen, the mean and miserable Camber, and the disagreeable Madan, of whom we are not surprised to read in Spenser that eventually he

"raigned, unworthy of his race,
For with all shame that sacred throne he fled."

More unpromising material than these three characters supply it would be difficult for any dramatist to choose, and the wonder is ever recurrent: Why was such a subject chosen? or, if chosen, why was it treated with such rigor of form and severe simplicity of plot? It is true that the rhymes are managed with a rich variety, which savors of romantic origin, of which more anon, and in a way which is only possible to a consummate master of word-music, such as Mr. Swinburne is; but the resultant impression is one of contrast rather than of harmony between the matter and the manner of the poem.

The present reviewer is old-fashioned enough to think that blank verse, as employed in 'Hamlet,' in 'Samson Agonistes,' and in 'Atalanta,' is the one ideally excellent form for tragedy; and on that ground, among others, he sets 'Loocrine' below 'Atalanta.' The first act of 'Loocrine' commences with rhymed heroics, the metre of Dryden's choice; and very well is the rhyme managed, that is, it is made as unobtrusive as possible—brought in to be put out of the way. The second scene, however, is written in 210 lines, this total being a multiple of 14—the correct sonnet number; and, indeed, it is, metrically, nothing else than fifteen sonnets, on the true or Italian model, running on, without break at the end of each, and divided into two rhyme-linked quatrains and two tercets apiece (we believe that

Mr. Swinburne could, without effort, have written it in *sestinas*—a far more difficult mode—but doubt whether the effect would have been so good as could be produced by the simplest metrical schemes known). Various systems of rhyme, which it would weary the reader for us to analyze here, prevail in subsequent scenes, and then again in act v., scene i., we have ninety-eight lines, or seven sonnets, this time in the spurious form, if there is forgiveness for calling spurious the form which Shakspeare loved—viz., three independent quatrains followed by a couplet; while the last scene of the drama takes up again the heroic couplets with which the first act began, and thus rounds off the whole metrical effort with the following beautiful lines, spoken by Guendolen as she contemplates the consummated tragedy—Loocrine, Estrild, and Sabrina dead.

"The gods are wise who lead us—now to smite,
And now to spare. We dwell but in their sight
And work but what their will is. What hath been
Is past. But these, that once were king and queen,
The sun, that feeds on death, shall not consume
Naked. Not I would sunder tomb from tomb
Of these twain foes of mine, in death made one—
I, that, when darkness hides me from the sun
Shall sleep alone, with none to rest by me.
But thou—this one time more I look on thee—
Fair face, brave hand, weak heart that wast not
mine—
Sleep sound—and God be good to thee, Loocrine.
I was not. She was fair as heaven in spring
Whom thou didst love indeed. Sleep, queen and
king,
Forgiven; and if—God knows—being dead, ye live,
And keep remembrance yet of me—forgive.

It was necessary to dwell at some length on the metrical element in 'Loocrine,' because it is so elaborate, as compared with that of other dramas, and, very possibly, supplies some explanation of the unreal and artificial character which seems to cling to the composition. To write a scene in fifteen sonnets, metrically, must divert much of the writer's attention from the subject-matter to the way of expressing it; and, without agreeing altogether with Milton's views on rhyme, one may ask, Is it not still true that

"some famous modern poets" have paid over-much attention to it, "carried away by custom, but much to their own vexation, hindrance and constraint to express many things otherwise, and for the most part worse, than else they would have expressed them?"

A word in conclusion. Wherever in this review the language of disparagement has been employed, the standard of comparison in the writer's mind has been one supplied by Mr. Swinburne himself. The grievance, if any, is not that the poet is unequal to the task of treating the story adequately, but that the story was not worthy of his treatment; and that consequently he has given us a masterpiece of metrical art with but little living interest entwined with it—the well-cut and richly-faceted jewels without the inner flash. Were there no gems of purer ray to hand?

HERBERT B. GARROD,

AT THE GRAVE OF KEATS.

'Twas in the heart of purple vintage-time,
 The mellow season that he loved so well,
 I wandered out at early vesper-chime,
 Rome had cast off the summer's torrid spell,
 And in the air
 Moved a kind coolness from the mountains blown
 Across the billowy zone
 The wide Campagna makes around the throne
 Where sits the city still supremely fair.

Through long and winding ways at last I came
 To memory sacred, sadly hallowed ground,
 And there my yearning eyes beheld his name.
 There was a haunting, tender silence round.
 Save for the cries
 Of happy blind boys in a field at play,
 More innocently gay
 Than many an one who looks upon the day
 With never-clouded, all-discerning eyes.

A rose-hedge bloomed along an olden wall,
 And dying wafts of summer, soft exhaled,
 Were borne from petals, trembling to the fall.
 Then, while the great sun's glory slowly failed,
 And softly stirred
 In sound articulate each cypress tree,
 I thought, O ecstasy,
 If from yon sombre bough-top wild and free
 Could drop the nightingale's clear word on word!

In vain, in vain! The birds, if there, were mute,
 As if somehow their gentle spirits knew
 Those lips so silent 'neath the sod's fine root
 Once pealed with song that sings remote lands
 through,
 A laurel's leaves,
 As green as is his fame, above the mold
 That doth his dust enfold,
 Gave him the crown, that, after life is cold,
 Death with unsparing hand so often weaves.

Ah, grave of graves! what pathos round it clings—
 To this sad bourne from coming age to age,
 While the tired earth endures its sufferings,
 Will wandering feet make worship's pilgrimage!
 Thou, hoary Rome,
 In bosoming him hast higher glory won,
 Although for Pantheon
 Thou gav'st him naught, save that wherein the sun
 Beams morn by morn, an everlasting dome.

Before I turned I plucked a laurel spray
 For fond remembrance-token. Night unfurled
 Her spectral wings, and vague and vast and gray
 Grew the great void above the restless world.
 But bright afar
 Ere yet were friendly portals open thrown,
 From out the dim unknown,
 Athwart my heaven-uplifted vision shone,
 Adown a luminous path, one splendid star!

CLINTON SCOLLARD.

Rome, Italy, October, 1887.

AMATEUR ANNOTATORS.

Every intelligent and scholarly person who habitually frequents a public reading-room or uses the books of a public library meets with numerous annoyances and hindrances to his full enjoyment. There are those who from lack of thought or breeding accost their friends in full voice in tones that jar upon the sensitive ear of one intent upon the study of a favorite subject, to which, perhaps, he is only able to devote a few moments snatched from the pressure of business; there are also the "Whisperers" and "mutterers," who indeed pay outward regard to the decorum proper in such surroundings, but whose monotonous mumbling, continued until patience is well-nigh exhausted, is to many a worse infliction than audible speech itself. Of course, the selfish and inconsiderate who try to secure the first and best of everything abound in libraries and reading rooms as in every public place. But the annoyance occasioned by any of those mentioned is insignificant compared with that caused by the "pencil pests," the "amateur annotators," as they have been aptly styled, who read a book or periodical with pencil in hand, and wound the feelings and disturb the equanimity of the readers who follow them by scribbling on its margin or underscoring words or passages. Although the parson who inscribes his pet theory on the margin of a theological work with which he does not agree, the philosopher who similarly criticises the facts or opinions of a writer of another school of thought, the literary critic who corrects the style of an author, or the pedant who appends a translation of a foreign phrase, would doubtless scorn to be classed with the school-boy who scrawls on the title-page or at the end of a favorite story, "This is a boss book—you bet!" in the regard of the bibliophile—the true lover of books and the man of culture—all are sinners together. It can scarcely be allowed that they differ even in degree, for the same spirit animates everyone who thus offends, and the more learned and presumably thoughtful of them is really more culpable than the thoughtless boy who knows no better.

The writer once knew an habitué of a public library who was possessed with this species of *cacoethes scribendi*. He was a literal devourer of books, reading everything that came in his way, from theology to the turf. He would take up a book, turn the pages carelessly for a few moments, then become absorbed and retire from all outward impression. Soon he would begin to "breathe hard" and grunt in a way peculiar to himself at such times; then out would come a stub of a pencil from his waistcoat-pocket and be busily engaged in recording, perhaps, a correction of text or statement, but more likely some sarcastic comment upon the writer of the book or his opinions. This man made himself so obnoxious in this particular that the directors instructed the librarian to warn him that he must abandon the practice or be denied the privileges of the library. He took the admonition very much to heart, and even claimed that the books

were enhanced in value by his marginal annotations. Doubtless everyone of this class would hold the same opinion—that his criticism, correction, comment, or translation would be valued by subsequent readers. But such a belief is only the outcome of conceit, an assumption that no one as wise as he will ever read the book.

Those who think they have something to say in this wise are bad enough, but there are yet worse—who, pencil in hand (but touched to the tongue before using to insure a blacker mark), underline word after word or enclose sentence after sentence in parentheses throughout a book, disfiguring nearly every page by their inanity, and spoiling the pleasure of every other reader who is not like-minded.

A man may do as he likes with his own books—treat them fairly and keep them well or deface them to any extent he will; but the books of a public library are not to be marred at the pleasure of any pedant or boor who may take them in hand. They are for the good of all, and as such are stringently guarded by the law of the State, which says that "Whosoever wilfully and maliciously or wantonly and without cause writes upon, injures, defaces, tears, or destroys a book, plate, picture, engraving, or statue belonging to a law, town, city or other library, shall be punished by a fine of not less than five nor more than fifty dollars, or by imprisonment in the goal not exceeding six months." Moreover, he who indulges in this reprehensible propensity needs naught but his own act to be "writ down an ass."

C. H. BURBANK.

PHILOLOGY V. LITERATURE.

Mr. J. C. Collins occupies nearly two pages in the *Academy* under this heading, his text being a recent pamphlet by Prof. Nettleship, entitled 'The Study of Modern European Languages and Literature in the University of Oxford.' Mr. Collins, it seems, was the writer of a paper in the *Quarterly Review* for January, 1887, in the course of which he declared that Philological study contributes nothing to the cultivation of the taste. "It as certainly contributes nothing to the education of the emotions. The mind it neither enlarges nor refines. On the contrary, it too often induces or confirms that peculiar woodenness and opacity, that singular coarseness of feeling and purblindness of moral and intellectual vision which has in all ages been characteristic of mere philologists, and of which we have an appalling illustration in such a work as Bentley's 'Milton.' Prof. Nettleship is naturally nettled at this statement. "When one reads," he says, "that a coarseness of feeling and a purblindness of moral and intellectual vision has in all ages been characteristic of mere philologists, one wonders what is meant." Mr. Collins thereupon proceeds to show the philological professor what is meant, at any rate what he means, by his reference to Bentley, whom he justly describes as the greatest philologist that

England or any other country ever produced, and who, in January, 1732, gave to the world his edition of 'Paradise Lost.' As we have all of us heard of Bentley's Milton, though few of us have ever read it (and it is not worth reading, except on account of its dense stupidity), a few extracts from it culled, at random by Mr. Collins, may not be without interest. We give them as they occur in the letter of Mr. Collins, without any comment of our own:

MILTON.

"No light, but rather darkness visible,
Served only to discover sights of woe."

(I. 62-3.)

BENTLEY'S NOTE.

"'Darkness visible' and 'darkness palpable' are in due place very good expressions; but the next line makes visible here a flat contradiction. 'Darkness visible' will not serve to discover sights of woe through it, but to cover and hide them. Nothing is visible to the eye, but so far as it is opaque, and not seen through. To come up to the author's idea we may say thus—

"'No light, but rather a transpicuous gloom.'"

MILTON.

"Nor sometimes forget
Those other two equall'd with me in fate,
So were I equall'd with them in renown:
Blind Thamyras and blind Maenonides,
And Tiresias and Phineus, Prophets old."

(III. 32-4.)

BENTLEY'S NOTE.

"Here we have the editor's list again, for the mark of it is easily discovered. What more ridiculous than to say *these other two*, and afterwards to name *four*? But let's see what wise choice he has made of them. Thamyras, a barbarian Thracian, who, out of lust, not superior skill in music, challenged the Muses . . . a fine person to rival in renown! And what occasion to think at times of Tiresias or Phineus, old *Prophets*. Did our poet pretend to prophesy? He might equally think of any other blind men. Add the bad accent and Tiresias. To retrieve this passage it may be thus changed:

"Nor at times forget
The Grecian bard, equall'd with me in fate;
O were with him I equall'd in renown."
The participle *So* is not English."

MILTON.

"Thus with the Year
Seasons return, but not to me returns
Day, or the sweet approach of Ev'n or Morn."

(III. 40-2.)

BENTLEY'S NOTE.

"There must be some mistake here. *Thus seasons return*? Not a word has been said of it before to give countenance to *Thus*. From the mention of the Nightingale, it seems requisite to alter it thus; "Tunes her nocturnal note, when, with the year, Mild Spring returns."

"Day, or the sweet approach of Ev'n or Morn,' can hardly be right; the poor man, in so many years' blindness, had too much of evening."

MILTON.

"Him, thus intent, Ithuriel with his spear,
Touched lightly." (IV. 810.)

Bentley, here observing that the presence of a toad, into which Satan had transformed himself, in Adam's bower, must have puzzled Ithuriel, suggests that a line should be inserted:

"Him, thus intent, Ithuriel with his spear,
Knowing no real toad durst there intrude,
Touched lightly."

MILTON.

"Hell heard the insufferable noise. Hell saw
Heav'n running from Heaven," (VI. 867-8.)

BENTLEY'S NOTE.

"'Twas not the noise of the fall, but the clamor of
those that were falling. And 'insufferable' fills the
verse rather than it does the sense. Rather thus,

"'Hell heard the hideous cries and yells. Hell saw
Heav'n tumbling down from Heaven.'"

MILTON.

"Four speedy Cherubim." (II. 516.)

BENTLEY'S NOTE.

"Not much need of swiftness to be a good trumpet-
er. For 'speedy,' I suspect the poet gave

"'Four sturdy Cherubim.'

Stout, robust, able to blow a strong blast."

MILTON.

"Our torments also may, in length of time,
Become our elements." (II. 274-5.)

BENTLEY'S NOTE.

"This argument Mammon steals from Belial's
speech. To keep just decorum he should ascribe it to
the true author, and I say it thus:

"'Then, as 'twas well observed, our torments may
Become our elements.'"

MILTON.

"As from the Centre thrice to the utmost pole."

BENTLEY.

"From the Centre to the utmost pole is vicious. The
distance is much too little, and might have been
doubled thrice with ease; but I would express it thus,
without any comparison:

"'Distance, which to express, all measure fails.'"

Mr. Collins says that Bentley's note on the last
lines of 'Paradise Lost' beggars parody. He gives
the last of it:

MILTON.

"They, hand in hand, with wandering steps and slow,
Through Eden took their solitary way."

BENTLEY'S NOTE.

"Why 'wandering'? Erratic steps? Very improper,
when in the line before they were *guided by Providence*.
And why 'slow,' when even Eve professed her readi-
ness and alacrity for the journey? (614.)

'But now lead on,

In me is no delay.'

And why their *solitary* way, when even their former
walks in Paradise were as solitary as their way now,
there being nobody besides these two, both here and
there? Shall I, therefore, after so many prior pre-
sumptions, presume at least to offer a distich—

Then, hand in hand, with social steps their way
Through Eden took with heavenly comfort cheer'd."

In all this, Mr. Collins says, Prof. Nettleship evi-
dently sees nothing ridiculous, Bentley's notes and

emendations are reprehensible in his eyes, not
because of portentous stupidity, but simply because
a settled text made them superfluous. But there can
be no settled text, Mr. Collins, for the race of the
Bentleys is eternal. Ben Jonson belonged to it;
Pope belonged to it; Dr. Johnson belonged to it; in
fact, every editor of every great poet, and several
editors of several small poets, including, among the
last, Mr. Buxton Forman and Mr. William Michael
Rossetti, who are not so much philological as punct-
native.

R. H. S.

BIBLIOGRAPHY OF THACKERAY'S LETTERS.

The mania for collecting first editions of con-
temporary authors appears to be of recent date, and it
can only be said to have reached its full development
within the last fifteen years. I have examined most
of the library catalogues of the historic bibliophiles,
and have discovered no evidence to show that they
had any desire to enhance the fame of their coevals
by raising the value of their early works to a fancy
elevation. *Editiones principes* of the classical and
Elizabethan authors have always been in favor, but
not one of the bibliophiles of the last century, for
instance, cared to preserve in "original boards un-
cut," in a "pull-off case," or in a richly decked
morocco coat, the early productions of Goldsmith
or Fielding, Gray or Johnson. Had they done so,
early copies in good condition would not be so rare
as they are now, and we should not be called on to
pay fifty or sixty guineas for an uncut copy of the
'Vicar of Wakefield.' I have been an assiduous
collector of Fielding for several years, but have
hitherto failed to procure good uncut copies, say, of
his 'History of the Rebellion in Scotland,' 1745, or
his 'Dialogue between the Devil, Pope, and Pre-
tender.' In later years, how few people seem to
have preserved original copies of 'Pickwick' or
Titmarsh's 'Comic Tales and Sketches.' It is true
their authors were not distinguished writers of the
day, but any person with a grain of insight might
have prophesied great things of "Boz" and "Michael
Angelo," and have preserved their works with bib-
liophilic care from the ravages of the kitchen and
the nursery. Although acquainted with all the
published bibliographies of Dickens, I have never
yet met with a completely accurate description of
'Pickwick' as it originally appeared in parts. No
writer of the time thought it worth while to record
anything of that rare Part 3, with "Illustrations by
R. W. Buss" on the cover, which is now the *cruz* of a
collector, but which we may hope to learn all about
when the long-advertised "Victoria Edition" makes
its appearance. It is with a view, therefore, to
obviate any controversy with regard to the last work
of the greatest humorist of the century that I pur-
pose to crystallize, while the book is still wet from
the press, a short *discursus* on the 'Letters' of Wil-
liam Makepeace Thackeray. The first instalment

of these letters appeared in *Scribner's Magazine* for April, 1887; the last in the number of that periodical for October, 1887. The published book issued from the press in September, 1887. Which, then, is the first edition; and is priority reckoned from the date on which the first letter was published, or from that on which the collection was completed? But a careful observer will perceive that there are variations between the two issues. The collected volume does not contain two of the cuts that appeared in *Scribner*, viz., the 'Portrait of No. 913,' in the August number, p. 144, and the interesting 'Portrait of Thackeray,' in the October number, p. 418. Nor does the book republish the little initial signature in the June number of *Scribner*, p. 600. On the other hand, *Scribner* does not show us the facsimile of Clough's MS., 'The Flags of Piccadilly,' opposite p. 82 of the book. It is evident that the moot point of priority of publication, and the variations between the two issues which I have noted, render it absolutely necessary for the conscientious collector to possess himself of both these editions, to the mutual advantage of New York and London. Having purchased these for the sake of bibliophily, let us hope that he will unite with most people in praying the publishers to produce, at no great interval of time, a volume which one may read in an easy chair without the intervention of a book-rest, and in which the mind will not be offended by such chronological vagaries as a letter attributed to July, 1850, being sandwiched in between one written at Christmas, 1849, and another with the date of February 26, 1850. I do not wish to be ill-natured; but better meat worse cooked has seldom been issued from the literary *cuisine*. This is a hard thing to say when the name of Mr. James Russell Lowell figures in the introduction; but it is nevertheless a fact.

W. F. PRIDEAUX.

JOHN WESLEY'S ENGLISH DICTIONARY.

The news that the famous Methodist was a lexicographer will probably be as startling to most of our readers as was the news to the Israelites that Saul was among the prophets. Certainly the description of the dictionary maker as a "harmless drudge" was as thoroughly inappropriate to John Wesley as it could be to Samuel Johnson himself. Although the news may be startling at first, it will not be found so extraordinary when we think the matter over a little. Wesley was a voluminous writer, and most of the years of his active life were marked by the issue of several new works. With regard to many of these, his early biographers, Coke and Moore, remark that there is a considerable amount of misapprehension in the public mind. They observe that all his writings must be viewed in the light of that resolution which he made in 1725, that henceforth all his thoughts, words, and actions should be dedicated to God. They add; "His design in writing and in preaching was the same, viz., that he might

be faithful to every talent committed to him, and all might issue in bringing glory to God and peace and good-will to men." Thus he was interested in the success of a particular school, and he at once set to work to produce short grammars of the English, French, Latin, Greek, and Hebrew languages for the use of the scholars. This was between the years 1748 and 1751. Wesley was, as we all know, a thoroughly practical man, and he was particularly interested in philological questions, on account of the high estimation in which he held the acquirement of the power of good speaking and good writing. He wrote to a friend:—

"What is it that constitutes a good style? Perspicuity, purity, propriety, strength, and easiness joined together. When any of these is wanting it is not a good style. As for me, I never think of my style at all, but just set down the words that come first. Only when I transcribe anything for the press, then I think it my duty to see every phrase be clear, pure, and proper. . . . We should constantly use the most common little easy words (so they are pure and proper) which our language affords. When I had been a member of the University about ten years, I wrote and talked much as you do now. But when I talked to plain people in the castle or the town I observed they gaped and stared. This quickly obliged me to alter my style and adopt the language of those I spoke to. And yet there is a dignity in this simplicity which is not disagreeable to those of the highest rank."¹

Mr. Tyerman, one of Wesley's latest biographers, gives the following account of the origin of the English Dictionary:—

"To rightly appreciate this curious publication, it must be borne in mind that Wesley was now putting into the hands of thousands of the common people extracts from 'the best English writers' in the numerous volumes of his 'Christian Library.' Hence the necessity he felt of giving the same readers a compendious dictionary explaining words in that Library, which many, at least, were not likely to understand. . . . There can be no question that Wesley's little though pretentious dictionary was calculated to be of great service in assisting the poor unlettered Methodists in understanding even the hardest words in his 'Christian Library.'"²

'The Complete English Dictionary,' to which these remarks refer, is anonymous, but it must have been well known to be by John Wesley among his followers, and probably it had a good sale among them, for it went through three editions. It is now scarce, and the second and third editions only are in the Library of the British Museum. The writer of this article possesses a copy of the first edition, but it wants the title-page. In the last volume of the collected edition of Wesley's works the title-page and preface of the first edition are reprinted, but although the date (1753) is given, the place of publica-

¹ Wesley's Works, vol. xlii. p. 394.

² Rev. L. Tyerman's 'Life and Times of the Rev. John Wesley,' 1870, vol. ii. pp. 182-183.

tion is not stated, and there is no indication of the fact that the work was republished.

The following is the title of the second edition, and it is identical with that of the first and third editions down to the end of the note:—

"The Complete English Dictionary, explaining most of those hard Words which are found in the best English writers. By a Lover of Good English and Common Sense. N. B. The Author assures you, he thinks this is the best English Dictionary in the World. The second edition, with additions. Bristol, printed by William Pine, and sold by the Booksellers of London. Bristol, &c. 1764. 12mo."

The third edition has the imprint, "London, printed by R. Hawes," but unfortunately the date is cut away in the British Museum copy. The date given in the Catalogue is 1765. The second edition has a few more words than the first, but the third is identical with the second except that it is a veritable reprint.

The preface 'To the Reader,' dated October, 1753, is a characteristic performance, and worthy of being reproduced here:—

"As incredible as it may appear, I must avow that this dictionary is not published to get money, but to assist persons of common sense and no learning, to understand the best English authors; and that with as little expense of either time or money, as the nature of the thing would allow.

"To this end it contains, not a heap of Greek and Latin words, just tagged with English terminations (for no good English writer, none but vain or senseless pedants, give these any place in their writings); not a scroll of barbarous law expressions, which are neither Greek, Latin, nor good English; not a crowd of technical terms, the meaning whereof is to be sought in books expressly wrote on the subjects to which they belong; not such English words as *and of*, *but*, which stand so gravely in Mr. Bailey's, Pardon's, and Martin's dictionaries: but 'most of those hard words which are found in the best English writers.' I say most, for I purposely omit not only all which are not hard, and which are not found in the best writers, not only all law words and most technical terms, but likewise all, the meaning of which may be easily gathered from those of the same derivation. And this I have done in order to make this dictionary both as short and as cheap as possible."

Here we have the compiler's opinion as to what a dictionary should be, and then he proceeds to justify the vainglorious boast on the title-page in the following terms of lively banter:—

"I should add no more, but that I have so often observed, the only way, according to the modern taste for any author to procure commendation to his book is, vehemently to commend it himself. For want of this deference to the publick, several excellent tracts lately printed, but left to commend themselves by their intrinsic worth, are utterly unknown or forgotten. Whereas, if a writer of tolerable sense will but bestow a few violent encomiums

on his own work, especially if they are skilfully ranged on the title-page, it will pass through six editions in a trice, the world being too complaisant to give a gentleman the lie, and taking it for granted, he understands his own performance best. In compliance, therefore, with the taste of the age, I add that this little dictionary is not only the shortest and cheapest, but likewise by many degrees, the most correct which is extant at this day. Many are the mistakes in all the other English dictionaries which I have seen. Whereas I can truly say, I yet know of none in this; and I conceive the reader will believe me, for if I had, I should not have left it there. Use then this help, till you find a better."

That the possessors of the dictionary found it useful may be judged from the fact that a copy now before the writer of this, which belonged to "Mary Robinson" on February 1, 1781, contains an addition in her handwriting: "Etiquette—politeness, good breeding." Now, if this is the only word which this young lady found it necessary to add, she must have found the dictionary a very useful companion. We cannot agree with the compiler in the estimation of his book. There is no explanation of the origin of the words, and the definitions are usually neither very clear nor very correct. It is rather too bad to have a hard word explained by a harder one—as in this instance, "An abscess, an imposthume." Certainly when we look under the letter *t* we find some more information—"an imposthume, a swelling filled with corrupt matter." The following entry is not very explicit from a Natural History point of view—"An ortolan, a very dear bird"; and the reader who came upon some allusion to the changing hue of the chameleon, would not be much enlightened by the following: "A chameleon, a kind of lizard, living on flies." It is not worth while, however, to say more about the ordinary definitions in this dictionary, because what are really worthy of record, and what must be of more or less interest to all of us, are the definitions of the words which were of living importance to Wesley himself. Thus we learn that "a Methodist" is "one that lives according to the Method of the Bible."

One of the special characteristics of Wesley was the power he possessed of turning aside the ridicule of his enemies by accepting the opprobrious epithets that were applied to his followers; thus, one of his ministers, in a somewhat unwise address, alluded to "the babe in swaddling clothes," and in consequence the Methodists in Ireland were called Swaddlers. This term we find explained in the dictionary as follows—"A swaddler, a nickname given by the Papists in Ireland to true Protestants."

We will conclude this article with a few of the definitions which are of especial interest, as being written by a great ecclesiastic such as Wesley was:

"An Arminian, one that believes in universal redemption."

"Calvinists, they that hold absolute unconditional predestination."

"Catholick spirit, universal love."

"Consubstantiation, the mixture of two substances."

"Conversion, a thorough change of heart and life from sin to holiness; a turning."

"Deism, infidelity, denying the Bible."

"A Dissenter, one who refuses the Communion of the Church of England."

"The Elect, all that truly believe in Christ."

"A Freethinker, a Deist."

"A Latitudinarian, one that fancies all religions are saving."

"The Millennium, the thousand years during which Christ will reign upon earth."

"A Nonconformist, a dissenter from the Church."

"A Pelagian, one who denies original sin."

"Purgatory, a place where the Papists fancy departed souls are purged by fire."

"A Puritan, an old strict Church of England man."

"Quietists, who place all religion in waiting quietly on God."

"Socinians, men who say Christ was a mere man; Arians held him to be a little God."

"Transubstantiation, (the supposed) change of the substance of bread and wine into the body and blood of Christ."

HENRY B. WHEATLEY.

THE VICTORIA EDITION OF PICKWICK.

The Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club. By Charles Dickens. Victoria Edition. 2 vols. Chapman & Hall, London, Eng.

The handsomest and withal the most interesting edition of 'Pickwick' makes its appearance opportunely in the jubilee year of that most popular of all the books of the Victorian era. The two substantial volumes which Messrs. Chapman & Hall, the original publishers of the work, issue are not a facsimile reprint either of the old monthly parts in their famous green wrappers or of the first completed edition which was given to the world just fifty years ago. The notion of the book is that of a standard and authoritative edition from the latest revised text of the author, sumptuously printed and endowed with many incidental features that must invest it with further interest in the eyes of honest lovers of books. The original illustrations by Seymour and Phiz—even the drawings done by Buss in the intermediate time between the sudden and tragic end of the first-named artist and the regular engagement of Mr. Hablot Browne—are here reproduced, not from the original etchings, but, what is better still, from the artists' drawings. Even cancelled "alternative" drawings and suppressed plates, which have hitherto not been seen by the public eye, are included, and all these have been reproduced with marvellous delicacy and fidelity by photogravure or the process of photographic engrav-

ing upon copper plates. Thus the reader may see at once the scene as the artist drew it, free from the vagaries of the needle or the aqua-fortis bath, or, what is worse, the deception of worn plates. This feature alone is one which will greatly endear the book to all lovers of Dickens, though we cannot but think it a pity that facsimiles of good impressions of the original plates were not allowed to accompany these reproductions of the drawings. They have gathered associations of interest, for it was on these comparatively rude copies of the drawing that the eyes of a past generation rested with delight as the much-expected green Part—the first of which appeared on the 31st of March, 1836—came forth month by month. It would have been curious, for many reasons, to compare them with the drawings. Take, for example, the scenes of Mrs. Leo Hunter's 'Fancy Dress Déjeûner,' wherein the long face of the tall figure in the rear, as it appeared in the number, bore so close a caricature resemblance to that of Lord Brougham that it has been said that the concealing beard which figures in subsequent impressions are due to some remonstrance against the artist's freedom. It is a remarkable circumstance that the face in the etching is quite a different type. The comparison of the plump and matronly Mrs. Leo Hunter with the figure ultimately etched in deference to a hint from Dickens will also be found interesting. More noteworthy than the Buss pictures is the facsimile opposite p. 203 (vol. 1) of a drawing in water-colors, by John Leech, which was sent, it appears, by that artist, then unknown to fame, to Messrs. Chapman & Hall during the progress of the 'Pickwick Papers,' as a specimen of his work. It represents the episode of 'Tom Smart and the Chair,' in the story told by a bagman and is characteristic of the refined fun which afterwards blossomed so often in the pages of *Punch*. As regards the letterpress, a notable feature is the reprinting of prefaces, notes, and publishers' announcements. The advertisement of the appearance of No. 1, like the design of the original green wrapper with Mr. Pickwick dozing in the punt of which a facsimile is furnished, is of interest as indicating the original intention of giving to sport more prominence than it actually attained. From this announcement alone are we enabled to fix the locality of the club, which it seems was in Huggin-lane. The author, as we all know, soon dropped altogether the cumbrous machinery of the club, though it seems from his address to the reader on completing the tenth of the twenty numbers that he then still adhered to the conventional idea of being the mere editor of "posthumous papers." So far from thinking these reprinted trifles superfluous, we would even have welcomed here the "errata" list published with the first edition, from which, if we remember rightly, it is to be gathered that the date of Mr. Pickwick's early exploits, and even the precise locality of that hostelry at which the Wellers, father and son, when in town, were wont to take their ease, was not for a time very clearly impressed on the mind of the

creator of those great favorites of the public. From the preface contributed by the editor, Mr. Charles Plumtre Johnson, we learn that down to the end of last year Messrs. Chapman & Hall alone had published and sold 900,000 copies of 'Pickwick,' besides which there have been the numerous editions, at prices ranging from a penny upwards, which since the expiration of the author's copyright seven years ago, have been issued by other houses.



AMERICANA.

POMPONIUS MELA'S GEOGRAPHY.

Mr. Justin Winsor, in his exhaustive 'History of America,' deals very fully with the immense bibliography of the subject. From the article treating of Pomponius Mela, Solinus, Vadianus, and Apianus, much valuable information is given respecting the documentary sources of early Spanish-American history. The first edition of the popular geographical treatise of Pomponius Mela was, it seems, printed in 1471 at Milan, and published under the title of 'Cosmographia,' in quarto size of fifty-nine leaves. In 1478, observes Mr. Winsor, there was an edition, 'De Situ Orbis,' at Venice: and in 1482 another edition, 'Cosmographia Geographica,' came out at the same place. It was called 'Cosmographia' in the edition of 1498: 'De Orbis Situ' in that of Venice, 1502; 'De totius orbis descriptione' in the Paris edition of 1507, edited by Geoffroy Tory. In 1512 the text of Mela came under new influences. A circle of geographical students were at this time making Vienna a centre of interest by their interpretation of the views of Mela and Solinus, a writer of the third century, whose 'Polyphistor' is a description of the world known to the ancients. In this circle there was one John Camers, who undertook the editing of Mela, and his edition, 'De Situ Orbis,' was printed by John Singrein at Vienna in 1512, in which year also another issue, 'Cosmographia Pomponii Mele,' edited by Johannes Cocleius, appeared, presumably from a Nuremberg press. Joachim Watt, a Swiss student of Camers, and better known by the Latinized form of his name, Vadianus, brought out the 'De Situ Orbis' of Mela in 1518. Camers also issued at the same time an edition uniform with the Aldine imprint of Solinus. The two books are often found bound together. Two years later (1520), copies of the two usually have bound up between them the famous coniform map of Apian—Petrus Apianus. This for a long time was considered the earliest engraved map to show the name of America, which appeared on the representation of South America. Besides the editions of Mela which we have enumerated, a great many subsequent ones appeared, at Paris, Basle, London, Antwerp, Madrid, Leyden, &c.

HUBBARD'S 'NARRATIVE.'

A very curious book appeared at Boston in 1677, bearing the imprint of John Foster. It was by W.

Hubbard, and bore the somewhat long-winded title as follows; 'A Narrative of the Troubles with the Indians in New England, from the first planting thereof in the year 1607, to this present year 1677. But chiefly of the late Troubles in the two last years, 1675 and 1676. To which is added a Discourse about the Warre with the Pequods in the year 1637,' &c. This book, with the original folding map, is extremely rare; and, what is, perhaps, the only copy in the market, is offered for £70. The chief test, according to the bookseller, of the original map, as distinguished from the London reproduction, is that the range of "White Hills" is properly so named on it, while in the latter it is misinscribed "*Wine Hills*."

THE FIRST ALMANAC.

It is a fact upon which most bibliographers are agreed, that the first almanac printed in America came out in 1639, and was entitled 'An Almanac calculated for New England, by Mr. Pierce, Mariner.' The printer was Stephen Day, or Daye, to whom belongs the title of first printer in North America. The press was at Cambridge, Mass., and its introduction was effected mainly through the Rev. Jesse Glover, a wealthy Nonconformist minister who had only recently left England. Some Amsterdam gentlemen gave towards furnishing of a printing-press with letters, forty-nine pounds and something more."

ANOTHER "FIRST" ALMANAC.

As a pendant to the foregoing note, it will be interesting to point out that the first book issued in the Middle Colonies was an Almanac. It was printed near Philadelphia by William Bradford, in 1685, who was brought out from England in 1682 by William Penn; but the Government of Pennsylvania becoming very restrictive with reference to the press, Bradford removed in 1693 to New York, was appointed printer to that colony, and in 1725 succeeded in starting the *New York Gazette*—the first newspaper published there. He died May 23, 1753, aged eighty-nine years. Of his almanac, we believe there are only two copies known to be in existence, and as the Address of the Printer to the Readers is so quaint, we cannot forbear quoting it in full. It runs as follows:—"Hereby understand that after great charge and trouble, I have brought that GREAT ART AND MYSTERY OF PRINTING into this part of America; believing it may be of great service to you in several respects; hoping to find encouragement, not only in this Almanack, but what else I shall enter upon for the use and service of the inhabitants of these parts. Some irregularities there be in this Diary, which I desire you to pass by this year; for being lately come hither, my materials were misplaced and out of order, whereupon I was forced to use figures and letters of various sizes; but understanding the want of something of this nature, and being importuned thereto, I ventured to make public this; desiring you to accept thereof; and by the next (as I find encouragement) shall endeavor to have things compleat. And for the ease of clerks, scriveners,

&c., I propose to print blank Bills, Bonds, Letters of Attorney, Indentures, Warrants, etc., and what else presents itself, wherein I shall be ready to serve you; and remain your friend, W. BRADFORD, Philadelphia, the 10th month, 1685."

THE EARLIEST GREEK BOOK.

The earliest Greek book printed in the United States was Matthew Carey's edition of the 'Enchiridion' of Epictetus (1792), and the first Greek Testament came from the press of Isaiah Thomas, Worcester, Massachusetts, in 1800.

A POETIC NEGRESS.

The appearance of an individual in whom the three attributes of negress, slave, and poetess are found, may be regarded as somewhat phenomenal, or, as a bookseller's catalogue would express it, "EXCESSIVELY RARE." Phillis Wheatley, a negro servant, or slave, to Mr. John Wheatley, of Boston, New England, is the authoress of 'Poems on Various Subjects, Religious and Moral' (1773), which was printed for A. Bell, Aldgate, London, and "sold by Messrs. Cox & Berry, King Street, Boston." The volume contains her portrait. Phillis was remarkably quick at learning, and is said to have taught herself to read and write without the assistance of a schoolmaster. The poems were written when she was a slave in the household of Mr. Wheatley.—*The Bookworm*.

TITLES OF SOME OF THE EARLIEST NEWS SHEETS.

The following are a few of the more curious titles of the newspapers, magazines, etc., started in the latter part of the seventeenth, and in the eighteenth centuries, with the years of their first appearance:

- 1689 *Weekly Memorials*; or, an Account of Books lately set forth, with other Accounts relating to Learning.
- 1691 *Momus Ridens*; or, Comical Remarks on the Public Reports.
- 1696 *Lloyd's News*. Printed for Edward Lloyd (Coffee-Man) in Lombard Street.
- 1696 *The Night Walker*; or, Evening Rambler.
- 1704 *The Comical Observer*.
- 1705 *The Whipping Post*; or, a new Sessions of Oyer and Terminer for the Scribblers.
- 1711 *The Growler*; or, Diogenes robbed of his Tub.
- 1714 *The Wailes of Literature*.
- 1715 *The Grumbler*.
- 1716 *The Tea-Table*. By Sir Richard Steele.
- 1716 *Robin's Last Shift*; or, weekly remarks and political reflections upon the most material news, foreign and domestic.
- 1716 *Chit-Chat*. By Sir Richard Steele.
- 1724 *The Halfpenny London Journal*; or, the British Oracle.
- 1728 *The Touchstone*.
- 1735 *The Prompter*.
- 1737 *Common Sense*.

- 1740 *The Prattler*.
- 1740 *The Halfpenny Post*.
- 1740 *The Farthing Post*.
- 1744 *The Meddler*.
- 1753 *The Scourge*.
- 1753 *The World*.
- 1755 *Man*. A paper for ennobling the species.
- 1755 *The Old Maid*.
- 1761 *The Library*.
- 1766 *The Spendthrift*.
- 1773 *The Skeptic; or, Unbeliever*.
- 1779 *The Literary Fly*.
- 1793 *The Ghost*.
- 1796 *Quiz*. By a Society of Gentlemen.

HAROLD KLETT.

DR. ARBUTHNOT.

I have for years been wondering if Arbuthnot, "one of the wisest, wittiest, most accomplished, gentlest of mankind," will find a place in those series of biographies which issue with mensural regularity from Paternoster Row. Shelley we have and Keats we have, in perhaps bewildering abundance, and this is possibly a sign that the world is viewed with different eyes from those with which it was regarded by the saner spirits of the Augustan age. The qualities of Lælius are not those which the mob applauds. But, for that reason, perhaps the greater need exists for the biography of a man whose charm of mind and manner could soften the savage scorn of Swift and bend the petulant perverseness of Pope:—

Men's evil manners live in brass; their virtues
We write in water.

To say that Arbuthnot was faultless would be equivalent to asserting that he was not human. Swift, in one of his letters to Pope, written when Arbuthnot was suffering from illness, laments that he had "a sort of slouch in his walk"; but the Scotch doctor had a more serious failing than an ungraceful gait, or than the "carnivoracity" to which Pope took objection. His treatment of his "favorite aversions," Woodward, Garth, and the Bishop of Sarum, shows that he was not free from that feline touch of spitefulness which an acute observer will often detect in the best of women. But as we are indebted to this little trait for some of his most characteristic works, it would be ungracious to say more about it. Considering that there is no lack of materials for the life of one who, in his capacity of physician to Queen Anne, played no unimportant part in politics, and who was equally distinguished in science and literature, it seems strange that he should have been left so long without a biographer. Besides the ordinary sources of knowledge, which are well known to students of Pope and Swift, Miss Strickland cites in her 'Life of Queen Anne,' ed. 1864, p. 602, a collection of Arbuthnot's papers, which was then in the possession of Mr. W. Baillie, of Cavendish Square. This collection appears to

include some interesting documents. There is an agreeable paper on Arbuthnot in the *Cornhill Magazine*, xxxix. 91, which concludes with a recommendation that Arbuthnot's best pieces should be published in "a small volume, edited with discrimination and knowledge, by an able student of the Queen Anne times." Such a work should be supplementary to the biography for which we have had to wait so long. I have hoped that this task might be undertaken by one who is not only an able Queen Anne student, but who has enjoyed the enviable felicity of being the biographer of the most lovable men of the last century—Hogarth, Fielding, Steele—men with faults, indeed, but whose worst failings were thrown into the shade by the humanity and tenderness that their life and works displayed. Let us trust that this hope will be realized.

The following letter from Arbuthnot, which is in my possession, is not without its interest. So far as I am aware, it has not been published, and distance from my books renders me reluctant to hazard an opinion with regard to the person to whom it is addressed. Perhaps one of your correspondents may be able to supply this information:

DEAR SIR,—I went to Duke Street t'other day to enquire about my worthy friend & found no tidings but only a token of two potts which I hope at least is a sign that he remembers good eating and drinking. I enquir'd of a Gentleman who is just come to town from Bath, & he says that Mr Taylour and you live so privately that you are supposed to have Lady's in a corner.

I cannot delay any longer telling you some good news of our Friend Dr Bridges to whom Mr Drake has given a living of 900*l*. a year in Amondesham after the handsomest manner in the world, as the Duke told me. I din'd with his Grace at Lord Carleton's yesterday & he ask'd about your health. I really cou'd give his Grace no particular account, for the last time I heard from you, you had had a return of your bilious vomiting, & I cannot but applaud your design in staying a little longer where you are, tho it is at the expense of the loss of your good company. Sir Mathew Decker is I think a great deal better & passeth his nights without that watchfulness. Governor Harrison was coming there to dinner, & like the boys at the university being sick wanted double commons.

There are no news. There was a little Skirmish in the house of Lords about the debt of the Navy, & they are to proceed further upon it. The words they divided upon were to consider of the debt of the navy & to prevent the like for the future, against the latter clause of which the Court divided, about 3 to 5. The opposers have good courage for they are sure to be beaten. I have letters from France which say that the plague diminishes much there. I suppose that is the reason our Stocks rise for the weather has a great influence now upon them.

You were pleas'd to ask me if I was fee'd for the pains I had taken by the command of the govert. I neither wish'd nor expect it, for I thank God I proceed upon nobler motives than those are.

Lord and Lady Masham are gone to Langly. Master has had a sharp fever in town but is well recover'd.

Lady Fan has stuck close to Langly. They all remember you kindly. My wife and my Bairns send you their best wishes, and so do's

Dear Sir

Your most faithfull humble Servt

JO. ARBUTHNOTT.

London: Novr 14 | 1721.

One of the "bairns" might have done a more sensible thing than repudiating his father's writings. My belief is that the greater part of the two Glasgow volumes is genuine; but, however that may be, it is to be regretted George Arbuthnot was not more specific in his disclaimer. W. F. PRIDEAUX.

Calcutta.

—:O:—

TITLE-PAGES.

Any simpleton may write a book, but it takes a wise man to compose a correct title-page, one which states enough and no more than enough. Some writers exhaust their ingenuity in devising a quaint, curious, or striking title, and this done, they deem their task complete, and often disdain even to set their name upon the page, or, if they do, conceal it beneath some stupid *nom de plume*, made up at times of their own name spelt backward. Other authors appear to be possessed of the idea that their titles must mislead the reader, and hence their brains are cudgelled to effect this purpose.

There are three ways of explaining Ruskin's 'Fors Clavigera.' The title and sub-title of a book should be composed for the purpose of guiding the reader, not misleading him. It should be couched in plain, concise terms, telling exactly of what the book treats; and next in importance are the date and place of publication, for a title-page *sine loco et anno* is a monstrosity. An intelligent reader may, if he knows when and where the book was printed, succeed in getting at the kernel of the nut, provided it has any; but if these be omitted, he is at once at sea, for the name given as author may or may not be as set forth. It is hardly necessary to say that the names of the printer and publisher add value to a title-page.

In strictly logical enumeration a title-page ought to start out with a statement of place and date, then the name of the author, which in turn should be followed by the title of his work, and last of all the individual who publishes the book. "But why in this order?" may be asked. For the simple reason that time is the most essential element in the matter. A title-page which bears the name of Adams as author, without date and place of publication, might be ordered down from the book-shelves by a student in quest of points in the history of the American Revolution, only to prove to be some commonplace narrative by an Adams of our day.

Above all does the importance of a date become manifest when, as in many families, several generations follow the calling of *littérateur*, and often do not even take the trouble to append "Jun." to the family name. In such cases the date becomes of prime importance.

That the place of publication should occupy a prominent position upon a title-page must be apparent to every one. The language used by the writer cannot be relied upon to supply this deficiency. English is the written language of half a dozen countries. French might indicate that the book had been written in Switzerland, Alsace or Canada, while Spanish without the *loco* would be still more misleading.

Objections might be made to placing the author's name above the title of his book; but is not this procedure strictly logical? What the intelligent student or reader desires to know, before going carefully through a book, is who wrote it, so that he may not have his labor for his pains. The world is not slow to make record of reliable writers in different branches of science and art, and these names should be set at the top of the title page. They are the guarantee for which the scholar yearns.

The publisher's imprint is naturally of extreme importance, for it proclaims the "authorized edition," which has reaped all benefits of correction and revision at the hands of the writer. The student's mind is at rest upon an important point—he is enjoying the writer's best thought in its best printed form.—*Book Lore*.

STRATFORD-ON-AVON.—A DISENCHANTMENT.

I cannot allow the remarks in the paper titled as above and bearing the initials S. C. in your December number, to go uncorrected.

I too visited Stratford-on-Avon the other day for the first time and amongst the other 'lions' of course 'did' the house where 'William Shakspeare' was born—I was delighted with everything.

The old gentleman and lady, for such they were, were two of the most charming caretakers the place could have—somewhat garrulous perhaps to anybody who could not enter into their feelings of utter reverence for their charge.

The morning I arrived was about the time of the publication of the last edition of Mr. Halliwell-Phillips's 'Outlines of the life of Shakspeare,' and having cursorily gone through the volumes I happened to mention that fact to the old gentleman—He was perfectly enraptured that I respected Mr. Halliwell-Phillips and told me how that he (Mr. Halliwell-Phillips), had promised to send them the volumes, with no doubt a kindly autographic inscription.

As to the dropping of the "H." which your correspondent so triumphantly chronicles—"this was the most unkindest cut of all"—I never met with a more intelligent couple and so singularly free from vulgarity as that placed in charge of the birthplace of William Shakspeare.

TINY TIM.

Southsea, Eng., Dec. 29, 1887.

LIBRARY NOTES.

At a meeting of the Salford Corporation it has been resolved to throw open the free libraries there on Sundays. Fourteen votes were given for the opening and seven against it. The Bishop of Manchester and the R. C. Bishop of Salford have both expressed opinions coinciding with those of the majority.

The library and reading-rooms of Pratt Institute, at Ryerson Street and Willoughby Avenue, Brooklyn, were thrown open to the public last month. The founder attended, with his family, but avoided any formal recognition of his presence. Some 12,000 volumes are in place, and there is room for about 18,000 more.

S. B. CHITTENDEN, of Brooklyn, had added \$25,000 to his original gift of \$100,000 to Yale College for the building of a library, and latterly he gave the committee of the faculty having the arrangements in charge credit on a New York trust company for that amount. The building which is soon to be erected occupies a position large enough for a structure of about three times its size and capable of holding 1,500,000 books. The library to be built from Mr. Chittenden's gift will be ample for the present needs of the college, and the plans have been made with a view to enlarging it at some future time to the extent already mentioned.

For the post of "lady assistant" at the Aberdeen Free Library there were 208 applicants. The salary is \$2.50 per week.

The Free Library at Cardiff is to be enlarged at a cost of \$50,000.

The necessity of a National Library for Scotland has recently been the subject of discussion in Edinburgh.

BIBLIOPHILIANA.

It is beyond doubt, *The Pall Mall Gazette* says, that "the progress of scientific thought has awakened thousands of more or less unwilling people to the necessity for revising and reformulating their relations to life and death—to the Known and the Unknown. The force of fashion, which moulds the thoughts of men just as it moulds their hats, has combined with a certain inward unrest to make them cast off the old garments and swathings of the mind and soul. Now, it is not in the nature of the average man, mentally any more than physically, to stand naked and unashamed. He finds nudity no less chilly than indecent, and hastens to clothe his spirit anew in the most comfortable and modish attire he can find in the market. Many rival establishments tout for his custom, but none, in these days, offers more attractive material or a more æsthetic cut than the house of Browning & Co.—managing director, Dr. Furnivall. To drop metaphor, Mr. Browning's popularity has grown with the growth of that cultured class which 'is destitute of faith yet afraid of scepticism';

which is prevented by intellectual vanity from lagging in the rear of the age, and by congenital cowardice from marching in the van; which solaces its lettered leisure by strenuous attempts to believe, not what is true or probable, but what is comfortable and convenient, and labors to solve the sphinx-riddle of life in the way it conceives most creditable to the intelligence and humanity of the sphinx."

WHEN Mr. Bentley proposed to establish a periodical publication to be called *The Wits' Miscellany*, he spoke to James Smith (one of the authors of 'Rejected Addresses') about it. Smith objected that the title promised too much. Shortly afterwards the publisher came to tell Smith that he had profited by the hint, and resolved on calling it *Bentley's Miscellany*. "Isn't that going a little too far the other way?" was the suggestive remark.

THE sale of Dr. Johnson's house at Lichfield is a transaction worth lingering over. The auction room was the smoking room of the Three Crowns, where a bust of the burly Doctor presided over the company from above the chair on which he himself is said to have sat. Under-Sheriffs, Aldermen, Councillors, and Town Clerk were present, besides "one or two gentlemen from London and Yorkshire." The vendor's solicitor attended with an abstract of title which—curious detail—we are told was a cubit long. He was ready to testify that his father had remembered Johnson, and that he, from the talk of his father, could answer for it that there was no mistake about the genuineness of the building. On the title deeds was an autograph of the Doctor, together with those of Sir Joshua Reynolds, Sir John Hawkins, and Dr. Scott, afterwards Lord Stowell. The biddings began at five hundred pounds, and mounted slowly. Sherry was handed round in one of the intervals of hesitation. The auctioneer tried to jog the bidders by the representation that the present possessor might have made his fortune by charging visitors to the house a shilling each. This hint came cruelly late in the day for the tenant, if it be true as is reported that he resigns his holding through depression in trade and agriculture. When £600 had been reached, Councillor Fowler and Mr. Brown fought for possession by five pound advances. The competitors warmed, and burst ahead once by £10, and again by £15, as if one would intimidate the other into surrender. At length a bid of eight hundred pounds secured the property for Mr. Brown on behalf of a namesake, but no descendant, of the doctor. Mr. J. H. Johnson, of Southport, had determined to "save the house from the spoiler."

OVER the door of his *sactum*, Aldus placed the following inscription:—"Whoever you are, ALDUS earnestly entreats you to dispatch your business as soon as possible, and then depart; unless you come hither, like another Hercules, to lend him some friendly assistance; for here will be work sufficient to employ you, and as many as enter this place."

IN a recent number of *Le Temps*, a distinguished

theatrical critic, Monsieur Anatole France, contests the theory of a man so false in character as was Lord Verulam having drawn such characters as 'Juliet and Hamlet.' How great would be our distress if we should be compelled to believe that the cowardly accuser of the Earl of Essex had created a whole world of poetry whose charming sorrows and holy horror environ us! For which of us has not loved with Romeo and doubted with the Prince of Denmark? M. France points out that the laws which Bacon laid down in his 'De Augmentis' for the conclusion of poetical compositions are entirely opposed to those which guided Shakspeare in the composition of 'Romeo and Juliet' and of 'Othello.'

IN Jarvis's catalogue \$9 a copy of the very rare extra volume of Bohn's series, the *Petronius*, is offered for three dollars and seventy five cents!

MR. PRIDEAUX suggests in *Notes and Queries* that some enthusiast who has nothing better to do might well occupy his time by preparing a scientific bibliography of Pope, Swift, Arbuthnot and the *ana* attaching to those writers.

SAMUEL RICHARDSON, the printer and novelist, died July 4, 1764. He was succeeded in business by his nephew, William Richardson. Nearly every student of Bibliography is acquainted with the life, writings, and generosity of the former, but it may be as well to note that the nephew, though he was unsuccessful in business, possessed some of the generous and genial qualities of his talented uncle. In a fragment of the 'Memoirs of Mr. Richardson' is the following letter:—"June 1, 1776. When a man has laid in a fund of knowledge in any branch, from books or other means of attainment, it is not to be wondered that the itch for scribbling seizes him. My authorship was fixed to the line of antiquity. Whilst at college I had begun to make additions to the list of topographers of Great Britain and Ireland, prefixed to Gibson's 'Camden.' I inserted these in Rawlinson's 'English Topographer,' till I might commence typographer myself. I formed a quarto volume, and it was printed, 1763, at Mr. Richardson's press—on credit: my allowance not permitting any advance of money before publication. Mr. Richardson refused interest on his labor. The sale was rapid beyond expectation, and I was, on the balance between me and *honest Tom Payne*, gainer of SEVEN POUNDS."

SOME writers seem to think punctuation a matter of very little consequence. It is a thing they can leave to the printer. Well is it? A reviewer, for instance, who wished to speak favorably of a magazine, wrote as follows: "There are only three pages in the Magazine, the absence of which would not probably have been regretted by its readers." The magazine, it needs hardly be added, consisted of many more than three pages, and the writer never intended to convey that it was confined to that very small number.

The Bookmart.

February, 1888.

The BOOKMART is published on the 1st of each month. No assurance given, that matter reaching us later than the 28th of the month will be inserted in next issue.

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Literary communications and Books for Review, Address Halkett Lord, Editor, Jersey City, N. J.

All Business and Financial matters, ADDRESS, BOOKMART PUBLISHING CO., Pittsburg, Pa., U. S. A.

THE Printed Prices of the extensive collection of books, engravings, etc., of the late Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, sold at auction by the American Art Association, of New York, are now in preparation, and printed proofs in the hands of Mr. Thos. E. Kirby, auctioneer of the sale, for examination; it will be ready for delivery in a few days. Price, one dollar.

WE purpose printing the prices of both sales of the Trivulzio Library as soon as the second portion is sold by Messrs. Geo. A. Leavitt & Co., auctioneers, New York, and will also print the prices obtained at the sale of the valuable and extensive collection of autographs of Major Ben Perley Poore, to be sold Feb. 15 to 17, by Messrs. Chas. F. Libble & Co., auctioneers, Boston, Mass.

MACAZINES.

Lippincott's Magazine for January is a most entertaining one. It opens with a novel—rather a short one—by Brander Matthews and Geo. H. Jessop. It is a surprise story, well conceived and ably written, with plenty of the wit and epigram that we are accustomed to expect from Mr. Matthews, and some good brief descriptions of New York views and aspects. If I were to criticise it, I would say the story was too strong for the denouement; and the density of Mr. Stuyvesant almost passes human belief, except when we reflect that without that density the story would have been difficult to write. Mr. Fawcett, one is glad to notice, has tacitly withdrawn his harsh judgment of critics by himself joining their ranks, and outdoing the severest of them. His attack this month is directed mainly against one Robert Browning, an alleged British versifier; but he incidentally tomahawks Edgar A. Poe, Count Tolstoi (the novelist) whom he charac-

terizes as "very ordinary," and his 'Anna Karolina' as "sketchy, pallid, interminable"; and Carlyle, whom he puts beneath the feet of "that most masterly and dignified of writers, Macaulay." To compensate for this, however, he admits that Milton is a great poet, and intimates the like of Shakspeare, though he does not specifically say it; he speaks cordially of Tennyson and Longfellow, and remarks that Emerson is not only "a great deal more spiritual poet than is Mr. Browning, but is quite as virile," and has the faculty of conveying his thoughts "neither in spasms nor mysticisms." I wish Mr. Fawcett, in a footnote, had elucidated 'The Sphinx' and 'If the red slayer.' He refers to "the priceless teachings of such men as Herbert Spencer, Buckle, Tyndall, Huxley, and Lecky, and talks about the sharp limit which English philosophy has drawn "before the abyss of the unknowable." But I am getting beyond my depth, and must pass on to speak of the pleasure I derived from Judge Tourgee's new 'Gauge and Swallow' tale, 'An Unlawful Honor.' It is not so odd as the other, but is capitally done; we have no better story writer than Judge Tourgee. Then there is a short story by Mr. Edgar Saltus, the best thing he has yet done. If Mr. Saltus ceases to write in a room full of mirrors, and sinks what he is perhaps pleased to consider his philosophy, he has gifts which may be of some use and pleasure to himself and others. Altogether, the January number of *Lippincott* is "a bad 'un to beat," even by its own successors.

The sea hath its pearls, and *Harper* its pictures, the best of which are the process reproductions of photographs in the article on 'Modern French Sculpture.' There is a preternaturally long short story by Miss Amelia Rives, called 'Virginia of Virginia.' It is as long as the novel in *Lippincott's*, and occasionally, when the reader is about to give up in despair, an illustration is vouchsafed by Mr. Frost: but even so—However, I have nothing to say against Miss Rives, except that what she writes is the hardest reading that I ever coped withal, and I don't see how people can stand it. The part of *Harper's* that I enjoy most nowadays is 'The Study,' and I always turn to it first. Mr. Howells presents the interesting spectacle of a man who has trained himself to be an accomplished and agreeable writer, but whose mind, so far as knowledge of the world, of art, of logic, of life, of human nature is concerned, is still in its earliest stages of development. He is an innocent and ingenious child, artlessly delighted with what he fancies to be his discoveries,—of things which the world in general has long ago dismissed as fallacies. He has observed with enchantment that the sun rises in the east, and asks us to come and rejoice with him in the contemplation of this sublime phenomenon: one shudders lest some rude upper-form boy come along and blurt out that it is the earth that turns. But a beneficent Providence protects this amiable stage of intelligence by endowing it with an unalterable conviction of its own fatal correctness; it *cannot* be mistaken, because—how can it be? The same infantile quality that appears so conspicuously in these "criticisms" of Mr. Howells, may be observed likewise in his novels, or whatever he calls them. They are books written by a child,—a good, bright, conscientious, observant child, but childish inveterately. He sees that men and women are taller and

heavier than children; but no suspicion has yet invaded his mind that they differ in any other respect from childhood. It is a charming spectacle, and one that I trust we may not be soon deprived of.—William Black begins his novel once more; this time he calls it 'In Far Lochaber,' and it promises to be as good as usual. There is an able article by Henry Watterson on 'The Tariff for Revenue Only,' which all voters will read and enjoy, whether or not they agree with its conclusions. Archdeacon Farrar tells us about 'The Share of America in Westminster Abbey;' Americans will regret to find it so large as it is. The other articles are such as no illustrated magazine can afford to be without—the more's the pity!

Contrary, perhaps, to general expectation, *Scribner's* still maintains a peculiar interest. The Thackeray letters having come to an end, something had to be done. The 'Letters' have been a good card; so good, indeed, that one might well have hesitated to play it first, inasmuch as it would be difficult to find another card equal to it, let alone better. But nature is beneficent, and *Scribner's* is fortunate; and Mr. Stevenson came over to America just in time to fill the breach. I am sorry that Mr. Stevenson is not an American, but I can at least be grateful that he is only a Scotchman. His present article—the first of a series to run through the year—is wisely placed at the end of the number,—wisely, because, if placed in any other position, nobody would care to read what came afterwards, be the successor what it might. The article traces the history of the author's dream life, with two or three records of particular dreams, including that which was the cause of the introduction to the world of 'Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde.' No one, not even Mr. Ruskin, is a greater master of the shades and delicacy of language than Mr. Stevenson; no one has finer literary taste, or a temperament more exquisitely adapted to the literary life. When he writes about himself, the reader feels that no other topic could be so delightful; and yet, when he chooses another topic, the same delight is experienced. The magazine also contains the beginning of a serial story by 'J. S. of Dale' (F. J. Stimson) under the outrageous title of 'First Harvests.' If the reader can sufficiently overcome his natural aversion to such a heading, he will find himself enjoying a finished and cheerful piece of work,—a story of New York life twenty or thirty years ago. Mr. Stimson has confidence and humor, and also a satirical or cynical vein, which, as it so easy and hackneyed a vein to work, he would do well to employ sparingly. His characters are good, and his setting is even better. Mr. Bunner also begins a short serial—'Natural Selection,' which is brisk and entertaining; and Mr. Hibbard writes a story about a man's double, which is better in design than in execution. Mr. Holden's 'New Light on Balzac' is disappointing; the new light seems to be Gauthier's suggestion that Balzac possessed the clairvoyant faculty; the rest of the article contains comments on the plan of reaching a comprehension of the great novelist's character by tracing out the biographies of all his *dramatis personæ*. Of illustrated articles, one is called 'The Man at Arms' and describes the rise and decadence of armor in the middle ages; another, and a more interesting one, is about the Great Pyramid, and gives a better impression of its

stupendous dimensions than any former description I have seen. The writer takes an outside point of view, and evades any consideration of the various theories that have been devised to account for this mysterious monument. As a matter of fact, the Pyramid seems to embody the whole results of man's wisdom and science, past and to come, natural and revealed. Mr. Wilson throws out suggestions to the effect that there may be other chambers and passages yet undiscovered. There are several poems, among them one by T. B. Aldrich called 'White Edith.' Mr. Aldrich can perhaps afford to write rubbish of this kind now; but he could never have attained his reputation by it. It is not so insolently bad, however, as his recent blank verse drama in *Harper's*.

The Century for January is also a good number; the frontispiece wood engraving of John Ruskin is a work of art; one of the best engraved portraits in modern periodicals. Abraham Lincoln is getting near the interesting period of his life; and George Kennan has a preliminary paper on his Russian subject, describing, among other things, the diphers by which the prisoners communicate with one another. The Russians serial promises to be interesting, but depressing,—a record of human oppression and misery, and the consequences on both oppressors and victims. Mr. Frank Stockton gives the second instalment of his sequel to 'Mrs. Leeks and Mrs. Aleshiue,'—'The Dusantes.' It was the Dusantes who came out of the snow drift; and the manner in which the party escaped from their perilous position and recognized each other is good and amusing; but I wish Mr. Stockton had not yielded to the request for this sequel. He has not been quite up to his best mark lately; and a sequel always has a tendency to go down hill. Mark Twain has been wrought up to the dramatic pitch by his enthusiasm for the Meisterschaft System, and has embodied the dialogues contained in those charming compilations in a social comedy. The moral is that love will find out a way even through the labyrinth of Meisterschaft, with an occasional cold deck of Ollendorf rung in. Mr. Edward Eggleston continues his excellent and genial story, 'The Graysons,' and there is a third instalment of Mr. Cable's 'Au Large.' Mr. Riley's dialect poem is well executed; the comic and the pathetic are there; but dialect, in any form, is an insult to literature, and should be extirpated altogether. Whether the dialect writer be Mr. Riley, Mr. Cable, Charles Egbert Craddock, Mrs. Burnet, or anybody else, he or she is doing unworthy work, and work that is sure to perish.—In the 'Open Letters' there is a communication from Horatio Bridge, an early friend of Nath. Hawthorne, on the subject of Hawthorne's loyalty. The point is not a difficult one to establish. But if Hawthorne did not agree with his contemporaries, so much the worse for them. There is a paper on John Gilbert, illustrated with half a dozen capital portraits after Mr. J. W. Alexander; and the illustrations throughout the number are quite up to the modern average of workmanship, though both the art and the literature of the magazine suffer by their presence. It is a fashion directly injurious to the best interests of both writer and artist.

"Five Hundred Dollars, and other Stories, by C. H. W. (Little, Brown & Co.)

There is in these stories something that reminds

me of the Scandinavian writers, like Björnson; not the language only, but the ideas, the materials, the elements, are the simplest possible. There is the unconscious humor of character—for the most part the homely character of the inhabitants of a New England sea-side village: and there is the quiet, irresistible pathos that belongs to the village life,—a life in which emotion is undemonstrative, but sincere and tenacious, and where the sting of calamity cannot be blunted by social distraction, or dissipation, or intellectual absorption, or metaphysical anæsthesia; but must be taken and endured just as it comes. This pathos and this humor are portrayed by the author; but he has the air of portraying them spontaneously,—not going afield for them, not enhancing them by any sort of emphasis or literary device, but with the quiet confidence that human nature will always be of supreme interest to human beings; and that what brings tears or smiles to one, brings them to all. There is an unpretending manliness and strength in this attitude which does more work, as a mechanician would say, than a great deal of literary ingenuity and stage thunder. The chord struck is subdued and it has little variety; but it vibrates in the depths of the heart, and its sound is not forgotten when louder and more learned notes have ceased to echo in the memory.

The composition of the stories is as primitive and unpretentious as their sentiment. There is a little group of characters; and after we have looked at them—comprehensively and sympathetically rather than graphically and minutely—we are brought to a knowledge of some event that happened among them,—an event never out of proportion and harmony with the actors in it, but the direct and unforced outcome of their mode and pitch of existence. There is no comment, no analysis, no eloquence, no brilliant working up to a climax: the story is merely laid before us, and then comes the end. The writer knows his characters well, and there is no trace of effort, and no incompleteness, in his communication of that knowledge to his reader. Nothing is said about types, or local color, or traits, or oddities; no comparisons are drawn between this little world and the great world: there is none of that arch, saucy vein of remark in which Bret Harte, for instance, is so fond of indulging, at the expense of his personages, and which is in the nature of laughing in one's sleeve, and is not, perhaps, in the best taste; the author holds an attitude of genial, sympathetic courtesy towards the people of his stories; he is not ashamed of feeling interested in them and their affairs, and has no misgivings as to our being interested likewise. He does not draw our attention upon himself: he does not let us remember that he is telling a tale; but there is the tale, and we may reflect, if we choose, that somebody must have written it. And we may safely conclude, too, that the writer who can produce these effects, with these means, has genius—there is no other word for it; and we may expect him, some day, to give a still more memorable manifestation of it. With more practice he will probably pay a little more attention to form and proportion; and he will think twice before publishing, as a story, such a series of impressions and remarks as the 'Saint Patrick' of this volume. But the man who can write 'By the Sea,' 'The Village Convict,' 'Five Hundred Dollars,' and 'Maderia Place' may be as sure of a permanent

place in our literature as any contemporary American author, and more sure of it than most of them.

'Sobriquets and Nicknames,' by A. R. Frey (Ticknor & Co.)

This book seems to have been compiled with some pains, but with an inadequate understanding on the author's part as to what it should be about. Many of his entries are neither sobriquets nor nicknames: many well-known examples are omitted (for example, among sixteen sobriquets of Bonaparte, neither 'The Corsican ogre,' nor 'The Corsican upstart' appear; and on the other hand, he is dubbed 'The God Hanuman,' on the basis of an obscure letter of Southey's). Nath. Hawthorne appears as 'The Gentle Boy' and 'The Friend of Sinners,' neither of which sobriquets were ever applied to him. John B. Wood, an obscure reporter on the *N. Y. Sun*, is actually lugged into the collection under the title of 'The great American Condenser.' No less than 26 double column pages are devoted to 'The Man in the Iron Mask,' which has no place at all in a book of this kind. Charles Dickens does not appear in the collection, though he was called 'The Inimitable' and 'The Chief.' In short, most of Mr. Frey's selections never were in living use, and most of the remainder are open to more or less objection.

'The Story of Some Famous Books,' by F. Saunders (Armstrong & Co.) is by no means what its title would indicate. It is a compilation of literary anecdotes, and quotations of opinions; the author himself has nothing to say, and his work can serve no useful purpose. Moreover he is not seldom betrayed into inaccuracies, though the information he adduces at second-hand is generally of a sufficiently trite and familiar description. A very interesting and valuable volume could be made on the subject which Mr. Saunders professes to treat: but it could be done only by a man of original genius and profound knowledge. It is a great mistake to suppose that such books as Mr. Saunders intended to write can be adequately written by literary tyros.

JULIAN HAWTHORNE.

AMERICAN NOTES.

Lippincott's Magazine has started in its February number a series of one hundred questions in literature and matters of current interest, for the best answers to which a prize of one hundred dollars is offered.

MAX O'RELL will have an article in an early number of *Lippincott's Magazine*.

MR. BLAINE is said to be taking notes on his European travels, with a view to writing a book when he returns.

STUART STERNE, author of 'Angelo' and 'Giorgio,' will shortly publish through Houghton, Mifflin & Co. another volume, called 'Beyond the Shadow and Other Poems.'

A PORTRAIT of Tolstoi, engraved from an excellent photograph, will be prefixed to his 'Napoleon and the Russian Campaign,' shortly to be published by T. Y. Crowell & Co.

AT San Paolo, in Brazil, a new translation of Longfellow's poems has appeared in Portuguese.

LOUIS FRECHETTE, the Canadian laureate, has recently returned from France to his home at Nicolet, Quebec. While in Paris, he completed and

published 'La Legende d'un Peuple.' It is said that he has been commissioned by the manager of the Théâtre Français to translate 'King Lear' for performance in Paris during the Exhibition of 1889.

A HUNDRED 'privately printed' copies of 'A Few Poems of Many Years,' by the Rev. Samuel Longfellow, brother and biographer of the famous poet, were distributed among the author's friends at Christmas.

D. LOTHROP Co. are about to begin the publication of a series of histories of the States, each State to have a profusely illustrated volume to itself, and to be written about in proper style. Among those who have been engaged to write the different volumes are, we are told, Miss Sara Orne Jewett, Maurice Thompson, Charles M. Skinner, and E. S. Brooks.

M. RAJON has just finished a portrait-etching of Lincoln, using as his base the photograph used by Krull for his wood-engraving in *Harper's* for April, 1885.

THE first number of the monthly *Bibliographer and Reference List*, to be issued on May 1, by Moulton, Wenborne & Co., Buffalo, will contain a list of all works on the subject of American and English literature; also, supplementary matter of value to booksellers, librarians and book-buyers.

GINN & Co. will have ready early this month 'The Vicar of Wakefield,' annotated for the use of schools, in their series of "Classics for Children."

GEORGE ROUTLEDGE & SONS have just ready a dainty edition of Gérard de Nerval's 'Sylvie,' with a preface by Ludovic Halévy. The charming story is illustrated by E. Kadaux, and exquisitely printed by the De Vinne Press.

MR. NOAH BROOKS, editor of the Newark *Daily Advertiser*, has written a Life of Lincoln for boys, which will make its appearance shortly from the press of Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

ROBERT CLARKE & Co., Cincinnati, have now ready, 'A Corporal's Story: Experiences in the Ranks of Company C, 81st Ohio Volunteer Infantry, during the War for the Maintenance of the Union, 1861-1864.' By Charles Wright. With Introduction and Notes by Maj. W. H. Chamberlain, and an Appendix with matter from Sergt. Gideon Ditto, Gen. J. W. Fuller, Gen. M. D. Leggett, and others.

THE Library Bureau, Boston, will publish at once a revised and greatly enlarged edition of M. Dewey's work on 'Decimal Classification.'

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS have in press a collection of the clever humorous society dialogues by Philip H. Welch, that recently appeared in *Puck*, under the title of 'The Tailor-made Girl.'

MRS. OLIPHANT's new book, 'The Makers of Venice,' will shortly be issued by the Macmillans.

A HISTORY of the American Theatre before the Revolution is in course of publication by Mr. G. O. Seilhamer, of *The Philadelphia Times*. He presents a consecutive narrative with lists of the performances of the early companies, full casts, summaries of the parts of all the actors and reproductions of many quaint old epilogues, criticisms, etc.

THE metrical translation of the Russian poet Nekrasov's poem 'Red-Nosed Frost,' published last year by Ticknor & Co., has gone into a second edition.

To the Text of the first edition has been added a literal line-for-line translation, and the tastefully-bound volume is further enriched by illustrations designed and engraved by W. J. Linton.

MR. AUSTIN DOBSON's 'Life of Goldsmith,' the next volume of the Great Writers Series, will contain three hitherto unprinted letters of Goldsmith's from the collection of Mr. F. Locker-Lampson. Goldsmith's letters are very rare.

TICKNOR & Co. have ready 'Queen Money' a study of New York society, by the author of 'Margaret Kent;' 'Looking Backward—2000-1887,' by Edward Bellamy, a strong and original work, full of weird and entrancing passages; 'Under the Southern Cross,' by Maturin M. Ballou, describing the sights and experiences of a journey, in 1887, to Australia, Tasmania, Samoa, New Zealand, and other South Sea Islands; 'Trinity Church, Boston, Mass.' (Monograph No. 5 of American Architecture), in portfolio, with 23 gelatine views and one heliochrome, 13x16; and a 'Decennial Index of Illustrations in American Architect and Building News.' In their paper novels, 'Beatrice Randolph,' by Julian Hawthorne, illustrated, is just ready, and W. D. Howells' 'A Fearful Responsibility' is announced.

FOREIGN NOTES.

MESSRS. MACMILLAN announce a library edition of the works of Lord Tennyson, which is described as containing everything that the author has published. There will be twelve volumes in all, to be issued monthly. The same publishers also announce a new edition of J. R. Green's 'Short History of the English People,' of which we may mention that more than 126,000 copies have been sold since its first publication in 1874. This edition has been carefully revised throughout by Mrs. Green, so as to bring its details into harmony with the latest views held by the author, being chiefly those shown in his larger history.

MR. ROBERT BUCHANAN's new poem, 'The City of Dream,' will be published by Messrs. Chatto & Windus. It is a kind of modern pilgrimage, written in blank verse, and deals entirely with religious and speculative problems. It is dedicated "to the Sainted Spirit of John Bunyan."

THE two works upon which Mr. Walter Besant is now engaged are a memoir of the late Richard Jefferies, which will be entitled a "eulogy"; and an amplification of his "jubilee" article on the Queen's accession, illustrated with numerous full-page plates and woodcuts.

MR. WILLIAM BLACK's two new novels will both appear forthwith in serial form—"In Far Lochaber" in *Harper's Magazine*, and 'The Strange Adventures of a House Boat' in the *Illustrated London News*.

MESSRS. GEORGE PHILIP & SON will shortly publish 'Emin Pasha in Central Africa': Letters and Journals, collected and annotated by Dr. G. Schweinfurth, Dr. Ratzel, Dr. G. Hartland, and Dr. Felkin, translated from the German by Mrs. Felkin. The book will be illustrated with a portrait, and two maps especially compiled by Mr. E. G. Ravenstein.

THE next volume of Mr. Elliot Stock's "Gentleman's Magazine Library" will be on 'Literary

Curiosities.' Among the articles on literary property, which occur in this section, will be found some contributions by Dr. Johnson.

MR. WILKIE COLLINS has written a tale entitled 'The First Officer's Confession.'

MESSRS. BENTLEY & SON announce a new monthly periodical, to be called *Men and Women of the Day*. Each number will contain three portraits of contemporary celebrities, of what is called "panel" size, printed in permanent photography, together with brief memoirs.

THE next volume in the series of "Canterbury Poets," published by Mr. Walter Scott, will be 'Australian Ballads and Rhymes'; or, Poems inspired by Life and Scenery in Australia and New Zealand. The selection has been made by Mr. Douglas B. W. Sladen, himself an Australian and a poet.

HERR FRIEDRICH KILIAN, of Budapest, has just issued 'Ungarns Deutsche Bibliographie 1801-1880,' a catalogue of all German-printed works published in Hungary, and all German works relating to Hungary published abroad. This catalogue has been published by order of the Royal Hungarian Ministry of Public Worship and Education. The work forms a sequel to the 'Bibliography of Hungarian National and International Literature, 1454-1600,' which appeared in 1880.

THE K. k. Hofbuchhandlung, Wilhelm Frick in Wien, has brought out the second volume of 'Wiens Buchdruckergeschichte (1482-1882)' von Dr. Anton Mayer, 1682-1882. This volume completes the history of the Viennese book-printers, and contains 436 quarto pages printed on vellum paper with illustrations and artistic reproductions.

MR. NASH has made considerable progress with the 'Life of Lord Westbury,' and Mr. Bentley expects to issue it in March. In March Mr. Bentley hopes to publish the reminiscences of Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft, for the autobiography is to be a dual work.

MESSRS. SMITH, ELDER & Co. have it in contemplation to publish a new and uniform edition of Mr. Robert Browning's works in monthly volumes. The first volume may shortly be expected.

MR. EBSWORTH is far advanced with part xviii. of the 'Roxburghe Ballads,' which will complete vol. vi. His next task will be to compile a general index to the six bulky volumes, 4,200 pages in all.

"OSCAR FREDERICK"—otherwise the King of Sweden—has just published a volume of poems.

THE records of the famous Challenger Expedition will soon be completed, the 23d, 23d and 24th volumes being nearly ready for publication. This immense work has been in course of publication ever since the end of the voyage in 1874, and furnishes an inexhaustible mine of information on marine biology. For six years the Challenger's trawls and sounding machines explored the depths of the oceans of the world, and the cost of compiling and printing the report has already exceeded £200,000.

THERE is a prospect that Talleyrand's memoirs will appear this year. The papers are ready for the printer, but the period of delay—twenty years—does not expire until May. The original manuscript is in England. There is a copy which M. Bacourt,

secretary of the Duke, left to M. Andral, a barrister, and to M. Chatelain, a notary, while M. Andral has made a private copy for safety. The memoirs, together with which will be published the correspondence of the Duc de Talleyrand, will form about eleven volumes. The publication will, of course, depend upon the Duc de Sagan, the chief representative of the Talleyrand family, whose leave must be granted before any decision be taken by the executors respecting the publication.

THE recent discussion between M. Coquelin and Mr. Irving seems to have inspired the series of articles on 'The Anatomy of Acting' which Mr. William Archer will begin in the January *Longman's*. It is based on the answers to a histrionic catechism sent to the leading actors and actresses of Great Britain and the United States—among others, Miss Mary Anderson, Mrs. Bancroft, Mrs. Kendal, Mr. Beerbohm Tree, Miss Genevieve Ward and Mr. Wilson Barrett.

GENERAL NOTES.

MRS. GREEN, the widow of the historian, writes in reference to her revision of her husband's 'Short History of the English People': 'I know of no excuse which I could give for attempting any revision of the 'Short History,' save that this was my husband's last charge to me. Nor can I give any other safeguard for the way in which I have performed the work than the sincere and laborious effort I have made to carry out that charge faithfully. I have been very careful not to interfere in any way with the plan or structure of the book, and save in a few exceptional cases, in which I knew Mr. Green's wishes, or where a change of chronology made some slight change in arrangement necessary, I have not altered its order. My work has been rather that of correcting mistakes of detail which must of a certainty occur in a story which covers so vast a field; and in this I have been mainly guided throughout by the work of revision done by Mr. Green himself in his larger 'History.' In this 'History' he had at first proposed merely to prepare a library edition of the 'Short History' revised and corrected. In his hands, however, it became a wholly different book, the chief part of it having been rewritten at greater length and on an altered plan. I have therefore only used its corrections within very definite limits so far as they could be adapted to a book of different scope and arrangement.' The sale of the work now exceeds 126,000 copies. The new edition will soon be ready for publication by Messrs. Macmillan & Co.

AN unpublished 'Schoolboys Sentimental Rhyming Essay' by the first Napoleon is to appear in a new French review called *Le Semeur*.

THE author of 'The New Antigone' is Dr. Barry, a Roman Catholic priest.

MUNTZ's 'Raphael' is to be succeeded by his 'Leonardo da Vinci: His Times and Tasks.'

AN original copy of 'Dame Wiggins of Lee and her Seven Wonderful Cats,' published at the beginning of the century at a shilling, was sold on the 20th of Dec., by Christie, Manson & Woods for \$10.50. The same auctioneers sold an imperfect copy of the First Folio of Shakspeare for \$500.

THE Dutch Government has given \$10,000 for the portion of Sir Thomas Phillippe's collections which it bought the other day. Sir Thomas paid two visits only to the Low Countries, one in 1824 and one in 1826, but he bought largely on both occasions, being almost without a competitor at the Meerman sale at the Hague, and the Musschenbroek sale at Leyden. The collection consists of 160 catalogued MSS., besides eighty-eight chests or boxes filled with records, chiefly ecclesiastical. Two really invaluable MSS. are, one a volume containing various treatises still unprinted of the great mathematician Christiaan Huygens, the other the oldest known MS. of Van Maerlant's 'Spiegel Historiæ,' a priceless chronicle of ancient Netherlandish language and literature. Prof. de Vries's edition of Van Maerlant is based upon an imperfect MS. in possession of the Royal Academy of Sciences in Amsterdam. Sir T. Phillippe's copy is in a much more perfect condition.

ABOUT a year ago we reported that the disciples of Schopenhauer in Germany had begun at an early date to think of the preparations for the celebration of the philosopher's hundredth birthday on February 22nd, 1888. These preparations begin to assume a tangible form, the first result being a harmless paper quarrel as to the house where Schopenhauer was born at Danzig.

THE Prussians, who had learnt through Pertz the value of the Middlehill Library, have been beforehand with the Dutch, and some time ago bought some of Sir Thomas's purchases at the Meerman sale, among them the 'Chronicon Egmondanum' of the thirteenth century, written on vellum.

AT a meeting of the Burns Club at Ayr, held last December, it was announced that at an early date an appeal would be made to the public for funds towards the erection of a statue of the poet at Ayr.

THE Empress of Austria has contributed 50,000 marks to the fund now being raised to erect in Düsseldorf a statue of the poet Heine.

A NEW periodical devoted to bibliography and the management of public libraries has made its appearance at Leipzig. It is called *Le Bibliophile*. M. Moltke is the fond parent of the new child.

A RECENT report on publications registered in the Punjab states that there is an inordinate passion for poetry among both educated and illiterate people of the province, and that in many of the cities and large towns there are poetical societies called "Mushî'arâhs," of which the members assemble periodically to recite their "ghazals." At the same time there are few published poems of any merit, and it is not improbable that the majority of songs which give the truest and most spontaneous expression of the sentiments of the people are never published at all.

IN the December number of *Le Livre*, M. Robert du Pontavice de Heussey has a paper in vindication of Bulwer, apropos of the extraordinary book published last year by Miss Louise Devey. The position taken by M. de Heussey is that Lady Lytton was mad, and that the charges she made against her husband were simply hallucinations. In support of this theory a synoptized account of Lady Lytton's career is given. The writer criticises Miss Devey severely for accepting as matter of fact allegations

which any qualified alienist would have ascribed to cerebral disease without hesitation. Apart from the argument, this article furnishes some curious illustrations of the notorious tendency of Frenchmen to blunder whenever they have to do with foreign facts and people. His countrymen might be pardoned for failing to recognize the author of 'The Scarlet Letter' and 'The Marble Faun' in 'Nathaniel Harnelow,' the more especially since he is bracketed with Edgar Poe, as 'that other American demoniac.' Poor Mr. Weare, the victim of Thurtell, suffers a gallic change and becomes "Mr. Veace," and tont Paris is gravely informed that English highwaymen, "les Chevaliers du Carrefour," called themselves "Knights of the Cross." This last is really a delightful muddle, though it is easy to see how it came about. What the highwaymen actually called themselves, or were called, was "Knights of the Road." Now "carrefour" is "cross-road," and M. de Heussey has clearly taken the "cross" and left out the "road"—with characteristic national perversity. It is, perhaps, hardly surprising that he has not even got Bulwer's own name correctly, calling him George Edward, instead of Edward George, and omitting the baptismal name, Earle, which he also bore. These mistakes do not, of course, at all affect the argument of M. de Heussey, but they are indicative of French limitations.

MR. RUSKIN, in a letter to the London *Telegraph*, says:—"I have not the letters here, and forget what I said about my 'Pickwick's' not amusing me when I was ill; but it always does, to this hour, when I am well; though I have known it by heart, pretty nearly all, since it came out: and I love Dickens with every bit of my heart, and sympathize in everything he thought or tried to do, except his effort to make more money by readings, which killed him."

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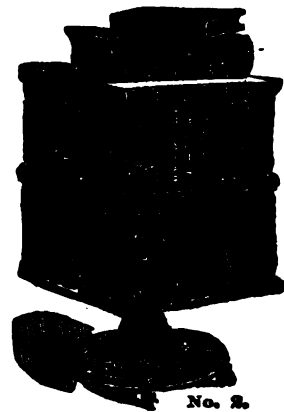
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BOOKMART.

VOL. V.

MARCH, 1888.

Whole No. 58.

THE BOOKWORM'S STORY.

Thro' Papyrus with wisdom stored
In ancient days my way I bored;
Ah, mem'ry of that far-off time,
And succulence of Nilus' slime!
'Twas nature's paper bred my kind
And nurs'd fat worms of rev'rent mind!
The giants we before the flood,¹
With reptiles bred in Egypt's mud!—
Lost kindred mine that went to ash
With Alexandria's lore and trash,²
You'd scarce believe the diet strange
Thro' which the Bookworm now must range:
Cotton paper was plaguy stuff,
And linen rag was bad enough,
But things have come to such a pass
That paper's made of straw and grass!
Esparto, ramie, young bamboo,
All these and more I've eaten thro'!—

But soft; for now I must relate
Th' apotheosis of my fate:
Dyspeptic mid these modern books,
I sought old haunts and shady nooks
Intent on ancient tomes forgot
That oft had been knocked down by lot;
But mov'd—by what I cannot tell—
Unless its most unusual smell—
I tried a book of goodly size,
The hardest it of all my tries!
Away I bored, but I was floored,
Ye Gods! the thing was made of *board*!
Yes, *wood* must now their paper give—
Stuff that ye may not eat, and live!

¹ Egyptian paper was manufactured from the fine pellicles of the Papyrus which surrounded the trunk (the finest of which were in the middle), and not from the marrow of the plant. These pellicles were separated by means of a pin, or pointed mussel-shells, and spread on a table sprinkled with Nile water, in such a form as the size of the sheets required, and washed over with hot glue-like Nile-water.

² Evidently the Bookworm had come across that exclamation upon the Elizabethan dramatists, "Their's was th' giant race before the flood!"

³ Referring, doubtless, to the burning of the great library in Alexandria.

In fearful pain I lay me down,¹
And dreamt as people do who drown.
I dreamt of Egypt's sunny clime,
The Bookworm's ancient halcyon time,
Of modern ink the first time quaffed,
And once more rued the fiery draught.²
This strange admixture seems to be
Much like the mortal's *eau de vie*;
It makes one gay and feel so queer,
I oft have crow'd like chanticleer!³
Once more 'mid cobwebs, dry-rot, dust,
I bored thro' Gutenberg and Fust,⁴
On Caxton fed and Pynson too,
And many an Elzevir drilled thro';
So dreaming, I quite vainly tried
To rouse myself—I nearly died!

¹ It is of course possible that woody fibre would cause acute dyspepsia in the worm; but we incline to think the effect was due to the adulterants employed in latter-day paper-making.

² The writing ink of the ancients was essentially different from that now employed. Its basis was finely-divided charcoal mixed with some mucilaginous or adhesive fluid; it was much less destructible than modern writing ink, and more resembled printers' ink. Writing ink is now a chemical compound, of which the basis is proto-gallate and proto-tannate of iron. Ignorant as we are of the exact physiological nature of the insect bookworm, we have no positive reason to doubt the alleged effect produced by it upon that organism.

³ Mr. Lang, in *The Library*, p. 39, writes:—"The learned Mentzelius says he hath heard the bookworm crow like a cock unto his mate, and 'I knew not,' says he, 'whether some local fowl was clamoring, or whether there was but a beating in mine ears. Even at that moment, all uncertain as I was, I perceived, in the paper whereon I was writing, a little insect that ceased not to carol like very chanticleer, until, taking a magnifying glass, I assiduously observed him. He is about the bigness of a mite, and carries a grey crest, and the head low, bowed over the bosom; as to his crowing noise, it comes out of his clashing his wings against each other with an incessant din.'" The explanation here given by the Bookworm of course settles the point; but surely intoxication is one of the last of imaginable causes for the phenomenon. At the same time the clearing up of this doubtful matter administers a rebuke to the shameless incredulity of these days.

⁴ Anglioc.

For SOMETHING held me in its thrall
 That made me grow both stout and tall!
 Then I awoke, and with a shock—
 It was the hand of ELIOT STOCK;
 I rubb'd my eyes and gaz'd around,
 Books lin'd the walls from cell to ground!
 Thro' many I had bor'd my way!
 You'll scarce believe me when I say
 The knowledge I had eaten thro'
 Straight to my brain now upward flew!
 New life and purpose thro' me ran—
 I found myself a living man!
 STOCK moved his hand, and, smiling, said:
 "Interpret now the mighty dead!
 The world we live in disbelieves
 In ancient books and yellow leaves:
 Arise! unlock the BOOKWORM'S store,
 And tell us of the books of yore!"
 He gave me paper, quills, and ink,
 While I could only stare and blink;
 Command and will were in his eye,
 As he resum'd, without reply:
 "Once foe of books, as friend now live!
 To all who need, good book-love give!
 Then you we'll hail as chief book-lover,
 And place your portrait on the cover!"
 So here THE BOOKWORM tolling spins,
 To expiate his many sins.

—*The Bookworm.*

FLEET STREET AND THEREABOUTS.

All things considered, the great artery of traffic which is known to Londoners, and to most country folk too, by the name of Fleet street, has perhaps undergone as little change within the memory of its old inhabitants as any London thoroughfare that could be mentioned. And yet if Mr. Pickwick, whose familiarity with London localities, as we all know, was very considerable, were still among us, a walk through Fleet street would assuredly produce in the mind of that distinguished personage a strange bewilderment. Much still remains, it is true, of its double lines of dingy brick fronts, and the two venerable houses near St. Dunstan's Church, in one of which there is something like evidence that Michael Drayton, who sang so lustily of the rivers of England in his 'Polyolblon,' in days when Shakspeare and Ben Jonson were wont to carouse at the Devil Tavern, just over the way, passed much of his life, still look down upon the bustling scene—queer old gable-fronted tenements that by strange chance escaped the Fire of London, which drooped and died out at their very doors. The pastrycook's, however, with the low-built projecting bow-fronted shop just here, which was wont to place at its doors a bucket of water labelled "For dogs only"—as if, as Mr. Punch in his youthful days once observed, "any cat of spirit would scruple to defy such a grossly partial restriction," would certainly be missed; and in vain would the

benevolent eye endeavor to reconcile itself to the thin lank slice of nondescript architecture which looms in the distance in the place of Temple Bar. It is not in these things, however, that the change in Fleet street would be found. It is in the enormous increase of the business of the street—the everlasting stream of omnibuses, mere occasional apparitions fifty years since; the no less continual stream of hansom—strange objects they would be in the eyes of an elderly gentleman who had been wont to sit beside the driver in a curiously gaunt vehicle with a lofty hood, as seen in Seymour's picture in an early monthly part of the 'Posthumous Papers.' But the greatest change of all would be felt in the jostling crowds that throng the Fleet street pavements nearly all day long. The enormous development of journalism since the hateful stamp, the insidious advertisement duty, the oppressive tax on paper, were one by one removed by the magic wand of Mr. Gladstone, has made Fleet street and its affluents the great central home of the Press, hardly excepting the provincial Press, all important members of which have here nowadays a London office. The roars and counter roars which resound in Fleet street in times of political excitement, when ardently expected news is suddenly exhibited on placards in the windows of the newspaper offices; the more frequent turmoil created by the great sporting events which draw together the crowd of eager-looking, restless, seedy, brushed-up men who carry little books with metallic pencils and speak a jargon strange to the ears of those who have no affinity with the sporting world—all this, together with the cries of the itinerant vendors of the last editions, damp from the press, would assuredly cause in Mr. Pickwick some curious sensations. How he would mark his sense of the change it would be difficult to imagine. Probably he would pause to moralize; more probably he would seek once more the retirement of Goswell street, or so much of it as now remains, and resolve, in spite of Dr. Johnson's example, never to "walk down Fleet street" again.

He, however, who would moralize in a fitting vein upon the changes that Fleet street and its neighborhood have undergone must carry his eye further back into the past, and for this purpose he cannot do better than turn to the pages of Mr. John Ashton's admirable book about the Fleet just published by Mr. Unwin. By "the Fleet" we mean the river of that name, once an important stream making its way down from its source in Caen Wood on Hampstead hill to the Thames at Blackfriars, and bearing upon its lower waters many a craft, both large and small, laden with merchandise for the convenience of the citizens. Round about the Fleet gather numberless curious associations, endless picturesque facts and stories, and tokens of old manners. There was the Fleet prison, which has a history of its own, and Bridewell, once a mighty place (why does Mr. Ashton follow Strype's blunder and confound it with Montfichet Castle, which was

on the opposite bank of the river?), though it has now been for some centuries past a mere reformatory prison. Old Bridewell extended along the western bank from its present shrunken site opposite Ludgate Station to its fortified front on the river, at the spot where the Fleet fell into the Thames, or, in other words, on the site of Lord Mayor De Keyser's hotel and the embankment in front thereof. It was one of the ancient fortresses guarding the entrance to the little river which had else been a vulnerable point in the City defences. The Fleet has bequeathed us at least one advantage in the noble breadth of Bridge street and Farringdon street, which occupy not merely the breadth of the stream but that of the adjacent quays and side walks. It is difficult now to imagine the days when he who descended Fleet street on his way to St. Paul's, or Holborn hill on his way to Newgate, crossed a steep little stone bridge. Bridewell Bridge may be seen in one of the illustrations to the early editions of Pope's 'Dunciad,' published in 1728-9, in which day an irregular open-air market for fruit and flowers and vegetables was held along its quays, from the northward almost to Fleet street corner, in the picturesque continental fashion. When the river was finally arched over in 1737, the market became a recognized institution, with more of elbow-room than it enjoyed before. This reminds us that though the Fleet river had even then silted up to a great extent and lost its old importance as a channel of water communication it still existed, and in fact exists to this day. When the great demolitions were first made for the construction of the Farringdon road, the stream of the Fleet was at a spot hereabouts laid bare, and many may remember how in the rainy season its turbid waters were seen to rush and roar in the gulf below.

A more striking revelation of the existence of the half-forgotten river, however, was made on the pulling down of the ancient rambling dilapidated building known as "the old house in West street" in 1840. Tradition affirmed that this had been the residence of the notorious Jonathan Wild. In its early days, some three centuries previously, it was known to have been an inn with the sign of 'The Red Lion'; but for a hundred years before its demolition it had been a lodging-house of evil reputation. Close adjacent was that Field lane which many can recall, with its flaunting bundles of second-hand silk bandannas, supposed to be the fruit of pickpockets' industry, and its suspicious looking tradesmen, as seen in an early sketch by John Leech, which Mr. Ashton has brought to light from the columns of a sporting paper of some fifty years since. But though Field lane was the locality in which Mr. Fagin carried on his nefarious transactions, the adjacent West street, with its mouldering plaster and its sinister old gables, excited far more of awe and mystery, above all when discovery was made of trap-doors in its lower floors, which on being lifted revealed the turbid waters of the Fleet. Here at once was confirmation of stories that had long haunted the spot—tales of mysterious disappear-

ances and of the making away of booty. It is known that, thanks probably to the secret doors and hiding places which the demolitions brought to light, a chimney-sweep named Jones, who had escaped from Newgate, once lay here hidden for six weeks, though the house meantime was searched by the police. The latest historian of the Fleet and its neighborhood finds, however, far more pleasing associations than these. Tracing its course downward by the way of Highgate and Hampstead Ponds, which are but local enlargements of its stream, and through the once rural neighborhoods of Kentishtown and Somerstown, and Battle Bridge, he loiters pleasantly in many a suburban resort of which he furnishes us with pictures from contemporary sketches. Baginbun Wells, and White Conduit House, awakens now but few associations that are picturesque or agreeable; still less can the mind of the Londoner realize the rural delights of the tea gardens of the "Sir John Oldcastle," in Cold Bath Fields, though it is pleasant to find the name of that honest sturdy old Lollard and martyr, whom Shakspeare helped so cruelly to blacken, thus commemorated in the minds of our tea-drinking forefathers. But the crowning item of Mr. Ashton's survey and the most fruitful source of his store of anecdotes is found in the old Fleet Prison, which, though it was still standing little more than thirty years ago, has vanished and left no trace. A terrible place of incarceration and tortures it was in the old, cruel days, as many a revolting story records. What riotous extortion flourished unchecked under the infamous rule of the ruffians Huggins and Bainbridge and their satellites in the times when Hogarth's brush and graver were in full force; how insolvent debtors here pined and starved, or wasted the substance that belonged to their creditors in drunken orgies, as vividly exhibited in Cruikshank's sketches of the notorious "whistling shop" in the colored illustrations of 'Tom and Jerry,' all who have any sort of acquaintance with the London of the past know well. Mr. Ashton, however, finds an even richer field of anecdote in the history of the notorious Fleet marriages.

At first Fleet marriages seem to have been respectable enough. "Canonical hours" were then a thing unknown; and the prison had a chapel and a parson of its own, and was as well qualified to bind a couple together in the bonds of wedlock as St. Paul's or Westminster Abbey itself. Mr. Ashton traces the prevalence of clandestine marriages among the upper classes from about the middle of the seventeenth century downwards to the enormous expense which wedding customs then entailed upon parents. The Fleet Prison was simply a convenient place for these marriages. After a time, however, the Legislature essayed to check in some degree the irregularities of marriages in the prisons. Then the disgraceful scenes which had attended on Fleet marriages were rather enacted in the outside district known as "the rules" or liberties of the prison. Liberties they might well be called, but "rules"—

unless we refer to the rule of license and disorder of the most shameless and profligate kind—is a term which could hardly be connected with them. Pen-nant, the learned antiquary, writing towards the close of the last century, tells how in walking along the street on the site of what is now known to us as Farringdon street he had in his youth often been tempted by the question, "Sir, will you please walk in and be married?" Along "this most lawless space," he adds "was suspended at frequent intervals a sign-board depicting, a male and female hand conjoined, with the words 'marriages performed within' written underneath." "A dirty fellow," he continues invited you in. The parson was seen walking before his shop—a squalid, profligate figure, clad in a tattered plaid night-gown, with a fiery face, and ready to couple you for a dram of gin or a roll of tobacco." A notorious sample of these clerical rogues was one John Gayman, who was marrying at a great rate between 1709 and 1740. Another of rather later day was Daniel Wigmore. Of him a daily paper in 1728 significantly records that "Yesterday Daniel Wigmore, one of the parsons noted for marrying people within the rules of the Fleet, was convicted before the Right Honorable the Lord Mayor of selling spirituous liquors contrary to the law." Others were convicted of far more serious crimes, as many an example attests. One advertised, "Marriages with a licence, certificate, and a crown stamp at a guinea, at the new chapel, next door to the china shop near Fleet Bridge, by a regular bred clergyman." The *Whitehall Evening Post* of July 24, 1739, records that "on Tuesday last a woman indifferently well-dressed came to the sign of the Bull and Garter, next door to the Fleet Prison (all the Fleet parsons' establishments, it appears, exhibited signs), and was there married to a soldier; in the afternoon she came again and would have been married to a butcher, but that the parson who had married her in the morning refused to marry her again, which put her to the trouble of going a few doors farther off to another parson who had no scruple." Far more distinguished persons, however, were wont to content themselves with a Fleet marriage, as Mr. Burns's curious transcripts of the Fleet registers published some years ago sufficiently attest. The *Gentleman's Magazine*, under date May 6, 1735, has the entry, "Married, the Lord Robert Montagu to Mrs. Harriet Dunch, of Whitehall, with a fortune of £15,000." This was a marriage by a Fleet parson. It is no wonder that the legislature, by the Marriage Act of 1753, at last put an end to these scandals, and thus brought ruin upon the parsons of the Fleet and upon the equally notorious May Fair Chapel. Keith, the May Fair parson, had somehow got into difficulties, and was a prisoner in the Fleet, when Lord Hardwicke's Act was passed. This scoundrel in a manifesto which he issued from the prison in opposition to this wholesome measure, says "As I have married many thousands and have on these occasions seen the humor of the lower class of people, I have often asked the couples how long

they had been acquainted. They would reply, some more, some less, but the generality did not exceed the acquaintance of a week, and some only a day, half-a-day, &c." This fellow on finding his nefarious occupation gone had the audacity to put forth an appeal "To the Compassionate," beginning "By the late Marriage Act the Rev. Mr. Keith, from a great Degree of affluence is reduced to such a deplorable State of Misery in the Fleet Pri ou as is much better to be conceived than related, having scarcely any other thing than Bread and Water to subsist on." Such are a few of the associations which pertain to the history of 'Fleet Street and Thereabouts.'

MORE SHAKSPERE RIDDLES.

While such pertinacious efforts are being made to deprive Shakspeare of his literary renown, it is some comfort to note a disposition in other quarters to discover on the poet's behalf new claims to the respect and affection of his fellow-countrymen. Mr. Wright has been lecturing at Plymouth on the interesting question whether Shakspeare served aboard one of the ships which went out to attack the Spanish Armada. Fighting poets were certainly not unknown in his day. His contemporary Camoens even suffered grievous wounds in doing battle with the Moors in the Straits of Gibraltar; and did not "Rare Ben" take in his early years to soldiering in the Low Countries? while Lodge, from whose quaintly poetical prose novel Shakspeare—if Mr. Donnelly will forgive us—deigned to borrow the foundations of his 'As You Like It,' sailed under Cavendish, and helped to inflict upon the haughty Spaniard the bitter humiliations off the Canaries and thereabout. When the "Invincible" Armada was making its way up the Channel with Drake hanging so inconveniently on its skirts, Shakspeare was just four-and-twenty, an age when many young Englishmen can "never get enough o' fechtin," and there is at least nothing to show that he did not volunteer for service at this momentous crisis in his country's history. Mr. Wright thinks it very likely that the memory of his share in that glorious episode inspired him in writing the famous lines of patriotic defiance in 'King John.' Unfortunately the evidence is not very direct; and we are not quite sure that the poet, who seems to have had an eminently practical side to his character, would have thought volunteering for a set-to with the Spaniards in the Channel quite a wise and justifiable step while Mrs. Shakspeare and the children down at Stratford were as yet unprovided for. We are compelled to add that Mr. Wright does not strengthen his case very much by the observation that the plays show that the poet "must have spent part of his life at sea." Where must he not have spent "some part of his life"? What calling—from that of a king to a pedlar—cannot claim him, if "internal evidence" is to settle the question?

ORIGINAL VERSE.

Quis multa gracilis te puer in rosa.—HORACE.

Who sends sweet roses to thy scented chamber,
Wooing thee day by day with perfumed vows,
In thy luxurious house?
Ah, Kate! dost thou remember?

For whom dost thou those toilettes demure
Prepare? Alas! how often the poor youth
Will writhe at thine untruth,
Yet still believe thee pure!

And, when thy whims and moods make him despair
Will think himself alone to blame,
And guiltless thee proclaim,
Because—thou art so fair!

Is thy deceit, or is his blindness more?
He still maintains thy faith and innocence
(Though they are all pretence),
And deems those only poor

Whom knowledge of the virtues not enriches!
Well there's my empty pocket-book!
Heaven forfend I look
On any more such witches!

JULIAN HAWTHORNE.

GRANGERISM.

An amiable figure in the small number of the elect who do not think that time is money is the Grangerite. He is a book maniac of the "unique copy" variety, but is more English than French. Dibdin knew him, but not Nodier; so that his tribe has a Gallic totem, but takes its title from an English author without his leave.

The Rev. Dr. Granger wrote a 'Biographical History of England' for students who had not enough of Hume, filled it with proper names like an old chronicle, gave it an air of familiarity whereby it might take a place after, if not with, Froissart and Monstrelet, and then knocked at the temple of fame. He was admitted, not because he had written a good history but had written a good book for a new craze.

The Grangerite is a collector of prints, not for his walls or portfolios, but for his books; and with Dr. Granger's 'History of England' there is latitude for his fancy. Mr. John Forster had two copies of the work, one of which had been extended to 14, the other to 17 volumes, by the insertion of 6,000 portraits. John Morice, F.S.A., made ten volumes of Clutterbuck's 'History of Hertfordshire,' which was originally in three volumes, by the insertion of 1,100 views in water colors by Buckler, Harding, and other artists, 1,400 coats of arms emblazoned by Dowse, and 600 portraits and other prints. There are 19,000 prints and drawings in the 'Clarendon and Burnet' of the Bodleian Library, including 731 portraits of Charles I., 513 of Charles II., 353 of Cromwell, 273 of James II., and 420 of William III.

The British Museum has Mr. Crowle's 'Pennant's London,' a splendid work to illustrate, as prints of London streets and buildings are innumerable, and Percy Fitzgerald, who wrote on 'The Book Fancier,' has noted a Blomefield's 'Norfolk,' the 11 volumes of which have been extended with original drawings, original deeds and charters, manuscripts, town rolls, seals, conventional, parochial, corporate, and private, and a great quantity of portraits to seventy volumes and cases. County histories are naturally favorites with zealous Grangerites, and Boswell's 'Johnson' tells of too many persons and places not to be an excellent subject, even if one has to consider that portraits of the malefactor Rann, known as 'Sixteen String Jack,' without which no Grangerized Boswell is complete, are even scarcer than those of good King Dagobert, made famous in song for having once put on his trousers wrong side out. Croker's edition in five octavo volumes of Boswell was extended to 16 volumes folio by Mr. Harvey, a dealer in autographs and prints of London, with 983 prints, 20 of which were portraits of the author, and the supplement, a single volume, was extended to six volumes, with original manuscripts of Dr. Johnson, including his famous letters to Macpherson and his draft of the plan for the dictionary, and water colors by Pyne and others. Mr. Harvey sold the work for \$5,000.

In France M. Paillet Grangerized his copy of La Fontaine with the original drawings of Fragonard and M. Feullet de Conches with miniatures on vellum by the greatest artists of every country. They were fastidious in the extreme, as are those who call upon Henriot or Bourgaing to make illustrations in water colors for the text of a novel by Guy de Maupassant or Pierre Loti; but no publisher who respects bibliomania will attempt to give the world an extra fine edition of a good book without making a provision of illustrations in different states for the Grangerite. Yet the French have no word for Grangerism. They need it and might take it and it would sound well and it would be fair play, for have not the English taken from them "reliure" and "doublé" and "bibliophile," and aren't the French "5 o'clocking" every day at 4 o'clock? Still they will not say that a book has been "Grangerized;" they say it has been "augmented" or use a periphrasis. For instance, Mr. Beraldi catalogues his Grangerized 'Werther' in this way: "Copy on vellum, to which have been added." A list of the illustrations follows. Adding to, is a mean substitute for Grangerizing a book.

The Grangerite has learned that Mr. J. I. C. Clarke's 'Robert Emmet' is the first successful effort to make a literary monument to Erin's hero. He gets a large paper copy of the book. It is an octavo volume. Now, ancient views of Dublin streets and buildings generally appeared in folio and quarto form; there were others in pretty keepsakes and books of travel; and there is no telling how large a print of the Dublin Newgate Jail is if it exists, (for the Newgate Jail is no more,) until it is

found. Portraits of Emmet are naturally of various forms and must be gathered because they differ, although all were made after a miniature and a sketch made at the trial. Portraits of Sarah Curran and Lord Charlemont and the "muffle," as Victor Hugo would say, of Chief Justice Lord Norbury are not to be expected of one size and, should it, happen, of a size for an octavo volume.

After the Grangerite has gathered all the prints which he has wanted for the illustration of 'Robert Emmet' he will decide whether the book shall retain its octavo form or be a quarto or a folio. In the former case the larger prints will be folded or inlaid in folded pages; in the latter the smallest prints and the pages of the book itself will be inlaid on larger paper. The print must be made clean by a chemical process, for the description of which Bonnardot has written a book. If the print came from a book or journal and was not *hors texte*, the printing at the back of it must be erased. That is done by making the sheets adhere with rice past to two pieces of silk, which when separated split it in its thickness. The picture is drawn to one piece and detached from it in a bath. Then it is laid down on its page, not with paste or as in the conventional cartouche of a photographic album, but by beveling the pages with a knife, so that it may form one with it, as if it was of it, to the most searching look of the profane.

It is not child's play; wherefore, saving his reverence, if there is a Grangerite who has the ability to inlay a print he is not known to fame. He may have all the credit which is due to him for patient collecting and waking o' nights in collating, and all the obloquy which William Blades has damned him with for tearing prints out of one book to insert in another; but for his inlaying, unless it is so wretched that it is clear he has done it himself, he is not responsible.

Toedteberg, Trent, and Lawrence, all of Brooklyn—now who shall say that there is no good in Brooklyn—are America's only inlayers, as La Tour d'Auvergne was the only grenadier in France. If a Grangerite's prints are not well inlaid he is not a Grangerite and does not count. If they are well inlaid he is a Grangerite, and Toedteberg, Trent, or Lawrence, in this country, did the work. It is needless to comment upon the future of Grangerism in America, should that triumvirate become wealthy and go to Europe.

Augustus Toedteberg came here in 1844 from Hanover where he was a clerk in a store, and fell, almost unknowingly to his place as a servant of Grangerism, whereof he had until then heard nothing. To this day he has not read Bonnardot. He liked to collect prints; he knew how to treat them; he could draw and paint; he was fond of the theatre. But these accomplishments were his pastime, and it had never entered his head that with them he might make a living. He has done no other work. One enters his workshop with the curiosity or thrill of anticipated pleasure or terror which must have come

to the stormers of John Fust's printing room at Mentz after the uniformity of his various copies of the Bible, sold as manuscripts, had left no doubt of his being a consort of Satan, and wonders at its simplicity. There are no oddly-shaped vials or long bent-necked bottles on shelves, and a vampire is not pinned to the wall with a nail of Nicholas Flamel's coffin. There are only two large tables, a marble block, two bookcases, and two or three letter-presses, which have a familiar air. He does not fear to show the mysterious instrument with which he makes a folio page of a duodecimo; it is a shoemaker's knife, not ill-looking, and rather blunt.

Mr. Toedteberg is engaged in illustrating Austin Brereton's 'Henry Irving,' the large paper copy whereof he was the only American subscriber, to his surprise. Henry Irving has written on the fly leaf of the book in his strange manner, dotting like an *t* the first stroke of an *m* or *n*, lines which may be deciphered to mean:

"What so poor as Hamlet is may do to express his friendship for you.—Henry Irving, New York, April, 1885."

He has made three volumes of Mr. William Winter's 'Shakspeare's England,' having bought three copies of the book for the purpose of possessing three title pages, which he has had marked I., II., and III., Grangerizing the work with the daintiest portraits and views and a water color made by himself from memory of the author's artistic physiognomy, not like the portrait owned by Mary Anderson, but not less true or graceful. He has Grangerized several copies of 'Neil Gwynne,' including the celebrated one owned by Mr. Purdy. His greatest work was perhaps with John Ireland's 'Records of the New York Stage,' wherein he inserted 5,000 prints, more than 100 water colors and drawings, and 1,000 playbills. He sold the work for \$5,000—perhaps not to Mr. Augustin Daly; but Mr. Daly is a mighty Grangerite, and Toedteberg is his prophet. He owns a monumental 'John Ireland's Records,' Boswell's 'Johnson,' in six volumes; Campbell's 'Life of Mrs. Siddons,' Macklin's Bible, in thirty volumes; Cunningham's 'Neil Gwynne,' in an imperial octavo, bound by Bradstreet's, and several other works of inestimable value, beside the Daly 'Taming the Shrew' prompt book, wherein have been inserted portraits of all the guests at the one-hundredth-night supper.

Mr. A. M. Palmer is to tell the history of the Union Square Theatre in a Grangerized collection of plays. Mr. Thomas J. McKee, the Dunlap Society's Treasurer, has made 20 volumes of Ireland's 'Records,' and 20 volumes of Doran's 'Annals,' which Mr. William B. Dick has extended from 4 octavo to 19 folio volumes, and Mr. Peter Gilsey to another large number.

Most members of the Grolier Club—pray do not call them Grolierites, for there is no such word or thing in bibliomania or out of it—are or have been Grangerites. Mr. Hoe and Mr. Andrews were; Mr. Purdy and Mr. Seligman are.

Dr. Thomas Addis Emmet has made a monument of the Declaration of Independence, for the possession of which a Secretary of Art in the Cabinet would gladly spend the surplus, but we have no Secretary of Art. It is the 'Biographies of the Signers of the Declaration of Independence,' by John Sanderson, Robert Wain, and others, published in nine volumes and Grangerized to 20 volumes folio, with over 3,000 autograph letters, 2,000 portraits, a great number of prints and drawings, and 14 water colors of American scenery made by the artists who came with the British troops to quell the rebellion. These water colors were purchased by Dr. Emmet at the sale of the Marquis of Hastings for the moderate sum of \$700. Every signer of the Declaration is represented in Dr. Emmet's monument by his picture and autograph letters. King George by his order for troops, and the first Congress by an original manuscript of its rules for conducting affairs during the war. Grangerism cannot go further or do more to be admired.

DAVID GAMUT.

THE MODERN TITLE.

HOW THE NOVELISTS RANSACK THE POETS FOR PHRASES.

'Knitters in the Sun' wrote Octave Thanet on the title-page of her new book and set all the reading public to wondering what it could mean until some one remembered that the Duke says of the sad little song in 'Twelfth Night':

"It is old and plain;

The spinsters and the knitters in the sun
Do use to chant it."

In the early days of the novel it kept a rigorous faith with its readers, and really did relate the romantic fortunes of the Tom Jones or Clarissa Harlowe, whose name appeared on the title-page. Even Dickens and Thackeray chose titles in the main after the straightforward and undeceiving order, but of late years the fashion has set quite the other way, and the modern title must be odd, piquant, attractive—anything but downright honest and indicative, except in a remote and ingenious way, of the *raison d'être* of the book.

Of all the various devices which the ingenuity of bookmakers has yet hit upon to secure this end none has been more widely used or more successful than a terse, apt, suggestive quotation. Shakespeare has, of course, been most frequently drawn upon. Mr. Howells found in 'Hamlet' his titles for 'The Undiscovered Country' and 'A Counterfeit Presentment,' while 'Othello' gave him his 'Foregone Conclusion,' 'Two Gentlemen of Verona,' 'A Woman's Reason,' and Jacques in 'As You Like It' 'A Modern Instance.' To the same source also went Katherine King for 'The Bubble Reputation' and Thomas Hardy for 'Under the Greenwood Tree.' In Harry Hotspur's reservation in 'Henry IV.' A. S. Hardy found his piquant title 'But Yet a Woman.'

From 'King John' came, no doubt, the suggestion for Hawthorne's 'Twice-told Tales,' while the 'Fable Talk' of Jessica and Lorenzo has served Leigh Hunt, Coleridge, and many another besides.

It was 'Hamlet,' again, that gave Mrs. Alexander 'Her Dearest Foe.' Shylock's passionate cry has been caught in 'My Ducats and My Daughter,' and the 'Primrose Path,' in which Mrs. Oliphant led her readers, was first pointed out by poor Ophelia's hand.

Mary Cecil Hay chose 'Bid Me Discourse' from 'Venus and Adonis,' and Rice and Besant first found 'The Seamy Side' in Emilia's indignant protest. From 'Othello' also came Rhoda Broughton's 'Not Wisely But Too Well,' and this same author finds a characteristic title to bestow on one of those heroines of her's who "thrill and throb and clutch and hunger" in a line from the 'Ancient Mariner' 'Red As a Rose Is She.' From the same poem comes Jessie Fothergill's 'One of Three,' and for one of her best-known novels, Rhoda Broughton transposes the opening words of an old English poem, 'Sweetheart, Good-bye.'

For their titles 'Love Me Little, Love Me Long' and 'He that Will Not when He May' Reade and Mrs. Oliphant are both indebted to Heywood, and Miss Brandon in 'Love Finds Out the Way' recalls an English poem published early in the seventeenth century, whose opening lines run thus:

"Over the mountains
And under the waves
Over the fountains,
And under the graves.
Under floods which are deepest,
Which Neptune obey,
Over rocks which are steepest
Love will find out the way.

Two of Tennyson's "fair women," "rare, pale Margaret" and "airy, fairy Lillian," stand as sponsors to as many of the Duchess's lurid productions, while another writer has chosen as a title a line from one of the exquisite songs in 'The Princess,' 'We Kissed Again with Tears.'

From Father Prout's 'Bells of Shandon' comes, no doubt, Black's 'Shandon Bells,' from Gray's 'Elegy Hardy's 'Far from the Maddling Crowd,' and Margaret Lee gets her title 'Since First I Saw Your Face' from a quaint old English song whose second line fitly epitomizes the book, "I resolved to win you and renown you." "He that hath wife and children hath given hostages to fortune" wrote Lord Bacon, which delightful bit of Baconian philosophy appears to advantage in an anonymous novel called 'Hostages to Fortune.' Scriptural quotations and allusions have often been most happily employed, as in Mrs. Godfrey's 'Unspotted from the World,' Rhoda Broughton's 'Cometh Up as a Flower,' Edgar Fawcett's 'Tinkling Cymbals,' and Mary Cecil Hays' 'Reaping the Whirlwind;' while the Prayer Book appears in Rice and Besant's 'All Sorts and Conditions of Men.' Many of the old songs have also proved full of happy inspiration. From Burns

have been taken 'Coming Through the Rye,' by Helen Mather, 'My Heart's in the Highlands,' by Maria Grant, and 'The Wooling O't,' by Mrs. Oliphant. Another sweet old Scottish ballad is utilized 'In Silk Attire,' and from the quaint Christmas carol, centuries old—

"God rest ye, merry gentlemen,
Let nothing you dismay."

an unknown English writer christen's his book 'Let Nothing You Dismay.' 'Look Before You Leap' and 'A Long Lane,' two delightful English stories, suggest at once their origin, as do the titles taken from the old songs, 'The Wearing of the Green,' 'Sweet Nelly, My Heart's Delight,' and "'Twas in Trafalgar's Bay.' Surely it was Longfellow's maid of "eyes so soft and brown" who gave Lockhart his title 'Fair to Sea,' and the writer of that volume of exquisite verse just published, 'The Heart of the Weed,' had in mind Lowell's beautiful lines:

"To win the secret of a weed's plain heart
Reveals some clue to spiritual things."

In 'I Have Lived and Loved' Mrs. Forester has only translated the "Ich habe gelebt und geliebt" of Schiller; and was not Mrs. Cashel-Hoeys thinking of Whittier's "saddest words of tongue or pen" when she wrote on her title-page 'What Might Have Been?'

CAXTON AND HIS WORKS.

Sir Walter Scott, in his delightful story the 'Antiquary,' relates how "Snuffy Davy," who has since been identified with Clark, the bookseller of Bond Street, bought a perfect copy of 'The Game of Chess,' the first book ever printed in England, for about two groschen, or twopence of our money. He in his turn sold it to Osborne for £20, who disposed of it to Askew for £60; and, as a climax, the precious volume was knocked down to Royalty itself for £170, at the sale of the last-named gentleman's effects.

As a matter of fact, there is not a word of truth in the whole of this story, and probably Sir Walter invented it to illustrate the theory of possibilities, which is ever present in some shape or other when an old book is disposed of.

This theory assumes diverse forms according to the description of the volume. It is possible that it may contain an autograph, which will enhance its value a hundred fold; there may be marginal notes or references in the hand-writing of some learned commentator long since passed away, and which show conclusively where such and such an idea, generally credited to a given author as original, had its rise. It is possible again, that between the leaves may be discovered something of value deposited there and forgotten by a former owner; and, finally, it is also possible, that a book bought for two groschen may turn out to be worth some hundreds of shillings and perhaps pounds. All these contingencies give

a charm to the practice of book-collecting, and it is just these which have in the first instance excited the desire of knowledge in the breast of many a man who has subsequently become a giant book-hunter—a perfect Nimrod, ardent in the chase.

One success, though a very small one, leads to further research, and men have been known who possessed such a passionate longing for a "find" that they have bought up whole libraries as they stood, in the hope of discovering some stray volume of unique interest. Such an one was Richard Heber the Bibliotaph, who had collections of miscellaneous books at Paris, Antwerp, Brussels, and other continental towns, to say nothing of London, where the *élite* of his treasures were deposited. The books were sold by auction after his death; the sale occupied 202 days, and flooded the market with rubbish—a curious termination to a life of gigantic speculation. Heber must, indeed, have been consumed with the possibility theory; just as John Bagford, F. S. A., the arch Vandal and Biblioclast of the universe, held it in derision. The former bought anything and everything in the hope of acquiring a little; the latter, with an acumen worthy of a better cause, found that little—to him a title-page—and this he forthwith ripped out, and mounted with others in a book.

John Bagford's collection of Title-pages, in 67 folio volumes, is now deposited in the British Museum, and the only consolation a book-lover has when he views the melancholy exhibition is, that the closing hours of the mutilator were embittered because he had been unable to discover and destroy a Caxton. This would have been the crown and glory of a not unsuccessful career; but, for a very obvious reason, it was denied him. It was not that Mr. Bagford lacked energy; on the contrary, he was indefatigable; nor that he was deficient in means, for he had enough and to spare—but simply because title-pages were unknown in England until 1491, the very year in which Caxton died. Had he lived another twelve months, Mr. Bagford's hopes would probably have been realized to the full; as it is, the collection lacks one great feature, and stands like a wall denuded of its coping-stone.

Collectors of old books, who haunt the stalls of unfrequented streets and do not altogether despair of some day stumbling upon a specimen of the great English printer's work, need have no fear of Mr. Bagford, nor of any of his disciples.

This absence of a title-page is not the only test by which a Caxton may be known, for if it were, what would be done in those numerous cases where a volume is imperfect?

There are other distinguishing features by which such a work may be identified, and in particular it is necessary to note that Caxton's type is *always* Gothic or Old English; if a single word occurs in Roman or Italic letters, then the book is none of his. Again, this printer never used commas nor catch-words; the latter were omitted altogether, and for the former he substituted a line thus, |.

But all these characteristics are ascribed to other printers as well, as, for instance, to Lettoun and Machlinia, of London, who flourished in 1480; Veldener, of Utrecht; and Gerard Leeu, of Antwerp. These printers, moreover, used type almost exactly like that of Caxton, so much so that an unpractised person would be quite unable to tell one from the other.

As Mr. Blades, the biographer of Caxton, has pointed out, the distinction lies in the measurement, which differs slightly in every case. Caxton employed no less than six different sizes of type, each of which is, as already stated, either Gothic or Old English. The exact measurements are as under:

No. 1	...	23 lines measure	5¼ inches.
2	...	20 " "	5½ inches.
3	...	20 " "	5½ inches.
4	...	20 " "	3¾ to 4 inches.
5	...	20 " "	4½ inches.
6	...	22 " "	5¼ inches.

It may be suggested that the capability of telling a Caxton is of little or no practical importance, since these books are so rare as seldom or never to be met with. This, however, is not so, for since 1812, no less than 28 specimens have been discovered by one or other of these tests; and of these 17 were previously unknown.

There is, in fact, no telling what rarities may not be concealed in ancestral libraries, old church collections, and in the farmhouses in different parts of the country; and even an odd leaf would be worth considerably more than its weight in gold.

What has become, for instance, of the fifteen books of Ovid's 'Metamorphoses,' which Caxton, in his preface to the 'Golden Legende,' distinctly says that he printed? Hitherto no copy has been discovered, nor any fragment of a copy.

Where is the 'Lyfe of Robert Erle of Oxenford,' mentioned in the preface to the 'Four Sons of Aymon?' What was the great printer doing between the years 1486-8, during which time, so far as can be discovered, he printed nothing? These, and many similar questions, are important, as raising a very strong probability that the 'Bibliography of Caxton' is far from being complete.

Books of this kind, and of this rarity, are surrounded with a halo which intensifies in brightness every year. The desire to possess them is not based upon the changing vagaries of fashion, but upon a permanent and substantial basis, evidenced by the rapidly increasing prices obtained by the booksellers and in the auction-rooms.

There may, in truth, be many specimens, good, bad, and indifferent, under our very noses, and we are unable to distinguish them. Henceforward, whenever we see a book which lacks a title-page, let us think twice before we pass it by. It may so be that Mr. John Bagford, F.S.A., has stolen a march upon us; but then, again, he may have thrown the volume aside in disgust, to our great advantage and profit.—*Book Lore.*

JULIET. FOR A PICTURE.

"O God, I have an all-divining soul."

ROMEO AND JULIET, III. 5.

She leans from out her balcony
O gold-haired Queen of hearts!
From out her balcony of gold
The grave eyes straining to behold
Those eyes, whereat the whole blood starts
O'er burning brows of ivory.

Even so the sunset turns to rose
The snows

That veil the earth in calmness pure and cold.

And is there something that foretells,
O pale-flushed Maid of pain!
Horror within the soul that yearns?
Some secret evil light that burns
Across thy tremulous vision's plain?
Some faint far echo of death's knells?

Even so beyond the sun-steeped seas
The breeze

That brings the storm the seaman's soul fore-learns.

Ah! and in vain, in vain, in vain,
Poor lovely Saint of Love!
In vain the eyes strain out, the soul
In vain prays dumbly for control
To God, that calm in heaven above
Weaves on the webs of joys and pain.

All human things of peace and woe
Even so

Move as the waves relentless towards their goal.

SELWYN IMAGE.

C. G. H. H.

THE POETS AND ST. MARGARET'S CHURCH, WESTMINSTER.

This church has been honored by quatrains written by two of the greatest English and two of the greatest contemporary American poets. For the Caxton window, presented to the rector by the printers of London, Lord Tennyson wrote these lines, which refer to Caxton's motto of "Fiat lux:"—

Thy prayer was, "Light, more light, while time shall last!"

Thou sawest a glory's growing on the night,
But not the shadows which that light would cast
Till shadows vanish in the Light of Light.

For the Raleigh window, given exclusively by American citizens, Mr. J. R. Lowell wrote the lines—
The New World's Sons from England's breast we drew
Such milk as bids remember whence we came;
Proud of her Part from which our Present grew,
This window we erect to Raleigh's name.

For the window just erected by St. Margaret's parish in connection with her Majesty's Jubilee Mr. Robert Browning has written the quatrain—

"Fifty years' flight!" Wherein should he rejoice
Who hailed their birth, who as they die decays?

This—England echoes his attesting voice:—

"Wondrous and well — Thanks, Ancient Thou of days."

Lastly, the veteran American poet, Mr. J. Greenleaf Whittier has written this inscription for the Milton window, the gift of Mr. George W. Childs, of Philadelphia, which was erected last month:—

The New World honors him whose lofty plea
For England's freedom made her own more sure;
Whose song, immortal as its theme, shall be
Their common freehold while both worlds endure.

Thinking that Dr. Farrar might object to the word "freehold," the poet pleads that "Milton himself uses it in the same way in his prose writings—namely, 'I, too, have my character and freehold of rejoicing.'" Mr. Whittier, however, suggests "heirloom" as a possible alternative.

The church also contains the finest epitaph ever written by Pope, that on the tomb of Mrs. Elizabeth Corbet—

Here lies a woman, good without pretence,
Blest with plain reason and with sober sense.
No conquest she, but o'er herself, desired,
No arts essayed, but not to be admired.
Passion and pride were to her soul unknown,
Convinced that virtue only is our own.
So unaffected, so composed a mind,
So firm yet soft, so strong, yet so refined,
Heaven, as its purest gold, by tortures try'd;
The saint sustained it, but the woman died.

Dr. Johnson greatly admired this epitaph, but thought that the fourth line implied an impossible effort of virtue.

BYRON'S CENTENARY.

We have never known exactly what to think of Byron, nor how to honor him. The "centenaries" of Scott and Burns were considerable affairs, thanks to Scotch patriotism. But as far as patriotism is concerned, Byron is rather for the Greeks than for us. To them he gave the glory of his name; his purse, his sword, and his life were at their service. To Greece he is a kind of young Perseus coming down from the blue to aid the Andromeda of freedom, and dying as they die who are beloved by the gods. The affection with which the Greeks cherish his memory is as honorable to them as it is to him. It may, too, in these times of reaction, recall the fact that in days yet within the memory of old men there was a feeling of enthusiasm in society for the victims of oppression who were themselves striking the blow by which alone they could be free. It is a curious coincidence, to say the least, that his granddaughter is at this moment receiving the hearty sympathy of all English Liberals in the suffering she is enduring in the cause of a people almost equally oppressed.

We have never exactly understood what to think of Byron. He was a man of great genius, indeed,

but even in his proudest days, that was marred by what Scott calls "the fashionable *engouement*" of society in London. Byron was not only a poet, he was a "lion," and his leonine career was like that of other victims of Mrs. Leo Hunter. There was a great deal of nonsense in it, and a good deal of scandal. His beauty, his amours, his affectation of dark Oriental passions, his intentional eccentricities in short, became a sort of social advertisement. Men have had almost as much success and notoriety without being poets at all. When all the clouds that gather round a young man, passionate, perverse, spoiled, and unrestrained, gathered and broke in disgrace, people still believed in his poetry. That "pageant of his bleeding heart," which he bore "through Europe to the Ætolian shore," made him still an object of deep and varied interest. His biographer tells a touching story of a good lady who, on her death-bed, left a kindly message to Byron, imploring him to repent. Women of all ranks, poets and philosophers too, like Goethe, young men and old, foreigners and English, united to worship Byron as the Athenians worshipped Demetrius Poliorcetes. They wept over his *Gulnarez* and *Halides*; they were frightened by his *Corsairs*; they looked at him as the Veronese girls looked on Dante, whispering "That was the man who was in Hell." They recognised in him the greatest and most reckless humorist and satirist, as well as the poet whose melancholy lute echoed words of unspeakable passion, regret, and remorse. He was so great that, in face of him, Scott laid down the pen of poetry, leaving the field open to the young conqueror. And he was a generous victor. He gave Scott a copy of the 'Glaour,' with the inscription, "To the Monarch of Parnassus, from one of his subjects." "James," said Scott to Ballantyne, "Byron hits the mark where I don't even pretend to fledge my arrow." Lockhart was of the opposite opinion, namely, that Byron "owed at least half his success to clever, though perhaps unconscious, imitation of Scott, and no trivial share of the rest to the lavish use of materials which Scott never employed, only because his career was under high and chivalrous feelings of moral rectitude." The intercourse of these poets showed Byron in the very best light. He never appears more amiable than when the two exchange presents in Homeric fashion. "I gave Byron a beautiful dagger mounted with gold, which had been the property of the renowned Elif Bey. But I was to play the part of Diomed in the 'Iliad,' for Byron sent me, some time after, a large sepulchral vase of silver. It was full of dead men's bones, and had inscriptions on two sides of the base." Had Byron lived more within sight of the manly excellence of Scott, it would have been easier for us to know how to admire him as a character. But Venice and Ravenna, and the queer company that hung about Shelley, made him another man, and he is not among the poets for whom it is easy to feel strong personal affection.

To write of Byron as a man is not easy, because

the different ways of criticising him are both too facile and too obvious. We may shut our eyes to to faults and to a character darkened by frantic pride, vanity, and love of pleasure. We may simply proclaim his occasional generousities, his courage, his spirit, his love of liberty. But such a criticism, with its shallow good nature, is little better than the other view in which Byron is almost the ideally bad man. It is easy to praise or to dispraise him, it is almost impossible to pretend to estimate him. Probably the modern set against himself and his poetry began in the influence of two people very unlike each other, Thackeray and Carlyle. In the 'Snob Papers,' in 'Mr. Brown's Letters to his Nephew,' Thackeray ridiculed Don Juan's theory and conduct of life. His morality was very much more like Filding's than Byron's, and he lectures the dead poet somewhat as Tom Jones lectured young Mr. Nightingale. As for Carlyle, of course he despised Byron, as he despised rather too many things and persons. Then Byron had a kind of twilight in his fame. New poets arose. Young Mr. Tennyson became the favorite of youth. Keats was discovered. Wordsworth went on prospering. Scott and Byron were neglected as poets, though Byron lived as a satirist, and Scott in his romances. How does Byron stand now, as a poet? As to his popular favor, the booksellers alone can speak. But among critics, there is no certain voice. We may very gravely doubt whether the younger critics, neophytes of forty or so, ever read Byron. Mr. Matthew Arnold puts Byron, with Wordsworth, on the summit of Parnassus, where Byron placed Scott. He is "the greatest poetic force," and this may be true, but the force is like the waste energies of the wind, or of a flooded mountain torrent. As for Mr. Swinburne, once somewhat of a Byronian, he has given up the poet. We all remember his critical amenities—"jolter-headed jargon," "rant, and cant, and glare, and splash, and splutter." It is true, it is undeniable, that Byron lacks delicacy, magic, and sometimes grammar, that his blank verse is often intolerable, and that his lyrics are often tuneless. He did not make trouble; nobody could be more unlike Virgil. He was merely a passionate, lost nature, tossed like a petrel on the waves and in the misty tempests of the world, uttering his cries of desire or remorse, or his angry wail of doubt, and not heeding much how he uttered them. His eagerness, his vigor, his anger, his mockery remain, but their form is not immaculate nor imperishable. He is immortal, but as a Titan, not as a God. To foreign peoples Byron will always be, after Shakspeare, our greatest poet. The delicacy which we fail to find in him is so much a matter of exquisite words "in the right place," that foreigners do not miss in Byron what we find in Keats and Coleridge. If ever England becomes less literary and more masculine, its descendants may rediscover in Byron what was found in him by Scott and Goethe. Yet who can be more essentially literary than Mr. Arnold, and it is he who places Byron on a lonely eminence beside Wordsworth.

'THE LOVING BALLAD OF LORD BATEMAN.'

In 1839 a little volume was published, the title-page of which reads as follows:—

"The Loving Ballad of Lord Bateman. | Illustrated by George Cruikshank. | London: | Charles Tilt, Fleet Street; | And Mustapha Syried, Constantinople. | MDCCCXXXIX."

About the illustrations there neither was nor is any mystery. They were excellent examples of the great George Cruikshank's best work, and it is probably on their account that such few copies of the original issue as still exist have been preserved. That Cruikshank was not the author or editor is stated in the preface, which gives no hint as to the identity of his *collaborateur*. It has, however, for some time been known that there were matters connected with the authorship of the preface and notes which precede and follow the ballad, and probably even with this version of the ballad itself, which call for the attention and respect of book-lovers. The literary part of the work has, in fact, been ascribed to each of the two greatest novelists of our time, Wm. Makepeace Thackeray and Charles Dickens!

It seems strange that there should be any question as to which of these great writers took part in the production of Cruikshank's version of the ballad; but so it is. The various stories are told in Mr. Blanchard Jerrold's 'Life of George Cruikshank,' and may be thus summarized. Mr. Walter Hamilton says that Cruikshank sang the ballad at a dinner of the Antiquarian Society at which both Dickens and Thackeray were present; that Thackeray said, "I should like to print that ballad with illustrations," but Cruikshank objected, saying that he was going to illustrate it himself. Mr. Hamilton further says that Dickens furnished humorous notes to Cruikshank's version, but he rather spoils the value of his remarks by adding that the original ballad was much longer, and was not comic in any respect. On the same side Cruikshank himself gives evidence, having frequently said that Dickens wrote the notes. On this testimony, which should be conclusive, one can only remark that Cruikshank's memory was notoriously at fault in many more important matters, and can hardly be relied upon here.

On the other side, Mr. Sala, after telling Cruikshank's version, rejects it, and says that Thackeray "in all probability 'revised and settled' the words, and made them fit for publication. Nobody but Thackeray could have written those lines about 'The Young Bride's Mother, who never before was heard to speak so free'; and in the 'Proud Young Porter' all Titmarshian students must recognize the embryotype of *James de la Pluche*."

Direct testimony being thus conflicting, we are driven to other sources for aid in arriving at a conclusion, and I will epitomize the arguments for each theory so far as they are known to me.

In favor of Dickens's claim it is urged that the

preface and notes resemble in style and in spirit his work rather than Thackeray's; that Thackeray would never have misspelt *Sobriquet* "soubriquet"; and that Cruikshank, having fallen out with Dickens, was not likely to credit him with work which he had not done. I reply to these arguments, and mention some in favor of the other theory, as follows. Some of the notes, and the scheme and idea of all of them, greatly resemble the notes to Thackeray's poem 'Timbuctoo.' This will, I think, be acknowledged at once, as will the truth of the statement that when in the mood Thackeray was capable of the highest spirits and the most rollicking fun. Thackeray was careless about the correction of proof-sheets; and when we remember what errors crept into important works by him, we need not wonder at his omission in this case to notice and strike out a single letter, probably put in by the printers at the last moment.

While acknowledging the force of the argument that Cruikshank would not have cared to give undeserved credit to Dickens, I question whether he thought that much credit attached to the work of the mere editor of the ballad; and I would urge that it is not probable that so soon after the difference about the suppressed plate in 'Oliver 'Twist' Cruikshank would have asked Dickens, who was then in the first flush of his phenomenal success, to have done work of this kind for him. Indeed, so far as is known, Dickens and Cruikshank never worked together after the completion of 'Oliver Twist' in 1838. On the other hand, Thackeray, at the very time when this little volume appeared, was working with Cruikshank. The letterpress of Cruikshank's *Comic Almanacks* for 1839 and 1840 had been written entirely by Thackeray.

It will be seen, then, that in 1839 Dickens was a great and celebrated author, and his professional relations with Cruikshank had come to an end, while Thackeray was only slowly making a position for himself in the literary world, was working extensively with and for Cruikshank, and was doubtless on the best of terms with him. All these reasons seem to make it probable that Thackeray, not Dickens, wrote the preface and notes in question; but my strongest argument comes last.

There lies before me as I write a scrap-book containing, partly in Thackeray's own writing and partly roughly printed on common paper, 'The Famous History of Lord Bateman,' profusely illustrated by Thackeray himself. The ballad is the same, verse for verse, and almost line for line, as Cruikshank's version, but the lines in Thackeray's copy seldom rhyme. The principal variations in the Cruikshank version are such as result from a vulgarization of the spelling to suit the supposed character of the singer, and from the editor's vigorous attempts at making the second and fourth lines in each verse rhyme. One of these rhymes indeed, "Northumberlee" for Northumberland, immediately suggests a device of the author of 'Little Billee,' where "Madagasce" and "Amerikee" are written so as to rhyme with "see." Thackeray would not

willingly have entered the lists as an illustrator against Cruikshank (it will be remembered that he refused to do so in his 'Comic Tales and Sketches'), and my suggestion is that Thackeray, like Cruikshank, may have been struck with the suitability for illustration of the ballad, and may have made his sketches before he knew that Cruikshank proposed to illustrate it, and that on becoming aware of this he put his own sketches on one side and helped his friend by supplying a preface and notes, and polishing up the verses. This is, of course, a theory only, and if no more positive evidence is forthcoming there will still be adherents to the theory of Dickens's connection with the ballad. For my part, as the matter now stands, I shall include 'The Loving Ballad of Lord Bateman' among Thackeray's works.

CHAS. P. JOHNSON.



THE JESSAMY BRIDE.

"You lived;—and died. Or when, or how,
Why ask! This age of ours
But marks your grass-grown headstone now
By Goldsmith's jasmine flowers."

AUSTIN DOBSON.

The Jessamy Bride is forever enshrined with the memory of Goldsmith. It may be but a fiction that poetry and romance have woven out of their acquaintanceship, but Mary Horneck's name is associated for all time to come with his who gave us 'The Vicar of Wakefield' and 'The Deserted Village.' The Hornecks were from Devonshire, and at the time that Goldsmith became acquainted with them, the family consisted of Mrs. Horneck, widow of Captain Horneck, Charles, a young man who had lately entered the Guards, and who was playfully called the "Captain in Lace," and Misses Catharine and Mary, aged respectively seventeen and nineteen years. Catharine was nicknamed "Little Comedy," and Mary, the "Jessamy Bride." They were friends of Sir Joshua Reynolds, and it was at his house that Goldsmith first came in contact with them. The elder sister was already engaged to Mr. Bunbury, a young Sussex gentleman of fortune. Between Goldsmith and the younger sister a warmer feeling than mere friendship seems to have sprung up.

Mr. William Black, in his recently published 'Life of Goldsmith,' speaks of this as a "foolish" story, though why he should so characterize it, it is not easy to say. There is abundant evidence that such a state of feeling did exist between the poet and the young lady. There is nothing unnatural or improbable about it; but on the contrary something very natural and probable. The lady, it is true, was but seventeen, and handsome: Goldsmith was forty or more, and ugly; but handsome young ladies have often loved men older and uglier than Oliver Goldsmith. But Goldsmith had an attractiveness that other men have not;—it lay in "his guileless simplicity, his buoyant good-nature, and his innate

benevolence," added to the charm of his great fame as the author of 'The Traveller,' 'The Vicar of Wakefield,' 'The Good-Natured Man,' and only recently of 'The Deserted Village.' It is not wonderful that Mary Horneck should love Dr. Goldsmith, nor that Dr. Goldsmith, with his kindly, susceptible, warm Irish heart, should love Mary Horneck. For our part, we accept the story out and out.

One effect of his intimacy with the Hornecks, and his passion for the young lady, was to plunge poor Goldsmith into greater excesses in dress than ever before. He had always been extravagant according to his means, or rather far beyond his means, in matters of dress; but now we find him charged upon the books of Mr. Filby, his tailor, among other items with "a green half-trimmed frock and breeches, lined with silk; a queen's-blue dress suit; a half-dress suit of ratteen, lined with satin; a pair of silk stocking-breeches, and another pair of a bloom-color." In this finery he no doubt rivalled the glories of a modern dude.

Goldsmith must have stood high in the opinion and confidence of the Hornecks, that he should have been invited by Mrs. Horneck to accompany her and her daughters in a visit to Paris. This was in the summer of the year 1770, only a few weeks after the publication of 'The Deserted Village.' The visit occupied some six weeks. It was no doubt a happy episode in the life of Goldsmith, crowned as he was with a fresh chaplet of fame, and in the gentle company of those who loved him, and whom he loved. His intimacy with this amiable family continued on to the close of his life. Miss Catherine Horneck in August, 1771, had married Mr. Bunbury, and shortly afterwards Goldsmith was invited to visit the newly married couple at their home at Barton, in Sussex. 'The Jessamy Bride' was among the guests. For the Christmas holidays following he was again invited, and he again accepted, and was no doubt one of the merriest of the company. His attachment to the Jessamy Bride was well understood at the time, and an allusion to her in one of the newspapers of the day called out all the wrath of Goldsmith. In the early part of 1773, his new play, 'She Stoops to Conquer,' had been brought out at Covent Garden. It had been received with almost universal applause; but Dr. Kenrick, an envious creature, inserted a depreciatory letter in *The London Packet*, in which he said sneeringly, in reference to Goldsmith's presumed vanity, "Was but the lovely H——k as much enamored, you would not sigh, my gentle swain, in vain." This attack inflamed Goldsmith, and going to the office of the newspaper, he fell upon the publisher, a man named Evans, and belabored him with his cane. "As for myself," he said, "I care little; but her name must not be sported with." Again for the Christmas holidays, 1773, he goes down to Barton upon the invitation of the Bunburys. He is very poor. "He had," says Johnson, "raised money and squandered it by every artifice of acquisition and folly of ex-

pense." His resources were about exhausted. He could not marry, even if everything else were favorable. For this present visit he borrows money from David Garrick. "A part of the money," he writes to Garrick, "I want to go down to Barton with. May God preserve my honest little man, for he has my heart."

Three months after this visit to Barton, the poor poet was dead. Many people mourned for him. Burke burst into tears. Reynolds threw aside his pencil, and could paint no more that day. Johnson grieved in silence and seclusion. Poor women, to whom Goldsmith had been kind, gathered on the steps of his apartment, and joined their voices in lamentation. Mary Horneck, the Jessamy Bride, begged a lock of his hair, which she treasured as long as she lived. She afterwards married General Gwyn, of the army, and survived to the year 1840. She was beautiful and attractive even in her old age; but her greatest charm was that she had been loved by the poet of sweet Auburn. "She evidently prided herself in after-years," says Irving, "upon having been an object of his affectionate regard; it certainly rendered her interesting throughout life in the eyes of his admirers, and has hung a poetical wreath above her grave." As Mrs. General Gwyn, Mary Horneck is nothing to us; but as the Jessamy Bride of Oliver Goldsmith, her memory will be fragrant for generations to come.

T. J. CHAPMAN.

OLD BOOKS AND NEW.

There used to be in Paris a bookseller whose trade was of the queerest. He only dealt in odd volumes. Odd volumes he bought and odd volumes he sold, and no others. You had lost a tome of the Montaigne of 1659, or of the Molière of 1682, and you went to him in hopes that he might have the very volume which to your set was wanting. This man was a public benefactor. It is certain that odd volumes go somewhere. They have not, as a rule, been burned; they have only been borrowed, and never sent home, packed up perhaps by a careless lacquy in the baggage of a parting guest. The lost volumes of books must be waiting for each other somewhere, like the lost halves, of which each of us is one, in the myth of Aristophanes about the origin of love. It is not certain that men and women will ever find their missing complement. Shelley was always looking for his: now it was Mary, now it was Emilia, again it was Jane. But the search (as conducted by Shelley and others) is frowned on by moralists, and suits badly with the tranquil repose of an English home. The fond craving for union is harmless, when it is only the lost loves of the bookshelf that are to be brought once more together. But the old Parisian tradesman has shut up shop long ago, and found his way, let us hope, to the odd volumes of his lost friends. He was destroyed, commercially, by the habit of reprinting old books. "People com-

plete sets no longer," he murmured, "they reprint." Such is our age, blind to the beauty of the ideal. Where is the pleasure, we do not say the use—but where is the pleasure of an old book in new paper, type, and binding? By an old book let us here understand a literary curiosity, a book full of the fashion of its day, not a classic. Shakspere can be read in any edition, or Spenser, but not Gabriel Harvey. 'Paradise Lost' is equally welcome in a modern shape, but not Carew, not Herrick's 'Hesperides,' not Constable's 'Diana.' The 'Pilgrim's Progress' cannot be out of keeping in any guise, but who would not prefer, in the brown old calf of 1680, Bunyan's 'Life and Death of Mr. Badman, presented to the world in a familiar dialogue between Mr. Wiseman and Mr. Attentive.' Mr. Wiseman is doubtless a converted member of the old county family of Worldly Wiseman.

In spite of these orthodox ideas Mr. Prescott Innes, of Glasgow, is putting forth proposals for a 'Book Hunters' Library,' a collection of curious reprints. "What lover of books," asks Mr. Innes, "has not gloated in his study over the quaint and unique little volume he has picked up at last in some neglected second-hand bookshop, after years of useless research." Alas, the research is often not more useless than the book! Still, the student wanted it, and he has got it, got it in its old, original, dirty, be-thumbed, and hardly legible condition. There is more joy over one such trouvaille than over ninety and nine reprints that need not be sent to the book-repairer. Mr. Prescott Innes says he has collected such tomes, which "remind him of a bottle of fine old port." He proposes to decant the old wine into the new bottles of reprints. We may partly feel, with Charles Lamb about the 'Anatomy of Melancholy,' that not all old wine of books bears rebotling. But these be mere luxurious tastes; if any man desires Balthazar Bekker his 'World Bewitched,' here is Mr. Prescott Innes anxious to supply a nice, clean, readable edition, on large or common paper. The modern craze for Large Paper is hard to understand. Some books are meant to be thrust in the pocket of the coat, companions on a walk ready to be lugged forth and read in a corner. Yet the trade, or their customers, will prefer to pay a higher price for a copy on Large Paper, with which these endearing liberties cannot be taken. Such is the fancy or fashion of erring mortals, who desire what is rare, though a more suitable article be cheaper. Mr. Prescott Innes's magic books, such as Bekker's (the first English edition is of 1695), may be recommended to the curious in matters psychical. These volumes are homes of goblin, ghost and fairy. What charming titles they have, 'Vade Retro, Satanas!' and 'Phantoms in Action.' To the Bekkers we might prefer a work probably still more rare, 'Satan's Invisible world discovered, or a Choice collection of Modern Relations, proving evidently against the Sadducees and Atheists of this present Age that there are Devils, Spirits, Witches, and Apparitions. To all which is added that marvellous History of

Major Weir and his sister, with two Relations of Apparitions at Edinburgh. By Mr. George Sinclair, late Professor of Philosophy at the University of Glasgow.'

The terrible story of Major Weir, an old saintly soldier burned for a witch, and of his sister, and his magical staff, has apparently allured Mr. Louis Stevenson. It was a favorite of Sir Walter's and Gillies repeats a curious conversation in which Scott's friend, Erskine, maintained that Major Weir was no gentleman. The whole book would make a pleasant companion to Reginald Scot's 'Discovery of Witchcraft,' not long ago reprinted. A much smaller oddity, which includes a letter from Matthew Hopkins, the Witch Finder, is John Gavie's 'Select Cases of Conscience Touching Witches and Witchcraft,' published by Richard Clutterbuck (London, 1646). Gavie was a preacher of the Word at Great Staughton, in Huntingdonshire, and had great labor to keep Matthew Hopkins out of his parish. For though he believed in witchcraft, Gavie did not believe that every "gobber-toothed old woman" was a witch. Perhaps we hardly give the clergy of the seventeenth century credit enough for their resistance to the "popular justice" of witch finders. Gavie stood up manfully for the poor old dames, and a writer rich in such forgotten words as "gobber-tooth" should be dear to Dr. Murray, of the big new dictionary. Mr. Prescott Innes's collection seems to be full of spiritual diversions, such as Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe's 'History of Witchcraft in Scotland.' Almost anything of Scott's eccentric friend's must be capital to reprint. He was a most curious humorist, who is described at length in Hill Burton's 'Bookhunter.' His writings are full of forgotten lore, and perverse mockery, and they are at once rare, and of a class that does not look too strange when clean and in a right binding. People who still prefer original editions will see with joy, from M. Morgand's latest catalogue, that in France these are less intolerably expensive than of late years. The original 'Gaspard de la Nuit' is certainly not dear at fifty francs, though \$100 is an appreciable price for 'Mademoiselle de Maupin.' Perhaps it were to be desired that no copies of that fable were less expensive.

FASHIONS IN FICTION.

"Who reads our modern works of fiction?" asks Dr. Kleiuer in an amusing and interesting article in the *Kölnische Zeitung*. From his answer it appears that in Germany it is the same as it is with us. A great many novels and tales are read by hardly anybody, and those which find readers are mostly "devoured, not read," by youths and maidens under twenty. The man, after once he has entered a business or profession, has no longer time for reading novels: he "skims" the chief books of the season, but "a regular weekly quantity he can

no longer digest:" the maiden, however, reads on. After marriage she begins to be more discriminate, for whereas formerly she "swallowed" every book she could lay her hands on, she now begins to select and have preferences. Men read "reviews" on books, women read the books themselves. The natural outcome of this is that novels are mostly written for women, and not only for, but also by, women. A man, says Dr. Kleinert, would naturally make a person of his own sex the hero, who, according to the fashion in the fiction of former days, must either be the kind of hero who throws his life away by saving the "heroine" from some dangerous situation, or, if not a hero of action, he should be a "hero of the pen," that is to say, a highly intelligent man "who can talk for hours without being understood by women," or "a distinguished young scientist, who cuts his suffering fellow-creatures up, regulates the vital parts, sews the pieces together, and retires with a bow." At the very least, if he has neither courage nor fame, he must have beauty. This hero has been a long-lived man. But the times changed at last. There are now no longer any heroes in fiction, but there is only one heroine. First, it was the heiress, who, after many tribulations on account of an "interesting" man, who only occasionally appears for a moment, is at last made happy: "they get each other," that is the invariable end. After the heiress appeared the "lovely" girl and the "charming young widow," both of whom were poor. "He" appears only at the end of the tale, coming to the rescue with his millions and his love.

All this, however, is past, and here is Dr. Kleinert's opinion on the chief figure of the fashionable novel of the present time:—

"Now we have the boundless intelligent, misunderstood woman, with or without money, who towers sky-high above the male figures of the novel, whom she finds dull and miserable, but to one of whom she finally gives her hand in an indifferent way, because there is no better man. After this she becomes more or less unhappy. And, indeed, how could so eminent and intelligent a woman be happy with the simple, foolish fellow? I await with a calm resignation the last stage, which is sure to come, and in which the genial, beautiful, rich, blasé maiden or widow, convinced of and disgusted by the wretchedness and the foolishness of the miserable genus homo, retires from this bad world with the complete works of Schopenhauer under her arm, to die a lonely death on a desert island."

The reason for this fashion, thinks Dr. Kleinert, is not far to seek. Men idealized their sex in their heroes; women do the same, and, being naturally more familiar with the tastes and preferences of women, they succeed better than men in creating a "perfect woman."

'JOHN BULL, JR.' is the title of a volume by Max O'Rell, which Cassell & Co. announce. Mr. George Cary Eggleston has written a preface for the book.

WOMEN AS BOOKSELLERS.

In London at the corner of the New Turnstile, in High Holborn, No. 232, stands a pleasant, cosy shop. It is a bookseller's shop, yet not a shop where new books can be bought. It is an ancient house that has stood for a couple of hundred years, and which a hundred years ago was famous as having witnessed one of the most eventful scenes in Garrick's career, for from these premises the great actor was buried. It is now notable for other reasons. It is the one shop of its kind in London—a mart for the sale of old books—owned and conducted by a woman.

Mrs. Bennett has made her position in the face of immense difficulties. Her husband was in the business at Birmingham, and some two years ago he came to town, bringing his business along with him. Ten weeks after he died suddenly, and all his effects went into Chancery, his widow being left with only £30 in the whole world, and the dress she stood in, wherewith to begin again the battle of life. Nothing daunted, she resolved to create anew the business in which her husband had achieved some measure of success. Her books were gone, but she remembered the names and addresses of many of their old customers, and after a little while she found herself once more in the possession of a small but growing business. Since then it has steadily expanded, until now she is not only able to make a very comfortable living out of it, but requires three assistants, who are all of her own sex. It is a pleasant little shop to drop into—so pleasant, indeed, that before long the head of the business will probably have succeeded in creating a little literary *salon*, as an adjunct to the ancient tomes with which her premises are crowded. Once in every three weeks she issues a catalogue of the rare and curious books upon her shelves—a catalogue which one book collector declared the other day always contained at least one book which it was absolutely necessary for him to purchase. These catalogues go forth over land and sea, bringing back orders from the uttermost parts of the earth.

Mrs. Bennett conducts all her business herself, and of late has added to her other duties that of attending auctions and buying books at sales, just as if she were a man. At first she shrank from this, and was afraid of unpleasantness; but she gives the best account of the courtesy and kindness which she has uniformly experienced in the auction room, where she meets on excellent terms many of the best booksellers in London. She also deals in autographs; the trade in which she reports is brisker than she has ever known it to be. She is a bright and pleasant lady, and thoroughly competent.

When Mr. Quaritch was a young man he remembers that the head of the bookselling business in Paris was a woman, formidable to look upon, and a terror to rash intruders into the sacred precincts of her profession. Whether Mrs. Bennett will ever achieve a similar position in London, can-

not yet be said, but, although she may emulate the success of her Parisian prototype, she will never be able to inspire other feelings than those of respect and confidence.

—:O:—

OLD SONGS.

A critic who "discovers" a new poet is always apt to think too much of his minstrel. How many has the *Spectator* not found out, and where are these poets now? He who finds an old singer that nobody ever heard of is as likely to overrate him as the man who hears a new voice. Perhaps Mr. Bullen does estimate over-proudly the Elizabethan song-writers whom he has unearthed in rare music-books and MSS. collections. In 'More Lyrics from Elizabethan Song-books' (Nimmo), Mr. Bullen gives us a very pleasant grove, all ringing with the melody of that sweet-singing age. But we think that scarcely one of the effusions of Campion or from Robert Jones's book is really worthy of a place in Mr. Palgrave's *Golden Treasury*. They come near it, but they hardly enter the enchanted place. However, they are beautiful tunable pieces; they have the accent of that old day, a music like the jargon-ing of birds, artless trills that our later art "never can capture." Such were our fathers' songs, and why are our modern songs as a rule such trash? "Song-writing," says Mr. Bullen, "is now almost as completely a lost art as play-writing. Our poets who ought to make 'music and sweet poetry agree,' leave the writing of songs to meaner hands. Compare the poor, thin, wretched stuff that one hears to-day in drawing-rooms with the rich, full-throated songs of Campion and Dowland." These were poets, and they were forgotten. Mr. Bullen restores them to the light. Their songs are sometimes amorous, occasionally pious, often mere fairy words, now and then echoes of the Greek anthology. They have thought, they have passion, they have magic.

And is it night? are they thine eyes that shine,
Are we alone, and here, and here alone?

Who can match that out of the sentimentalities of the modern music book? It is from Robert Jones's 'Musical Dream,' and is worthy of Drayton. From a Ch. Ch. MS. take this:

"Art thou that She than whom none fairer is,
Art thou that She Desire so strives to kiss?"
"Say I am: how then?
Maids may not kiss
Such wanton-humored men."

What natural, inimitable melody there is here! And is this of Campion's not almost worthy of Shakspeare?

Hark all you ladies that do sleep!
The fairy-queen Proserpina
Bids you wake and pity them that weep.

This, again, rather recalls Ben Jonson:

Thou sent'st to me a heart was crowned;
I took it to be thine,

But when I saw it had a wound,
I knew that heart was mine.

A bounty of a strange conceit!
To send mine own to me,
And send it in a worse estate
Than when it came to thee!

Why are our poets no longer song-makers, and our song-makers no longer poets? Or is it the fault of the public and the musical people?

BETTY BARNES.

In *Longman's Magazine* Mr. Andrew Lang asks:—"Can anyone tell me where to find the whole legend of Mr. Warburton's cook, "that unhappy Betty Barnes," who burned and otherwise slowly destroyed a large collection of old quarto plays and MSS., many of them unique? There is a list of them in the *Gentleman's Magazine*; they include Shakspeare's 'Henry I.,' 'Henry II.' (where fair Rosamond must have appeared), and 'King Stephen.' Sir Walter Scott, in the introduction to 'The Fortunes of Nigel,' tells us that he had an interview with the ghost of Betty. On this hint, and not forgetful of Bagford, the shoemaker, who used to break up books, nor of Omar the Caliph, sings the *balladiste*:—

BALLADE OF BETTY BARNES, THE BOOK-BURNER.

'Where is that baleful maid
Who Shakspeare's quartos shred?
Whose slow diurnal raid
The flames with Stephen fed?
Where is Duke Humphrey sped?
Where is the Henries book!
They all are vanished
With Betty Barnes the Cook!

'And now her ghost, dismayed,
In woful ways doth tread—
(Though once the grieving shade
Sir Walter visited)—
While culprits sore bestead,
In dank or fiery nook,
Repent their deeds of dread
With Betty Barnes the Cook.

'There Bagford's evil trade
Is duly punished;
There fierce the flames have played
Round Caliph Omar's head:
The biblioclastic dead
Have diverse pains to brook,
'Mid rats and rainpools led
With Betty Barnes the Cook!

'ENVOY.

'Caxton! Be comforted,
For those who wronged thee—look!
They break affliction's bread
With Betty Barnes the Cook!

GRAHAM R. TOMSON.

DEATH OF MARY HOWITT.

Mrs. Mary Howitt died last month at Rome, whither she had gone from her home in Meran to spend the winter. Mary Botham was the daughter of a prosperous Quaker at Utttoxeter, and was born in 1799. In 1823 she married William Howitt, and began the career of joint authorship which made the names of William and Mary Howitt sound pleasantly in the ears of a wide circle of readers. Eleven years afterwards Mrs. Howitt issued a dramatic poem styled 'The Seven Temptations.' She also wrote largely, and with signal success, for young people. She accompanied her husband to Germany, and while there translated largely from the Swedish and Danish. In 1851 she produced along with her husband 'The Literature and Romance of Northern Europe.' She did not go with Mr. Howitt to Australia, but on his return they recommenced their joint literary labors, settling themselves at Highgate. Mrs. Howitt, besides the work she accomplished along with her husband, produced a 'Popular History of the United States.' About 1872 the Howitts left England and settled in Italy. In 1879 Mrs. Howitt lost her husband, who died in Rome of bronchitis, the same malady that has now proved fatal to the survivor. Five years later another great sorrow darkened Mrs. Howitt's declining years, the death of her eldest child, Mrs. A. A. Watts, the accomplished author of 'An Art Student at Munich.' The brave old lady, however, did not drop her pen, and even last year she contributed to *Good Words*. She has died regretted and honored by all who knew her for her kindness, her sincerity, and her love of all that was beautiful and of good report.

THE 'BUCANIERS OF AMERICA.'

Except among youths who delight in blood-curdling stories, I doubt very much if, in spite of its fascinating title, such a book as the above would find many readers nowadays, but I can well imagine that when this now very scarce volume was printed, in 1634, such a pregnant heading would have attracted many; and this no doubt accounts in part for the rarity of the work.

The book is now but very little known, and is only referred to occasionally, as a great part of it relates to the life and exploits of that much-maligned person, Sir Henry Morgan, he having had a great deal to do with the early history of some of the West Indian colonies. A "Bucanier" was not so much then what we understand by the title now, viz., a pirate, and consequently an outlaw; on the contrary, he very often sailed in a privateer with the King's license in the cabin, empowering "our well-beloved" so-and-so to cruise about in certain seas and make free with the goods and chattels of the ships and rich merchantmen of any nation with whom his Sovereign might be pleased to have a squabble: this was his ostensible purpose, and no doubt he found it admitted of wide expansion. Sir

Henry Morgan and Captains Cook and Sharp, and the other worthies whose exploits are related, found that it admitted of such expansion, for instance, as sacking large towns and burning them after massacring the inhabitants. The title of the work runs as follows:

'Bucaniers of America; or, a true account of the most remarkable assaults committed of late years upon the coasts of the West Indies, by the Bucaniers of Jamaica and Tortuga, wherein are contained more especially, etc.'

There are many references to Sir Henry Morgan and his brother Bucaniers in works treating of the history of the latter part of the seventeenth century, such, for example, as the late Mr. F. Bannister's 'Life of Paterson' (the founder of the Bank of England), who says of him: "Sir Henry Morgan, their (the bucaniers') leader at Panama, had become Lieutenant-Governor of Jamaica, and many of his despatches are recorded in the State-paper office; whence his real story ought to be written, to replace the romances of which he is a favorite subject." Paterson, doubtless, knew him as well as the others; but it would be unreasonable, the historian goes on to say, "to charge him with taking any share in the guilty adventures of the buccaneers," from which we may infer that Bannister, at least, was no worshipper of Morgan, though he afterwards says: "The strange manners, the heroic bravery, and the crimes of those wild warriors of the sea are full of interest."

Another famous literary man, Eliot Warburton, evidently found that the subject possessed considerable attractions, and he actually came to a horrible and untimely end when setting out to visit the scene of their exploits, in the ill-fated Amazon, burnt, with all her passengers, a day or two after starting. Bannister says that of all men he (Warburton) "was perhaps the best qualified to describe those exploits and to appreciate the influence of these daring men upon the waning fortunes of Spain in America." Although Sir Henry Morgan may not be so black as he is painted, still many horrible atrocities were committed by the soldiers under his command, acts for which he was no doubt both morally and actually responsible. From what I gather he seems to have been a sort of Robin Hood of the seas, in that he never flew at small game, but made cities and fleets his quarry; though he certainly did not imitate the famous Nottingham rover in the courtesy with which he treated his victims.

Warburton, in his story of 'Darlen,' does not often refer to Morgan, although he tells of Paterson meeting him once when Governor of Jamaica. The short sketch of his remarkable life given there is worth reading (see p. 81, vol. II, 'Darlen'). I have gathered the following perhaps more authentic details from vol. IX. of the *Retrospective Review*:

A Welshman born and bred, he ran away to sea, and after many vicissitudes joined the Bucaniers at Jamaica. He quickly rose to be a captain, and through the death of one of their admirals was

unanimously elected to fill the vacancy. Through a marvellous combination of dexterity and pluck he captured the town of St. Maria, and, not content with the booty taken, followed this up by taking one of the strongest cities in the Indies at that time, viz., Porto Bello. Still wishing for greater game, he turned his attention to a project he had long designed, viz., the capture of Panama, and this apparently herculean and totally unheard-of feat he accomplished with a force amounting to about 1,200 picked men. With this little army he devastated the forts at the mouth of the River Chagres, along whose banks his course for some time lay, and after an extraordinary nine days' march across Darien to the Isthmus of Panama, performed amid vexation and difficulties of all descriptions, he reached a height above the doomed city with his men worn out and reduced by about one-sixth of their former number. To cut the story short, by sheer hard fighting he captured the town and massacred the principal inhabitants, and it was set on fire, probably by some of its own people, who preferred this to seeing their household gods desecrated by the ruffians under Morgan's command. After this exploit he returned to England, where, strangely enough, he was welcomed with open arms. The King knighted him, and gave him the rank of commander in the Royal Navy. He was subsequently superseded, however, and a new governor sent out with instructions to punish by death all the bucaniers who could be proved to be continuing in their evil courses.

However, bucaniering went on in a desultory manner for many years after the new governor appeared, in spite of the rigorous measures he adopted.

The remnant of Morgan's army gradually dwindled down till it reached a single shipful of men, who, it is believed, sailed to England, and arriving there, received the King's pardon, and, settling down, "lived happy ever afterwards." But I am deserting the more immediate subject of this article, viz., the rarity and interest of the remarkable book printed in the year 1684 for Mr. William Crooke, at the sign of the "Green Dragon, without Temple Bar." It was received with much favor on its appearance, and the number of copies printed seems to have been readily bought up, as in the preface to the second edition, also printed in 1684, the translator remarks that it is but three months since the first edition came out. The portrait of Sir Henry Morgan in the frontispiece shows us an unpleasant-looking, heavy-featured, stout-faced man, with a large under jaw. There are many extremely quaint and curious little maps and engravings interspersed throughout the book, which always form an important factor in determining the value of a copy. Its value may, I think, be best shown by the ordinary test of what it will fetch at an auction. Some time since a copy sold at Sotheby's for £14 14s., and it is marked in several booksellers' catalogues at prices varying from £8 to £12. The correctness of these prices has been questioned and even discounted

by fifty per cent., but I cannot think that a volume of such real historical value as the 'Bucaniers of America,' though no doubt full of errors common to the time in which it was written, would be considered a worse return for the money paid for it at a public auction or a bookseller's shop than many another scarce volume for which much more than a £10 note goes into the vendor's pocket; neither do I think that at present the work is likely to decline in value or interest, seeing the way in which anything pertaining to the early history of America is snapped up by American buyers.

H. SAXE WYNDHAM.

PRINTING PRESS AT CONSTANTINOPLE.

Deschamps, in his 'Dictionnaire de Géographie' (*sub* art. "Byzantium"), states, on the authority of Didot, that at the beginning of the seventeenth century a monk of the name of Metaxas, of Cephalonia, attempted to establish a Greek printing press at Constantinople, the type for which was "probably" imported from England. We have the testimony of Sir Thomas Roe, the ambassador of James I. and Charles I. at the Porte, to prove that Didot was right in his surmise, Metaxas had been staying in England for some years, was well known to "many learned men," and arrived in the Turkish capital in June, 1627, in the Royal Defence, of London, bringing with him "the Greek stamp," made at his own expense, and divers books printed in England "for the benefit of his church," which was then as it is now, "drowned in invincible ignorance." His luggage was heavy, and aroused suspicion; but, thanks to the intervention of Sir Thomas, it passed the custom-house unsearched, by the Grand Vizier's order. As soon as Metaxa was settled, "and his print in order," the French and the Jesuits took offence, avowedly because they were afraid that the new press would publish books against the Church of Rome, in reality because they thought their trade in printing and selling catechisms would be taken away. "In the frontispiece" of every book issued by Metaxa the royal arms of England appeared, which his enemies said was scandalous and "did foreshow, that within they [the books] did savour of heresy." An attempt was made to win over Metaxas by flattery, and when that failed he was reported as a Lutheran and heretic, and a hint conveyed to him that his life was in danger, which compelled him to take refuge in the house of the English ambassador. The intrigues were directed also against the Patriarch of Constantinople, one of whose faults was that he published a small theological treatise and dedicated it to the King of England, "the head of heretics." No stone was left unturned. The aid of Rome was called in, and the Turkish authorities were applied to to suppress the new establishment. The Jesuits were at first successful, but Sir Thomas again intervened, and Metaxa once more scored a

victory. The particulars of the case are given at some length in a "Relation of the Practises of the Jesuites agaynst Cyrillus, Patriarch of Constantinople; and the cause of their banishment" printed in Sir Thomas Roe's 'Negotiations' (London, 1740), pp. 758 *et seq.* I have not been able to ascertain whether the Romish party ultimately gained its end or not. Roe left Turkey the same year (1628). When Dr. Basire stayed at Pera in 1653-54, it seems the press did no longer exist, as the doctor had to send to Transylvania the MS. of his translation of the English Church Catechism into "vulgar" Greek, the printing of it having been refused at Venice because "l'inquisiteur s'achoppa au nombre de deux Sacrements," Cf. Darnell's 'Life of Basire,' p. 123.

L. L. K

R. H. STODDARD ON BIBLIOMANIACS.

Nor is it in art alone that those of us who are fortunate enough to have money contrive to squander it, not so much for the sake of art, for which we care little, as to display our munificence, for which we care a great deal. We have taken to buying books on the most lavish scale, not because we read them, but because in certain lines they are scarce enough to come very high. The genuine lovers of books in England complain that the rarest of them are beyond their means, because they are ordered for America. Like the course of empire, in Bishop Berkeley's poem, they take their way westward, or, to put it in the homely idiom of the late Mr. Horace Greeley, they "go West." If the possession of famous books constitutes a literary centre (which we have never believed), the literary centre of the United States is not, as erewhile, Philadelphia, Boston—as those who turn to the gilded dome of the State House as a Mecca have long believed—or New York, but Chicago, Cincinnati, or some more Occidental metropolis. The Shakspeare quartos and folios are entombed there; the original editions of Milton, Dryden, Pope, Gray, Wordsworth, Scott, Byron, Keats, Shelley, Tennyson. They are there in tree-calf, in vellum, in gold leaf, for aught we know; in bindings by Bedford, Riviere and other noted English craftsmen; on lined shelves, behind plate glass, in the boastful possession of pork-dealers, candy-makers, and prosperous promulgators of corners in wheat. One of these book-fanciers, whose name and abode are of no consequence, has, among other treasures, an autograph of Shakspeare! (So he believes, happy man! but nobody shares his belief.) Speaking in the interests of literature—as we understand them—our first feeling is that it is something of a pity—a temporary pity, at least—that so many of the masterpieces of early literature should be buried in ignorant ostentation in the middle section of the New World (if "section" is not a Western word, it ought to be); but on second thought it is not so great a pity after all. For if these American collectors lose their money, as many of them will, their literary

treasures will speedily come into the market again; and if they continue to keep their money, they may found libraries to which they will bequeath these treasures, and so enrich the generations to come. It is a long lane in which there is no turning, and when the turning in this lane begins the folly of our book-buyers may prove to be wisdom for the rest of us.

LIBRARY NOTES.

THE Committee of the Nottingham, England, Free Library complain that the reading room is used for "betting, and for the transaction of other business, exhibition of samples, writing out orders, and other pursuits." What "other pursuits" may cover we do not know but judging by what has gone before "other pursuits" might include scissor grinding, baccarat, base-ball and ground and lofty tumbling.

A LAMENTABLE accident has occurred in Paris at the library of the Institute. One of the water pipes burst and about 2,300 volumes were damaged; among them some of the rare ones, notably the 'Recueil de l'Académie de Turin' the only copy in France. Many of the books are badly stained and nearly all the bindings are destroyed.

THE library of the Chateau de Saint-Blacard has been destroyed by fire. It included a number of highly valuable historical documents and the greater part of the private papers and archives of the house of Gontaut-Biron.

THE fine new library given by Mrs. Eliza B. Wheaton to the town of Norton, Mass., was dedicated February 1st; a poem by Miss Lucy Larcom was read on the occasion.

THE Victor-Emmanuel Library at Rome has recently acquired two interesting manuscripts. One contains 135 portraits of the princes and princesses of the d'Estes; and the other three Latin treatises on games—including chess.

THE contracts for the building of the new Edinburgh Public Library have been concluded. The building will be fire-proof and damp-proof throughout. The accommodations will provide for 75,000 books in the Reference Library, which may be increased by 35,000 more. In the Lending Library there will be shelving for 45,000, with provision for a store-room to hold 8,000 more.

THE library of Vassar College has received, through the children of the late James Harper, a gift of all the works of American history which have been published by Harper & Bros. The givers are James Thorne Harper, Mrs. Henry B. Willard and Miss Lizzie Harper. It is hoped that this will be the nucleus of a valuable library of American history. This section will be known as the Harper Alcove. Mr. Harper was one of the first Trustees of Vassar, in 1865, and his daughters were students at the College. Vassar has just established a Chair of History, to which the library will be a valuable adjunct.

A PAINFUL incident occurred recently in the Reading Room of the British Museum. One of the readers—a clergyman—was observed deliberately cutting one of the volumes and secreting the cuttings. On being challenged by one of the detectives he denied the charge, although when taken before the authorities he admitted the offence and produced the cuttings. He was ignominiously expelled and his ticket cancelled. He surely deserved something more than that.

THE Municipal Council of Bordeaux has voted 350,000 francs for the installation of the city library in the one time convent of the Dominicans.

THE Birmingham, England, Shakspeare Memorial Library, founded in 1864 (the Tercentenary year), was destroyed by the fire of 1879; but like the early quarto Hamlet of 1604, it has been "enlarged to almost as much again as it was," and in 1886, contained 7,600 volumes (and now 8,100 vols.), including English 4,615 vols., German 1,950, French 500, and the rest being representative of all European languages from Icelandic to Wallachian, and from French to Russian, with Hebrew, Greek, and Welsh, and "other unknown tongues."

MR. HARRY A. PILSBRY, librarian of the Davenport Academy of Science reports:—The total number of additions to the library registered during the past year, exclusive of city papers, is 2,025. These comprise the transactions and reports of about one hundred scientific and historical societies in the United States and Canada, and one hundred and fifty foreign societies; the United States government publications, scientific, historical, and statistical, of eighteen of the several departments at Washington, received regularly; the geological survey reports of fourteen states; and the agricultural, historical, statistical, health, and other publications of nearly all the states, and a large number of miscellaneous scientific works. Of periodicals received regularly, there are eleven weeklies, one semi-monthly, seventeen monthlies, one bi-monthly, and four quarterlies. Of many of these we have complete files. The library now contains—bound volumes, 1,730; unbound volumes and pamphlets, 4,600; miscellaneous scientific papers, 775.

THE Central Library in Birmingham, England, has sustained a serious loss in the disappearance of valuable books from its shelves, to the extent, as at present ascertained, of about three hundred volumes. For some months past, the chiefs of departments have been perplexed by the demand for books which could not be found; but it appears that it was not till one of their junior assistants was suddenly missing that the inquiries were instituted which led to the discovery of the theft. Rare and expensive editions of Shakspeare and precious works on architecture are stated to be among the missing property. It is satisfactory to know that two hundred volumes have been traced to local second-hand booksellers in the neighborhood, who had bought them, as they state, in 'the regular way of business.'

Happily, the progress of the free library movement has not hitherto been impeded by any very serious book robberies. There is a gleam of satisfaction to be found in the fact that the robber in this case does not appear to have been one of the public for whose benefit such libraries are established. The facts seem to point to some grave defect in the system at the Central Library. If it be true that the volumes were not stamped with the corporation seal, one of the first questions ought to be why this usual and obvious precaution was neglected.

BIBLIOPHILIANA.

AMONG the interesting items sold at Messrs. Sotheby's last month was an edition of Gray's 'Elegy,' stated by the cataloguer to contain "one or two extra verses, in contemporary handwriting, probably that of the author." We quote the stanzas but have no hesitation in stating our opinion that Gray never wrote them:—

Some lovely fair, whose unaffected charms
Shone with attraction to herself unknown,
Whose beauty might have blessed a monarch's arms
And virtue cast a lustre on the throne;

That humble beauty warm'd an honest heart,
And cheered the labors of a faithful spouse;
That virtue form'd for every decent part
The healthful offspring that adorn'd their house.

WHAT authority is there for the confident assertion in the London *Telegraph* that "Mr. Thackeray once wrote a play which he was very anxious that Mr. Alfred Wigan, then lessee of the Olympic Theatre, should produce; but the discreet manager declined to accept it because the *mise-en-scène* included a hansom cab drawn by a live horse, which the illustrious author of 'Vanity Fair' stubbornly refused to eliminate"? This interesting fragment of literary history must be new to many people. One is inclined to ask the writer, in the formula of the Greek tragedy: "Dost thou relate this of thine own knowledge? or as having heard it from another?" It is difficult to think of Thackeray as a would-be pioneer of Pettitt. He can scarcely have been so unreasonable as to expect Mr. Alfred Wigan to bring "a hansom cab drawn by a live horse" upon the little stage of the Olympic; though for that matter it would have been still more unreasonable to insist on the hansom being drawn by a dead horse.

ON folio A ii, in John Lydgate's prologue to his translation of 'The Boke Johan Bochas' is the following stanza:—

My maister Chaucer with his fressh comedies
Is deed alas! chefe poete of Bretayne
That somtyme made full pitous tragedies
The fall of princes he did also complayne
As he that was of makynge soverayne
Whom all this lande of right ought preferre
Sithe of our language he was the lode sterre.

The judgment of Lydgate concerning Chaucer, and the words in which he expresses it, are noteworthy.

He calls him "of making sovereign," i. e. the King of Poetry; showing thus that the original sense of the word *poet* was not then forgotten.

A CIVIL WAR tract has been discovered in the British Museum by Mr. W. G. Ross, which is of interest in relation to the mystery surrounding the death of Oliver Cromwell, son of the Protector. It is No. 148 of the Thomason Collection, and consists of *The Parliament Scout* of March 15—22, 1643—4. "Colonell Cromwell," it says, "is gone with his powers from Buckingham to Stony-Stratford and Brickhill, and begins to increase in power; he hath lost his eldest son who is dead of the small Pox in Newport, a civill young Gentleman and the joy of his father."

ONE of John Hookham Frere's best known sayings is that "next to an old friend the best thing is an old enemy." Madame de—having said in her intense style, "I should like to be married in English, in a language in which vows are so faithfully kept," some one asked Frere, "What language, I wonder, was she married in?" "Broken English, I suppose," answered Frere. Canning and Frere were invited by a clerical friend to go and hear his first sermon. Being asked how they liked the discourse, Canning, to avoid saying it was uninteresting, replied, "I thought it rather short." "Ah," said the clergyman, "I am aware that it was short, but I was afraid if I made it longer of being tedious." He paused for an answer. "But you were tedious," replied Frere *sotto voce*. Among his literary friends Frere counted Scott, Byron, Southey, Coleridge, Moore, and Rogers. Many of the best things in his conversations with these and other distinguished men have been forgotten, while others have lost their aroma by repetition.

"THE LOUNGER" writes in *The Critic*: "A protective tariff has its advantages. At least I hope so. It assuredly has its disadvantages. I received a letter from London in December, saying that a copy of a certain book would be sent to me at once. In January came a note from a foreign express company down town, to the effect that the book had arrived, and in the absence of advice to the contrary, an appraisement would be ordered. A few days later came a bill, itemized as follows: Duty on \$12 at 25 per cent., \$3; Custom House fees, 20 cts.; cartages, 50 cts.; public store storage, 38 cts.; appraisement and entry, \$2. Total, \$6.08—subject to additional duty or refund. I consulted a wise friend on the subject, and told him I thought of letting the thing go by default. Then I changed my mind, and decided not to. 'But I shall certainly protest against so unfair a bill,' I said. 'In the first place, the price of the regular edition of the book is not \$12 but £2., 2s., or about \$10.20, and this is a presentation copy, with a printed inscription in it to the effect that it is 'Not to be sold.' It is outrageous that one should have to pay \$6.08 for a 10.20 book, presented to him by the publisher, for review, and not for sale.' 'So it is,' said my Job's comforter; but what would

you gain by appealing? You might, after long delay, get the appraisement reduced to \$10, and thereby save fifty cents. That is all you could hope for, and it might take months to do it. Do you think the play worth the candle? With the best grace possible under the circumstances, I sent to the express company a cheque for \$6.08, and received the book in return. What it cost the publisher to get it to me, I don't know. It is a handsome volume, and I don't want to look a gift-horse in the mouth; but for a 'present,' I feel that it 'came rather high.'"

On a fly-leaf at the end of a copy of Shakspeare's plays, first folio edition of 1623, is written in a handwriting of the time:—

An Epitaph on Mr. William Shakspeare.

Stay passenger why go'st bye so fast
Read if thou canst, whom envious death hath plast
Within this monument: Shakspeare with whom
Quite nature dy'd; whose name doth deck this toombe
Far more then rest: its all that bee hath writt
Whues liveing art but gage unto his witt.

Another upon the same.

Loord Shakspeare lyes whome none but death could
shake
And heere shall ly till iudgement all awake,
When the last trumpet doth uncloze his eyes
The wittiest poet in the world shall rise.

An Epitaph (upon his Toombe Stone incised).

Good friend for Jesus sake forbear
To digg the dust inclosed heere
Blest bee the man that plac'd these stones
Rut cure'd bee hee that mooves these bones.

The book will be sold by Messrs. Christie, of London, in the ensuing season.

MR. F. G. WAUGH writes to the *Athenæum*:—In case such a trifle should be thought worth preservation, I have Lady Wilmot Horton's permission to send you seven lines which were made on her as a small child by S. T. Coleridge. The "cubic" is somewhat characteristic:—

Little Miss Fanny,
So cubic and canny,
With blue eyes and blue shoes—
The Queen of the Blues!
As darling a girl as there is in the world—
If she'll laugh, skip, and jump,
And not be Miss Glump!

Lady Wilmot Horton when very young was a great pet of the poet, and was staying with the Gillmans at Highgate just before his death.

DR. T. W. PARSONS has published the following lines in the *Boston Transcript*:—

BACON AND SHAKSPEARE.

Shakspeare! whoever thou mayst prove to be,
God save the Bacon that men find in thee!
If that philosopher though bright and wise,
Those lofty labors did in truth devise,
Then it must follow, as the night the day,
That 'Hamlet,' 'Lear,' 'Macbeth' and each great play
That certifies nobility of mind,
Was written by the "meanest of mankind."

The Bookmart.

March, 1888.

The BOOKMART is published on the 1st of each month. No assurance given, that matter reaching us later than the 28th of the month will be inserted in next issue.

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THE Printed Prices of the extensive collection of books, engravings, etc., of the late Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, sold at auction by the American Art Association of New York, are ready, price \$1. Also the printed prices of parts one and two, of the Trivulzio Library, sold by George A. Leavitt & Co., the second part which of was sold in February, Price 75cts.

The *Library Journal*, New York, is getting up a record of private libraries, over 1,000 volumes, in the New England and Middle States. Report any you know of.

Messrs. EZEKIEL & BERNHEIM respectfully inform book-buyers and Consignors, that have purchased the book auction department of Messrs. W. O. Davis & Co. will continue the same at our sales-room No. 134 Main Street, and bespeak a continuance of the patronage that has been bestowed upon them for nearly half a century. Our long experience and reputation as general auctioneers, and standing as merchants in the community warrant the assurance that both buyers and sellers will receive the kindest consideration at our hands. We shall be pleased to forward our Catalogues to any one informing us they are interested in Book Auction Sales and are buying books generally or special lines of books. We refer you to our advertisement in book auction department for March sales. Parties desiring us to make sales for them will please arrange for dates as far in advance as possible, as we have a number of engagements already booked for the present Winter and ensuing Spring seasons.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENT.

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BOOK REVIEWS.

'Fifty Years of English Song.' Selections from the poets of the Reign of Queen Victoria. Edited and arranged by Henry F. Randolph. (New York, Anson D. F. Randolph & Co.)

Here are four satisfactory volumes of modern poetry, designed on a scale which permits of a sufficient space being given to each author, to allow the reader to gain an adequate conception of what his or her poetry is like. The majority of anthologies are too brief; and though they may present the best passages of the various poets, they afford no means of acquiring real knowledge of and familiarity with the writers selected. Mr. Randolph's plan is a more generous one; and it may safely be affirmed that whoever reads his volumes will be in a position to pass a thorough examination in "Victorian" verse. It is an education worth having: for it is not only delightful while it is going on, but its effect is to promote the best kind of taste and culture. This collection would afford charming reading to persons of leisure, and might also be included with advantage in an academic curriculum. The selections are made with excellent judgment, and comprise, broadly speaking, whatever one would be most likely to retain in the memory, after having read the entire works of the chosen writers. It is inevitable, of course, that certain things are omitted which this, that or the other reader would have preferred to have included. In the Walter Savage Landor section, for example, we do not find that matchless quatrain beginning "I strove with none, for none were worth my strife:"—perhaps the most characteristic bit of Landor in existence; and the selections from Barry Cornwall would certainly have been enriched by the quotation of that subtle and remarkable piece on the mystery of sex—

"As the man beholds the woman,
As the woman sees the man,
Curiously they note each other,
As each other only can," etc.

But we cannot have everything; and no single reader has a right to judge and condemn a book of this kind, because it does not always gratify his personal predilections. "Tot homines, tot sententiae." The best anthology must always be the most catholic one, for it is addressed not to a coterie, but to the public.

Mr. Randolph has also abstained, very sensibly, from attempting to include in his volumes all the poets whose verses have appeared in print during the past fifty years. "To have done that," as he remarks in his preface, "would have required several additional volumes, or else have confined the selections to such a limited space as would have furnished but an imperfect knowledge of the work of the poets themselves." The list is, however, a sufficiently long one, comprising upwards of one hundred names.

The editorial part of the work has been carefully and efficiently performed by Mr. Randolph. At the beginning of each volume there is a series of brief biographical notes on each of the authors contained

in that volume. The facts contained in these short biographies are uniformly accurate, being compiled from such works as Stedman's 'Victorian Poets,' Robertson's 'English Poetesses,' Sanders's 'Celebrities of the Century,' and Humphrey Ward's 'Men of the Reign,' and 'Men of the Time.' Occasionally, nevertheless, minor errors will creep in, as when Dr. Thomas Gordon Hake is described as having been born in 1819. Dr. Hake is a young man, not yet forty years of age.—At the end of each volume are, first, eight or ten pages of "explanatory notes," which contain complete accounts of the poems from which passages are extracted in the text, and other apt information: secondly, an alphabetical list of the names of the authors quoted in the volume: thirdly, a list of the initials and pseudonyms used by these authors, or some of them,—a collection containing some interesting entries: and fourthly, an Index of first lines of all the pieces chosen. These with the addition of well arranged tables of contents put the reader in a position to get at whatever he wants with the least possible trouble, and to comprehend it in all its bearings. The four volumes are not numbered, though they observe a certain chronological sequence. The first comprises the earlier poets, the *Blackwood* coterie, and the poets of "Young Ireland;" the second contains the poets of the first half of the reign, and the novelist poets: the third has the poets of the last five and twenty years, and the *Vers-de-Société* writers; while the fourth volume gives us specimens of the Pre-Raphaelite brotherhood, the ballad and song-writers, and the religious poets. The books are simply and tastefully bound, and excellently printed.

'The English in the West Indies, by James Anthony Froude. (New York, Chas. Scribner's Sons.) All that Mr. Froude has written is powerful, weighty and interesting, and the present volume is not less so than the others; but here, as elsewhere, what we feel most strongly is the temperament of the writer himself. It is not expressed so vividly and, as it were, with so much gesticulation as is the case with Carlyle's books: but it produces, in the long run, an effect scarcely less distinct. It is a strong, grave, independent, persistent character, not devoid of the deeper kind of humor; conscientious to take unprejudiced views of things, but powerfully and picturesquely prejudiced nevertheless. He has seen much, he has doubted much; but his experience and reflection have not made him either a flippant or a morose sceptic. He is an agnostic of the loftier sort: one who hopes, but will not therefore affirm, that the things one would like to have true, are so. His brain and his heart, we might say, are often at variance: he cannot disbelieve his brain; and yet his heart suggests to him that there may be a deeper wisdom than that of the intellect, and that the faith which Tennyson expresses that

... "Some good may fall

"At last—far off—at last to all,"

may prove a true faith in the end. But, meanwhile, no dogmatism!

This book contains the results of his observations during a trip to the English possessions in the West Indies a year ago. Having in mind the blood and treasure that were poured out by England in the last century and earlier to conquer and hold these islands, he wished to satisfy himself whether the neglect into which they had at present fallen were inevitable, or whether something might not be done to restore them to their former prosperity and importance. When the islands were first settled by England, the Caribs, or native population, were already fast disappearing, the impulse to extinction having been given by the French and Spaniards. The islands were then, as they are now, marvellously fertile; fruits of all kinds, coffee, sugar, &c., growing in savage profusion, and little more being necessary in the way of cultivation than to keep the forest from overrunning the fields. Sugar was chosen as the staple product: the white settlers divided up the islands into large plantations, and negro slaves were imported from Africa to do the hoeing and harvesting. The wealth and prosperity of the fortunate pioneers was immense: all went well, and there seemed no good reason why all should not continue to go on as well or better. The slaves were contented and happy, their condition being at any rate better than it would have been had they remained in their own country: and a brilliant and charming society grew up in Jamaica and Barbadoes, some glimpses of which may be obtained in the books of writers of that period, notably in the ever-delightful 'Tom Cringle's Log.' But a sinister change was to come over the spirit of this bright dream.

England, to begin with, in a spasm of sentimental virtue, put an end to the slave trade and emancipated the slaves, paying the owners a certain sum by way of "compensation." It was supposed that the negroes would work for wages better than without, while the moral natures of their quondam masters was expected to undergo a most attractive development. Morals or no morals, however, two facts speedily made themselves evident: one was, that emancipated negroes would not work, and began, on the contrary, to lose all the energy and improvement with which slavery had inoculated them; and the other, that the prosperity of the West Indies was gone not to return. The situation was rendered worse by the discovery of beet-root sugar, and by the bounties allowed on its production; and as a finishing stroke, the Foreign Office in London passed laws looking towards the granting of the ballot to the black population. Although this privilege was not given unreservedly, yet the effect was nearly as bad, if not, in certain respects, worse; for the negroes having tasted blood, as it were, would never thenceforth be satisfied until full political power and equality were granted them. What this would mean was shown with unmistakable clearness in the case of the Republic of Hayti. This republic, begun in massacre, under the leadership of Toussaint L'Ouverture—who, however, was probably more of a fool than an ogre—has now for ninety years been in

operation, and is an unequalled example of what the negro race is capable of in the way of civilization and progress, when left to itself under the most favorable conditions conceivable, moral, political and national. The "republic" is at present under the despotic control of a negro desperado and outlaw by the name of Salamon, who murders without hesitation whomsoever ventures to question his authority; its towns are hotbeds of fever and pestilence; its inhabitants herd together with no more regard for the laws of decency and morality than the beasts of the field; they are given over to the practice of the hideous rites of Obeah worship, including the slaughtering and devouring of infants. No white man is permitted to own a foot of land in the island, or to reside there except on sufferance, and exposed to the unconcealed insults of the black population, who hold that "the white man has no rights that the negro is bound to respect." This is a highly edifying turning of the tables, and may be commended to the attention of those persons, in America and elsewhere, who, following the lead of Wendell Phillips and his ilk, regard the negro as the most cruelly injured and transcendently meritorious personage of history.

What Hayti is to-day, is a true picture of what Jamaica, Barbadoes, and the other English West Indies are destined to become, as soon as equal political rights are granted to the inhabitants. The negro, in any other condition than that of strict and absolute subjection to the white man, is an unmitigated curse both to himself and to all connected with him. He multiplies like rabbits, and wherever he is left to himself, vice, degredation, sloth and disease abide with him. The comparative numbers of whites and blacks in the islands subject to British rule are already as one to fifteen, and the proportion is constantly growing more unfavorable. Naturally, the whites are anxious to get out of the scrape with what speed they may; and since their home Government not only will not help them, but refuse to allow them to help themselves, or even to accept the help tendered them by others—as, for example, the treaty offered by the United States, allowing their sugar to be admitted free of duty into American ports—the end seems not far off.

Upon this calamitous and disgraceful state of things, Mr. Froude has several remarks to make. He observes that it will be a lasting dishonor to the British Crown if the islands are permitted to relapse into negro anarchy and barbarism; and that although they may not be of paramount value from a pecuniary point of view, yet their desertion will operate to the injury of British prestige all over the globe. The great English Colonies in India, Australia, Africa and Canada will perceive that they lean on a broken reed, and will conduct themselves accordingly; and men now living may see the time when England will be no more than the narrow little island that lies in the foggy seas in the north west corner of Europe. It is still not too late, however, for England to check if not repair the mischief

which the crudeness and ignorance of her Government has wrought. Let them put the islands under the absolute control of a Governor who can govern, who will give the blacks the rights to which they are entitled as human beings, but let them clearly understand that they can never be allowed any share in their own management. Let other produce besides sugar be brought under cultivation. Let the colonists feel that the remotest English settlement is just as much under the protection of England as it lay within the shadow of the tower of the Parliament House. Let England remember, finally, that the West Indian settlements are not in the same category as the Australasian and African colonies. The latter are substantially white settlements; the West Indian islands are black settlements. The first can be trusted to take care of themselves; the others cannot. The West Indies must be ruled like the East Indies,—with a strong hand at any rate,—with a just hand as far as practicable. In the distant future, perhaps, the negroes will be so far improved and educated that the danger of "relapse" will be inconsiderable. But, as things are now, says Mr. Froude, the bow of Ulysses lies relaxed and in bad condition, and no one seems able to string it and bend it. The nation is governed by a tribe of talkers, who can do nothing. And he speaks hard words of Gladstone, and, indeed, of all orators. The reader feels the justness of his remarks, and fully shares his doubts as to whether England will reform her procedure. The probabilities are that she will not. Meanwhile, Americans may profitably meditate his analysis of the negro problem. America will never become negro-ridden to the extent that the West Indies are; but the trouble with the negro vote in some of the States in the Union is evidently not an imaginary trouble; it is impracticable to allow them to govern the whites merely because they are numerically superior. When a law is impracticable, it will be either defied or evaded; and when this is the case, the next thing to do is to repeal it. Mr. Froude's book is deeply interesting in every aspect of it, and will probably be read with greater pleasure in this country than in Mr. Froude's own.

The January number of *The Century Guild Hobby Horse* is a delight and marvel of typography. Such pages of letter-press cannot be found elsewhere nowadays; for their equal we must go back to the days of the great historic printers. Whatever this Art periodical attempts, it accomplishes in a manner to discourage rivalry. But although its domestication in the American market would put all our native art magazines out of court, it would still be immensely to the advantage of all concerned, in the long run. The New York bookseller who first takes it up, if he do not make a fortune out of the magazine itself, will greatly benefit his reputation, which, to a tradesman, is the same thing as capital. And when American artists and art critics find what can be done in the way of art publications, they may be depended on to spare no efforts to keep up the American name for beating, or at least making a

strenuous effort to beat, all creation. The enterprise does not require large capital or extensive advertising. What it does indispensably require is taste of the finest kind and thorough artistic training. The promoters must also be willing not to look forward to retiring on fortunes in the course of a few years. Things possessing genuine artistic worth cannot, in the present stage of artistic culture, be expected to become pecuniarily valuable. They will make their way slowly; but they will gain year by year, and what they gain they will never lose. *The Century Guild Hobby Horse* is entirely in the hands of a few English artists who are conscientiously concerned for the future of art. They started the *Hobby Horse* in order to realize and spread abroad a higher standard in all the arts, and with the resolve that, come what might, it should never be permitted to degenerate into a merely "commercial success"; for they recognized the undoubted fact that it is the commercial element which, for the moment at any rate, has ruined nearly all art. Of course, on the other hand, the magazine is conducted on strictly practical and business-like principles; its owners do not propose to sacrifice either their lives or their bank accounts. They find an adequate money return for their labor, and the publishers—Messrs. Kegan Paul, Trench & Co.—have solid reasons for thinking that it is worth their while to publish it.

The present number (it is a quarterly publication) is illustrated with facsimile reproductions of woodcut from the Florence 1508 edition of the *Quadriregio*. The opening paper, by J. Henry Shorthouse, the author of 'John Inglesant,' is 'Of restraining Self-denial in Art.' It is followed by further selections from the extremely valuable critical papers of the late James Smetham, with notes by the editor. There are critical notices of Pater's 'Imaginary Portraits,' and of Ruskin's 'Hortus Inclusus,' by Selwyn Image and Arthur Galton; and the same writer has some poems remarkable for their sensuous beauty and delicacy. Herbert P. Horne has a 'Morning Song for Christmas Day' that will repay more readings than one; and his remarks on the principles of wood cutting should have an especial interest for American artists. Altogether, this is a wonderful half-crown's worth.

M. Louise McLaughlin has written a student's manual on 'Painting in Oil' (Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnati). It is a little volume of 100 pages, designed to be strictly practical. The author is an ardent advocate of the "impressionist" school, as may be judged from her remark that students who have studied art upon other than the newly-discovered impressionist principles, and have been carefully trained by conscientious adherents of the old school, will discover with dismay that they are now "confronted with the task of unlearning all that they had toiled to acquire through years of all but useless endeavor." This will be quite sufficient for most sane people; but those who read to the end will find, along with much that is new but not true, a

good deal that is true but not new. The lists of available colors are especially commendable.

The same publishers issue a little volume of poems by Coates Kinney, called 'Lyrics of the Ideal and the Real,' which I hope to notice at length next month. They are a genuine surprise, and, to my thinking, are among the most powerful and original poems of this generation. This seems a bold statement, if not an incredible one; but it will be substantiated by extracts that will, I think, convince the most sceptical.

JULIAN HAWTHORNE.

AMERICAN NOTES.

The Century Co. have made a new departure in the publication of original copyright books. Mr. Stockton's new story, 'The Duplicates,' is published in a paper edition at fifty cents, and in cloth at 75 cents.

HARPER & BROS. twenty-five years ago began the publication of A. W. Kinglake's 'Invasion of the Crimea,' and are now issuing at short intervals the fifth and sixth and last volumes of this remarkable work. They have also just ready 'Monarchs I Have Met,' by W. Beatty Kingston, a well known English journalist; and 'Tariff and Revenue Discussed,' a pamphlet composed of the President's last message, Mr. Blaine's comments on it, and the tariff papers published in the January and February issues of *Harper's Magazine*, which were written by Henry Watterson and the Hon. George F. Edmunds.

HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & Co. have just published an entirely new portrait of Mr. Whittier, which was finished just as he completed his eightieth year. The portrait is life-size, and to secure its widest distribution is sold for \$1.

J. B. LIPPINCOTT Co. issue in connection with the Edinburgh publishers, the first volume of a new edition of 'Chambers's Encyclopædia,' to be completed in ten volumes following one another at short intervals. The maps will be increased in number, and a special set for the United States introduced; the illustrations will be largely renewed, by the aid of photography. Articles written in this country are marked 'copyright.' They also announce as in press 'Stanley's Expedition for the Relief of Emir Pasha'; 'Half-Hours with the Best Foreign Authors' in four volumes arranged by Charles Morris; the sixth and seventh volumes of Furness' *Variorum Edition* of Shakspeare, devoted to 'The Merchant of Venice'; 'Too Curious,' a novel by Edward J. Goodman; 'Pleasant Waters,' a story of Southern life by Graham Claytor; 'A Blind Lead, the story of a mine, by Josephine W. Bates; 'Over the Divide,' a volume of verses by Marion Manville, and a new novel by Mrs. H. Lovett-Cameron.

A NEW volume of Whipple's essays is published by Mr. Ticknor. It is called 'Outlooks on Society, Literature and Politics,' and includes these among other papers: 'A Grand Business Man of the New School'; 'Mr. Hardhack on the Derivation of Man from the Monkey'; 'Mr. Hardhack on the Sensational in Literature and Life'; 'The Swearing Habit'; 'Religion and Scientific Theories'; 'American Principles'; 'Lord Bacon'; 'Lowell as a Prose-Writer' and 'In Dickens-land.'

THE forthcoming volume of verse by Mr. Lowell, to be published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., is entitled 'Heartsease and Rue.'

THE Scribners will shortly publish a new edition of Froude's 'Oceana,' uniform with his new book, 'The English in the West Indies.'

M. HENRY HARRISSE, in a letter addressed to the Italian Minister of public instruction and published by Donath of Genoa, proposes to celebrate the coming four-hundredth anniversary of the discovery of America by the publication, in magnificent form, of all the original letters and other writings of Columbus now in existence relating to his great discovery. He wishes the Italian Government to aid him in bringing to light documents which may be in the archives of small towns, or in private hands, and not known to students generally. He desires that the writings in question, properly annotated, shall be printed in an edition of 500 copies, in quarto, on Voltri paper, to be distributed gratuitously to the principal public libraries of Europe and America, any publisher being at liberty to bring out an edition or translation of his own, for sale. His own 'Letter,' as printed by the 'Typografia Marittima, of Genoa, may be regarded as an attractive example of what the proposed work would be, as a monument of nineteenth century printing.

MR. E. P. ROE's publishers, Messrs. Dodd, Mead & Co., announce the third edition (32d thousand) of 'The Earth Trembled,' published in October last. They are now printing a cheap edition of 100,000 copies of 'An Original Belle.'

MR. STEVENS, the bicyclist, who recently put a girdle round the earth, has arranged with Messrs. Scribner here and Sampson Low in London, for the publication of the second and concluding volume of 'Around the World on a Bicycle' about the end of April.

THREE more volumes will complete Mr. Bigelow's admirable edition of Franklin, which Messrs. Putnam are publishing. The last will probably appear in May or June.

THE next volume in the American Statesmen Series will be Theodore Roosevelt's 'Gouverneur Morris.'

REINCARNATION 'is the title of a forthcoming work by Mr. E. D. Walker, of New York, who treats in a popular way the doctrine of metempsychosis, showing how it has been held by Eastern writers, and what arguments and suggestions on the subject, have appeared in the writings of English and American authors. The book will be published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

FROM her husband's library Mrs. James T. Fields has made for the March *Scribner's* a paper of reminiscences entitled 'A Shelf of Old Books,' dealing especially with Leigh Hunt and his friends, Shelley and Keats. Annotations and inscriptions by distinguished men are reproduced in facsimile from some of the old books. Mr. Stevenson's monthly essay will picture several unusually eccentric beggars whom the author has known.

THE Story of the State Series in preparation by D. Lothrop Co., Boston, is to be edited by Mr. E. S. Brooks. The first volumes will appear in the spring, Mr. Brooks's 'New York,' Alexander Black's

'Ohio' and Maurice Thompson's 'Louisiana' being now ready. The assignment of writers for the remaining volumes is, so far as determined, as follows: California, Noah Brooks; Maryland, John R. Coryell; Massachusetts, Edward Everett Hale; Virginia, Marion Harland; Missouri, Jessie Benton Frémont; Vermont, John Heaton; Texas, E. S. Nadai; Colorado, Charles M. Skinner; South Carolina, Thomas Nelson Page; Kentucky, Emma M. Connolly; the District of Columbia, Edmond Alton; Maine, Almon Gunnison; Pennsylvania, Oliver Risley Seward.

FOREIGN NOTES.

MR. DAVID NUTT has in the press, and will shortly issue, two more volumes of the 'Bibliothèque de Carabos,' the first volume of which—William Adlington's Elizabethan version of the Marriage of Cupid and Psyche, edited by Mr. Andrew Lang—is now entirely out of print. They are Barnaby Rich's quaint and racy version of the second book of Herodotus, which introduction by Mr. Lang, and Sir Thomas North's 'Moral Philosophie of Doni' (a version through the Italian of the celebrated Eastern story book, the fables of Bidpuc; or, The Kabilawa Dimna), with introduction by Mr. Joseph Jacobs. These will be reprinted from the very rare Elizabethan originals, and get-up, illustration (the details of which are not yet settled), and conditions of issue will match those of the Cupid and Psyche.

MR. SIDNEY COLVIN is about to follow up his life of Keats in Mr. Morley's series with an edition of the poet's letters to his family and friends (not including his love letters). The edition will be published by Messrs. Macmillan, and printed uniformly with Mr. Ainger's edition of Lamb and the other volumes of the same series. It will contain a considerable number of additions to and corrections of the received text, with notes, a prefatory essay, and an engraved portrait, and is expected to appear in the spring.

It is pleasant news to the lovers of poetry that the edition of Drayton's 'Works' in the "Library of Old Authors," of which three volumes only, containing the 'Polyolbion,' have appeared, is to be completed. The Rev. R. Hooper will be the editor, and the book will be issued by Messrs. Reeves & Turner, who have recently acquired the series.

M. QUANTIN has published, in an 8vo of 600 pp., price 35 francs, 'Bibliographie des principales éditions des écrivains français du XV^e au XVIII^e Siècle,' by Jules Le Petit. Each article concludes with a list of the prices that different copies have brought during the last 40 years at the principal sales, etc.

M. KLIENSIECK has published 'Erasmus en Italie,' by that indefatigable student M. Pierre de Nolhac. It contains twelve unpublished letters of Erasmus.

MR. EDMUND GOSSE intends, it is said, to write a life of Congreve.

THE lovers of verse will hope that William Morris's new poem, 'The Dream of John Ball,' will have in it something of his old-time imagination; but they must not hope very hard, for it is understood that the poem turns on Socialism, and on that subject Mr. Morris is hardly sane. Mr. Burne-Jones is drawing a frontispiece for the volume.

M. COQUELIN's article on 'Acting and Actors' is

to appear in the April number of *Harper*. The same number will also contain 'Ananias,' a story by Joel Chandler Harris, and 'The Leavenworth School,' by Captain Charles King.

MISS BEATRICE POTTER, who is to edit Herbert Spencer's biography after his death, is constantly receiving his instructions on the subject—a cheerful occupation for Miss Potter. Mr. Spencer occasionally writes some autobiographical fragments—setting forth things he is rather particular about.

MR. RUSKIN says that he is "wholly opposed to translations. There are good books enough for every nation in its own language; if it wants to study the writers of other races, it should be in their own tongues." Herein he is wholly opposed to Emerson.

MESSRS. LONGMANS will shortly publish Mr. Edward Clodd's 'The Story of Creation: a Plain account of Evolution, illustrated with more than seventy woodcuts and diagrams. The author claims to have given for the first time a popular account of the hypothesis—somewhat modified from Herbert Spencer—which explains the origin not only of life forms, but also of the entire cosmic system by one and the same process of development. Special attention is given to the view which seeks for the beginnings of life in the polar regions, to Darwin's theory of natural selection, and to "social evolution" or the growth of mind, society, morals, and theology.

THE second volume of Prof. Henry Morley's English Writers, embracing 'From Cædmon to the Conquest,' will be published by Messrs. Cassell & Company early this month.

MR. GEORGE REDWAY will publish in a few weeks 'Charles Dickens and the Stage: a Record of his Connection with the Drama as Playwright, Actor, and Critic,' by Mr. T. Edgar Pemberton, author of 'Dickens's London.' The book will contain chapters on 'Dickens as an Actor,' 'Dickens as a Dramatist,' 'The Stage in his Novels,' and 'The Stage in his Letters,' and will be illustrated with three character portraits of Miss Jennie Lee, Mr. Irving, and Mr. Toole.

MESSRS. REEVES & TURNER will soon issue a new volume on 'Art,' by Mr. William Morris; 'The Oglander Memoirs,' being extracts from the MSS. of Sir John Oglander, of Nunwell, Isle of Wight, edited by W. H. Long; and new editions of 'The City of Dreadful Night' of the late James Thomson, and of Mr. Allingham's 'Laurence Bloomfield; or, Rich and Poor.'

MR. W. F. TAYLOR is preparing for the press, and will shortly publish in a limited edition, a volume of Coleridge's marginal notes compiled from the volumes formerly in Coleridge's possession, and now in the library of the British Museum.

MESSRS. MACMILLAN's series of biographies of English statesmen is now in an advanced state of preparation. Mr. Freeman's 'William the Conqueror' is to appear on March 1st, Canon Creighton's 'Wolsey' on April 1st, and Mr. Traill's 'William III.' on May 1st, Mr. Frederic Harrison's 'Oliver Cromwell' and Mrs. J. R. Green's 'Henry II.' will follow.

MR. J. L. JOYNES has in the press a volume of translations from German poets of the 1848 period, including Freiligrath, Heine, Harwegh, as well as many others not so well known to English readers.

The volume will shortly be published by Messrs. Foulger & Co., of Paternoster Row, under the title of 'Songs of a Revolutionary Epoch.'

PROF. NICHOL has been enlarging his 'Tables of European and American History, Literature, and Art' by additional columns containing the names and dates of authors of scientific works, and also the dates of the great mechanical inventions. He has besides brought the work down to date, and Messrs. MacLehose will issue a fourth edition shortly.

MR. JAMES DAVIDSON DAVIS has compiled and Messrs. Lyon & Blair, of Wellington, N. Z., have published 'Contributions towards a Bibliography of New Zealand,' pp. 77. Mr. Davis says in his preface "The result of a first attempt must necessarily be imperfect; and doubtless the faults of my compilation consist chiefly in sins of omission." For a beginning Mr. Davis's little book may serve, but it is a long way from being a satisfactory performance. Mr. Davis seems not to have heard of Napier, at least he omits all mention of the many pamphlets and brochures issued from the office of the Hawker Bay Herald.

GENERAL NOTES.

PLANS for the Ecole du Livre have been approved by the architectural council of the city of Paris. The cost will be about \$180,000.

THE February number of *Le Livre* contains a portrait, hitherto unpublished, of Théophile Gautier in 1856 etched by Cattelain after a photograph by Pierre Petit.

ITALIAN unity seems to have occasioned not only a revival of national life, but also to have produced a new renaissance in literature. During last year, according to a statement given in the *Giornale Della Libreria*, the number of works published in Italy reached the very respectable total of 11,161. Although the figures include a very large proportion of Government forms, religious trifles and other literary small fry which are purposely allowed to escape the net of the English bibliographer, there remain a substantial number of genuine works of various kinds, which testify to the intellectual awakening of the country.

AN English novelist, who has been much pirated in America, has received the following proposal from the agent of an American Insurance Company:—"Dear Sir,—I am authorised to secure an author to write a novel, by a very wealthy and powerful corporation. Said novel to bear the name of a large hotel they have built on the Pacific coast, and the scene mainly to lay therein. To contain 300 pages. Will you undertake this, and at what price? They will spend a large sum to give the novel a world-wide circulation. Let me hear from you at once. Yours truly, ——" The writer has evidently a very meagre opinion of the dignity of literature save as an advertising medium.

MESSRS. F. V. WHITE & Co. have now in the press a new shilling book by "John Strange Winter"—the authoress so highly eulogized by Mr. Ruskin—entitled 'Confessions of a Publisher.' It is said to be a very racy, audacious story; though as it is dedicated in cordial terms to Mr. F. V. White, it may be assumed that its satire is not aimed at publishers as a body. A curious fact about it is that it was offered for serial use to the editors of several

magazines, owned by publishers, and promptly declined in each case.

It is related in illustration of the activity and business capabilities of the late Charles Auguste Lahure that 'Paris,' a volume of 1,000 pages, was set up and 10,000 copies of it were printed and delivered to the trade in less than a week.

It may be interesting to note that book production in Germany has declined from 16,253 works published in 1886 to 15,972 in 1887, a diminution of 281 works for last year. This decrease is chiefly in scientific and theological works, 1,044 of the former having been brought out in 1886 against 867 only in 1887, and 1,517 of the latter in 1886 against 1,456 in 1887. The only items which show noticeable increase are educational works and children's books.

IODIDE of mercury is now successfully employed for engraving purposes. The design is traced on a zinc plate with a brush dipped in iodide of mercury, and left to dry. The plate is afterwards plunged into an acid bath, composed of one hundred parts of water to two or more (in volume) of nitric acid. The action of the bath is seen to manifest itself rapidly on the portion covered with the salt of mercury, leaving the rest of the plate quite intact. A contrary result may be obtained by substituting chlorohydric for nitric acid, when the part covered with the salt will remain intact, and the other alone be corroded. Any salt of mercury will give this result; but the iodide has been found more convenient.

M. C. HUART is the author of a bibliographical notice of all the Arabic, Turkish and Persian books issued in Constantinople during the year 1302-1303 of the Hegira (1885-86). Published by M. E. Leroux, of Paris. (8vo, pp. 69.)

W. S. LACH-SZYRMA writes to *Notes and Queries*: One of the great needs of the age is a bibliographical encyclopædia, where the student or writer could find the authorities which he should read in getting up any specialty. Does such a book exist in any language—English, French, Latin, or German? Ordinary encyclopædias are of little value to specialists; they tell what the student already knows, even if they refer to the subject at all which he has in hand. It is, on the other hand, unreasonable to expect any book or series of books to contain all human knowledge. What the student wants is to have a guide which will tell him what books deal with his specialty; then he will be able to read up all that is known on his topic (in any great library, e. g., the British Museum or Bodleian). As it is, the question is, What books shall I read on the subject?—and it is a question often hard to answer. An encyclopædia of this kind would not be so bulky as those which give elementary facts or articles. All that would be wanted after the name or word would be a list of books bearing on the subject. I believe for specialists this would be an invaluable work.

"The production of books in Germany," says the *Frankfurter Journal*, "is attaining enormous dimensions, but it is being hard run by the competition of musical publications." During the last three months of 1887 the novelties and new editions of "Musikalien" reached the prodigious number of 1,700 works, 1,085 of which were exclusively for instrumental performance. This was an increase of 20 per cent. over the number published in the cor-

responding quarter of 1886. The pianoforte literature dominates the market, and has increased at the rate of nearly 60 per cent. during the year. The export of musical works from Leipzig to North America during the three months, it is said, brought the Saxon city of books the handsome sum of 78,000 dollars. There has been a lively competition of late years between Leipzig and Berlin as publishing centres. In 1885, the Prussian capital, for the first time in its history, exceeded Leipzig in the number of new publications. Berlin produced 2,743 literary "Novitäten," but Leipzig only 2,664. But in 1885 Leipzig recovered its traditional preponderance, issuing 2,916 new publications to Berlin's 2,666. In certain branches of literature, however, Berlin was far ahead of Leipzig, publishing 375 works in political, economical, and legal sciences against Leipzig's 136; and 176 military books against Leipzig's 14.

DR. MURRAY reports that over 100,000 slips were sent in by readers for the Philological Society's Dictionary last year, 40,000 by one alone—Mr. N. Douglas. Part IV. is in proof as far as 'Carbon.' More good sub-editors are wanted, it is said; and 'readers of modern novels and American authors, like Hawthorne and Lowell, whose promised readers in the United States have failed.'

THE current number, Part 51, of Mr. Walter Hamilton's 'Parodies' is devoted to Gray and Cowper, numerous parodies of 'The Elegy' and of John Gilpin being given. The next part will contain further burlesque versions of poems by Cowper and parodies of Wordsworth.

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wooden covers of the old manuscripts, none of the artist binders of the Renaissance thought of putting his name to his work, except Geoffroy Tory, whose printer's mark is sometimes found on a book cover, and who has himself told us that he designed bindings for the great collector, Jean Groulier. In those days the booksellers, who for the most part made their own paper, cast their type, engraved their tools, and printed their books themselves, considered the binding to be an indispensable part of a whole, and executed it themselves without attaching thereto any special importance. Such was the case with Simon Vostre, Antoine Vêrard, and Guyot Marchand at the beginning of the sixteenth century, and soon after Tory and Roffet, who was bookseller to François I., and who probably provided the royal library with the books so much sought for by collectors, ornamented with a salamander and a diaper of F's surmounted by crowns. The sons and grandsons of Roffet continued the business until the beginning of the seventeenth century. Nicolas, the last of the line, took charge in 1572, lived until the end of the reign of Henry IV., and had two competitors, Claude Picquet and Nicolas Eve, who also founded a famous dynasty, which lived until 1637, and whose brother named Clovis, came on the scene in 1578.

Now hear ye, gentlemen of the Groulier Club, and ye of Chicago, San Francisco, Philadelphia, Boston, and wheresoever else books are collected and bindings prized, prick up your ears and listen to the words of M. Henri Bouchot, who is learned in bookbinding, and deeply read in documentary history. Remark in the first place that Nicolas Eve, like his predecessors, is known to us, not by his signature, but by the royal account books. He bound for Henri III. the copy of the Statutes of the Saint Esprit, which is still preserved intact in the National Library at Paris, and exhibited there to the tourist. Now whence came these Eves, asks M. Bouchot? If we could only discover that they were from Gascony, how many obscurities would be dissipated! It is generally agreed that Clovis Eve was the author of the bindings adorned with leafy branches, which were brought into fashion by De Thou, whom the pedants call Thuanus. Now, in the beginning of the seventeenth century, there was a mysterious artist called Le Gascon, whose stipple *pointillé* work has an affinity with that of Clovis Eve. Everybody knows Le Gascon; his is one of the first names that the neophyte in bibliophilism learns to pronounce: he is the Homer of bookbinding. And yet, says M. Bouchot, no authentic document mentions him, no special book places his name on the official list of binders. Was Le Gascon of the Eves, or was he that Florimond Badier who was received into the corporation in 1645, and who was proud enough of his art to sign the binding of an 'Imitation of Christ,' printed at the Royal Press? Badier's work is similar to that ordinarily attributed to Le Gascon, and the dates agree, but we do not know the birthplace of Badier. If we could only prove that Le Gascon was a name given to some workman

who came to Paris from the South, or that Badier was this workman!

Whoever this unknown Le Gascon was, his bindings found favor, and he had imitators who simplified his processes and used composed tools where he had worked bit by bit. Le Gascon bound for Louis XIII., Gaston d'Orléans, the Chancellor, Séguier, and the brothers Du Puy. The colleagues and rival of Le Gascon in the art of binding were Pigorreau, Michon, Houdan (1619-27), whom Bayle, the author of the Dictionary, proclaimed the best binder in Paris. At the beginning of the reign of Louis XIV. a pupil of Le Gascon, Antoine Ruette, made mosaic bindings of leather of different colors; then came Gilles Dubois (1628-71) and Sebastian Cramoisy—who used the fine Levant morocco bought by the Imprimerie Nationale—Bernard Bernache, Jean Levasseur, Louis La Tour, Merieux, Pierre de Launay, syndic in 1709, and the widow de Mabre-Cramoisy, who was manageress of the Imprimerie Nationale. But by this time, as M. Bouchot remarks, the delicate work of the preceding reign had disappeared; composed tools and stamps took the place of fine hand work *au petit fers*, while heavy armorial bearings replaced artistic designs.

After the edict of Nantes the binders were separated from the booksellers and became specialists, under the name of bluders and gilders, *relieurs-doreurs*. Then came the Padeloups and Deromes, who accentuated the taste for mosaic bindings, and then Dubuisson, Le Monnier, Laferté, and Chamot, who worked for the Duc de La Vallière; Enguerand, who worked for the Marquis de Paulmy, and Biziaux, who bound for the Marquise de Pompadour and for Beaumarchais.

The art of bookbinding, like the art of printing, achieved perfection in a very short time. No books have ever surpassed the fine work of Simon Vostre, Geoffroy Tory, the Aldi, the Etiennes, the Elzevirs, the Plantins. No bindings have ever been produced finer than those of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. As soon as the printed book took the place of the manuscript on parchment, the best and the definite forms and sizes of volumes were fixed, and the most appropriate kind of binding was discovered, namely, cardboard covered with leather susceptible of ornamentation by gilding, stamping, inlaying, or mosaic. Bookbinding, like painting and the graphic arts in general at the beginning of the sixteenth century, came to France from Italy already formed. The paymasters who followed the French kings in their warlike expeditions to Italy, ancestors of the farmers general of the eighteenth century, brought back with them treasures of all kinds, and particularly books covered with morocco and other leathers, which the Italian artists knew how to gild with arabesques and to adorn with mosaics of colored pastes that resemble lacquer. Jean Groulier was the first to make a collection of these bindings. In his house near the Porte de Buoy at Paris he stowed away his treasures, and there he used to invite Geoffroy Tory to dinner, and on such

occasions the conversation never deviated from technical questions of binding and printing; for in the eyes of Tory and of Grollier the problem was to vanquish Italy otherwise than by arms, seeing that it was arms and brutal warfare which formerly ruined the book industry at Venice.

It was Grollier and the great amateurs, his contemporaries and successors, who created the French art of bookbinding out of elements borrowed from the Italians. These great amateurs were François I. the Constable, Anne de Montmorency the creator of Chantilly, Claude d'Urfé, Henri II., Catherine de Medici, Diane de Poitiers, de Thou, Marguerite de Valois, Marie de Medici, Louis XIII., the Condés, the Villeroys, Dumoustier, Colbert, Gaston d'Orléans, Louis XIV., Mazarin, and the rich farmers general of the eighteenth century.

Toward the end of the reign of Louis XV. the art of bookbinding fell into a state of decadence whence it has only recently issued.

Modern French bookbinding—I mean, of course, the *reliure de luxe*, and not the commercial binding—is a revived art. At the beginning of the century we find good work, without any particular qualities of style, by Bozerian, Thouvenin, Purgold, Thompson and Simler, but it was not until the days of Bauzonnet, Trautz, and Capé that the study of the art was renewed and the imitation of the old styles carried to perfection by these binders, and especially by old Lortie, whose sons still carry on the business, but with a zeal diminished by various distractions.

Materially some of the modern binders do as good work as the great binders of the past. They use good materials, their tools are better engraved than those of the past centuries, their mosaic work is correct and faultless in execution; indeed, in perfection of details the work of Lortie, Marius Michel, Cuzin, Joly, Gruel, and others is often far superior from the material point of view to the work of the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries. From the point of view of style there is no comparison to be made; the modern binders simply reproduce the designs consecrated by the names of Grollier, Le Gascon, Padelouff, and Derome; they are as a rule faithful and painstaking copyists and excellent craftsmen rather than artists. Take Gruel, for instance, one of the dearest and certainly the wealthiest of all the Parisian binders, thanks to the vast business he does in prayer books, hour-books, imitations of Christ, jewel caskets, and rich gilded and gaufré leather work for marriage presents. Gruel has a workshop with numerous binders and gilders and a very large collection of tools, stamps, and plates which enable him to reproduce any binding that has been made within the past three centuries. With the help of jewellers, goldsmiths, enamellers, and ivory carvers he will reproduce even a Carolingian or a Byzantine binding exactly according to pattern. But take a fine modern book, say an edition of Merimée's 'Chronique de Charles IX.' the Grollier Club's 'Omar Khayyam,' or a Herrick with Abbey's illustrations, and ask him how he will bind them.

"A reliure de style, of course, monsieur," he will say. "Grollier style, eighteenth century style, *petits fers filets brisés*," and taking down a volume of hellogravures of bindings, he will propose to bind the 'Omar Khayyam' in red morocco with *petits fers* in the style dear to Mme. de Pompadour, and the Herrick with a Grollier mosaic, and the cost will be from \$150 to \$500, and you will have to wait a year before your volume will be delivered. It never strikes Gruel that he ought to sit down and design a new composition to adorn each of these books, and that the composition would be all the more interesting if it were somewhat in harmony with the contents of the volume. The Renaissance geometrical interlacements and the Italian and French arabesques and conventional foliage are certainly very excellent ornamentation; but since the Renaissance our stock of ornamental motifs has been greatly increased by acquaintance with the treasures of Moorish, Persian, Indian, and Japanese art.

MM. Marius and Michel, while executing fine bindings in the recognized styles, have revived the art of incised leather, *champ-leve*—that is to say, dug out so that the design remains in relief. They have also produced some striking work in large mosaic subjects borrowed from the floral world, the effect of which has been heightened by chemical clouding and tinting of the leather. These binders have also shown delicate taste in having handsome silks woven for lining books. Then there is Amand, who frankly seeks inspiration in the contents of a book, and executes on the cover a death's head, a parrot, a flower, a fool's cap and bells, a visiting card, or any other common object. Amand's work is technically good; but hitherto he has proved merely that he is absolutely wanting in taste. His manifested desire to get out of the routine of the eternal *reliure de style* is laudable; but the vulgarity and poverty of his fancy designs are sad beyond description.

It would be fastidious here to review the work of the principal Parisian binders; but inasmuch as the American collectors have been spending much money in the French work-shops during the past four or five years, and as their number seems to be increasing, it may be interesting to note what are the resources of Paris, and how they can be best utilized. Very often the American collectors send their orders through commission agents—such and such books to be bound in binding of such and such price. This process is about as enlightened as buying books by the yard, or diamonds by the quart. Others, like Mr. Robert Hoe, Jr., give their orders for each volume with considerable exactitude as to color and ornament. The result is better, but not always satisfactory, for I have seen many bindings executed according to Mr. Hoe's particular instructions which presented strange combinations of styles, as, for instance, Grollier *entrelacs*, enriched with Louis XV. fleurons. Now, in order to get a fine original binding made, you need two elements at least, namely, a design and a binder; and, in or-

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he must acquire it." And he showed how a man must observe things and men till he found the rare essence and *differentia* that distinguishes one fire, one tree, or one grocer smoking a pipe from every other tree, fire, or grocer. From labor like this comes originality of view and of style, not from hunting up rare words, archaisms, new æsthetic adjectives, wherewith a certain field of French literature and of English literature is overrun at present. All this advice is excellent—and neglected. It is not hard to see things ugly if a man insists on it, but it is hard to work as Flaubert's disciple worked, and it is hard to write well, though it is easy to make a collection of rare adjectives.

THREE OLD-TIME BOOKS.

A Century of Ballads. Collected and Edited by John Ashton. Elliot Stock. 81s. 6d.

More Lyrics from the Song Books of the Elizabethan Age. Edited by A. H. Bullen. J. C. Nimmo. 10s. 6d.

The Voyage and Travayle of Sir John Maundeville, Knight. Edited, Annotated, and Illustrated in facsimile by John Ashton. Pickering and Chatto. 10s. 6d.

In the very handsome volume entitled 'A Century of Ballads,' Mr Ashton has collected some highly interesting materials for illustrating, as he says, "the life, manners, and habits of the English nation during the seventeenth century." Of course the ballads here collected have a further interest, as showing what may be called the folk-lore of a former age, as well as the mould in which that lore was cast. For the ballad had just reached maturity, so to speak, at the beginning of the seventeenth century, and had become a regular institution in the land. If we except the 'Nutbrown Maid' of uncertain date, the earliest known ballad, calling itself such, was the 'Ballade of the Scottyshe Kynge,' by Skelton, printed in 1513. Both this and the 'Nutbrown Maid' are given in full in Mr. Ashton's introduction. From this time the ballad gradually grew in popularity, till at the beginning of the next century the ballad-monger was a common and welcome figure in every town and village.

Mr. Ashton arranges his ballads under various heads, as social, historical, supernatural, nautical, and so forth, giving sufficient examples of each, and waiting only for the encouragement of the public to add to the store. Many of them are exceedingly quaint in form and matter. For instance, we have one entitled 'The Gosport Tragedy; or, The Perjured Ship Carpenter,' which tells how

In Gosport of late there a damsel did dwell,
For wit and for beauty did many exel;
A young man did court her to be his dear,
And he by his trade was a ship-carpenter.

He said, "Oh! dear Molly, if you will agree,
And will consent to marry me,
My love, you will ease me of sorrow and care,
If you will but wed a ship-carpenter."

It goes on to relate how the wicked ship-carpenter betrayed and murdered the confiding Molly, and was afterwards convicted of his crime by the appearance of her ghost.

Another quaint ballad is 'The Two Constant Lovers,' being, for the most part, a dialogue between two young persons of the singularly unromantic names of Samuel and Sarah. 'The Bailiff's Daughter of Islington' and 'Barbara Allen' both find a place in the volume; but the original texts, which Mr. Ashton reproduces, bear a faint resemblance to the versions now in vogue. 'Barbara Allen,' for instance, which contains fifteen verses, concludes somewhat loosely, as follows:—

When he was dead and laid in grave,
Then Death came creeping to she,
"O! mother, mother, make my bed,
For his death hath quite undone me.

"A hard-hearted creature that I was,
To slight one that loved me so dearly:
I wish I had been more kinder to him,
The time of his life, when he was near me."

So this maid she then did die,
And desired to be buried by him,
And repented herself before she died,
That ever she did deny him.

The collection is profusely illustrated with facsimiles of old English wood-engravings, most of which, though interesting in the extreme as specimens of that art in its infancy, are ludicrous and grotesque in their unlikeness to anything in Nature.

Mr. Bullen issues a second instalment of Elizabethan Lyrics. 'The two compilations' he has now made do not profess to constitute a representative anthology of Elizabethan lyrical poetry, for Mr. Bullen has eschewed the better-known pieces, and has selected solely from the old song-books and music-books by such men as Dowland, Campion, and Martin Peerson. We select two specimens, the first of which is by Campion.

There is none, O none but you,
That from me estrange your sight,
Whom mine eyes affect to view,
Or chained ears hear with delight.

Other beauties, others move,
In you I all graces find;
Such is the effect of love,
To make them happy that are kind.

Women in frail beauty trust,
Only seem you fair to me;
Yet prove truly kind and just,
For that may not dissembled be.

The other is a charming little "conceit" from Robert Jones's First Set of Madrigals, dated 1607—

Thine eyes so bright
Bereft my sight
When first I viewed thy face;
So now my light
Is turn'd to night,
I stray from place to place;
Then guide me of thy kindness,
So shall I bless my blindness.

Such verses as these are, unhappily, in marked contrast with the "words" which pass muster nowadays in drawing-room songs. Mr. Bullen's neat volume, beyond its intrinsic interest, may, perhaps, have an additional recommendation in supplying rational verses for the ever-increasing tribe of song-writers.

'The Volage and Travayle of Sir John Maundeville, Knight,' is another result of Mr. Ashton's industry. It is a reprint, somewhat modernized in form, from Pynson's edition in the British Museum. Mr. Ashton refrains from giving any opinion on Maundeville's "personal entity"—he will not even commit himself to the assertion that there ever was such a person, so careful is he not to excite controversy. He merely gives the text as it stands, with copious and frequently interesting notes, and "without the apocryphal stories which were introduced into some of the MSS. and foreign editions." The stories that are left, however, are sufficiently apocryphal to suit the most credulous lover of the marvellous. Here is a specimen of

'Travellers' Tales.'

The King of this yle is a great lord and mightie, and he hath under him LIIII grete Yles and eche of them hath a King, and in one of these yles are men that haue but one eye, and that is in the middest of theyr front and they eat not flesh and fishe all rawe. And in another yle dwell men that haue no heads and theyr eyen are in theyr shoulders and theyr mouth is on theyre breste. In another yle are men that haue no head ne eyen and theyr mouth is in theyr shoulders. And in another yle are men that haue flatte faces without nose and without eyen, but they haue two small round holes in stede of eyen, and they haue a flatte mouth without lippes. And in that yle are men also that haue their faces all flat without eyen, without mouth and without nose, but they haue their eyen and their mouth behinde on theyr shoulders. And in another yle are foule men that haue the lippes aboute the mouth so grete that when they sleppe in the sonne, they coouer all theyr face with the lippe. And in another yle are lyttle men as dwarfes, and haue no mouth but a lyttle rounde hole, and through that hole they eat their meat with a pipe, and they haue no tongue and they speake not but they blow and whistle and so make signes one to another. And in another yle are men with hanging eares into their shoulders. And in another yle are wild men with hanging eares and haue feet lyke an hors and they run faste and they take wild beastes and eat them. And in another yle are men that go on theyr handes and feete lyke beastes and are all rough and will leape upon a tree like cattes or apes. And in another yle are men that go euer upon theyr knees mervay losly, and haue on every foote villi toes. Many other maner of folke bee in the sea in yles thereabout, of whome it were to longe to tell all.

The absurd illustrations are facsimiles from the woodcuts of Pynson's edition. The book is handsomely got up, and is likely to become the standard modern edition of this delightful old classic.—*London Literary World*.

AFTER READING MISS PHELPS'S STORY OF 'JACK THE FISHERMAN.'

Sometimes it is this blue-grey heron's wing,
Here on my study wall, that carries me
With soft unruffled flight to the great sea;
Sometimes a sea-worn stone—a common thing,
Which the green curling wave would lightly fling
To affright the timid sand birds, seems to be
The sea's fine talisman, with potency
Of fabled shell or fairy wishing-ring.

And once in the long years a simple tale,
Out of a master-heart, hath the rare spell
Of wing, or stone, or the sea-slug's shell
To bear me to that sea; and may avail,
The drifting pathos of its life to tell,
Where even these, God's talismans, would fall.

ALLEN EASTMAN CROSS.

M. DAUDET'S MEMOIRS.

Like other people, like everybody who can get anybody to listen to him, M. Alphonse Daudet has published his memoirs. The century has reached its anecdotal age, and is prepared to read anyone who has personal recollections of interesting people to talk about. But it is probable that M. Daudet has met nobody more interesting than himself, nobody with a more alert and refined genius. In 'Trente Ans de Paris' the creator of the immortal *Tartarin de Tarascon* does not say much about his boyhood, that of a child of the pleasant South, carried early to Lyons, to the bustle and the poverty of a huge manufacturing town. He starts with his coming to Paris, a two days' journey in a third-class carriage, with no food on the way. However, he had a five-franc piece in his pocket, more than the fourpence with which Johnson used to say that he and Garrick began their march on London. All that lies behind this Hegira, M. Daudet leaves untold, but he says it may be read, more or less, in his novel 'Le Petit Chose.' This is the romance of the boyhood of a man of letters, it is M. Daudet's 'David Copperfield.' Like Dickens, the French author was thrown very early on his own resources, and had to make his own livelihood. But Dickens was never so unlucky as to be an usher at a school, where, as Johnson said to a friend who was tutor to a lord, "he must expect insolence." This was the wretched estate of poverty and contempt from which M. Daudet fled to Paris, to his brother Ernest, to the traditional garret, the making of verses, and the "mad cow" on whose beef the young Frenchman of letters is believed to support existence. More lucky than most, and after being snubbed by many booksellers, M. Daudet got his lyrics published. They are called 'Les Amoureuses,' and, unlike the poems with which most novelists begin their career, may be read with pleasure. However, man cannot live on lyrics alone. Poetry, like modern agriculture, is at best an elegant and unremunera-

tive occupation. M. Daudet's name began to be known. He was invited, somehow, to an evening party at Madame Brohan's. He bought his first dress coat; but over-coat he had none. It was a winter's night. He went to the entertainment, expecting, with the confidence of youth, to be recognized as a "bright lyricist." But he was mistaken for a Wallachian prince ("si jeune et déjà Moldo-Valaque!")—he upset a crowd of glasses, he fled, over-coatless, into the snow, and, being very cold and hungry, supped in a cook-shop of the lowest rank. But Madame Brohan, in late years, declared that she remembered nothing of this adventure nor of its sequel.

If there be no literary *salons* now it scarcely seems a thing to regret. The literary *salons* of 1861-63 appear to have been the haunts of doleful creatures. Here declined the star, never too bright, of Philoxène Boyer. He was a young man, once, of rural France, and he had a little fortune of \$20,000. He rushed to Paris, to devour it in the fearless old fashion of Balzac's heroes, and indeed of a prodigal son in an earlier book. The \$20,000 lasted for six months of merriment and hospitality.

Dans les salons de Philoxène
Nous étions quatre-vingt rimeurs

sang Théodore de Banville, parodying Victor Hugo. Then poor Philoxène had to work for his daily bread. Balzac had ruined him, commercially; Shakspeare finished him. He fell in love with the plays of "le vieux Williams," and determined to write the supreme criticism on him. But, first, it was necessary to read all that had ever been written on the author of 'Hamlet.' Philoxène sat down to this task, at which death overtook him, faint but pursuing. He used to haunt the *salons* of M. Daudet's youth, a figure of fun, if he at all resembled his portrait in 'Trente Ans de Paris.' It does not appear that M. Daudet ever "put him in a novel," as he frankly admits that he put a great many of his acquaintances. Some of them did not like it; others never found it out. Tartarin, that slayer of lions and climber of Alps, was, to a certain extent, M. Daudet himself. He made his Algerian expedition when very young, and hoped to slay the forest king. He does not seem to have killed a tame blind lion, like Tartarin. The people of Tarascon have never forgiven M. Daudet for making their sunny little town as immortal as Gotham. In 1876 a Tarascon hero came to Paris, partly to chastise M. Daudet. But he went back again with his purpose unaccomplished. Why did Tartarin never fight a duel? His adventures first appeared in a popular paper, the *Petit Moniteur*; but the subscribers did not see the fun of Tartarin. They wrote indignant letters to the editor, "Take him off;" and similar amenities, "Well, what next; What does it prove, lillot?" Then it came out in the *Figaro*. Here a new trouble arose. The hero's noble name was originally Barbarin. Now, there was a real family named Barbarin at Tarascon, and one may fancy how little they appreciated the

honor. It is odd that 'Tartarin dans les Alpes,' not half such an amusing book as the other 'Tartarin,' has sold much better. In the illustrated edition, there have been sold 120,000 of the sequel to 83,000 of the original. However, it is a comfort, in the age of "documents," "experiment," "naturalism," "realism," Zolaism, and all the rest of it, to find that a jovial piece of a better "ism," Panta-gruelism, can sell by the hundred thousand.

Among M. Daudet's acquaintances were Villemessant, of the *Figaro*, Henri Rochefort, and Tourguéneff. M. Villemessant appears to have been needlessly offensive to his contributors. When M. Daudet first went to the *Figaro* office, M. Villemessant was out. The other men were smoking and chatting; M. Paul d'Ivoy, an elderly man, and a famous journalist of the time, was writing, and smiling contentedly over his work. M. Villemessant entered, and asked him how he liked his article. M. d'Ivoy said he thought pretty well of it. "That's good," quoth the Editor, "for it shall be your last. I'm not joking. Your copy is impossible. All along the boulevard they are crying 'How much more of this drivel!'" That was a pleasant urbane way of cashiering a contributor. M. Daudet adds that M. Villemessant afterwards took care of M. d'Ivoy's children, and that he did generous things. But the brutality of the insult to d'Ivoy offends the reader like a personal affront. As for M. Rochefort, M. Daudet knew him in the days of his beginnings, of his first duel, when his knowledge of fencing was confined to one lesson. He does not appear very much to like this incarnate satire. Of Baudelaire he thinks highly as a writer, but as M. Scherer does not agree with him, foreign critics must suspend their diffident judgment. M. Daudet is more interesting about himself than about others. He also has been charged with plagiarism. Dickens has a dresser of dolls in 'Our Mutual Friend.' So has M. Daudet in 'Fromont jeune et Risler aîné.' 'Plagiarism!' howled the feeble folk of letters. M. Daudet explains that he had sketched his girl who dresses dolls before M. André Gill told him there was a similar character in Dickens. If his 'Petit Chose' is like 'David Copperfield' that is because M. Daudet and Dickens both passed through a similar sad and hardworked stage of neglected boyhood. There is a scene in 'Fromont' which recalls the most celebrated scene in 'Vanity Fair,' a book which, very possibly, M. Daudet has never read. Coincidences like this cannot but occur. If any moralist is to find fault with M. Daudet's literary methods, his habit of sketching actual people, rather than his resemblances to Dickens, will be denounced. Perhaps Tourguéneff may have been thinking of this habit, in the posthumous work where M. Daudet says, he himself is spoken of as "the last and lowest of mankind." It is very strange that the famous Russian should have written thus about a man whose salt he had often eaten. Literary friendships are not all like this unfortunate example.

DICKENS'S BIRTHDAY.

A GLANCE THROUGH A "DICKENS COLLECTION."

Tuesday, February 7th, was the anniversary of Dickens's birthday. The writings and mementoes of no writer have been and are so widely and assiduously "collected." In London there are the fine Dyce and Forster MSS. collected at South Kensington. Out of the metropolis the unique accumulations of Mr. W. R. Hughes, the Birmingham borough treasurer, claim first attention. Was it not in Birmingham that Dickens and Forster had improvidently to pawn their gold watches in order to raise the amount of their homeward fares after one of their holiday trips? Did not Mr. Winkle, senior, have his office in Birmingham, and was it not there that poor Pickwick, accompanied by Ben Allen and Bob Sawyer, had his unsatisfactory interview with the stern relative of his matrimonially inclined protégé? Did not Dickens himself appear before a Birmingham audience not only as a reader and a public speaker, but along with Forster and others of their mutual friends as an amateur actor? Mr. Hughes's collection now includes between 2,000 and 3,000 items. He started collecting in 1845, dropped the hobby for twenty years, took it up again, and has been unremitting in his attentions thereto ever since. All the spare time that the borough treasurer can snatch from his official duties is devoted almost exclusively to the improvement of his Dickens collection. A correspondent who recently spent an evening with Mr. Hughes sends us the following account of his visit:—

A DICKENS ROOM.

The Dickens collection is mainly to be found in a comfortable little apartment, which is known to all the household, and to not a few visitors, as the "Dickens Room." Nearly everything within the four walls has a relation somehow or other to Dickens. The pictures include no less than sixteen portraits of Bos, with a miscellaneous collection of Dolly Varden and "What are the wild waves saying?" plates, and framed handbills of the dramatized version of 'Nicholas Nickleby,' &c. There are various medallions of Dickens's striking features, and the busts are in every possible material, from Parian to bronze and plaster of Paris. Even the calendar is a Dickens one, and the tiles of the grate are ornamented with blue reproductions of Philz's illustrations. Some time ago—many additions have since been made—Mr. Hughes catalogued his collection something after this fashion—Biographical, 45; miscellaneous, 12; books dedicated to Dickens, 26; books from the library of Dickens, 6; Dickens's readings, 7; original letters, printed, 20; speeches, 11; Dickensiana, pamphlets, &c., 149; the *Examiner* (articles by Dickens), 19; plays, 48; playbills, 29; plagiaristic titles, 31; music, 73; extra illustrations, 29; engravings, 63; portraits, 108; odds and ends, 40; magazines containing references to Dickens, 211; bibliographies, 7; abbreviations and condensations, 30; references to Dickens in *Punch*, 116. The idea of making a collection under the last head occurred quite recently. It is unnecessary to say that this feature of the accumulation is most interesting, al-

though as yet it has been by no means as fully developed as it will be in the near future. A moment's thought brings to mind how frequently Dickens's characters and scenes have in one guise or another figured in the pages of *Punch*. Perhaps the best Dickens reference of late was Tanniel's cartoon entitled, 'Is the Old Min Friendly?' Bumbles and Pecksniffs flourish, of course.

TWO HUNDRED VOLUMES OF DICKENS.

Mr. Hughes has conceived some bounds to his acquisitive instincts. He has not attempted to secure original letters or the MSS. of any of Dickens's work—there are only two of the latter, 'Christmas Carol' and 'Our Mutual Friend,' outside the South Kensington collection. Neither has he made any great effort to secure copies of Dickens's editions published by other than London firms. Provincial and American issues are thus practically excluded. Nevertheless the Birmingham collection boasts 200 volumes of Dickens's works, and as many as eighteen different copies of 'Pickwick,' ranging back all the way from a specimen of Messrs. Goodall, Backhouse & Co.'s recent penny edition of a million to copies of the first paper-backed issue, secured by Mr. Hughes as a lad of thirteen. Examining the Wood House collection under its several heads, we come first to biographies. Popular as Dickens has been, it is difficult to believe that no less than forty-five lives of the novelist have been issued. Some of these biographies are, it goes without saying, not wholly devoted to the consideration of Dickens's life and work. The miscellaneous section deserves an article to itself. Here are all sorts of interesting things, but we have room for the mention of one only—the little volume 'Maxims and Hints for an Angler,' illustrated by Seymour, for instance. Here we find an old gentleman fishing who with a little modification is the very image of Mr. Pickwick. When Seymour's first conception of the immortal G.C.M.P.C. as a tall fellow was rejected, he undoubtedly fell back upon this early sketch of his, and so produced the worthy with whom Dickens's readers are so familiar.

DEDICATIONS TO DICKENS.

No books in Mr. Hughes's collection are more pleasant to look through than the two dozen containing dedications to Dickens, all first editions, in the publishers' original cloth. The volumes include Hans Andersen's 'Poet's Day Dreams,' whose author writes himself down, Dickens's "Danish Friend and Admirer;" Forster's 'Goldsmith;' Professor Henry Morley's 'Gossip,' from *Household Words*; and Landor's 'Imaginary Conversations.' There are also W. H. Wills's 'Old Leaves,' dedicated to "the other hand whose masterly touches gave to the old leaves here freshly gathered their brightest tints," and Mark Lemon's 'Enchanted Doll,' inscribed to Mary and Kate Dickens. Mr. Hughes secured from the Dickens Library sale a beautiful copy of 'The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table,' which bears the inscription "Charles Dickens, Esq., with the compliments of O. W. Holmes." Dickens's own copy of an early edition of Dr. Holmes's *Poems*, 1849, is also in the Birmingham collection, and bears on the title-page Dickens's plainly written name in autograph, not his elaborate signature. 'Hullah's History of Modern Music,' with the inscription, "Charles Dickens, Esq., with kindest regards, J. F., December, 1861," Mr. Hughes also has. One of the

rarest items in the whole collection is a proof of the 'Speech of Charles Dickens, Esq., Delivered at the Meeting of the Administrative Reform Association, at Drury Lane Theatre, on Wednesday, June 27th, 1853,' which is carefully corrected by "C. D.," with the blue ink which he habitually used. As for the pamphlets, they are as curious and funny many of them as they are thoroughly interesting. Among them there is a copy of the *Gad's Hill Gazette*, published by Dickens's children, the second edition of George Cruikshank's 'Artist and Author,' with autograph, in which the claim to the invention of 'Oliver Twist' is made; Mr. Ruskin's 'Fors' denunciation of Miss Braddon's condemnation of Dickens — which itself finds its suitable place under Mr. Hughes's arrangements; 'Oliver Twist' as an 1839 chap-book, &c. In the collected *Examiners* are to be found Dickens's "Fine Old English Gentlemen, to be said or sung at all Tory dinners," and various articles, parodies, and reviews.

PLAYBILLS AND "PLAGIARISTIC TITLES."

Among the playbills, one of the most striking items is Moncrieff's forceful blue-ink broadsheet for the new Strand Theatre, giving his version of the controversy between Dickens and himself, arising out of the latter's dramatization of 'Nicholas Nickleby.' Mr. Hughes is also rich in such fearful plagiaristic productions as 'The Battle of London Life; or, Boz and his Secretaryship,' 'Nicholas Nickleby,' 'The Penny Pickwick, by Bos,' 'Mr. Humphries Clock,' 'Oliver Twist,' &c. Their owner has a note from Mr. Sala which throws some interest upon the issue of the first-named publication, and also upon the early career of "G. A. S." Mr. Sala writes to Mr. Hughes: "I first become acquainted with the author behind the scenes of the Princess's Theatre, at which in 1846-7 I was scene-painter, and at his solicitation I drew those illustrations for his little book, which, it strikes me, was a rather rubbishy one." Looking through the collection of Dickens's music, "What are the wild waves saying?" seems to be the most popular subject. But in the pile of polkas, quadrilles, solos, duets, ballads, 'Dolly Varden' follows closely. There is here, too, an almost complete collection of the ballads of 'Village Coquettes.' Under 'Magazines' nearly every magazine and review is represented.

ODDS AND ENDS OF DICKENS.

The latest accession to the collection is the *Bookworm* of February, while close to it there is to be found the *Quarterly Review* of October, 1837, which warningly observed that just as Dickens "had risen like a rocket" there was a danger of his "coming down like the stick." Further space will only allow of the mention of a few of the strange items Mr. Hughes has arranged under 'Odds and Ends.' Dickens cigar lights, menu cards, grocers' coffee papers, are types of many curious mementoes of the great novelist. Such matters as 'Sam Weller's Letter Paper,' Dickens round games, Dickens Christmas cards, Dickens relief scraps, and Dickens biscuits abound. The prospectus of the 'Charles Dickens Mining Company, Idaho,' 'Little Mrs. Gamp'—Sir J. E. Millais's *Graphic* Christmas number picture—a Pickwick antimacassar, and an elegantly bound copy of 'Great Expectations,' in morocco and marbled edges, which on proper pressure brings to light a brandy flask, are more exceptional

features of the collection. In the preparation of his new book on 'Charles Dickens in relation to the Stage as a Dramatist, Actor, and Critic,' Mr. T. Edgar Pemberton has found Mr. Hughes's collection of much service.—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

DEKKER'S PLAYS.

The Best Plays of the Old Dramatists. Thomas Dekker. Reprinted, with an introduction and notes by Ernest Rhys. Unexpurgated Edition. Vizetelly & Co. 2s. 6d.

Another volume of the unexpurgated edition of the old dramatists has made its appearance in the shape of 'Thomas Dekker's Best Plays,' with an introduction by Mr. Ernest Rhys, which is more commonsense-like and less high-flown than the usual article inserted in the way of introduction in some of the numerous reprints of our day. The Elizabethan drama, as we all know, was in a very flourishing state, almost equalling that it attained to under James and Charles. Of Dekker himself few particulars are known. It is usual to put down the date of his birth about the year 1570, or a little earlier. The name suggests a Dutch origin, but it is certain that he was born in London, and that he is one of the most devoted of those poets who have celebrated the English capital. Collier supposes that he was born in Southwark, though we have no evidence on that head. As on one occasion "Merchant Tailor" appears on the title-page of a copy of a certain civic "entertainment," it is presumed that his father was a tailor, and that the boy was brought up to the same profession. If we are to judge from internal evidence, we should incline to place Dekker among the followers of St. Crispin. At any rate, he calls one of his most humorous comedies 'The Shoemaker's Holiday,' and it bears ample witness to the valor and the wisdom of the fraternity, as one of the leading characters, terms them, as he bids them fight for the honor of the gentle craft, the gentlemen shoemakers, the courageous cordwainers, the flower of St. Martin's, the mad knaves of Bedlam, Fleet street, Tower street, and Whitechapel. By the bye, this 'Shoemaker's Holiday' is the best thing in the volume. Mr. Rhys considers it one of the best comedies of pure joy of life produced by the Elizabethans, and he is right. We get a peep, as it were, of merry England. Hear the Lord Mayor, when he says to shoemaker Eyre, who becomes Lord Mayor in his turn: "Ha, ha, ha! I had rather than a thousand pounds I had an heart but half as light as yours!" To which Eyre replies: "Why, what should I do, my lord? A pound of care pays not a dram of debt. Hum! let's be merry while we are young; old age, sack, and sugar will steal upon us ere we are aware." It may have been that these words furnished Herrick with a hint, but not for the reason Mr. Ernest Rhys contends. He writes:—"As pointed out in the notes to the play, it is worth remembering that Robert Herrick, who was a gold-

smith's apprentice in London when the play was first performed there, seems to have, in part, appropriated these words of Eyre's, and paraphrased them in one of his inimitable verses." As a matter of fact, Herrick was born in 1591, and Mr. Ernest Rhys tells us that the 'Shoemaker's Holiday' was published in 1599. It is only a commentator, however, who can charge Herrick in this particular instance with plagiarism. His lines:—

Let us now take our time
While we're in our prime
And old, old age is afar off;
For the evil, evil days
Will come on apace
Before we can be aware of.

The lesson is trite and obvious. Before Eyre had spoken of the rapid approach of old age, and the need to make the best of life, it had been the theme of the poet and the priest. If Herrick's inimitable verses, as Mr. Rhys calls them, are a paraphrase, all we can say is, that it is a very clumsy one. It is easy to pick out of Herrick's verses one much better. In addition to 'The Shoemaker's Holiday,' we have in the volume 'The Honest Whore,' 'Fortunatus,' and 'The Witch of Edmonton.' In some of these Dekker was assisted, according to the fashion of the times. Altogether, however, though not referred to by Hallam, Dekker was a copious writer in verse and prose, and has a merit of hearty speech which makes us regret that we know so little about him. We lose sight of him altogether in the confusion of the Civil Wars. For our age he is, perhaps, a little too plain. The Elizabethan dramatists called a spade a spade. To do so now would be the ruin of any writer, dramatic or otherwise. Of course, we are much the better for our refinement, and have a right to turn up our noses, be they short or long, at our rude forefathers, to whom the era of our maiden queen seemed as the opening of a new heaven and the finding of a new earth. We feel kindly towards Dekker. We admire his gifts and love the man. "He was," as Mr. Ernest Rhys writes, "the type of the prodigal in literature, the kind-hearted, irresponsible poet, whom we all know and love and pardon seventy times seven. But it is sad to think that, with a little of the common talent which every successful man of affairs counts as part of his daily equipment, he might have left a different record. He never assumed the serious conception of himself and his dignity as a worker, which every poet, every actor must have who would take merit proportionate to his genius." If this were so, we think all the more of Dekker's unconsciousness in these days of poets and dramatists of promise rather than performance, of consciousness of their own, rather than that of the public; who live as the favored of a coterie rather than by their surpassing genius. The way in which our moderns detect these old masters is almost comic. By means of internal evidence they know what parts or lines were written by one and another, whereas, except for a

pleasant literary exercise, internal evidence is as little to be depended on as what the late Mr. Samuel Weller termed "a hailby." Fortunately, Mr. Ernest Rhys avoids, or nearly so, that Serbonian bog, where armies oft have perished; he gives us, in fact, Dekker rather than himself, and all poor students of literature will thank him for his work.

THE BRITISH MUSEUM LIBRARY.

Mr. Garnett, the Assistant Keeper of Printed Books at the library of the British Museum, lately delivered a lecture upon the history and present condition of that institution, at the Toynbee Hall, Whitechapel. The Museum reading room was first opened, said the lecturer, on the 15th January, 1759, and from that time forward a record existed of everything of any importance which occurred there. In the earlier part of the time especially, there were some particularly interesting entries showing that eminent men like Dr. Johnson, Hume, Gray, and Bishop Hoadly, attended. One remarkable thing was that among the foreigners who came there at that early period, the great majority were Swedes, which was probably to be accounted for by the fact that the reading room was under the direction of Dr. Solander, a Swede who accompanied Capt. Cook in his voyage round the world. It was not until 14 or 15 years after the room was opened that a lady sought admission there, and the first who did so merely came to copy some pictures in water colors. A very important event in the history of the library was the passage of the Copyright Act, 1814, by which publishers were obliged to send copies of their books to the Museum. But for this the library would be most deficient in English books, for it could not possibly buy all that appeared. Unfortunately, the act was not really enforced until some years afterwards, and hence the Museum authorities had had to purchase books which they ought according to the Act of Parliament to have received free of charge. The next remarkable event after the Copyright Act was the presentation to the Museum of the library of George III. by his successor in 1823. This library, which had been formed under the guidance of Dr. Johnson, was a most valuable collection, consisting of about 60,000 books and 20,000 tracts and pamphlets. In particular it comprised the finest collection of Civil War tracts in existence. The rebuilding of the Museum took place by degrees. Old Montagu House disappeared little by little. By 1837 the appearance of the building was much changed, and finally in 1851 it presented very much the same appearance as at the present day. Speaking of the advent of Sir Anthony Panizzi, the lecturer said that but for this zealous administrator the British Museum would be a very different institution to what it now is. Before his time the Museum used to be closed for three weeks at a time under the pretence of cleaning. Unless this was done, the officials of the day contended,

the Museum would become "unwholesome." Similarly they were careful not to open it on Saturdays, because then "the most dangerous part of the population were abroad." In 1835 a Parliamentary Committee was appointed to inquire into the condition of the Institution, and this was the means of bringing about considerable improvements. Mr. Panizzi became head of the Printed Book Department, the most important part of the library, in 1837, and his influence was felt in all the departments of the Museum, with the result that the standard of the establishment was generally raised. Panizzi was at one time a friendless foreigner in London, who had come over here in consequence of the political persecution which was rife in his native State of Modena. He obtained a subordinate post at the Museum, owing to the influence of Lord Brougham, to whom he had rendered some good service in connection with legal matters. With his rare qualities Panizzi might have been a statesman, and as a matter of fact, when Italy was no longer under the rule of petty despots, Count Cavour invited him to go back there and take office in the Italian Government, but by this time Panizzi had taken root in England and declined the offer. After referring to the splendid Grenville collection, which Mr. Grenville had bought out of the pay he received for a sinecure office, the lecturer described the building of the new reading room in the inner quadrangle, the dome of which, he said, is one foot larger than that of St. Peter's at Rome. After the erection of this dome the library went on continually increasing under Panizzi's successors, Mr. Winter Jones and Mr. Watts. Nothing very remarkable happened, however, until the appearance on the scene of Mr. Bond, the present principal librarian. When the history of the Museum came to be written, Mr. Bond's name would, he thought, be found not very far from that of Panizzi. The printing of the great catalogue, which effected so important an economy of space, and by means of which persons at a distance might know what books were to be found in the Museum, had been begun by Mr. Bond. In this work £4,000 has been spent every year in printers' labor alone, and it was hoped that the catalogue might be completed by the end of the century. Another great reform due to Mr. Bond was the introduction of the electric light, by which means the reading room was kept open until eight o'clock in the evening. Nothing was wanted but an increase in the number of assistants to enable the place to be kept open until ten o'clock. Last year more than 600 readers attended daily in the reading room, and the amount of work thus thrown upon the staff very nearly exhausted their capabilities. For every 500 visitors 1,000 books had to be procured, and this represented a considerable amount of work. It was found that on an average readers asked for two books apiece. If this average were to rise to three there would be considerable difficulty in meeting their requirements; if it rose to four the task would be impossible. One thing

struck him in looking over the names of those who attended the library in the past, and this was that there were a great many more distinguished men than there were among those who went there nowadays. This he attributed to the increase in the number of private libraries, and particularly of club libraries. The real remedy for the overcrowding of the Museum library was the establishment of free libraries all over the town. In conclusion he added that as there was an impression that novels were largely read at the Museum, he might state that of the total number of books asked for, the novels only formed about three per cent.

STEELE AND 'THE LADIES' LIBRARY.'

Among the many minor points in the fascinating history of "Dick" Steele, few exceed in interest that in relation to the publication of 'The Ladies' Library.' This work, "written by a lady," and "published by Mr. Steele," came out with Jacob Tonson's imprint in 1714. The idea or the title evidently originated in the 37th *Spectator*, written by Addison. In the 79th issue Steele takes up the thread of this subject, to which Addison returns in the 92nd and Steele in the 140th numbers of the same periodical. 'The Ladies' Library' was in three volumes, each having a distinct dedication. The first is addressed to the Countess of Burlington, and the preface is dated from Bloomsbury Square, July 21, 1714; the second is inscribed to Mrs. Bovey, a learned and very beautiful widow, by some supposed to be identical with Sir Roger de Coverley's obdurate widow; whilst the third, which, as Mr. Dobson has remarked, "is couched in an admirable strain of loyal and affectionate eulogy, is to Steele's own wife, who, surrounded by her family, may be supposed to be depicted in Du Guernier's frontispiece," in the first volume. Nothing can be more charming than this example of the erratic author's love and admiration for his wife, and he repentantly admits, "I have not been circumspect enough to preserve you from care and sorrow." "I rejoice," he also exclaims, "in publick occasion to shew my pity for you."

Two of these three octavo volumes consist of over 500 pages, and the other has over 400. This fact alone would seem to be proof enough that Steele was not the compiler of these volumes. His habits were desultory and uncertain, and the time which would be absorbed in such a work was much more than he could have afforded at that time. The name of the ostensible compiler—"a lady,"—is now unknown, and probably Steele had good reasons for wishing her identity to remain a secret. Not long after the appearance of these very neatly-got-up and well-printed "dumpy" volumes, John Morphew, an extensive bookseller, whose shop was near Stationers' Hall, issued a fourpenny pamphlet entitled, 'Mr. Steele Detected: or the Poor and

Oppressed Orphan's Letters to the Great and Arbitrary Mr. Steele' (1714).

The author of this, Royston Meredith, was a descendant of Richard Royston, whose name appears on the title-page of the earlier editions of Jeremy Taylor's 'Holy Living and Holy Dying,' and the whole or a portion of the copyright descended to Meredith. Meredith's object in putting forth his pamphlet was to point out that Steele had collected whole treatises out of several books and published them "under the specious title of 'The Ladies' Library.'" It was not, however, we think, so much because of "the imposition upon the public" as the injustice "to a poor orphan" in the person of Royston Meredith himself. Mr. Meredith goes somewhat out of his way to vouchsafe the superfluous information that he is an "illiterate person." The groundwork of this pamphlet is made up by the correspondence which passed between the two. Writing to Steele on October 21, 1714, Meredith says, "If I mistake not, you are the gentleman who, of late, has been so great a stickler for the liberty, rights, and properties of the subject" (for it will be remembered that Steele was expelled the House of Commons for publishing the 'Crisis,' &c., in March, 1714), and insolently alludes to "the money which you spend as vainly as you get idly." He subscribes himself "the highly injured," &c. Steele replied the same day, simply promising to inquire into the allegations made, and write again. But Richard did not usually distinguish himself for his promptitude, and this case was not an exception. Four or five days elapsed, and Meredith, who had been to Tonson and was referred to the author, expressed his determination to maintain his right by law. "The poor and oppressed orphan," as he called himself, is also an abusive one, although he may only have been fighting for his own rights. His letter gave Steele a capital excuse for getting out of the scrape. He wrote on October 25th, the day after he received the "orphan's" second onslaught, and ingeniously wriggles out of it, leaving the subject in dispute to take care of itself. The style, complains the expelled M. P., "was very harsh to one whom you are not at all acquainted with," and he winds up with the very modest desire, "I beg you will give me no ill language."

This seems to have been the proverbial last straw, as the redoubtable Royston Meredith "goes for" Steele in fine style. Not content with picking the letter to pieces and savagely criticising nearly every sentence, he drags in the subject of his opponent's expulsion from the House of Commons. He points out that Taylor's 'Holy Living' is sold for 5s., whereas 'The Ladies' Library' is 10s. the three volumes, so that the purchaser of the former would be only throwing away money by buying the latter, which is only a selection from Taylor's popular work. But Meredith contradicts himself to some extent when he declares that the second volume is almost wholly collected out of Fleetwood's Sermons,

Locke's essay on Education, and Halifax's 'Advice to a Daughter.'

But Meredith evidently had little satisfaction out of Steele or Tonson, as 'The Ladies' Library' went through a number of editions. From a list of books at the end of the pamphlet in question it would seem that Royston and E. Meredith were in partnership as booksellers. The question, in a way, resolves itself into whether "The Ladies' Library" was really compiled by Steele, but the probabilities are that it was not. Perhaps one of his fine ladies made the collection, and deceived Steele as to the originality. The "authorship" was best left in obscurity.—*Bookworm.*

FAIRYLAND IN DANGER.

There is much to distress, and something to alarm, in our present relations with the realm of Fairyland. The valuable traditions of that peaceful state are being perverted to an extent which will surprise, we think, the grown-up public. What should be sacred, if not the authentic records of a Kingdom with which we have ever been at peace, and which cultivates relations no less neighborly with Germany, France, England, Russia, and Italy? Yet it shall anon be proved that our booksellers and editors have gradually depraved the solemn treaties and histories of the people from whom we entertain such envoys as the Yellow Dwarf, the White Cat, Tom Thumb, or Little Thumb, and Her Majesty, *née* Cendrillon, or Cinderella. Many mature men and women are often heard to declare that the children of this age are fortunate in the number and beauty of their fairy-books, though the costliness of these volumes is deplored by young owners of the infrequent copper. The opposite is the truth. Richly as children's books are now adorned by the hands of artists, and brilliantly as they compare with the old penny plain and twopence colored, the narratives thus decorated are being altered out of all knowledge. Some examples of this process may well cause all thinking men to lament the strides, in Seven Leagued Boots, now made by the Ogre, Innovation. Thus, Mr. Gordon Browne is a very clever sketcher, at present illustrating what he calls his 'Series of old Fairy Tales.' But the fairy tales are no longer "old," as he proclaims—these are not the friends we knew, and our father knew. Take 'Hop o' my Thumb,' it is very likely that no English child ever shuddered over the dangers of Little Thumb till 1720, when Mr. Samber translated Perrault's 'Histoires of Times Passed.' Scotland, indeed, had her female Thumb, known as "Mally Whappy." But if England had this heroine she is forgotten, lost in the fame of the Frenchman. Very well; Mr. Gordon Browne begins with a prologue about 'Marigold, whose legs were very long,' and Jean and Peter, and other positive strangers, who have no more right in Fairyland than in Cochinchina, or not so much. They meet a Whispering

Tree that never grew on the grave of Cinderella's mother. This tree gives them a perverted account of the Woodcutter's family, with many tedious and unauthenticated details and chaff about "second-rate fairies." Birds are made to talk from "the very tipplest top of the whispering tree," and "Jean's long eyelashes kept dropping down and tickling her rosy cheeks." This is all trash. This is not the old story, nor in the good manner of the old story. The ogre has "teeth made of blue steel, and he brushes them three times a day with a file." Hop o' my Thumb does not change the crowns of the ogre's daughters. The ogre is not a little intoxicated, which, in the original, accounts for the error he makes. In fact all the charm and magic have vanished, and a legend older than Homer, the legend of the 'Minyan House of Athamas,' is depraved with modern literary frivolities. Mr. Gordon Browne is a very pleasant fanciful artist. To be sure he has used Cruikshank's whim of drawing the Seven-league Boots bowing to the King and Queen. But his old Fairy Tale is not the tale we have all known, it is "a spurious imitation."

This arch deceiver, Mr. Browne, is as bad as the gentlemen and ladies who did, or did not, forget the famous Bulgarian despatches. He actually makes Beauty (she who wedded the Beast) dwell in the kingdom of Rigdom Funnidos, which at once suggests Scott's publisher, James Ballantyne, and has nothing to do with Fairyland. Aunt Louisa, whose very name invites confidence, cannot be trusted much better. In her London Toy Books she makes Little Red Riding Hood live in England when there were fairies in that realm. There are no fairies in 'Red Riding Hood,' and she was not English. Nor did that heroine (whether she was the dawn or not, like Fortuna in Mr. Max Müller's new theory) carry currant wine to anybody. She carried cakes or fancy bread. Nobody ever said (who knew) that "she loved the forest, with its great trees and pretty wild flowers, its birds and insects." That is all out of Aunt Louisa's own head. "How sweet the green-sward was!" Aunt Louisa is sentimentalising again. "The birches danced above their silvery stems with joy to see her." Where will not "word-painting" spread its aniline colors, when even Le Petit Chaperon Rouge cannot escape it? Children justly detest descriptions of landscapes, and the natural rectitude of their minds will make them dislike Little Red Riding Hood if they are told her tale in this new affected manner. The very wolf is perverted. As everybody knows, he said to Red Riding Hood, "I'll go this way, and you'll go that way, and we shall see who will be first at your grandmother's." But Aunt Louisa makes him say. "Well, that is a long way, so I will not hinder you." And when he came to the cottage, he did not "tap at it with his paw." "He knocked, toc! toc! And he swallowed up Red Riding Hood, bones and all, whereas Aunt Louisa makes a squirrel warn Red Riding Hood's dog, who warns a woodman, who kills the wolf in good time. Aunt Louisa, being wise beyond what is written,

actually finds out Cinderella's real name, which is as obscure as that borne by Achilles when among women. The dear old fairy god-mother becomes "a lovely little fairy with a silver star on her forehead." Who does not know that she was a small, withered dame, with a crutch stick and a tall, peaked hat? Even Blue Beard cannot be natural. In a new edition of 'Mother Goose's Tales,' he masquerades as a Turk. Now, it should be needless to say that if Blue Beard had been a Turk there would have been no story to tell. He would have had as many wives all at once as he chose, in accordance with the revelation to the Prophet. The pleasant details of manners are lost, as when we hear that, at Blue Beard's country house, nobody ever went to bed, but they played each other practical jokes at night—as in some country houses of to-day. The brothers are no longer one a dragoon, the other of d'Artagnan's regiment, a Musketeer; they are both furks. The master of Puss in Boots no more threatens to eat his cat and make himself a muff out of the skin, though the wish to avoid that fate was the very motive which sharpened the wits of this ingenious animal. Finally, the tale of the Sleeping Beauty ends with her wedding, ends even before "the dame of honor drew the curtains."

As all well-educated children know, the troubles of this accomplished Princess did not end with her marriage, any more than the troubles of humbler people. She had a mother-in-law, and that mother-in-law was an ogress. The Princess's children this ogress desired to eat *a la sauce Robert*. Here the old conscientious English translator gravely gives the recipe for *la sauce Robert* in a footnote, probably for the benefit of ogresses among his readers. Moreover here the science comes in, for one of the Princess's children is called Day, and the other Dawn, to the great joy of Mr. Max Müller, and the confusion of his adversaries. Nay, the very little dog of the Princess, which the new Mother Goose names Dash, though his real name was Pouffe, has been recognised by the learned as the dog Sarama in the Veda. Thus not only the Princess's child, but the Princess's dog, is the Dawn, which is highly satisfactory. Poor children are occasionally troubled with these grave hypotheses, but it must be allowed that neither Mr. Gordon Browne, nor the new Mother Goose, nor even Aunt Louisa makes any approach to this way of disenchanting Fairyland. Poor Madame d'Aulnoy, who gave us the 'White Cat,' and the 'Yellow Dwarf,'—that appalling history—has not been happier at the hands of her translators. Even the "several hands" who translated "that famed wit of France" in 1749, were so ignorant of French that they rendered her meaning wrongly. Even Mr. Planché did her into such English as is not easily understood of the little people, who are at present in rather a sad case, having Lord Bradbourne for their guide to Fairyland. If this is to go on, Fairyland will be submerged, like the continent of Atlantis, by a deluge of modern sentiment and modern humor.

A. L.

BYRON'S ANCESTRAL HOME.

A hundred years ago, Byron was born in Holles street, London, in a house indicated to modern passers-by by one of those useful tablets which in the English metropolis mark the habitations associated with names of the departed great. The visible memorials of Lord Byron are not numerous. M. Demetrius Stefanovich Schlizzi has announced his intention of erecting, at his own expense, at Athens, a marble statue, which, like that at Missolonghi, commemorates the chivalrous efforts made by the poet for the good of the Greek people. In the chancel of Hucknall Torkard Church there is a tablet bearing an inscription which tells us all that is necessary at present of the history of Byron. It reads thus: "In the vault beneath, where many of his ancestors and his mother are buried, lie the remains of George Gordon Noel Byron, Lord Byron, of Rochdale, in the county of Lancaster, the author of 'Childe Harold's Pilgrimage.' He was born in London on the 22nd of January, 1788. He died at Missolonghi, in Western Greece, on the 19th of April, 1824, engaged in the glorious attempt to restore that country to her ancient freedom and renown. His sister, the Hon. Augusta Mary Leigh, placed this tablet to his memory." Byron was a man of many homes, but Newstead Abbey will ever remain that which is most closely connected with his name. It is the fashion to suggest that Byron is almost forgotten; that his poetry no longer exercises a spell; that his principal claim to remembrance must be found in his eccentricities and vices. The number of pilgrimages made year after year to Newstead Abbey discredits such an idea, and it is interesting at this centenary period to be reminded that, thanks to the loving care exercised by the present owners of the estate with regard to every relic, Newstead Abbey after all remains the real memorial of Byron.

The visitor to Newstead Abbey in these days may take train to the boundary of the park, but the favorite method of making the excursion is to drive from Mansfield or Nottingham, and take Hucknall Torkard on the way. I had the privilege quite recently of doing this. At this time of the year the beauty of the country side is temporarily gone. Summer is the season for Newstead Abbey. Only when the trees (memories many of them of the days when Sherwood was verily a forest) are in full foliage can you fully understand the delight, always accompanied by foreboding and despair, given to young Byron by his desolate Newstead. There are no doubt plenty of sentiments in his poetry which were counterfeit, especially those which have been brought up in judgment against him by indiscriminating censors. His admiration of the beauties of Newstead was sincere; and the ruinous pile which he inherited fascinated him perhaps because the hollow winds whistled through its battlements, and the hemlock and thistle had ousted the roses of the once smiling garden. The evil hand was on Newstead until Byron had parted

with it forever. His grand-uncle, in a demoniac frenzy, destroyed the timber, and made such wholesale slaughter of the deer that the markets of Mansfield were gorged with venison. The malign influence seemed to be lifted from Newstead when it passed into the hands of Colonel Wildman, and the work of restoration he began was taken up with earnestness and continued by the present owner, Mr. W. F. Webb, the famous African traveler, and with equal heartiness by Mrs. Webb. Newstead Abbey at this day is in excellent preservation; the gardens were probably never more lovely; the park has been long recovering from the ravages of the "wicked old lord." By entering through the principal gateway from the Mansfield road you gain a charming drive of nearly a mile in length before the Abbey comes in view. The coppices, shrubberies, and embankments are picturesquely varied, and the concluding portion of the descending drive somewhat suddenly reveals the Abbey, and the famous lake upon and in which Byron spent a considerable amount of time, mostly with the dog Boatswain for a companion. As the poet says in the stanza devoted to a pen-and-ink sketch of the "old, old monastery," with its rich and rare "Mixt Gothic," the mansion "lies a little low;" his explanation being that the former monkish inhabitants preferred a hill behind to shelter their devotion from the wind. The picturesqueness of the Abbey depends, in truth, not a little upon this situation. The venerable pile fits well into that sheltered corner with trees beyond, and the fine lake in front. The handsome stables near the lake are covered with ivy, and look as ancient and classical as the Abbey, but they were built by Mr. Webb to harmonise with the surroundings. The grand ruins of the west front, the Byron oak, Boatswain's tomb, the quadrangle with its historic fountain, I need only mention. The eagerness evinced by visitors, English as well as American, to see these familiar objects is proof of the importance with which they are invested. We cannot be too grateful for the kindly manner in which all are open to the inspection of visitors, at the times and with necessary restrictions laid down for pilgrimages to the place.

There is a curious admixture of ancient and modern in the objects of interest in the interior, but the latter are so curious and rare that they might be allowed to rank with the former. Mr. Webb has been a mighty Nimrod, and very early after entering the low celled crypt you are brought face to face with the trophies of his African chase. By-and-bye a case of brilliant birds will be seen side by side with old armour and antique furniture, and there are in the Abbey many relics of Mr. Webb's old friend David Livingstone, who, during his last visit to Newstead, wrote the greater portion of his book on the Zambesi. To students of Byron the most interesting rooms are doubtless those in the part that was to some extent habitable when the young poet and his roystering companions occasionally kept their

revels at Newstead. His bedroom, commanding a fine view of the park and lake, and within earshot of the musical cascade, is preserved in the same condition as when used by Byron, what time a certain mysterious page occupied the ghostly monk's chamber adjoining. The portraits and pictures Byron looked upon, including that of his henchman Joe Murray, and the prize-fighter Jackson, are still on the walls; and in solitary state stands the bedstead, with its gilded posts and coronets. The skull from which Byron and his friends drank their red wine will be asked for in vain, for it has long been buried; but in the southern corridor are carefully preserved a number of relics: the small circular table upon which much of Byron's poetry was written (all probably of 'English Bards'); his swords, candlesticks, and inkstand; the cap, brass helmet, and sabretache worn in Greece; Boatswain's collar, and some books. The beautiful chapel is a recent restoration. The library, eastern corridor, and tapestry dressing-room; the rooms occupied by Edward III., Henry VII., and Cromwell; the grand saloon rich in old cabinets and works of art; the great dining-room; the breakfast-room, used by the lord abbot of bygone ages as a parlor, and by Byron as a dining-room; the cloisters, and the old gloomy guestern hall of the Abbey, all come within the ken of those who are accorded permission to make the tour of Byron's ancestral home.

SIR WALTER SCOTT AND HIS "PROOFS."

The following, which I cut from the *London Globe* of November 25, seems to me well worth preserving:

"The article on 'Authors' Proofs' which appeared in your columns a few days ago recalled to my mind that I was in possession of a very interesting document of this kind, which, however, I had not looked at for a very long time. Some years ago I purchased *en bloc* a collection of about one hundred letters of Sir Walter Scott, all, with a few exceptions, addressed to Mr. James Ballantyne, his publisher. The letters, which extend over a series of years, are largely devoted to the financial relations existing between Sir Walter and his publisher, or rather his partner (for such the letters and accompanying documents clearly show him to have been), but they also give many interesting glimpses of the workings of the great author's mind in connection with the various works upon which, at the time of the correspondence, he was engaged. One of the documents which accompanied these letters was a printer's proof of Sir Walter's 'Ode on the Field of Waterloo,' all complete except as to the first stanza, which is wanting. This proof is endorsed—

"Abbotsford, September 30.

"Mr. Hodgson.—I beg these sheets and all the MS. may be carefully preserved, just as they stand, and put in my father's desk.

"J. BALLANTYNE."

The only document, except the proof itself, which I find is a lengthy list of suggested alterations, made apparently by Ballantyne, to whose critical judgment

the poet seems to have submitted the MS. From these suggestions I make a selection of a few of the most interesting, with Sir Walter's marginal remarks thereon, which show that, while yielding on some points, he was very tenacious on others.

"Ballantyne writes, page 18, stanza 8:—'And cease when these are past' I must needs repeat that the deadly tug did cease in the case supposed. It lasted long, very long; but when the limits of resistance, of human strength, were past; that is, after they had fought for ten hours, then the deadly tug did cease. Therefore the "hope" was not "vain."

"Scott writes:—'I answer it did not, because the observation relates to the strength of those actually exhausted; other squadrons were brought up. Suppose you saw two lawyers scolding at the bar. You might say, this must have an end; human lungs cannot hold out; but if the debate were continued by two senior counsel, your well-grounded expectation would be disappointed. "Cousin, thou wert not wont to be so dull."

"Page 23, stanza 11:—'Pealed wildly the Imperial name.' Ballantyne writes:—'I submit, with diffidence, whether this be not a somewhat tame conclusion to so very animated a stanza. And, at any rate, you will observe that, as it stands, you have no rhyme whatever to "The Cohorts' eagles fly." You have no rhyme to fly; flew and fly, also, are perhaps too near, considering that each word closes a line of the same sort. I don't well like "Thus in a torrent," either. If it were "In one broad, &c., torrent," it strikes me that it would be more spirited.'

"Scott writes:—'Granted as to most of these observations—the Imperial name is true, therefore must stand.'

"Again, page 30:—

So mingle banner, wain and gun,
Where in one tide of horror run,
The warriors, &c.

Ballantyne writes:—'In the first place, warriors running in a tide is a clashing metaphor; in the second the warriors running at all is a little homely. It is true, no doubt, but really running is little better than scampering. For these causes, one or both, I think the lines should be altered.'

"Scott writes:—'You are wrong in one respect—a tide is always said to run—but I thought of the tide without attending to the equivocal, which must be altered.'

"On the proof itself are a number of marginal notes and corrections, with a few suggestions of changes also by Ballantyne, with Sir Walter's remarks thereon; of these I add a few of the most interesting. In the 18th stanza occurs the line—

As their own ocean-rocks hold stance.

On this Ballantyne remarks:—'I do not know such an English word.' To which Sir Walter rejoins, 'Then we'll make it one for the nonce.'

"Later on in the same stanza occurs this line—

Or can thy memory fail to quote.

"To Ballantyne's criticism: 'Would to God you could alter this quote,' Scott replies: 'Would to God I could, I certainly should.'

"In the second note to the Ode appears the word

Bonaparte, against which appears the following marginal note:—

"I would spell the accursed name correctly as an Italian word, and not as the miscreant himself wished to use it, as a French one."

Whether Scott accepted this suggestion or not, I shall not be able to satisfy myself until I have an opportunity of referring to the Ode as it was published.—I am, Sir, yours obediently,

"R. G."

E. WALFORD, M.A.

FRAU SCHOPENHAUER TO HER SON.

In the March *Temple Bar*, we have a notice of Horace Walpole and Madame du Deffand, which is decidedly interesting; and an account of Schopenhauer and his mother, which is still more so, and from which we cannot resist the temptation of giving a characteristic extract:—"As concerning your relationship with me here [in Weimar], it is best that I say what I wish without disguise. That I love you, you cannot doubt. It is essential to my happiness that I know you are happy, but not that I am a witness of your happiness. I have always told you that it would be very hard for me to live with you, and the more I think about it the more this difficulty (on my side, at least) seems to increase. . . . In what concerns the visible world I can agree with you in nothing. Besides, your melancholy is very depressing to me, and in-harmonious with my own cheerful disposition, without being of any use to you. Understand, dear Arthur, that you will be only a visitor at my house, and that I shall always breathe freely when you go away, because your presence, your lamentations about irremediable evils, your gloomy looks and strange opinions, spoken with such a positiveness, and so *unanswerable*, keep me in a state of violent mental irritation and depression of spirits. . . . I live at present very tranquilly. From the beginning to the end of the year I have no unpleasant moments but those I have to thank you for. I am peaceable in myself. No one contradicts me. I contradict no one. No loud word is heard in my household; everything goes forward properly. I go my own way. No one can discover who commands and who obeys; all the work is done in quietude, and life glides along, I know not how. This is my own arrangement, and it must not be disturbed. . . . When you are older, dear Arthur, and see things more clearly, we shall understand each other better, and perhaps I may then spend my best days in your house, with your children, as befits an old grandmother. But, in the meanwhile, let us do our best to see that the thousand little bickerings of our intercourse do not embitter our minds and drive away our love. . . . And now mark on what footing with you I am to be. In your lodgings you are at home; in my house you are a guest, just as I was in my parent's house after my marriage—a loved and welcome

guest, who will always be kindly received, but with no concern in my household arrangements. I will not suffer any remonstrance in this respect, because it puts me out of humor, and does no good. On my reception days you may sup with me, if you will then forbear from disagreeable arguments, which also disturb me, and from all lamentations about the stupid world and the misery of mankind, because this always gives me a bad night and bad dreams, and I like to sleep well. . . ."

TOUCHING CATALOGUES.

To the genuine lover of old-time literature there is no more interesting reading than that afforded by the dainty catalogues issued by the dealers in old and rare second-hand books. There is a class of readers (and their name is legion) to whom the only books of consequence are those which come to their hands, giving forth an odor of fresh ink and redolent of the press and bindery. That book which is the newest, the most talked about, and the most widely advertised—the book of the hour—is the only one which they care to read or even handle. And to such insipid folk, a bibliophile's catalogue naturally proves dull reading.

We should not, however, speak harshly of such people. Their tastes are the result of an imperfect training, or a too great adherence to nineteenth century ways and customs. There are thousands whose sole mental pabulum is the daily newspaper. It is both natural and logical that such readers should be insensible to the charm which surrounds a rare old tome. It requires an artistic insight, a subtle imagination, and before all else a sympathy with the past, to recognize in an old book that

"Something which one still perceives
Vaguely present in the leaves;
Something from the worker lent;
Something mute—but eloquent;"

Surely your true bibliophile "is born, not made."

To those who love the book of the past as well, if not better than those of the present, such catalogues as are issued by W. B. Saunders, and C. J. Price of Philadelphia, and Scribner & Welford, Dodd, Mead & Co., and the Messrs. Bonaventure, Coombes, Francis, McDonough and Benjamin of New York, will be hailed with delight, for each one is "a thing of (typographical) beauty, and a joy for ever." There seems to be an inclination on the part of the booksellers to run into specialties, although the usual showing of miscellanea, is still large, as evidenced in the catalogues recently issued by the dealers above mentioned. What poor collector would not go without his dinner for a month or more, if by so doing he could possess the Luther Bible of 1548, with its curious old wood-cuts and its binding of old embossed hog skin, which is offered for sale by Mr. Saunders. In the same dealers' catalogue are offered unique manuscripts and choice rare books, the very enumeration of

which will set the bibliophilic heart a-throbbing with covetousness. What is said of one, may be said with equal truth of all, that never before were the booksellers' catalogues so remarkable for their typographical excellence, and the choiceness and variety of the books offered in the same. But after all a bookseller's catalogue is only another sign of the commercial spirit of the age. Bookbuying to-day differs but slightly in the manner in which we buy pig-iron or potatoes. There is very little of that pleasant excitement which our fathers knew, to be had in ordering from a catalogue, a few rare books (for which alas! their full market value must be paid) "to be sent by return mail or express." We may now enjoy the delights of possession but the greater delights of discovery and bargaining is no longer within our reach. It is a tantalizing thought that the time is not so very far behind us, when one might "pick up for a song" an early American imprint, a rare play or two, or perhaps on more lucky days, a copy of the Bay Psalm Book. But the book-hunter (save the mark!) no longer hopes for great finds. The best Caxtons, Elzevirs, Aldines are snugly enough housed in the temples of wealth, or lie beneath the show-cases of the aristocratic dealer. And yet the book-hunter need not despair of making any "finds," for failing to "pick up" a 'Pastissier Français' he may be consoled by lighting upon a first edition of Longfellow's 'Evangeline' priced in one dealer's catalogue at \$27.50, and a copy of which the writer recently bought for 60c. There is a gentleman now living in New York who has perhaps the finest collection of American authors (all of them first editions, and many of them "uncut") of any one in this country. He did not buy his books in bulk, as so many do, from a deceased collector's estate, but made his library himself, as one makes a stone fence, adding to it daily, until he has now, a collection of scarce and valuable books, few that could easily be duplicated, and many worth their weight in greenbacks. He is happy in the thought that as time advances, first editions, in good state grow scarcer and more valuable and should misfortune overtake him, he might dispose of any or all of his books at a great advance upon the price he paid for them, for it is his greatest boast that no book in his entire collection, has cost him more than \$10.* OTTO KAMAK.

MRS. PROCTER.

"We are all of us mortal, even the oldest of us," is a reflection which must occur to many minds on learning that Mrs. Procter is dead, her death having taken place on the 5th of March at her residence, Albert Hall Mansions, London. Her friends will

* In justice to the collector mentioned, it may be proper, though it scarcely seems necessary, to mention the fact that nothing short of absolute bankruptcy (which is hardly probable) or death, will ever deprive him of the books which have become so much a part of himself.

never cease to regret her brilliant talents and her kind heart. But her death cannot be called premature, and she thoroughly enjoyed life to the last. "Why," as Wordsworth asks with somewhat prosaic pathos, "why o'er ripe fruit seasonably gathered should frail survivors heave a sigh?" For much more than half a century Mrs. Procter was a well known figure in London society.

The first line of a poem addressed to her some years ago by a distinguished American man of letters—"I know a girl; her age is eighty,"—accurately expressed the youthful vigor of her nature. Her brown hair and her upright figure were conspicuous long after she had entered upon her eighteenth decade.

Her opinions were strong, and she never concealed them. She cultivated the art of epigrammatic conversation, and her extraordinary range of acquaintance with distinguished people made her remarks, especially when she indulged in reminiscences, unique in their fascination.

It would be hard to say which of her contemporaries known to fame were not known to Mrs. Procter. She knew Keats, who died before he was twenty-five, and she has outlived her old friend Lord Houghton, who died a septuagenarian, and was himself a child when Keats died. She was on the friendliest terms with Lord Tennyson, but to no one was she more affectionately attached than to Mr. Robert Browning, who was also on the closest and most intimate terms with her husband.

Mrs. Procter, who was born about the beginning of the century, was the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Skepper, who lived in Yorkshire. After the death of her father, and when Anne Skepper was very young, her mother married, as his third wife, Mr. Basil Montagu, the eminent Queen's Counsel, and editor of Bacon. Everybody knows Macaulay's two descriptions of Basil Montagu. One is in the essay on Bacon, the other in a letter to his sister Hannah. The passage from the essay runs as follows; "Those who are acquainted with the courts in which Mr. Montagu practises with so much ability will know how often he enlivens the discussion of a point of law by citing some weighty illustration, or some brilliant aphorism from the *De Augmentis*, or the *Novum Organum*." In his letter he says; "I am sitting again in Basinghall street; and Basil Montagu is haranguing about Lord Verulam and the way of inoculating one's mind with truth, and all this à propos of a lying bankrupt's balance sheet." Anne Skepper was described by Carlyle as "a brisk witty, prettyish, sufficiently clear-eyed and sharp-tongued young lady," also as "eminently true, sensible, and practical." Unfortunately Carlyle wrote besides some very disagreeable sentences about the third Mrs. Montagu, which need not be repeated here. When Mr. Froude brought out the famous 'Reminiscences,' and these sentences first saw the light, Mrs. Procter was justly indignant. Her revenge was to publish some of Carlyle's early letters to her mother, in which the young Scotchman, with a curious mixture of awkwardness and servility,

thanked the Basil Montagus for their great kindness and condescension to him when he first came to London. In 1824 Miss Skepper married Mr. Bryan Waller Procter, better known as Barry Cornwall, a Commissioner in Lunacy, author of 'English Songs,' and much other poetry of the minor order. Their daughter Adelalde, who was born in 1825, and died in 1864, is famous for her 'Legends and Lyrics,' nor has the 'Message' yet ceased to remind the susceptible that, in the picturesque language of Mr. Guppy, "there are chords in the human mind." At the age of seventy-seven Mr. Procter wrote the biography of Charles Lamb, the friend of himself and his wife. In 1874 he died, so that Mrs. Procter has survived him just fourteen years. It would be absurd to attempt a recapitulation of the notabilities with whom Mrs. Procter was familiar. The list would be a biographical dictionary of the last sixty-five years. One of the best of her innumerable stories relates to Sydney Smith, and has never, we believe, been printed before. Mrs. Procter met that eminent divine in company with Macaulay, and observed that she had been disappointed by the historian's silence. "Well," said Sydney, "the only opportunity I gave him you took." Mrs. Procter had a store of maxims or hints for conversation, which she was sometimes obliging enough to instill into the minds of the young. They were chiefly negative. One was, "Don't tell people how you are; they don't, want to know." Another, "If you have to mention the fact that you went to a particular place, never say why you went there." There was no one of whom Mrs. Procter spoke more enthusiastically than Mr. Thackeray, and she had numerous letters from him, though she did not think that her duty to man and God required her to publish them.

LIBRARY NOTES.

A PUBLIC reading-room, the first of the kind, has just been opened at St. Petersburg in connection with a good library, to which books have been contributed by some public-spirited citizens. Admission is free, and permission is given to borrow books for reading at home. The new institution is dedicated to the memory of Pushkin, after whom it is named, and the walls are ornamented with his portrait and those of some of the Russian emperors and leading authors.

At his house in Brussels the Duc d'Aumale is building a gallery for his noble collection of books, the room being lighted in the daytime by windows in the roof and at night by electricity.

In the "Picton Room" in the Liverpool Free Library, no novels, newspapers, illustrated papers, or magazines, of a light character are issued, and the officials try to make it a students' room: a place for literary work and self-education. For three or four years after the Picton Room was opened, the alcoves were each provided with a small table, on

which was ink, &c., but the privilege of using them was abused. Pupils were received in them, and much private letter-writing was done therein. They were closed after one "respectable thief" took away some \$100 worth of books.

HENRY C. LEA has given \$50,000 for the erection of an annex to the Philadelphia Library, provided there shall be no abridgment of the public privileges. The building proposed is much needed.

THE Rev. Dr. McCracken, Vice-Chancellor of the University of the City of New York, in a recent address criticised Emerson's three rules: "Never read a book that is not a year old; never read any but famed books; never read any but those you like," and suggested in their stead: "Read for completeness of character; read for success in your business; read for rest and recreation." He suggested that the Tilden trustees, in organizing the circulating library under his will, would do well to devote one-third of their funds to a library of books for advanced special students, another third to a library for the general public, and the remaining third to a library of books for men of letters, rare works, etc.

THE executors of the late Samuel J. Tilden's will state that after paying legacies there will be \$4,400,000 available for the "Tilden Trust," which may be devoted to the establishment of free libraries in New York, New Lebanon, and Yonkers.

THE attempt to establish a large endowment for the Brooklyn Library a few years ago failed, and the idea of making the library free had to be abandoned. The benefits of the library are now enjoyed by some 3,000 persons, who pay \$5 a year for the privilege. If this charge were cut down 50 to 60 per cent., undoubtedly the receipts would be as large as at present, if not larger. The experiment clearly seems worth trying.

In the ten years of Mr. Justin Winsor's service as librarian at Harvard, the college library has increased from 160,000 to 250,000 volumes, and the department collections from 60,000 to 100,000. The number of books drawn has grown from 20,000 to 75,000 annually, and the Sunday use of the reading room has increased 60 per cent. Ten years ago the endowment for purchase of books was \$173,000; it is now \$375,000.

'FOR the lack of an immediate appropriation of \$125,000, which will have to be expended some time,' says the *Times*, 'the collection of books known as the State Library of New York, which should be most jealously guarded by the Commonwealth, is packed away in rooms entirely unfitted for the purpose of a library, and is in great danger of irreparable damage. . . . It is said that with an appropriation of \$125,000 the work on the new library can be completed in about two months, and the collection, which is one of the best owned by any State, can be placed beyond the possibility of danger.'

THE library of Prof. von Ranke, which has been secured for the Syracuse University of the Methodist

Church has arrived. This library consists of nearly 50,000 volumes. It is of great value, and is the result of long and patient labor in the gathering together of its volumes by the celebrated German historian. Taken as a whole, the collection is probably the rarest historical one ever owned by anyone in the world, for Prof. von Ranke spent his entire life in selecting it, and his facilities for doing so were such as to enable him to carry on his work effectively. The works comprising his library are mostly on history, and many rare volumes on ancient and mediæval times are among them. Prof. von Ranke was an eminent linguist, as well as historian, and his library contains works on history and literature in French, German, Italian, Spanish, Scandinavian, Syriac, Latin, Greek, Slavonic, and many other European and Eastern tongues. Scarcely a German writer of note has been forgotten in the collection, and the researches of Niebuhr, Mommsen, Müller, and Grimm are especially complete. The Rev. Dr. J. M. Reid, Secretary of the Methodist Episcopal Missionary Society, has charge of the matter, but the original suggestion of purchasing the library for the Syracuse University came from Prof. C. W. Bennett, then of that university and now connected with the Garrett Biblical Institute at Evanston, Ill. The purchase was completed about a year ago from Prof. von Ranke's heirs through the agency of Mayer and Muller, and since then the books have been rebound, the manuscripts arranged, and the whole library classified and catalogued.

DR. OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES has presented his large and valuable collection of medical and surgical books to the Medical Library of Boston.

AUSTRIA contains more public libraries than any other European country—557—containing 5,475,000 volumes. France has 500, with 4,598,000 volumes; Germany 398, with 2,640,000 volumes; Great Britain 200, with 2,871,000 volumes. The largest library is the Bibliothèque Nationale, in Paris, which contains 2,078,000 volumes, and the British Museum, with 1,000,000 volumes, comes next. The Oxford and Heidelberg Universities each contain 300,000 volumes.

ANNOUNCEMENT has been made of the restitution to the Bibliothèque Nationale in Paris of a number of rare books and manuscripts formerly stolen from that institution by Libri. The latter's name will long be remembered as that of one of the most successful book thieves on record. Guglielmo Libri was a distinguished man of letters, member of the Institute of France, and Inspector-General of French Libraries. His official position gave him access everywhere to the bibliographical treasures of French libraries, and he made use of his opportunities to steal rare and valuable books and manuscripts in all directions. He was at length found out, and condemned *in contumaciam* to ten years' imprisonment. A large collection of his ill-gotten treasures were sold by Messrs. Sotheby & Wilkinson in 1859, the sale lasting eight days. The annotated sale

catalogue is prefaced by a learned dissertation on ancient manuscripts by Libri himself, and is a work of no small bibliographical value and interest. Libri died in 1869, believed in to the last by some of his friends, and regarded by them as a deeply injured man. The collection of 166 books and manuscripts just restored to the Bibliothèque Nationale was sold by Libri to Lord Ashburnham for \$40,000. When the present Lord succeeded to the title, he offered his father's entire collection to the British Museum for the sum of \$800,000, accompanied by a statement that the French authorities had offered \$120,000 for the manuscripts stolen by Libri. The Government of the day were, however, unable to sanction the purchase by the British Museum, and the matter dropped; although recollection of the loss must have lingered continually in the mind of M. Delisle, Director of the Bibliothèque Nationale.

BIBLIOPHLIANA.

THE proprietors of nursery libraries of twenty years' standing and upwards should, if they have an eye to business, make a careful search of the shelves.

At a sale at Sotheby's last month a copy of the first edition of 'Alice's Adventures' fetched \$35 and one of the first edition of Ruskin's 'King of the Golden River' \$50.

A CURIOUS little note, written by Voltaire a few days before his death, was the other day sold at a sale of autographs at Paris for 30f. It refers to some changes and omissions which had been made in 'Irene' during Voltaire's illness, at which the latter was extremely vexed. The mistakes having been rectified, M. d'Argental received the following note:—

I was in despair. I confess, and believed myself misunderstood and vilified by my most respectable friends. But the constancy of their kindness cured the horrible wound in my heart, and prevented my dying rather of grief than of blood-venom. Let me have the consolation of seeing you here before you go away.—VOLTAIRE.

Another interesting note—one by Dumas père—was sold for 39f., in which the following passage occurs:—"The further I advance, and the better I know the theatre, the more the theatre frightens me. Alas, my poor friend, where are the times of the 'Tour de Nesle,' when I had no doubts at all?"

A COPY of Tennyson's 'Poems,' MOXON, 1833, uncut in the original boards is priced in a recent catalogue seventy dollars.

DR. ABRAHAM COLES who is the author of a 'New Rendering of the Hebrew Psalms into English Verse,' lately published by the Appletons, has received congratulatory letters thereon from both the English Archbishops.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE had the habit—so reprehensible in less distinguished people—of writing his name in his books. Notwithstanding which fact, books containing Hawthorne's autograph are

very rare, for the greater part of his library was some years since destroyed by fire. The few volumes that escaped destruction are very unlikely to be at any time disposed of, so that, looking to the large prices the great romancer's letters bring at public auction, books with his autograph inscription must not only be of considerable value now but must undoubtedly rise in a very few years to fabulous prices.

So much has been said relative to the purchase of the old homestead of the poet, Whittier, that it is of interest to know that the place is not for sale and cannot be bought. The estate is owned by a gentleman of Haverhill, who has declined to part with it under any circumstances, and naturally feels somewhat aggrieved that he was not consulted before the plan of buying the place and preserving it as a perpetual memorial had received such wide publicity. The friends of the movement will, however, be pleased to hear that the owner of the old Whittier home is deeply interested in the preservation of the house and all its surroundings, and has made arrangements for the reception of all visitors who may chance to present themselves.

A FEW years ago Retif de la Bretonne's books could be picked up on the quays at Paris for a song. Les bibliophiles ont changés tout cela. A copy of the 'Monument du costumes physique et moral de la fin du XVIIIe Siècle,' is priced in Belin's latest catalogue 1100 francs!

AN Oxonian tells the following story to show how completely ignorant a very learned man can manage to be of what almost everybody else knows: One of the Professors in the University of Oxford was in conversation with a friend who happened to refer in a general way to the great novelist, Thackeray, and was much surprised to see that the Professor did not understand. "Why," said the friend, "don't you remember the author of 'Vanity Fair?'" "Oh, yes!" said the Professor, "Bunyan; clever, but not orthodox."

THE expression "Every schoolboy knows" is usually spoken of as an original one of Lord Macaulay's. It may, therefore, be of some interest to note that the following sentence occurs on p. 114 of the *Christian Observer* for 1808, in an editorial review of a 'Vindication of the Hindoos,' by "A Bengal Officer": "It is beneath the dignity of criticism to stoop to the refutation of positions which every schoolboy could shake to pieces." The *Christian Observer*, it should be remembered, was edited by Zachary Macaulay, father of the historian.

THE memoirs of Henri Heine appear in dribblets. The *Revue Illustrée* gives extracts from them, translated from German papers. Among Heine's queer sayings the following specimens may be taken for what they are worth:

"It seems to me that the mission of the Germans in Paris is to preserve me from homesickness."

"Germans, like exported beer, don't improve abroad."

"In my nature I am extremely pacific. My desires are very simple; an humble cottage, a good bed, a good table, and very fresh butter and milk. In front of the window a few flowers; in front of the door a few fine trees, and, if Divine Providence should decide to heap benefits upon me, He will do me the favor of letting me see the hanging of six or seven of my enemies, but not before they are hanged. I am by no means vindictive; I want to love my enemies, but I can't love them before I get square with them. After that my heart will be opened for them."

When some Germans asked him why he did not become a naturalized Frenchman, he replied; "I have never been naturalized for fear of loving France less, just as one becomes colder toward a woman you love after having married her."

IN a recent London catalogue the following acrostic, written to Grace Joanna Williams, in the autograph of Charles Lamb is offered for sale:—

Go little poem, and present
Respectful terms of compliment.
A Gentle Lady bids thee speak;
Courteous is *She* though *Thou* be weak.
Evoke from Heav'n, as thick as Manna.
Joy after joy on GRACE JOANNA.
On Fornham's glebe and pasture land
A blessing ray. Long, long may stand.
Not touch'd by time, the Rectory blithe;
No grudging churl dispute his tythe,
At Easter be the offerings due.
With cheerful spirit paid. Each pew
In decent order fill'd. No noise
Loud intervenes to drown the voice,
Learning or wisdom, of the Teacher,
Impressive be the Sacred Preacher.
And strict his notes on Holy Page.
May young and old from age to age
Salute, and still point out the "Good Man's Parsonage."

THERE is no doubt that MSS. suffer from exposure to light. But there must be exhibition in public galleries, if the collections are to be made instructive. Of course all precautions will be taken to prevent sunlight falling directly on the exhibits. A volume stands in better case than a separate document—it can be opened at different pages from time to time; and when the volume is an illuminated MS., the change is of the greatest importance. Colors are naturally more evanescent than ink; and, therefore, special care should be taken to watch for any sign of fading. If withdrawn in time, colors will often revive by exclusion from the light. Separate documents, such as autographs and rare historical papers, have, so to say, only one life. If they fade or are otherwise injured by exposure, some may be replaced by documents of equal interest, but others are unique, and no substitute can supply their place in the eyes of the public. Fortunately photography here comes to the rescue; and at the present day most perfect facsimiles can be made for exhibition. For example, it has been found necessary to withdraw Magna Charta and the Shakspeare mortgage-deed from exhibition in the British Museum, and to replace them by photographic facsimiles.

The Bookmart.

April, 1888.

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THE printed prices of the Autograph Sale of Major Ben. Perley Poore have been published, and all orders for them gone forward. The price of this Supplement is 75cts. and that of the Trivulzio Supplement of prices 50cts., which by an error in March Number read 75cts.

THE Sale of the Library of the late Baroness Fahrenberg, to be sold by Messrs. Geo. A. Leavitt & Co. on March 14, 15 and 16, was postponed to a later date on account of the great snow storm that struck the city of New York, which completely disabled the city for a few days.

WE invite attention to the Sales of Messrs. Ezekiel & Bernheim, Auctioneers, Cincinnati, Ohio. This month they will forward Catalogues on request to any one interested in Book Auction Sales and are buying books generally or special lines.

WE are sorry to state that the branch house of Gammel's Old Book Store at Sacramento, Cal., will be removed to Austin, Texas, on account of the continued ill health of the manager. All mail matter should be addressed to Austin after the 5th of April.

THE Art collection of Mr. Henry F. Chapman, Jr., of Brooklyn, will be sold by the American Art Association, No. 6 East 23rd St., New York, April 13 and 14.

SPECIAL NOTES.

MR. FRANCIS P. HARPER of 4 Barclay St., New York, has been very successful in hunting up "books wanted." As his figures are moderate, booksellers, librarians, and private parties would do well to send him a list of any books they may be in search of. He is constantly mailing manuscript lists to collectors on special subjects thus giving parties residing out of town an equal chance with New York buyers to secure desirable books. Priced Monthly Catalogues issued and sent to book-buyers free.

BOOK REVIEWS.

'Lyrics of the Ideal and the Real.' By Coates Kinney. Robert Clarke & Co Cincinnati.

This little book does not come with a flourish of trumpets, and there is nothing in its external aspect to kindle the expectations of the reader. Mr. Kinney's name is not widely known; for my part, I have never before come across a volume of his inditing; though I believe the lyric 'Rain on the Roof,' dated 1849, is mentioned in the anthologies. He must by this time be a man of sixty years of age or more; and it is scarcely possible that he has made his living by literature. And yet he has the gifts of imagination, passion and spiritual insight that are entrusted only to poets, and of which the poetasters and versifiers of the day possess no trace. His book is profoundly interesting. It expands the brain and touches the heart. It is genuine thought and feeling uttered with strength, beauty and tenderness. It does not at all resemble any contemporary volume of verse. Its forms are always simple, and sometimes rugged or harsh. The writer is reticent, and yet few poets have so effectively communicated their inmost souls to the reader—if the reader have apprehension to receive the communication. He has felt or sympathised with all the deeper human thoughts and emotions: the story of the longings, the regrets, the love, the fear and hope of human beings is reflected in these few pages. The deep speculations of philosophy, the intuitions of religion, the homely pathos and tenderness of daily life, the charm of fancy and the splendor of imaginative revery, find their echo here. It is a book to be felt and acknowledged rather than read. Its prevailing tone is grave and sad; but there is in it an inner voice of hope and consolation. It can all be read in an hour; but by the true reader it will never be forgotten.

The opening poem discusses the mystery of God and man, under the form of a dialogue of the soul with itself,—of the positive with the negative view of life. The incomprehensibility of the universe its seeming lack of all relation to man, are dwelt upon:—

"This, this is life. Is life, then, worth the living?
This plotting for his freedom by the slave!
This agony of loving and forgiving!
This effort of the coward to be brave!"

All worlds of matter, all the world of spirit,
How these are one, eternal, increase—
Soul cannot clutch it, sense come never near it;
It is unthinkable, and it is Fate!

How these immensities dwarf and obscure us;
What, what are we amid such scenes as these?
Our Earth unguessed in planets of Aroturus,
Undreamed in orbs around the Pleiades!

By such infinitudes of distance bounded
(These chasms of darkness that no light can leap)
We seem a dream with glooms of sleep surrounded—
"Our little life is rounded with a sleep!"

The reply to this lament embodies the poet's conception of creation,—that the universe is, in a mystic

sense, the dream of God, who dreams the evolutions of systems, worlds, and all the various forms of life, up to man, and the self-consciousness of the human brain, which is capable of endless development and expansion.—

Here, in the self of Me, here wakes the Dreamer,
Wakes and shall wake as the brain shall unfold;
Here is the Christ of God, here the Redeemer,
Spirit incarnate, that Faith has foretold.

When, through heredity raised and perfected,
Faculties now in the germ shall have bloomed,
All the forgotten shall be recollected,
All that is buried shall be disinterred.

Whatso has ever with being been gifted,
Since the first givings of being began,
Living again shall be gathered and lifted
Into the sovereign consciousness, Man.

So shall he read the soul's mystery-story,
Turning the pages from star back to star,
Now in the gloom and again in the glory,
Till he shall come where the last secrets are.

Yet shall he, ere that divine consummation,
All the career of existence have run,
World after world, to his last habitation,
Seraph of light, on the ultimate sun;

Sun, of the globes of all systems compacted,
Orb, of all motion the centre and rest,
(Time to a moment eternal contracted)
Goal of all spirits immortal and blest.

They shall be one, though their number be legion,
And with one consciousness they shall revive
Into the bliss of that radiant region,
All of the past that was ever alive.

Thus we shall share in the last resurrection;
So shall the minds of the angels recall
Us and all creatures, and that recollection
Be the salvation in heaven for all.

But against this view, pessimism adduces the tragedy and waste of individual life, the meaninglessness of our distinctions between good and evil:—

What is better or worse,
Where all only seems?
What is blessing or curse,
In drama of dreams?

What is saintship or sin?
To climb or to fall,
Or to lose or to win?
The One lives it all.

Optimism perceives the harmony beneath the discord.

"No! the seeming is thine;
For, could all the mass
Of the universe shine
Through thy little glass;

Couldst thou know what beginning
To what end belongs;
Couldst thou witness Fate spinning
The Right out of wrongs,—

—could this be realized, despair would vanish. The beneficent destiny decreed to mankind exterminates the wrongs perpetrated by the individual. —"But shall *my* soul be saved, in this impersonal redemption?" exclaims the pessimist. The answer

is that the complete knowledge of the future regenerate man is the actual immortality of the lives that have been lived.

And, if far-future man
Remember so me,
From the hour I began
Till ceasing to be—

So revive me, so live me,
So breathe my soul's breath—
What is that but to give me
Sure triumph o'er death?

Whatever may be thought of the philosophy of this remarkable poem, the largeness of its scope and treatment cannot be questioned: and Mr. Kinney has no need to fear comparison with Tennyson's 'Two Voices' on the score of originality, earnestness and depth. But Mr. Coates can touch quite other chords. There have been many poems written about children, but not often have they come so straight from the heart, or do they go to it so irresistibly, as in these simple and artless lines.—

A gap is in our fireside-ring
The wideness of a tiny tomb;
A prattle sweet as birds can sing
Has left its hush in every room.

(The italics are, of course, mine.)

Our hearts long for the pretty charms
Of babish questions manifold,
And for the little hugging arms
Now locked across a bosom cold.

The bright hair and the eyes that beamed
So wondrously, O, how we miss!
And, O, the loving lips! that seemed
Fashioned so purposely to kiss.

As they who, yearning over sea,
Grow homesick for their land and kin,
So we grow heaven-sick to be
In that far land our love is in.

Who that has lost a child can read these verses unmoved? They say it all.

It is only possible, in a brief article like this, to do more than call attention to these poems; they cannot all be instanced and described. Let those who have known anything of the tragic side of life, read 'The Haunting Voice,' which is but a lyric—an episode—and yet is so expressed as to cover one whole dark phase of human experience. In the very next poem to this, 'Consummation' occur these two striking verses, which I quote merely for the imaginative power that is in them.—

Death had sunk the world from under my feet;
Love had given thee wings to fly;
And we met as the dawn and the darkness meet—
Thou the dawn, and the darkness I.

Love wrought the miracle of raising the dead:
Though on the tomb the seal had been put,
Thine eyes to my buried pas ion said,
'Come forth!' and it came, bound hand and foot.

My last quotation shall be from the blank-verse poem, 'The Shepherds of the Advent': it describes the vision of the announcing angel and of the heavenly host, and is a splendid picture powerfully drawn.—

—A glare

As all the stars were gathered to one blaze
And flashed down on the hills! A rush of wings!
An instant there before the shepherds stood
An angel of the Lord. A great fear smote
Their souls. But with quick voice, like a harp
Struck suddenly, the angel reassured
Their hearts, delivering the great Glad-Tidings;
And "Hallelulah! hallelulah! peace
On earth, good will to men!" burst forth at once
With apparition of majestic angels,
That now, clad in the uniform of glory,
Revealed their splendors like a lightning-flash
Of rainbows, up, rank over rank, until
The narrowing vista of their radiant lines
Seemed closed upon the very throne of God.

Quick as a change in dreams the vault was vacant
Again of all except the stars.

I am sorry Mr. Kinney has been so taciturn. We could better have spared many a louder and many a more artfully modulated voice. But what he has done will last.

'The Truth about Tristrem Varick.' By Edgar Saltus. (Belford, Clarke & Co.)

Mr. Saltus's materials are not idyllic. He has a rape, a murder and a suicide in his short story, not to mention a rich husband who disinherits his son (Tristrem) because he suspects that his wife begot him irregularly. Tristrem suspected that his father did not like him, but knew the reason only after the old gentleman's death, which gave him access to some love letters which his mother had written to a man who was not her husband. Meanwhile Tristrem had lost his heart to a beautiful young lady with a remarkable singing voice, who snubs him, but suddenly offers to marry him—just after a mysterious emotional interview with a married gentleman, a friend of Tristrem's. They are to pass the summer together—she and Tristrem—at a seaside resort. Tristrem goes there to join her; she has gone out for a ride; the mother receives him. Presently the girl returns, having seemingly been thrown from her horse. It afterwards turns out that she has been assaulted by the married gentleman. Tristrem's father dies that night, and he goes back to New York to attend his funeral, without seeing his mistress. After becoming acquainted with the disagreeable doubts as to his paternity that await him there, he learns that his mistress has decided not to marry him. He returns to the seaside to induce her to modify her decision; she has disappeared. He chases her over Europe; finally an artist whose acquaintance he makes relates a little anecdote about a pretty girl whose portrait he recently painted by stealth, and who, the next day, was brought to bed of a child at the hotel where they were both stopping. Tristrem is shown the portrait, and recognises his lady love. He puts two and two together, and realises the truth. He sails for New York, hunts up his married friend, taxes him with his crime, and stabs him to death with an Italian dagger, no bigger than a knitting-needle, which leaves no sign of a wound. Then he repairs to the house of the young lady, and tells her what he has done.

The chief thing to object to in all this, is not the elements that enter into the story, which are of course susceptible of being so treated as to produce a powerful and even edifying effect; but to the fact that Mr. Saltus's treatment of them is throughout flip-pant, shallow and smart. He polishes pigmy epigrams, and snickers over his tragedy, without seeming to understand that he thereby renders it obscene and vulgar. He has, too, as his previous novel also showed, no adequate conception of character: his persons are mere names, and all talk alike, and all like the author himself. However, this is not a vital matter; it is a question of taste and ability, in which Mr. Saltus is not to blame for being deficient. He has his felicities and his clevernesses, too, and if he had stopped there, he would be chargeable with nothing worse than folly and immaturity. Unfortunately, he cannot let well (or not-hepelessly-bad) alone. He has, it would seem, a reputation to maintain. This reputation is based upon certain previous imbecilities of his,—a work on pessimism, in short, made up of a number of undigested extracts from German philosophies, with a running sophomorical commentary. His work, therefore, must by all means end pessimistically. Now, there is nothing necessarily pessimistic in a young lady being assaulted by a married man, or in the latter being murdered in consequence by the lover of the former. Such things occur every day, and are entirely compatible with the essential goodness of human nature. No! human nature itself must be blackened. But Mr. Saltus has not the faintest knowledge of the contents of human nature: how then shall he blacken it? His method is touchingly simple; he belies it. When Tristrem informs his mistress that he has "removed" her violator, she, so far from exhibiting any signs of relief, gratitude, or even hysteric agitation, gives him to know very spitefully that he has his labor for his pains; that she loved the gentleman in question, and had done so all along. Thus does Mr. Saltus obtain his sensation. Now, it is not inconceivable that a girl who has been merely seduced by a man may love him notwithstanding; nay, we may go farther, and hazard a guess that she might love him (to call it love) if he had constrained her by physical force instead of by false persuasions. But no young lady—especially no highly refined and spirited young lady such as this—will love a man who has not only ravished her, and got her with child, but who, from that time forward, dismissed her from his mind, and when she was recalled to him, spoke of her with the coarsest and most brutal levity. Ladies will endure much, if properly managed, but they do not like to have their ruin and shame made the subject of joking in public by their betrayer. Mr. Saltus's experience, it would seem, has been the other way. Seriously, Mr. Saltus should give up playing at being a sad naughty boy, and try to think and see something before publishing another book. He is wrestling with subjects altogether beyond him.

'Ashes of the Future.' By E. Heron Allen

(Belford, Clarke & Co.) This little story is charmingly written, and its movement is direct and unaffected: it is morbid and melancholy, to be sure, but it is effective in its way, and, as a first effort in fiction, certainly deserves praise. In its beginning it somewhat reminds one of the opening of 'Guy Livingstone': but it is less extravagant than that famous extravaganza, and much more artistic in method and form. The school-life at Harrow is pleasantly indicated: and the early period of Sylvester Grey, the hero, is well portrayed. He is made an Admirable Crichton, but he is scarcely outside of human nature. The crime in which he becomes entangled is treated with reticence and artistic feeling: and the great passion of his later life is made to seem natural and possible, on the romantic plane on which the whole story is placed. The singular incredulity of his mistress, and her whole personality, are comparatively new and original: they are points which promise well for the writer's future. Mr. Heron Allen has great talent, and the artistic temperament; what he may write should be worth reading.

'Mr. Barnes of New York.' By A. C. Gunter. 'Mr. Potter of Texas.' Same author. (New York) These are the most popular novels of the last eighteen months. The first is a rattling good story, full of capital situations, dramatic, brisk and clever: it will make an excellent play, and deserves its success. 'Mr. Potter' is not one tenth so good: the plot is labyrinthine and unnatural, and the characters impossible. There "never was no such a person" as Potter of Texas; and as to the love episode, the young Englishman could not have failed to fall in love with the lady, under the circumstances described: and even if he had failed to do so, she never would have taken so vulgar and stupid a revenge on him. One regrets the time spent in reading the latter book. Mr. Gunter, it appears, has made about thirty thousand dollars out of his two novels, and he may do as well with a third: but when he comes to the fourth, he should revert to his earliest manner. The public will not stand many repetitions of the 'Potter' style. The books are published by the author himself.

'Mes Amours.' By Selina Dolaro. (Belford, Clarke & Co.) This is a pretty, clever, and amusing piece of audacity by a favorite actress, who evidently adds wit and humor to her other attractions. She has published a selection from the love-poems addressed to her by her various lovers, with running commentaries of her own between the lines. The airy cynicism of the whole thing is entertaining, and there is a seductive portrait of the lady herself on the cover. Names are omitted: but the acute and sagacious reader will venture a guess here and there. Interspersed with the poems are a few pen-and-ink sketches, some of them piquant to a degree. The little book is one which adds a new terror to love, but which all susceptible young gentlemen will be anxious to possess. It is beautifully got up.

'John Bull, Jr.; or, French as She is Traded.' By Max O'Rell. (Cassell & Co.) Mr. Geo. Cary Eggleston, who writes an introduction for the American Edition of this volume, calls it the best of the author's works. It is certainly one of the best bits of reading I have lately happened upon. Max O'Rell, who taught French to English boys, made notes of his observations of them and their ways, and being a man of wit, brains and insight, he has made a unique and invaluable book, and, incidentally, an excruciatingly funny one. The matter is much aided by being split up into separate paragraphs of from one to twenty lines: it is full of delicious anecdotes, hot from the life: and then there is a great deal of compact wisdom, the fruit of thought and experience, so lightly and epigrammatically expressed that you smile even in the midst of your edification. Whoever reads this book and digests it will understand more of the nature of boys than many a father of a family: no intending schoolmaster can afford to be without it: and whoever wants to learn some esoteric secrets of the French language will find them in these pages and nowhere else. Boys themselves will devour the book like a romance of African adventure or West Indian Piracy: and withal there is no ill-nature and no misrepresentation.

JULIAN HAWTHORNE.

AMERICAN NOTES.

SIDNEY LUSKA's novel, 'Mrs. Peixada,' has been translated into French by the Countess Dillon.

MESSRS. R. S. PEALE & Co., of Chicago, will publish Mr. Donnelly's 'The Great Cryptogram' on May 1st. We learn with mingled awe and amusement that there are 1,000 pages of the stuff.

AMELIE RIVES contributes her first novel 'The Quick or the Dead?' to *Lippincott's Magazine* for April. It is described as full of passion and interest. A portrait of the authoress, and a biographical sketch by an intimate friend, form other attractions of the number.

T. Y. CROWELL & Co. will shortly add to their series of "Famous" books 'Famous American Statesmen,' by Sarah K. Bolton, and a 'Life of General La Fayette' for young people, by Lydia Hoyt Farmer.

R. L. STEVENSON will shortly produce two books—'The Master of Ballantrae,' and 'Harry Shovel,' a romance of the Peninsular War.

FORTHCOMING volumes of the "American Statesmen Series" are 'Gouverneur Morris,' by Theodore Roosevelt; and 'Martin Van Buren,' by William Dorsheimer.

G. W. DILLINGHAM has just published Renan's 'Abbess of Jouarre,' and a novel, 'The Mysterious Doctor.'

D. APPLETON & Co. will publish, in May, or early in June, Dr. Mombert's 'History of Charles the Great' (Charlemagne), a work long in preparation, and designed to fill a hitherto vacant place in English literature.

G. P. PUTNUM'S Sons publish a new illustrated edition of 'Baron Munchausen' in blue and gold covers. The book is small enough to be slipped into the pocket.

HENRY HOLT & Co. have issued in their "Leisure Hour Series" Mrs. Alexander's latest novel, 'A Life Interest.'

THE Dramatic Publishing Company has issued a little pamphlet containing Henry Irving's 'Art of Acting.'

TICKNOR has issued Edgar Fawcett's 'Adventures of a Widow' and Howells's 'Indian Summer' in the cheaper form of the paper series.

ONE of the forthcoming volumes of the series of "Canterbury Poets" is being edited by Prof. C.G.D. Roberts, of Kings College, Nova Scotia. It is to be called 'Poems of Wild Life,' and will include a large number of selections from American and Canadian poetry.

ROBERTS BROS. have in preparation Caroline H. Dall's 'Life of Dr. Goshee,' a high-caste Hindoo woman; W. P. Atkinson's 'The Study of Politics'; Cleiden's 'Early Life of Samuel Rogers'; a new volume of Walter Savage Landor's prose writings, including the 'Pentameron and Pentalogia,' etc.; and the autobiography of 'Adelaide Riston' and Charlotte M. Yonge's 'Hannah More,' in the "Famous Women Series." The forthcoming Balzac books include 'Modeste Mignon,' 'Cousin Bette,' 'Pean de Chagrin,' 'Louis Lambert,' and 'Seraphita.'

The Chautauquan for April presents the following table of contents: 'Bones and Muscles,' by C. Fred Pollock, M.D., F.R.S.E.; 'Recent French Literature,' by William Price, B.A.; Sunday Readings; 'Literature of the Far East,' by Justin A. Smith, D.D.; 'American Shipping,' by Henry Hall; 'The Money We Use,' by Henry C. Adams, Ph.D.; 'Plant Life at Work,' by Byron D. Halsted, Sc.D.; 'Life and Manners,' by the Rev. Lyman Abbott, D.D.; 'Explorations in Unknown Territories,' by General A. W. Greeley, Chief of the United States Signal Office; 'The Art Year,' by Clarence Cook; 'Apotheosis from Victor Hugo's *Les Misérables*,' 'On the Mighty Yang-tze Kiang,' by Bishop H. W. Warren, LL.D.; 'Madame Boucicaut and the Bon Marché,' by Caroline M. Baker; 'The Decay of Public Morals,' by Bishop A. Cleveland Cox; 'More Work for Women,' by Susan Hayes Ward. The usual departments receive full space.

A VOLUME of verse translated from the German by Dr F. H. Hedge and Mrs. A. L. Wister is in the press of Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Some original poems by Dr. Hedge will be included and the book will be published under the title of 'Metrical Translations and Poems.'

DR. GARDINI, the husband of Madame Gerster, has lately published in Italy a two volume work on the United States. It has illustrations and maps. The order of the Crown of Italy has been conferred upon him in recognition of his literary feat.

ONLY 500 copies will be issued of the proposed edition de luxe of the letters and other writings of Christopher Columbus relating to the discovery of America. The approaching 800th anniversary of the discovery is to be celebrated by the publication of this work.

THE fifth part of Prof. Child's splendid edition of 'English and Scottish Ballads' is coming from the Riverside Press.

The Bibliographer and Reference List, a new periodical devoted to current bibliography, and designed as a handy help to aid booksellers, librarians, and bookbuyers generally in making selections, will make its appearance on May 1. No. 1 will be devoted to the history of literature, and No. 2, the June number, to elocution and oratory.

CUPPLES & HURD published in March two genealogical works, one being the sixth edition of 'Ancestral Tablets,' the other, 'How To Write the History of a Family,' by W. P. W. Phillimore, M.A., B.C.L.; also, 'What Shall Make Us Whole?' a contribution throwing light on mental healing; and 'Thomas Carlyle's Counsels to a Literary Aspirant, and What Came of them: A Letter of 1842.'

J. S. OGHVIE & Co. are publishing 'Cell 13,' by Edwin H. Trafton, a Nihilist episode in the secret history of New York and St. Petersburg, culminating in the assassination of Alexander II.; and 'Mr. Perkins of New Jersey,' by Gay Parker.

DODD, MEAD & Co. have in press a new story, by Amelia E. Barr, 'Master of His Fate.' Work on their 'International Cyclopædia' is constantly going on, and the work is with each printing revised to date.

RAND, AVERY & Co. announce the 51st thousand of the Moses King collection of 'Student Songs.'

FORDS, HOWARD & HULBERT publish 'Black Ice,' by Judge Tourgee.

A. C. McCLURG & Co. will soon publish a detailed account of six hundred miles' canoeing down the Rock, Fox, and Wisconsin rivers, by R. G. Thwaites, entitled 'Historic Waterways.'

HARPER & BROTHERS will soon publish the collected stories of Amélie Rives.

PALMER COX'S 'Brownie' book has reached its thirteenth edition.

JOHN BARTLETT'S Shakspeare Concordance is now in press. It is very complete, and the passages referred to are so fully given as to obviate the necessity of reference to the plays themselves.

FOREIGN NOTES.

M. ZOLA is at work on a new novel to be called 'Un Rêve.'

M. CALMANN LEVY announces 'Les Amies de Balzac' by M. Gabriel Ferry.

HERR HERTZ of Berlin, has in press the first volume of a new biography of Schiller by M. Otto Brahm.

MM. HACHETTE have published a study of Beaumarchais, by M. Lintilhac. It is entitled 'Beaumarchais et ses Œuvres; précis de sa vie et histoire de son esprit, d'après des documents inédits.'

M. JULES LEMAITRE has published through MM. Lecène & Oudin the first series of his 'impressions de théâtre.' The volume includes chapters on Cornelle, Molière, Racine, Shakspeare, Murger, G. Sand, A. de Musset, A. Dumas fils, Méilhac, Halévy, Tolstol and Gondinet.

JOHN MURRAY, London, is about to issue a cheap edition of the two most popular works of George Borrow, 'The Bible in Spain' and 'The Gypsies of Spain.' They will be published at half-a-crown each.

DR. J. K. INGRAM's 'Outlines of the History of Political Economy,' the substance of which appeared in a recent volume of the 'Encyclopædia Britannica,' will be published shortly by Messrs. A. & C. Black.

MR. JOSEPH THOMSON, the African traveller, has written a novel in conjunction with Miss Harris-Smith. It will be entitled 'Illu: an African Romance,' and will be published in two volumes by Messrs. Sampson Low & Co. The same firm will be the publishers of Mr. A. Agassiz's work, 'Three Cruises of U. S. Coast and Geodetic Survey Steamer Blake, in the Gulf of Mexico, in the Caribbean Sea, and along the Atlantic Coast of the United States, from 1877 to 1880.

MADAME PATTI has announced that she is preparing her autobiography and that it will soon be published in Paris and London.

THE latest outcome of the Donnelly-Bacon craze is 'Dethroning Shakspeare,' published by Sampson Low & Co. It is edited by Mr. R. M. Theobald, the Hon. Secretary to the Bacon Society.

MESSRS. J. S. VIRTUE & Co. announce, as a reissue, a library edition of 'Knight's Pictorial Shakspeare,' in eight monthly volumes, at 6s. Each volume will contain about 500 pages of text, and 150 illustrations, by Sir Joshua Reynolds, P.R.A.; C. W. Cope, R.A.; C. R. Leslie, R.A.; G. S. Newton, R.A.; Richard Redgrave, R.A.; J. M. W. Turner, R.A.; Frank Stone, A.R.A.; Sir J. Noel Paton, R.S.A., and others.

MESSRS. ASHER & Co. announce an important work on Greek and Roman Sculpture, projected by Mr. Friedrich Bruckmann, of Munich, already famous for the production of many *éditions de luxe*. It is entitled 'Denkmäler Griechischer und Römischer Sculptur,' historically arranged under the direction of Heinrich Brunn, and edited by Friedrich Bruckmann. It will be an imperial folio, with phototype illustrations taken direct from famous specimens in various museums, and is to be issued in eighty parts.

'The Goths,' by Henry Bradley, will be published immediately by Mr. T. Fisher Unwin in 'The Story of the Nations' series. The author claims for this volume that it is the first English book expressly treating of the history of the Goths.

THOSE who are interested in the study of Polybius will be glad to know that Mr. J. L. Strachan-Davidson of Balliol College, Oxford, will very shortly issue his 'Selections from Polybius,' through the Clarendon Press. It will form a substantial 8vo volume, and has been well furnished with Prolegomena and Appendices.

UNDER the quaint title of 'In Praise of Ale; or, Songs, Ballads, Epigrams, and Anecdotes relating to Beer, Malt, and Hops,' bringing with it pleasant reminiscences of Rabelaisian 'Toss-pots,' Mr. W. T. Marchant will shortly issue his collection of songs on ale. He also promises some curious particulars concerning Ale-wives and Brewers, Drinking-Clubs and Customs. Mr. George Redway is the publisher.

MESSRS. TRUBNER & Co. have in the press an Arabic-English dictionary on a new system, by Mr. H. A. Salmoné. It will be published under the patronage of the Government of India, and the price will be less than a guinea. The same firm have in preparation 'A Season in Egypt, 1887,' by Mr. W. M. Flinders Petrie, and 'The Evolution of the Chinese Language,' by Dr. Joseph Edkins.

A COLLECTED edition of the works of Dean Church is contemplated by Messrs. Macmillan & Co., and the first volume is already published. In general appearance the edition resembles the collected editions of the works of Emerson and John Morley. It is sold at 5s. per volume.

AN epic poem, entitled 'The City of Dream,' by Robert Buchanan, has just been published by Messrs. Chatto & Windus. It is dedicated "to the sainted spirit of John Bunyan." (Pp. 360, cl., 6s.)

MR. FISHER UNWIN's well known "Story of the Nation Series" has received an addition in a 'History of the Goths,' by Henry Bradley. It extends from the earliest times to the Gothic dominion in Spain, and is replete with maps, illustrations, &c. (Pp. 376, 5s.)

MESSRS. MARPON ET FLAMMARION, Paris, have issued J. Michelet's 'Mon Journal, 1820-23,' a series of literary memoranda arranged in chronological order. These are followed by a list of the books which were read by the celebrated historian from June 1818 to February 1820. From this time, Michelet ceased, he says, to take note of his historical readings, his choice being no longer free, as special readings were required for the epochs he was engaged upon.

FIFTY-NINE volumes are now to be found in Morley's Universal Library (Routledge). These include many of the best classics in the English tongue, each prefaced by an introduction, biographical and critical. The newest volume consists of 'Isaak Walton's Lives' of Donne, Wotton, Hooker, and Herbert. Volumes in the same series immediately preceding these ever-welcome lives are 'Euripides: the Bacchanals, and other plays,' and Hooker's 'Ecclesiastical Polity.' Professor H. Morley leaves nothing untried in making the library educationally useful.

'THE PREMIER AND THE PAINTER,' by J. Freeman Bell, a fantastic romance of an entirely new type, is announced by Mr. Spencer Blackett.

MR. ELLIOT STOCK announces that the next volume of the "Book Lover's Library" will be a collection of Noodle Stories, by Mr. W. A. Clouston, author of 'The Story of Sindibad.'

GENERAL NOTES.

MESSRS. WHITE & ALLEN, of New York, have opened a London branch under the management of Mr. W. C. Edwards.

How is it that the pirates have neglected 'The Mystery of a Hansom Cab?' It is said to be in its 215th thousand in London.

SOME years since the firm of Chapman & Hall, Dickens's publishers, became a limited liability company. The last annual report states that the gross profits of the year amounted to \$73,575, and

the expenses to \$33,790. A dividend of seven per cent. was declared.

MESSRS. NELSON & SONS, of London, intimate that having, through inadvertence, recently published an edition of Darwin's 'Voyage of a Naturalist,' the copyright of which has not yet expired, they have withdrawn the edition.

FROM Herr Stargardt, of Berlin, we have received 'Sammlung von Autographen berühmter Fürsten, Staatsmänner, Dichter, Gelehrten, Mäner, Componisten, etc., a pamphlet of 80 pp., royal 4to, (price 2 mark*), a handsome catalogue of autographs and portraits which contains many articles of interest to American collectors.

In the *Critic* of March 17th will be found a bibliography, compiled by Mr. Caspar, of Milwaukee, of the more important works on Volapük. It includes 6 works in English, 23 in German, 4 in French, 119 in "other languages," 7 in Volapük, 7 "critical works," 10 periodical publications, and 5 forthcoming and announced works.

THE discovery of ancient documents in a little corner room, or "tumbledown cobwebbed attic," of what remains of the old Guildhall at Stratford-on-Avon aroused a flutter of expectation among Shaksperian students both in the Old and New Worlds. From the days of Steevens and Malone to those of Charles Knight and Dr. Ingleby, much ransacking of the Stratford archives has been going on, with results which, though not without interest, bear but a slight proportion to the labor expended on them. Many years ago, before the local authorities unwisely took to snubbing Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps, he took in hand the task of examining and arranging the Stratford town papers, which then consisted, as he has previously told us, of "thousands of documents, many crumpled and slightly mutilated, which had been collected into boxes, the ancient ones tangled with the modern in wild confusion." The records of the Guild are described by him as "not of the least Shakspeare biographical value," and Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps now says that some few years ago he made a minute examination of the little apartment in which these newly-revealed papers were found. "There is not a single paper in that collection," he tells us, "which alludes in any way to the national poet." His appeal to the people of Stratford will, we trust, be heeded by them. The really serious part of the business is that it is impossible to avoid a suspicion that the Stratford authorities are not fit custodians of their ancient documents. Only two years ago an eminent Shakspeare scholar was able to secure at a public auction sixty-six mediæval records, all relating to Stratford-on-Avon, and all as valuable as those in possession of the town, at the rate of thirty cents a piece.

In the library at Trèves has been discovered a MS. poem by Richard Coeur de Lion, 'Saint Nonna et son fils Devy.'

A NEW device for holding books open at a given place is thus described in *Library Notes*:—"It is a neat silk bag, 25 cm. long, and about as large round as the finger, filled with fine shot. The fringed ends are tied with bright ribbon, and a seam through the centre of the bag divides it into two shot tubes, each not much larger than a large pencil. Its great merit is that it adapts itself somewhat to the curve of the book as no solid metal weight can. It is cheap, and

the shot gives great weight in the smallest compass."

MR. RENART of Paris, publishes at 8 francs a volume containing the addresses of 10,000 French collectors of books, autographs, bric-a-brac, &c. Here is a chance for an enterprising American. Such a compilation would have a large sale not only in America but in England and on the Continent, and would be purchased not only by the different trades interested, but by a large number of collectors themselves.

COLERIDGE'S 'Marginalia' were, in the estimation of Charles Lamb, of a kind that might tempt a bibliomaniac to lend a favorite volume—albeit pencil scribbles in books are not as a rule to be commended. Some of them indeed are well known to the world; others are still unknown, and it is of these that Mr. W. F. Taylor has made a collection which are to be published in a volume for subscribers by Mr. David Nutt, of London. The works from which these annotations are taken are described as belonging to poetry, history, philosophy, religion, and metaphysics, and the notes are said to possess in some instances a strong autobiographical interest.

A POEM, hitherto unpublished, by M. Victor Hugo, appears in the March number of *Le Livre*. It consists of four six line stanzas and is entitled 'A Elle.'

MESSRS. F. MULLER & Co. of Amsterdam, have issued a highly interesting catalogue, pp. 157, of historical books. It includes an excellent collection of Americana.

THE editors of the *Critic* assert that Mr. Edgar Fawcett is "taken very lightly on this side of 'the frog-pond.'" People who take Mr. Edgar Fawcett "lightly" must indeed be giants.

"NEW JERSEY" sends us the following note: the state librarian of New Jersey, in his latest annual report says that the state library has been presented with a copy of Livy, printed at Basel Switzerland, in 1535. And he adds this surprising bit of information, which will doubtless interest the readers of THE BOOKMART: "It is supposed to be the oldest printed book in America, except the celebrated Gutenberg Bible of 1457, purchased by Mr. Brayton Ives, of New York, for \$15,000." When it is considered—which perhaps it may be unnecessary to remark—that the state librarian of New Jersey is chosen with reference to his past political services, rather than for his special fitness for the place, his remarkable familiarity with books, as indicated by the quotation above, is worth noticing.

In their "Globe Library" Messrs. Rand, McNally & Co., of Chicago, have recently published:—'Marvel,' a novel in 'the Duchess's' best vein; 'A Baton for a Heart,' by "Beaval," which in *Vanity Fair's* column 'Books to Read and Otherwise' would come under "Otherwise"; 'A Prince of the Blood,' by James Payn, a capital story in a new vein for that author; 'Marsa' a delightful novelette—a translation of 'Prince Zilah'—by Jules Claretie; 'A False Start,' one of "Breezie Langton" Hawley Smart's characteristic sporting yarns; 'The Story of Anthony Grace,' a Dickens like, Copperfieldian novel by Manville Fenn; 'A Life Interest,' an extremely unpleasant study of a wicked step-mother by Mrs. Alexander; and 'Jack and Three Gills' one of F. C. Phillips's least happy efforts.

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Badger, Mrs. of Natick, Statement of facts relative to the last will of which was disallowed on the final hearing, by the principal legatees, 8vo, pp. 64, Dedham, 1824, 20c.

Barclay, Rev. Cuthbert C., Sermon on the Times, Preached in St. Thomas Church Bethel, National Fast Day, January 4th, 1860, 8vo, pp. 20, paper, New Haven, 1861, 15c.

Boardman, Henry A., D.D., God's Providence in accidents, Sermon on the occasion of three of the victims of the Burlington R. R. catastrophe, August, 1855, 8vo, pp. 44, trimmed, Philadelphia, 1855, 15c.

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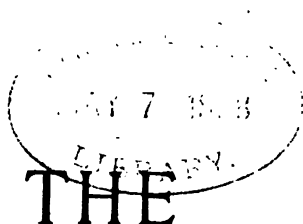
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(Fertault.)

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Waste no time yourself adorning,
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Eagerly pursue the chase,
Never at the weather grunting,
Heat or cold rejoiced to face;

Box, nor store, nor book-stall spurning,
Till your hands are black as coals,
O'er the dirtiest rubbish turning—
Prizes lurk in queerest holes.

Seize a "find" with fear and trembling,
Scan it with lack-lustre eye;
Joy exalted quick dissembling
When a windfall you desery.

Inwardly the good Gods blessing
Hasten for your "gem" to pay
Outwardly your glee expressing—
When you've safely "stole away."

Spend the day in thus proceeding,
Never weary, ne'er in haste,
Modest income not exceeding,
Exercising skill and taste.

Then, at night-fall, home returning
Jaded with your thankful toil,
Dine—and all your zeal re-burning,
On the shelves arrange your spoil;

Double rows with scorn pooh-poohing—
Double rows cause curses deep,
Fingers barking, books undoing;
Bah! they'd make the angels weep.

Borrowing friends with fear repressing
Pack them to the right-about;
Your refusals so expressing
As to leave no room for doubt.

'Ware of "worthless" books destroying,
Shun, oh shun the "Granger" craze;
Your spare energies employing
Mending books, on rainy days.

Book-destroyers imprecating—
Curses heap on that whole race;
Book thieves, howso' deprecating,
Prosecute in every case.

Your books beloved then cherishing,
Tend them with a rev'rent care;
Ne'er with dogs' ears blemishing,
Let them have fair wear and tear.

Now to finish with my pleading,
Most important this of all,
Constantly your books be reading,
Their's will prove a pleasant thrall.

By the cosy fireside sitting,
Books around, above, below.
Watch the shadows o'er them flitting,
Then to bed, light-hearted, go.

All the night, ecstatic, dreaming
Missals, Elzevirs, Aldines,
Dreams with Eve and Grolier teeming
'Till the morning sunlight shines.

Then, alert, betimes arising,
Hey! Tantivy! at full score;
Hunting's always appetising,
Hunt and hunt till you're no more.

HALKETT LORD.

THE ASSASSIN BOOKSELLER.

(Proper blanchemain.)

Fifty years ago there lived at Barcelona one Don Vincente, a friar of that Poblet convent whose wealth and above all whose admirable library, the gift of one of the last of the Kings of Arragon, was plundered, dispersed, and destroyed at the recent pillage of the monasteries during the regency of Queen Christine de Bourbon. For the small consolation he could manage to obtain from still handling books, Don Vincente set up as a bookseller. Though scarcely able to read, he was thoroughly conversant with the minutiae of old books, and had a specially gifted scent for nosing out the value of a MS. which he had scarcely opened. He rapidly established a disastrous competition with the oldest bookseller in the place, a man generally liked, whose name was Augustin Paxtot. Don Vincente himself was far from having so good a reputation; but he had had the wit, however, to secure, at his rival's expense, an excellent connection; his store was better filled and was better patronized, but evil reports were rife concerning him and it was whispered about that the invaders of the convent were not the only persons who had pilfered its books. Don Vincente knowing better than those illiterate thieves the value of these piles of waste paper and heavy folios had diverted their attention to places where were to be found wealth and abundance more suited to their appetites, and, speculating on their ignorance, had awarded to himself the more precious treasures of the library.

A singular thing! The unfrocked monk showed no hurry to part with these treasures, whose value seems nowadays extremely hypothetical. Ordinary books and those of small value passed readily from his hands; but it was only when he found himself very short of money that he opened even to the wealthiest or best informed amateur his back-store whose shelves were laden down with treasures which would have dazzled the eyes of Nodier, Didot, Pixérécourt, or above all, the Marquis de Morante, the celebrated Spanish collector.

Did one secure from him, at its weight in gold, one of these volumes treasured with so much care? It would have been thought one had deprived him of a "pound of flesh," and he even ran after the purchaser sometimes and offered him back his money in exchange for the book. Did he save anything? He immediately profited by it to add to his beloved collection; though he lived for days on a little damaged fruit, he spared nothing for the sake of adding to his treasures.

Towards the middle of the year 1836, the library of an old lawyer, recently deceased, was sold by auction. Among the works dedicated to the study of the ancient law, of which the library consisted, was one which excited all the covetousness of Don Vincente. It was the unique copy of the *Furs e ordinations fetes per los Gloriosos reys de Arago als regnicols del regne de Valencia*, the original edition, a small folio printed at Valencia in 1482, by Lambert Palmart, the first Spanish printer.

Don Vincente had mustered all the resources provided by his economies, by sales which he hastened to make at reduced prices and even by borrowing; and was in hopes that the prize would be knocked down to him. The book was started at a low price and the bids were slowly raised. It seemed for the moment that the book was going for a song when Augustin Paxtot added 50 reals, Vincente hoping to warn off his adversary went another 150; Paxtot bid a further two hundred.

They stood face to face. Paxtot's color was high, Vincente was quite pale. Bid followed bid rapidly, sometimes of 100, sometimes of 150 reals. The monk became paler and paler, and Paxtot still redder, as if one absorbed the blood of the other. All at once Vincente raised his bid to 4,000 reals. He was no longer pale, he turned green. Paxtot crimson as a poppy shouted out: 4,500 reals! Vincente leant against the wall with staring eyes, his nails digging into his flesh, grinding his teeth and biting his lips. At length after a terrible silence, seeing all eyes fixed upon him, with parched throat and foaming mouth, he painfully murmured 55 reals. . . . ! A nervous trembling seized him and had he not been sustained by the wall he would have fallen. It was evident that this was his supreme effort and that he could go no further. Paxtot had but to bid another 100 reals and the precious incunabule was knocked down to him amid the applause of the bystanders, little used to such combats.

Don Vincente drew himself up, more livid, more distorted than the holy monk of the Spanish painter writing his memoirs fifteen days after his death. For one moment his eyes lit up to dart a lightning glance of pallid anger and fierce hatred at his successful rival, then brusquely jamming down his cowl over his face he hurried from the auction room.

Hardly a week had passed since this memorable contest, when in the middle of a dark, moonless night was suddenly heard the terrible cry of—Fire! which had just burst forth with fury, after having smouldered for sometime, in the store of Augustin Paxtot. The unfortunate man appeared to have been surprised in his bed, which had slowly burned under him. Had he been asphyxiated by the smoke? Had he been the victim of an assassin? It was impossible to discover as the body had been quite charred. A sum of money that he had received on the previous evening was found intact. He was generally esteemed, and it was not known that he had any enemies.

Nevertheless suspicion somehow or other was directed to Don Vincente, whose monkish character was anything but a recommendation. The bitter contest of which the book purchased by Paxtot had been the occasion, the pallor, the baleful glances of the monk when he found himself out-bidden by his rival were recalled, and the grave fact that the book, purchased at so large a price, which the bookseller's heirs knowing its value searched for high and low, could nowhere be unearthed. When a suspicion of

this kind is once aroused no one knows where it will stop.

Some remembered that there had recently been found in the ditches of the Arsenal, scarcely covered with branches, a curé, poniarded, with his purse untouched, and this curé, it was said, had been seen mousing over books, particularly in Don Vincente's store. Others spoke of persons similarly stabbed by evil-doers who had not robbed them. All were men of attainments and some of them habitual clients of the publishers and booksellers of Barcelona. Among these was mentioned Don Pablo Rafael de N. honorary *alcade*, an *alcade mayor* and a *baillie*. Eight were reckoned up; when all at once a new crime was announced. The body of a young German litterateur was fished up in the harbor, riddled with stabs from a knife but still retaining his purse.

Investigations, hitherto to no purpose—had been made in several directions. But the public voice pronounced so strongly against Don Vincente that the Corregidor felt it his duty to pay him a domiciliary visit. The unlooked for arrival of the magistrate did not appear to disconcert Don Vincente who hastened to open all the rooms in his house and placed himself at the service of justice to aid its researches. He pointed out with verbose erudition the disposition of his books, the place where his most valuable were kept, and the Corregidor finding nothing suspicious was retiring rather disappointed when by accident he observed perched upon a lofty shelf, in a secluded room, a *Directorium Inquisitorium*. Were his eyes attracted by the title of the work or by its curious binding! Be that as it may mounting on a stool he took down the book. Another, smaller, volume pushed back on the top of the other, so as to be hidden, tumbled on his head and fell, open, on the floor. It was a small folio, the copy of the *Fueros de Arago*, printed by Palmart in 1482. ! the copy recently knocked down to the unfortunate Paxtot! the copy that Don Vincente himself had declared to be unique.

This dumb witness sufficed to cause the arrest of the bookseller-monk. The Corregidor, pointing to the book with his finger, said to him:

"How did that book come here?"

"He re-sold it to me," Don Vincente replied, afraid to pronounce the name of Paxtot.

"Take that man to gaol," said the magistrate.

He allowed himself, unresisting, to be taken and hand-cuffed. As soon as he was under bolts and bars justice proceeded to make a detailed inventory of his books. Several valuable books were found which had notoriously been sold to the persons assassinated, notably 'The Antiquities of Spain and Africa,' with the margins covered with annotations by de Bernard Adrete, bought from Vincente by the unfortunate Don Pablo Rafael de N. several days before his death.

Overwhelmed by so many convincing proofs Don Vincente could only plead to the judge impotent

denials. It was only after receiving a formal promise that his library should not be dispersed but preserved in its integrity that he determined to make a clean breast of it and confess the details of the crimes that he had committed.

After making on his lips and on his eyes the sign of the cross he spoke as follows: "I have promised to tell the truth, I shall tell it. If I have transgressed it was with a good intention—to endow learning—to preserve treasures impossible to be replaced. Whatever happens to me matters but little since it has been promised that my collection shall remain intact; for it is not just to punish the saddle for faults committed by the ass who bears it.

"To this poor curé it was that I sold the first of my treasured books, against my will, I swear it—constrained by hunger: *mala suada fame!* The Glorious St. John, patron of authors, is my witness that I did all I could to choke him off. Then, smitten with remorse I ran after him, I said to him:—

'Give me back my book, here is your money!'

He refused and I stabbed him. He fell; I gave him absolution and I despatched him. I went home hugging my recovered treasure. That's how it was!"

"And is that the way in which you murdered your other victims?"

"By the Holy Virgin and Saints nothing was more simple. When a purchaser was determined to wring from me one of my books, before handing it over I detached several pages which I carefully preserved; the buyer brought me back my book; I enticed him aside, into one of my rooms and the assistance of my patron saint has never failed me; never has my arm weakened."

"And so you had the heart to assassinate a creature made in the image of God?"

"What would you have? Men are mortal: God calls them to himself a little sooner or a little later; good books must be preserved."

"And it was solely for the sake of books that you committed these murders?"

"Books! yes! books! Books are the glory of God!"

"You are also the assassin of Paxtot?"

"Could I leave in his hands an object so precious as that unique copy printed by Lambert Palmart! He was a good fellow after all notwithstanding the wrong he did me in depriving me of that book. When he was dead I set fire to his bed."

"You did not take his money?"

"Do you take me for a thief? I gave them all back their money."

Vincente's counsel, in defence of his client, in this desperate strait maintained that there might exist several copies of the books found in his store and that it was out of the question to condemn, on his own sham avowal, a man who appeared to be half-cracked.

The counsel for the prosecution said that that plea could not be urged in the case of the book printed

by Lambert Palmart as but one copy of that was in existence.

But the prisoner's counsel retorted by putting in evidence attested affirmations that a second copy of the *Furos de Arago* was in existence—in France.

Up to this moment Vincente had maintained an imperturbable calm; but on hearing his counsel's plea he burst into tears.—

"At last then—said the Alcade to Vincente—you recognize the gravity of your crime."

"Ah! your worship, of what a gross error have I been guilty! Never will you understand how miserable I am."

"The better for you, prisoner. God will take into account your repentance."

"Alas! Alas! your worship, my copy is not unique"

Vincente was condemned to be strangled, and when asked if he had anything more to urge all he could utter, sobbing violently, was: Ah! your worship, *my copy was not unique!*

HALKETT LORD.

JOTTINGS FROM THE NOTE-BOOK OF AN UNDEVELOPED COLLECTOR.

Few mania take more entire possession of a man than that for rare and curious copies of old books, when it comes; and even to those who can feel no sympathy with the bookworm there are certain volumes which give a taste of the bookworm's pleasures, and a touch of his enthusiasm. What can be more suggestive, for instance, than the sight of the first book ever printed from moveable types, the Bible of Gutenberg and Fust, issued at Mayence about 1455? What a mighty engine, both for good and evil, has the press been since then? Whatever other objections there may be to it, there is no intrinsic improbability in the story that it was the strange supply of "manuscripts" at this time, all so precisely alike, which gave rise to the legend of the Devil and Dr. Faustus. The price, however, at which they were first sold must have been very considerable, since Van Praet tells us that Gutenberg had spent 4,000 florins before twelve sheets were printed.

Earlier by several years than this first Bible are what are styled block-books. There is very little, if anything, to recommend them except their antiquity. Both the woodcuts and the text (they were almost always illustrated) are of the rudest description. As they are without date, it is impossible to arrange them chronologically, on anything like a satisfactory plan; and how widely those who have studied the subject differ in their conclusions may be seen by comparing the ideas of Heineken in 1771, with those of the work of Mr. Leigh Sotheby—'Principia Typographica.' There is little doubt that these block-books were originally produced in Holland and the Low Countries; and if we follow Mr. Sotheby, we shall place first on our list the 'Apocalypse

of St. John', in Latin, to which the date A. D. 1415-20 may be assigned. The only known copy of what Mr. Sotheby considers the first edition of this work (according to Heineken it is the fourth, whilst his first is Mr. Sotheby's fifth) is in the possession of Earl Spencer. Of the second edition a copy is in the Bodleian, from Mr. Douce's collection; he gave thirty-one guineas for it.

Of all these block-books, perhaps the most interesting is the 'Historia Veteris et Novi Testamenti' or, as it is more commonly called, the 'Biblia Pauperum,' first printed about 1420. It is a small folio, containing forty leaves, printed on one side only, each leaf having three sacred subjects, placed side by side, and four half-length figures of prophets or saints, two above and two below the centre subject. The rest of the page is taken up with an explanation of the illustrations in Latin. Examples have fetched large prices—one in 1815 selling for 200 guineas, and another in 1813 for 245 guineas. The edition in German, printed at Nördlingen in 1470, sold at the Libri sale in 1863 for £220. Another block-book, the 'Speculum Humanæ Salvationis,' has fetched 300 guineas, and the Gardner copy of the German edition of the 'Apocalypse,' now in the British Museum, £160.

Very curious and rude are some of the early attempts at the new art of printing from moveable types. Look at the Venice edition of Homer's 'Batrachomyomachia' (1486), printed in ink of two colors, black and red, the one giving the text, the other the interlinear scholia. Yet, if we were to judge from other specimens, we should say that the art of printing was perfected almost as soon as it was conceived. Take for instance the 'Justin' of Jenson (Ven. 1470). Nothing can exceed the excellence of the paper, the beauty of the type, the artistic set of every page. Jenson had, of course, a great advantage in one point over his contemporaries: he had been employed, before he took up the new art, much to his royal master's disgust, in the mint at Paris.

The rarity of books depends on a variety of circumstances. Sometimes an author has been ashamed of his progeny and done all he could to get it consigned to the flames. Sometimes works have been suppressed by authority; sometimes accidentally destroyed. A further cause of rarity is an author's fancy for having only a few copies,—sometimes not more than ten or twelve, in one case only a single copy,—struck off at the first impression. Many copies, again, were made imperfect by the rage for illustrating 'Grainger's Biographical History of England,' and such like books, by portraits torn from other works; and many others were mutilated by a yet more insane mania,—the collecting title-pages, of which there are several volumes in the British Museum.

The fires of persecution were lighted in the Reformation days not only for authors, when they could be found, but for their books when they could not.

There is a fragment of a book in the British Museum which is of the highest interest. It is the only remaining portion of the first attempt to circulate the English translation of the New Testament by means of the press. Cochläus, in his 'Life of Martin Luther,' gives us a history of the book. He was engaged in the office of Peter Quentell, at Cologne, superintending the printing of the works of Abbot Rupert, when he heard that two Englishmen were engaged in printing at the same office a book that would convert all England to Lutheranism. By inveigling the printers to his lodgings, and plying them well with wine, he discovered that the work in question was the New Testament, of which 2,500 copies had been struck off as far as sheet K. He immediately gave information to Herman Rinck, one of the magistrates at Cologne, and had the house searched, but the Englishmen had taken the alarm, and had already disappeared with the printed sheets. Another edition was printed at Worms the same year, probably by Schoyffer. Both these editions had been circulated in England, when in October and November, 1526, Bishop Tonstall and Archbishop Warham issued orders prohibiting the use of them. All the copies that could be bought up were burnt publicly by Tonstall at Paul's Cross; "a humane, but useless measure," as Blunt says in his 'Sketch of the Reformation'; "for it soon appeared that unless he could buy up ink, paper, and types, he was only making himself Tindall's best customer." Of the first edition the Grenville fragment of thirty-one leaves is the only one known; of the second there is a perfect copy, excepting the title-page, in the rich library at the Baptist Museum, Bristol; of a third edition, printed at Antwerp in 1526, there is no copy known.

The first portion of the Old Testament printed in English, excepting certain "Lyves and Hystories taken out of the Bible," which Caxton inserted in his 'Golden Legende,' in 1483, was Tindall's Pentateuch. It was issued from the press of Luther's printer, Hans Luft, "at Malborow, in the land of Hesse." By an Act of Parliament passed in 1542, the marginal notes with which it was enriched were directed to be cut off. The only perfect copy now extant is in the Grenville Library.

Among the rarest books of divinity is 'The Bible; that is, the Holy Scripture of the Olde and New Testament, faithfully and truly translated out of Douche and Latyn into Englishe,' better known as Coverdale's Bible. Where it was printed is very doubtful, some assigning it to Zurich, others to Cologne, Frankfurt, or Lubeck. The Earl of Leicester's copy is the only one possessing the title. Lea Wilson offered £100 for an original title, and the same sum for the next leaf, but all to no purpose. When his splendid collection of Bibles was dispersed, his 'Coverdale,' with the two missing leaves supplied in facsimile by Harris, passed into the possession of Mr. Dunn Gardner, at whose sale, on July 7, 1854, it sold for £365. A very imperfect copy sold in 1857 for £190.

The great fire of London, in 1666, made sad havoc among book stores. Mr. Bliss, the well-known editor of that amusing piece of egotism, 'Hearne's Diary,' had a curious collection of books printed during the years immediately preceding the fire, such as perhaps had never been assembled before. Pepys alludes in his 'Diary' to the losses sustained at that time—"September 22, 1666. By Mr. Dugdale I hear the great loss of books in St. Paul's Churchyard, and at their Hall also, some booksellers being wholly undone, and among others, they say, my poor Kirton. And Mr. Crumlum, all his books and household stuff burned: they trusting to St. Fayth's and the roof of the church falling broke the arch down into the lower church, and so all the goods burned. A very great loss. His father hath lost above £1,000 in books: one book newly printed, a Discourse, it seems, of Courts." The first of the three volumes of Prynne's great work, with its monstrously long title, narrowly escaped destruction in the same fire. From the address to the reader at the end of that volume, it appears that only seventy copies were saved. Sir M. M. Syke's copy of the three volumes sold for £117 10s. When the Duke of Buckingham's library at Stowe was dispersed, a portion of a fourth volume was discovered, consisting of 400 pages of introduction. This unique fragment excited a most lively competition. It was finally secured for the Library of Lincoln's Inn for £325.

The value of rare books depends, of course, in a great measure on their condition, and collectors sometimes value the margin at a much higher rate than the text. No one was more particular on this point than "Measuring Miller" of Craigintilly. Consequently the prices quoted in bibliographical books often tend to mislead. Copies, for instance, of the first edition of Homer (Flor., 1488) have been purchased for very moderate sums; but I know of one copy—perhaps the finest in existence—which cost the library it now graces £84, and even this price has been very recently exceeded.

There is no want of English books which command large prices at sales. The quarto editions, for instance, of the separate plays of Shakspeare cost large sums. What prices they bring! In 1856, there occurred for sale 'The Tragical History of Hamlet, Prince of Denmark, 1603.' Though it wanted the title-page, Mr. Halliwell was content to give £120 for it. Only one other copy of the edition was known—discovered some fifty years since by Sir H. Bunbury, in an old closet at Barton, in Suffolk. This volume, which contained eleven other of Shakspeare's plays, mostly first editions, afterwards passed into the collection of the Duke of Devonshire for £250. The duke's copy wants the last leaf. But the sale at which Shakspeare collectors went altogether mad, was that of Mr. Daniel, of Islington, in 1864. The first edition of 'King Richard the Second' (1597), almost unique, fetched 325 guineas; that of 'King Richard the Third' (same year), 335 guineas; 'The Pleasant Conceited Comedie called Love's Labor's Lost' (1598), 330 guineas; 'The History of Henrie

the Fourth' (second edition, 1599), 110 guineas; 'The Most Excellent and Lamentable Tragedie of Romeo and Juliet' (1599), 50 guineas—(a copy of the first edition, 1597, is in the British Museum, bequeathed by David Garrick); 'The Chronicle History of Henry the Fifth' (1600), 220 guineas; 'The Most Excellent Historie of the Merchant of Venice, with the Extreme Crueltie of Shylocke the Jewe' (1600), 95 guineas; 'Much Ado about Nothing' (1600), 255 guineas; 'The Midsommer Night's Dreame' (1600), 230 guineas; 'The most Pleasant and Excellent Conceited Comedie of Syr John Falstaffe and the Merrie Wives of Windsor' (1602), 330 guineas; 'The Famous Historie of 'Trollius and Cresseld' (1609), 109 guineas, and the 'Tragedy of Othello, the Moor of Venice,' £155. Of his other works, 'Lucrece' (1594), brought 150 guineas; 'Venus and Adonis,' second edition (1594), 240 guineas—(Mr. Grenville, in 1844, gave £116 for the copy now in the British Museum); and the edition of 1596, 300 guineas; and an edition of the 'Sonnets' (1609), 215 guineas.

The first folio edition of the 'Works of Shakspeare' (1623), so admirably reprinted by Mr. Booth, is a treasure. The Grenville copy, said to be the most beautiful known, was bought in 1819 for 116 guineas. The Duke of Roxburgh's copy fetched 100 guineas. At Mr. Baker's sale, a copy described as the only one containing the two cancelled leaves in 'As You Like It' fetched £163 15s. It was bought for America. But Mr. Daniel's copy went far beyond these prices. Most likely it is the tallest and finest copy in existence; but Miss Burdett Coutts gave for it no less than 633 guineas.

In very few cases are the copies of this edition genuine throughout; page after page generally having been supplied in facsimile by Harris, whose imitations are so exquisite that it requires considerable discernment to detect them. Not unfrequently he obtained paper of the proper date from blank sheets in the State Paper Office. No wonder his eyesight failed him at last; and sad it is that such an accomplished artist, as no doubt he was in his way, should have died in comparative poverty.

Specimens of the earliest productions of the English press command very large prices. What was the first book printed in England, is a question that has occasioned no little controversy. If we could depend on the dates given in the books themselves, we must give to Oxford the honor of introducing the new art into the country. There is an edition of St. Jerome's 'Expositio in Simbolum Apostolorum,' which bears the date 1468. If, however, as is now generally believed,* the date in the imprint ought

* Hearne, however, in his Diary (May 7, 1719), has a most circumstantial account of the printing of this book. It was executed by F. Correllis, one of Gutenberg's workmen, who had been brought over at an expense of 1,500 marks, 300 of which were contributed by Archbishop Bouchier, and the rest by the King. The Archbishop being Chancellor of Oxford, sent Correllis thither under a guard to prevent his escape. After printing the book, he returned to Flanders, and settled at Antwerp, whither he was followed by Caxton to be instructed in the art, about 1470.

to be 1478, Caxton must have the credit of being the first English printer. Of the ninety-four works he is known to have printed, six exist only in fragments, twenty-seven more in single copies; and there are only twelve of which more than ten copies are extant. The most extensive collection of Caxton's is at Lord Spencer's, the next at the British Museum, where, though the number of copies is larger, the number of separate works falls short by three of the Spencer collection. His earliest works were printed abroad; and either at Cologne, or perhaps more probably at Bruges, where the printer Colard Mansion employed a type precisely similar to one of Caxton's, he published, about 1471, the first book printed in English, the 'Recuyell of the Histories of Troye.' Sixteen copies of this are in existence, one of which, a matchless one though wanting a leaf, which once belonged to Elizabeth Grey, Queen of Edward IV., was bought by the Duke of Devonshire at the Roxburgh sale for £1060 10s. The first book he printed in England was, 'The Game and Play of the Chesse,' dedicated to that Duke of Clarence who ended his days in a butt of Malmsey. His printing press was "in the Abbey of Westmynstre by London." Of other works issued from his press, 'The Boke of Tulle of Old Age, translated out of Latyn into Frenshe . . . and emprinted by me symple person, William Caxton,' along with his 'Cicero de Amicitia,' sold in 1858 for £275; his 'Boke of the Fayt of Armes of Chivalrye,' and his 'Gower's Confessio Amantis,' each brought £336, and his 'Mirror of the World,' £351 15s., at the Roxburgh sale. After this we need not stop to mention any of the publications of William Maculula, Wynkyn de Worde, or Richard Pynson who had the honor to be the first "King's printer."

"Not worth an old song" is a saying of questionable force. Three volumes of very rare and curious ballads were sold at Mr. Gutch's sale in 1858 for thirty guineas. In 1833, "204 humorous, romantic, legendary, amatory, and historical broadside ballads," printed in black letter some time between the middle and the end of the seventeenth century, once in the Heber collection, were purchased by Mr. Halliwell, at Mr. Utterson's sale, for £104 10s. One of the most famous of such collections was the Roxburgh one. The ballads were 900 in number, ranging from 1570 to 1630, pasted in three volumes folio, and fetched, at that famous sale, £478 15s. These are now in the British Museum. In 1820, at the Bindley sale, four lots of ballads and broadsides, printed between 1640 and 1688, which had been collected by Narcissus Luttrell, brought £781. But far beyond even this price, in proportion, was the sum given for some old ballads at Mr. Daniel's sale. They were seventy in number, printed between 1550 and 1597, in most beautiful condition, and yielding to no other collection in interest or variety. Mr. Daniel gave a detailed account of them in the *Illustrated London News*, 1856. The price they were sold for in 1864, was £750. The Society of Antiquaries has a collection, and there are five volumes now at Cam-

bridge, collected by Pepys. They are divided into heroic, romantic, hunting, love pleasant, and love unfortunate. A few of them are old, but mostly they are of the times of Charles I. and Charles II.

Proclamations, again, when they occur for sale, bring large prices. A beautiful volume, in Dr. Bandler's collection, of the proclamations of Charles I., from 1625 to 1633, sold for £81. Six volumes, belonging to the reigns of Elizabeth, James I., Charles I., and Charles II., brought, in 1858, the more moderate sum of £78. "The most complete collection in existence of the original black-letter broadside proclamations of the Irish Government, commencing with the year 1673, and extending through the reigns of Charles II., James II., William and Mary, Queen Anne, and George I., to the year 1716," was bought at the sale of Dr. Cane, of Kilkenny, 1858, for the Marquess of Ormonde, for £76. But such volumes have fetched much larger prices than these. I have heard of one picked up on an old bookstall for half-a-crown selling for £120. There is a very fine collection of proclamations in the library of the Society of Antiquaries. In the Bodleian is the magnificent volume of Elizabethan proclamations; and the library of Queen's College, Oxford, has a collection which is nearly, if not quite, matchless, ranging from 1558 to 1694. It contains more than 1,000 proclamations, to say nothing of a very large collection of acts, ordinances, &c., issued during the Commonwealth. The only portion in which it is weak is the time of Charles I. But in addition to this, the same library possesses two most precious volumes, containing a series of proclamations, partly printed and partly in MS., from the time of Henry VII. to 1641. Many of the manuscripts are the original draughts as prepared for the Privy Council; some of the Elizabethan ones having corrections in the handwriting of Mr. Secretary Cecil, and some of the Caroline ones in that of Mr. Secretary Windebank. Two of them are the original copies in vellum, with the signature of Charles I. But perhaps the most interesting paper in the collection is a copy of the only proclamation issued by Lady Jane Grey. It is a somewhat elaborate document, beginning, "Jane, by the grace of God, Queen," &c., and dated "Julie 10, 1553." Grafton lost his privilege as Queen's printer in consequence of having printed it. It was at one time supposed to be unique. Another copy, however, has turned up, which is now in the possession of the Antiquarian Society; but it is not to be compared with the beautiful copy at Queen's.

Very curious and interesting proclamations turn up sometimes. Not long since there was secured for the Royal Library at Windsor one of Queen Mary, declaring herself to be *enclinte*. The Bodleian possesses the proclamation distributed by the Spaniards just before the Armada, declaring their intentions when they had conquered England. Among those exhibited in the show-cases in the British Museum is that of King Charles II. ordering the suppression of two of the works of Milton; who is therein stated to have fled from justice;

that issued September 15, 1714, offering £100,000 for the apprehension of Prince James should he attempt to land in England; and that issued August 22, 1745, by Charles Edward "Prince of Wales," offering £30,000 for the apprehension of the "Elector of Hanover." Some other very interesting papers are displayed in the same collection: for instance, a copy of the ninety-five propositions which Luther on the 31st of October, 1517, posted on the doors of the church of Wittemberg; and the handbill and challenge of "Admirable" Crichton, put upon the church doors in Venice in 1580.

The prices obtained by rare books at auction are at times utterly beyond all calculations of chances. The object of ambition *vires acquirit eundo* and the excitement leads collectors into vagaries which surely must be as surprising to themselves in sober moments as to everybody else.

Of illustrated works I must only mention one, Turner's 'Liber Studiorum.' Here, also, Turner put himself forward as the rival of Claude. Finding that many forgeries of his pictures were being sold as original, Claude determined to make drawings of all his pictures, adding the names of the persons who commissioned them. These drawings accumulated till at his death he is said to have left six volumes of them. Only one is at present in existence, containing 200 drawings, and is in the possession of the Duke of Devonshire. It is known as Claude's 'Liber Veritatis.' When Turner determined to publish a series of drawings which should far eclipse this celebrated volume, he engaged Mr. Lewis as his engraver, but the remuneration was so inadequate that the artist soon refused to proceed. Several other engravers were then engaged, Turner executing some of the plates himself. Often after the plate had been engraved, and several impressions taken off, Turner made large alterations, and, consequently, anything like a perfect copy of the etchings is a most difficult thing to procure. The subscription price was £17 18s. In 1865, Messrs. Sotheby & Wilkinson offered for sale what was described as the best entire copy of the work known to exist, each proof being in the earliest state, having been selected at the printer's before the impressions were issued to subscribers. There were also in it some artist's proofs, much touched and drawn over and altered by Turner, and in many cases bearing his own autograph directions to the engraver. It fetched the very large sum of £450. Mr. Thornbury, in his 'Life of Turner,' says, "Before his death a copy sold for thirty-one guineas, and since his death fine copies have sold for £3,000." But Mr. Thornbury here refers to the Stokes' collection of etchings, proofs, and every known plate, besides many duplicates. This collection was offered to the South Kensington Museum for £2,500; on the purchase being declined, it was broken up, and produced about £3,000.

Bindings are sometimes as much the objects of a collector's ambition as the books themselves. Towards the end of the fifteenth century very

beautiful bindings were made for the Medici, the Della Rovere, the D'Este, and other noble families. Aldus, the famous printer of Venice, was perhaps the first to issue books in different styles of covering, to suit the tastes and purses of his customers. There are very early bindings which appear to have been stamped from engraved blocks. Some of them may be even earlier specimens of wood engraving than the Spencer St. Christopher.

One of the first collectors whose bindings are sought after is Michael Majoli; but it was his kinsman, Thomas Majoli, whose devices and style of ornamentation were first imitated by foreign bookbinders. Upon his books is found the inscription, "Tho. Majoli et amicor." Besides this there is his motto, which was generally "Inimici mea michi, non me michi;" and more rarely, as an example in the British Museum, "Ingratis servire nephas." At the Libri sale, in 1859, where there were so many magnificent specimens of bindings, one volume sold for £91; another, at the Bergeret sale, produced £104.

Still more famous are the "Grollier" bindings. Jean Grollier was born at Lyons in 1479. He was employed by Francis I. as paymaster-general to his forces in Italy, and was afterwards sent on a political mission to Clement VII., who had become very much attached to him. He died in 1565, but his library was not dispersed till 1675. There are forty or more volumes from it now in the British Museum. The earlier "Grolliers" are only ornamented with combinations of various lines, but more elaborate devices of flowers, &c., were afterwards introduced. Grollier had two or three mottoes which he used for his books, but his usual one is, "Portio mea, Domine, sit in terris viventium." At the Libri sale a folio 'Hellodorus,' described as the "most superb specimen of Grollier binding ever offered for sale," produced £110. The book itself may be had for a few shillings. But even this price was exceeded at the same sale. Aldus printed the works of Machiavelli, in 1540, in four separate octavo volumes. Grollier had his copies bound in four different patterns. One of the volumes is now in the British Museum; another in the Imperial Library, Paris; a third is, or was, in a private collection at Lyons; and the fourth was sold at the Libri sale for £150. The binding is almost always in morocco; but one specimen in ornamented vellum, the only one known, sold at the same sale for £17.

Books which formerly belonged to the Library of Diana of Poitiers are eagerly sought after. They are in two styles of binding,—one much less ornamented and thought to show her own taste, the other more elaborate and considered to be the gift of her royal lover, Henry II. The celebrated artist "le petit Bernard" is said to have been employed upon them, just as Holbein is reported to have furnished Jos. Cundall, King Henry VIII.'s bookbinder, with devices. Citron morocco was perhaps Diana's favorite binding: the sides of the vol-

umes being ornamented with her cipher,—the double D interlacing with H; and her devices, the interlaced crescents and crowned H, filling up the spaces of the elegantly scrolled border. At the Libri sale, two specimens from her library, both of them works of *divinity*, produced £80 and £85.

Another connoisseur in bindings was the collector Demetrio Canevari, or Mecenate, as he is also called, physician to the Papal Court. His motto is "ORTHIOS KAI ME LOKZIOS," and his device a medallion, beautifully heightened with gold, silver, and color, representing Apollo driving his car across the sea towards a rock on which his winged Pegasus is pawing the ground. Specimens of his library are of rare occurrence; one in the Libri collection sold for £73. Another collector who had very good taste for bindings was the infamous Orsini, who strangled his wife with his own hands.

I may just mention one specimen of English bookbinding which occurred at the Libri sale, the finest example of the art in the 16th century, from the library of King Edward VI. It produced £34 10s.

Very magnificent bindings were in use long before the invention of printing. In the accounts of the wardrobe of Edward IV., for instance, it appears that Piers Bauduyn was paid, for "binding, gilding, and dressing" two books, twenty shillings each, and sixteen shillings each for four others. Now twenty shillings in those days would have bought an ox. But even this does not represent the whole cost. The binder had six yards of velvet, as many of silk, besides laces, tassels, copper and gilt clasps and gilt nails, supplied to him. And when we remember the enormous prices of velvet and silk in those days, bookbinding, we are sure, must have been costly indeed. Perhaps the finest collection of beautifully-bound books ever formed was that which belonged to Corvinus, King of Hungary, who died at Buda about 1490. The volumes—30,000 in number, mostly of course MSS.—were bound in brocade, with bosses and clasps of gold and silver. When Buda was taken, in 1526, the Turks very naturally tore off the covers. One most exquisite specimen of rich binding is in the South Kensington Museum. It is a missal case—of small octavo size—of Italian work, about 1590. The binding is gold, ornamented with translucent ruby, emerald and azure enamel. On one side is represented the creation of Eve, with beasts and allegorical figures; on the other, the fountain of Fame, with figures, some drinking, others reclining. It is supposed to have belonged to Henrietta Maria, Queen of Charles I. It cost the Museum £700. Still more valuable was the "Golden Bible," sent over from Russia to the Exhibition of 1892. It was bound in precious metals, and thickly studded with turquoise, diamonds, and Siberian amethysts, and was valued at £4,000. After this, we need not be surprised to find that when Landino had presented a copy of the Dante of 1481 on

vellum to the Republican Government of Florence, beautifully embellished with nielli, he was rewarded with the present of a castle.

In the library at Windsor is preserved a very interesting literary relic of King Charles I. Anybody that has read Milton's 'Iconoclastes' will remember the passage:—"I shall not instance an abstruse writer, wherein the King might be less conversant, but one whom we well know was the closet companion of these hid solitudes, William Shakspeare." The King's copy is still to be seen in the royal library.

Of autographs in books the British Museum has a very rich collection, though at the time when the reckless sale of duplicates was practised, some volumes were most culpably parted with. Among them is said to have been King Henry VIII.'s copy of the book that won for him the title of defender of the faith, with his autograph corrections, and a copy of the works of the Emperor Julian, with notes by James I. But there is no chance of the present chief librarian committing such mistakes as these. Oxford, however, has no reason to complain of the Museum's malpractices, since she owes to them the possession of the splendid Douce collection.

At the Hibbert sale in 1829, there was purchased for the Museum, for the sum of £267 15s., a German Bible, said to have belonged to Luther up to the time of his death, and afterwards to Melancthon, Bugenhagen, and Major. Autographs of all these famous men were in it. If, however, we are to believe Mr. Sotheby, they are all forgeries. Less open to doubt is a letter—closely connected with the history of religion—of John Wesley to "Dear Sammy." In it he says, "I still think when the Methodists leave the Church of England, God will leave them.

... It would be contrary to all common sense, as well as to good conscience, to make a separation now."

There are few things in literary history more remarkable than the fact that relics of the handwriting of as voluminous an author as Shakspeare are so rare. There do not appear to be more than five or six that are undoubtedly genuine. They are, of course, the three signatures to his will, and the Guildhall Library has the counterpart of the document to be mentioned presently, for which was paid the sum of £147. In 1858 the British Museum secured the original mortgage-deed by which "William Shakspeare, of Stratford-upon Avon, gentleman," granted to Henry Walker, citizen of London, a lease of a dwelling-house in Blackfriars, for the term of ten years. On the first of the four labels which are attached to it is the signature "Wm Shakspeare." It cost the Museum 300 guineas. In 1805 the Bodleian Library secured a specimen, which there is little doubt is genuine, at a ridiculously small price. It is written in faded ink on the title-page of a small octavo Aldine edition of Ovid's 'Metamorphoses' (1502). The signature is "Wm. Shr." The owner of the book in 1682 wrote within the cover, "This little book of Ovid was given to me by W. Hall, who

said it was once Will. Shakspeare's." Some doubts were thrown upon the genuineness of the signature in the auction-room, and the library became possessed of this rich treasure for £20.

If, however, there is a singular scarcity of Shakspeare's autographs, this is by no means the case with those of another of our greatest poets, Milton. The Library of Trinity College, Cambridge, has a rich collection of his juvenile and other poems—including 'Comus,' 'Lycidas,' and the first design of what was afterwards 'Paradise Lost.' Its original form is that of a Scriptural drama. The MS. of the first book of 'Paradise Lost' which was forwarded to London for licensing, is now in the possession of Mr. Baker, of Bayfordbury, Herts. In the Bodleian, again, are some autographs of his works which he had presented to Dr. Rous, its principal librarian. In the British Museum is a volume of 'Aratus' with his autograph which was purchased for £40 10s. But perhaps the most interesting of Milton's papers is the covenant indenture between himself and Samuel Symons, printer, for the sale and publication of 'Paradise Lost.' It is dated April 27, 1667. By it the printer was to pay him £5 at once, and £5 additional on the sale of each of the first three impressions—each impression consisting of 1,300 copies. Milton, therefore, was to receive £30 in all, if 3,900 copies were sold. The sale, however, never reached this point, for by a deed of release made by his widow in 1680, she covenanted to receive £8 in full of all demands, £10 having been paid previously. The original deed was formerly in the possession of Sir Thomas Lawrence, at whose sale it fetched £68. It afterwards belonged to the poet Rogers, who gave, it is said, 100 guineas for it. He presented it to the British Museum. Mr. Sotheby, however, in his sumptuous volume, 'Ramblings in the Elucidation of the Autograph of Milton,' would have us believe that the signature after all is not really Milton's—not because it is impossible for a blind man to make a signature, as anybody may convince himself on being blindfolded, but because it is so exactly like the hand of an amanuensis employed on his treatise 'De Doctrina Christiana.' In 1858 Mr. Monckton Milnes—Lord Houghton—secured a similar example signature to the conveyance of a bond for £400 to the Cyriack Skinner to whom Milton dedicated his noble sonnet on his blindness. The price paid was only 19 guineas. It had belonged to Mr. Singer, at whose sale an interesting letter from Neil Gwynne was disposed of. It is addressed to Lawrence Hyde, the second son of the great Lord Chancellor: but pretty Nelly's education had been sadly neglected, and she had to use the services of a friend. Her letter concludes, "We are agoing to supe with the king at Whitehall and my Lady Harvie, the king remembers his sarvis to you. Now lets talke of State affaires for we never caried things so cunningly as now, for we don't know whether we shall have peice or war, but I am for war, and for no other reason but that you may come home. I have a thousand merry conceits but I can't make her

write 'um, and therefore you must take the will for the deed. Good-bye. Your most loving, obedient, faithful and humble servant, E. G."

In the Soane Museum is a most interesting volume, the original copy of the 'Gerusalemme Liberata' in the handwriting of Tasso. Lord Guildford, to whom it formerly belonged, has written on the flyleaf, "I hope it will be recorded to future ages that England possesses the original MS. of one of the four greatest epic poems the world has produced, and beyond all doubt, the only one of the four now existing." Other MSS. of Tasso are in the British Museum. The prices at which the 'Cortegiano' of Castiglione, with an autograph sonnet of Tasso, has been sold at different times, are perhaps worth mentioning. At Singer's sale in 1818 it produced £30, at Hibbert's (1829) £100, at Hanrott's (1833) £68, at Heber's (1835) £41, at Bishop Butler's (1840) £64. It contained also a copy of Crichton's challenge already alluded to. Another very interesting book is a copy of Tasso's 'Gerusalemme Liberata' (4to, Parma, 1581) with MS. corrections in the handwriting of the printer Aldus, to whom it is supposed they were communicated by Tasso himself, whilst in prison. Bishop Butler gave 30 guineas for it: at the Libri sale it produced only £18.

When we remember the very large prices that have been paid for ancient MSS. and the autographs of distinguished persons, we cannot be surprised at the number of forgeries that have been perpetrated. I do not allude to such instances as that of the 'Amber Witch,' a trick played off upon the infallible critics of Tübingen with such astonishing success, nor again to such a case as Chatterton's famous Rowley MSS.; but this present century has seen some wonderful examples of wholesale forgeries. In 1852 there were brought to Mr. Murray forty-seven autograph letters of Lord Byron. From the quarter through which they came to him, he had reason to believe them genuine, and he accordingly purchased them for something over £120. They were forgeries every one. About the same time Mr. Moxon bought at a sale several letters of Shelley. These he very naturally published. But here again the fraud was soon discovered, and Mr. Moxon accordingly suppressed the book and called in all the copies that had been delivered to the trade. The book is now a curiosity. The forged MSS. themselves were given to the British Museum.

But by far the most accomplished forger of modern times is M. Simonides. He comes from the island of Syrene, opposite Corfu, and made his first public appearance at Athens, where he offered some MSS. for sale, which he said had been carried off secretly from Mount Athos. A commission, which was engaged to examine them, reported favorably, especially upon a MS. of Homer, which accordingly was purchased at a high price. Before very long it was discovered that the text of this ancient MS. was Wolf's, with all the *errata*. Next he appeared at Constantinople, where he tried hieroglyphics, cune-

iform inscriptions, and Armenian history, but somewhat unsuccessfully. Nothing daunted, he tried a new device, and came out as another Douster Swivel. He declared that at a certain spot an Arabic MS. in Syriac characters would be discovered by digging. Workmen were accordingly employed, Simonides himself not being allowed to descend. By-and-by a pause was made for luncheon, and not long afterwards Simonides called out, "There it is; bring it up." The soil about it, however, was quite different from that of the ground. The workmen were grinning, and when interrogated confessed that during luncheon the Greek came out for a short time, jumped into the pit, and began to burrow.

He next made his appearance in England with, amongst other wonderful treasures, a MS. of Homer on serpent's skin, which professed to have been sent from Chios to Hipparchus, son of Pisistratus. This and several others he persuaded Sir Thomas Phillips to purchase. Almost the only libraries which he failed in cheating were the British Museum and the Bodleian. On visiting the latter place he showed some fragments of MSS. to Mr. Coxe, who assented to their belonging to the twelfth century.

"And these, Mr. Coxe, belong to the tenth or eleventh century?"

"Yes, probably."

"And now, Mr. Coxe, let me show you a very ancient and valuable MS. I have for sale, and which ought to be in your library. To what century do you consider this belongs?"

"This, Mr. Simonides, I have no doubt," said Mr. Coxe, "belongs to the nineteenth century."

This Greek and his MS. disappeared.

Some time afterwards a palimpsest manuscript was sent to Berlin, professing to be a history of the Kings of Egypt in Greek, by Uranius, of Alexandria. The Academy declared it genuine, and the Minister of Public Instruction was ordered to purchase it for 5,000 thalers. Professor Dindorf offered the University of Oxford the honor of giving this valuable book to the world, and the work was accordingly begun under the editorship of the professor. Before many sheets, however, were struck off, notice came that the printing was to be stopped. Lepsius, naturally anxious to know how far Uranius supported or demolished some of his theories about Egyptian history, was disappointed as well as amused to find that the book was little more than a translation into very bad Greek of portions of the writings of Bunsen and himself. Ehrenberg then examined the manuscript with his microscope, and discovered that the palimpsest was really later than the more modern one,—the *old* ink overlaid the *new*.

Simonides's last appearance is a very amusing one: he claims to be the writer of the 'Codex Sinaiticus of the New Testament' that was discovered by Tischendorf, partly in 1844 and partly in 1859, in one of the monasteries of Mount Athos. The account which Simonides gives of it is that in 1839 the monks of the Russian convent determined to make a transcript of the Scriptures in ancient characters

on vellum as a present to the Emperor Nicholas. Dionysius the scribe to the monastery declining to undertake the work, Simonides, the nephew of the head of the monastery, offered to execute it. The Archimandrite, Dionysius of Xeropotami, another monastery on Mount Athos, declares that the story is false in every particular. There is little doubt that the manuscript which has been published so magnificently in four folio volumes at the expense of the Emperor of Russia is the oldest manuscript of the New Testament in existence.



CCELEBS, THE BOOKWORM.

(To his face in the shaving-glass.)

The world is out of joint,
The jest hath lost its point,
No more doth youth anoint
The wheels of life:
Yet be not thou put out;
Grin, man, and never pout!
At least thou art without
What's worst—a wife!

Aye, be she young or old,
Ugly, or beauty's mould,
A gusher or a scold,
She is the Devil!
And whether she be wealthy,
Or poor, or sick, or healthy,
Stupid, or shrewd, or stealthy,
Sullen or civil,

One quality alone
No virtues can atone,—
All faults save this condone
Both can and do men:
But here the line we draw
For 'tis the natural law—
Whether princess or squaw—
All wives are women.

Then do thou wed thy books
No other mistress brooks
The prudent man, who looks
Not at,—but through things:
Books neither flirt nor feign
Sulk, tease not, nor complain,
Tell you things, yet refrain
From asking you things.

Books be thy harem; thou
Their Grand Turk! Row on row
They wait thy favor now,
Silent, obedient!
Them jealousies ne'er fret;
Venus I never met:
But grant her fair, she's yet
Much less expedient.

JULIAN HAWTHORNE.

LENDING BOOKS.

Octave Uzanne.

Bibliophiles love their books with a peculiar love which savors of vanity, with that same love of that which is one's own immortalised by Gavarni in the boast of the bourgeois proprietor: *My Wall*. In the same sense, with the same proud and pleased tone of voice, a bibliophile says "*My Books*;" he regards them with mixed feelings into which enter at the same time vanity and modesty, pleasure and sadness, hope and fear.

If,—in the hands of a great landlord, plaster becomes gold, so books become jewels in those of the Bibliophile. Among them he dwells in peaceful calm, happy in their possession, and in a state of semi-Paradisaical enchantment. He passes hour after hour in looking at and after them, in "dressing" them, in dusting them, in fact, in valeting them, for books require as much attention to their toilette as any dandish Anglomaniac or Fifth Avenue "bud." He knows them page by page, and line by line; with them he has a thousand varied associations and infinite sweet and charming memories; he thinks in fact, with Montaigne, that these true and tried friends are still the best companions on the voyage of life.

The borrower, heedless, reckless Bibliophage cares nothing about all this; into the midst of these learned pleasures he leaps like a fox into a hen-roost; he is smitten all at once with an overmastering hunger for reading; he bursts into the library and casts his baleful and lustful glances over the shelves on which are roosting the volumes that his mind is eager to assimilate, he implores with honied words, he calls the gods to witness that his borrowing is unavoidable, he swears that the book he hankers after shall be carefully covered, and kept under lock and key, far from prying eyes or meddling hands; he invokes your fraternal friendship, your sympathy, and promises faithfully to return the book in a week. It is the old fable of the grasshopper begging of the ant. And the grasshopper is forgetful!

The ant should not allow himself to be beguiled. He should be calm and inflexible and should invariably respond with a formal refusal. The Bibliophile who lends a book does himself an injury; his generosity will bring upon him affliction, sleeplessness and punishment. A good turn of this kind is invariably thrown away; the distich that Charles Nodier wrote for Guibert de Pixérécourt sums up the truth:

"Of borrowed books the lot is hard;
They're often lost, they're always marred."

When a library is well classified, well ordered, and well catalogued it should be a law of the Medes and Persians that no book be removed from it; not even for a single day. Richard Heber the well known English collector used to say that a collector needed at least three copies of every book: one to show, one for his own private use, and one to lend to his friends.

By a wise rule of the Sorbonne put in operation in 1321 it was expressly forbidden that any book should be lent without exacting in exchange a pledge of even greater value than the book borrowed: Here is the text of the rule: *Ut nullus liber prestetur extra domum alicui nec socio nec extraneo sub juramento, nisi super vaditum amplius valens et in re que servari potest: puta, auro, argento vel libro, et hæc vadia servantur in cista ad hoc deputata.* Richard de Bury said the same thing in the Philobiblon: If anyone asks you for a book lend it, but require from him in exchange a pledge.

Louis X. asked the Faculty of Medicine to lend him a valuable manuscript written by Rasés, a celebrated Arabic doctor of the tenth century, in order that he might have it copied. The Faculty (1471): replied in effect that the book was very dear to them, but that desirous of complying with his Majesty's wishes they had delivered it to his envoy in consideration of certain pledges, silver plate and other securities, by him handed over as bond for its safe return, in accordance with the statutes of the Faculty.

This pledge, which was a *sine qua non*, in book-borrowing in the middle ages is impossible perhaps now-a-days. A simple refusal is alone possible.

The bibliophile who lends a book invariably has reason to repent it. He is from the first beset by vague fears and an odd feeling of uneasiness; he feels that something or other is missing in his life, and the gap left in his shelves by the absent volume makes him instinctively shudder.

"Nothing is less faithfully returned than books," sentimentously observed one of the old moralists. A book lent is practically half lost, the most honest borrower gets used to the sight of it, he puts off its restitution from day to day and arrives, without thinking it, at the conclusion "This book might be mine, it ought to be mine, it is mine." Besides people are generally quite careless about others' books: for them, moist hands, cigar ash, dogs' ears, and what not! All these contribute to the defilement of the virgin pages.

Rarely does a vagrant book return undeteriorated; occasionally it may be but slightly spotted or with crumpled leaves, but more often the unfortunate volume bears indelible scars; its binding is bruised, its pages are torn, or its fly-leaves have been used for scribbling paper. André Chénier possessed a Malherbe, Barbou's sm. 8vo edition of 1776, with a life of the author and notes by Menanier de Querdon,¹ he lent it, and Malherbe returned all spotted with ink and in a pitiable state. On the margin of the first page the inimitable poet of the . . .

longa corridors Sombres wrote the following lines: "Some months ago I lent this book to a man who saw it on my table and immediately asked for it. I am very sure that he has never read it; the only use

he has made of it is to upset his inkstand over it, in order to prove to me, perhaps, that he too knows how to commentate and cover margins with ink. May the good God pardon him and deprive him forever of the inclination to ask me for books!"

The indignation of André Chénier was not very fierce; how many bibliophiles who are far from loving and appreciating Malherbe as Chénier did would have protested more vigorously!

A certain Spanish canon assassinated the purchasers of his books in order to regain possession of them; a terrible Bibliomaniac truly, fit only for a lunatic asylum; but a reasonable Bibliophile who should very devoutly consign ad Patres a borrower who returned to him a Mayence Bible covered with ink or grease could scarcely be blamed. Certainly we could plead for him extenuating circumstances.

Let us bear in mind the anecdote (Gasconne) of the two friends who were room-mates:

"Peter, are you asleep?" said one.

"Why?" replied the other.

"Because if you're not asleep I should like to borrow a *louis* of you."

"Then—I'm asleep."

So then, let us always sleep; let us be deaf to the suppliant and melting voice of the borrower, charm he never so wisely; let us hug our books like misers, selfishly if it so please people, however painful it may be to refuse. Let us take infinite care of our books and never lend them; that is the surest method of maintaining an equable mind, an undisturbed conscience, unclouded happiness, and the Paradisaical intoxication of our beloved treasures. H. L.

WIT AND WISDOM OF SAMUEL JOHNSON.

'Wit and Wisdom of Samuel Johnson.' Selected and Arranged by George Birkbeck Hill, D.C.L. Oxford: Clarendon Press. 1888.

"The true genius," said Dr. Johnson, "is a mind of large general powers accidentally determined to some particular direction." Whether this can be admitted as universally true is a matter of considerable doubt. Though Michael Angelo and Leonardo could have been, and indeed were, anything they chose, Mozart and Beethoven could hardly have excelled but in music. Still, however disputable is the proposition in general, it is in Johnson's own case unquestionably true. What distinguished the author of the English Dictionary above other men was not essentially his poetry or his prose—'The Vanity of Human Wishes' or the 'Lives of the Poets'—but the immense force and capacity of his mental powers. These powers were turned to writing, and won for their possessor the highest place in literature. Had they been turned towards the law, as Johnson once pathetically expressed a wish to Boswell that they had been, Johnson's name would probably have eclipsed even that of Mansfield as a lawyer and a Judge. Johnson's mind, in truth, was that of the

¹ This copy annotated by Chénier passed to M. Tenant de Latour, and from him to M. Potier in whose sale catalogue it is No. 422.—H. L.

ordinary sensible, well-balanced man, multiplied six or seven times. Ordinary men have usually in their composition a little of the sense of beauty, a little humor, a little penetration, a little power of thinking clearly and speaking clearly, a little love of truth and justice, and a little of the faculty of criticism. To possess any one of these qualities in a high degree, while the others remain small, is the mark of the man of more than common kind. It was Dr. Johnson's peculiarity to keep the proportions of the ordinary mind, and yet to have all the qualities enormously increased in power. The fact that his mind was thus nothing but the ordinary mind multiplied, gave him that strong common-sense which is the mark of an intelligence in which the various qualities are evenly balanced. The man with the sense of beauty or the sense of humor so abnormally developed as not to be kept in check by the other qualities, is liable to say and to write things which the ordinary person cannot understand. Dr. Johnson never wrote a word which could not be understood by plain, every-day people. At no time in Dr. Johnson's life were his mental powers active on one subject alone. Possessed always of an appetite for mental food as huge and omnivorous as the hunger which distinguished him at the dinner table, Johnson at one time or another brought himself into spiritual contact with almost every subject which can interest mankind.

It thus happens that his writings lend themselves with great appropriateness to such selection and arrangement as have been attempted by Mr. Blackbeek Hill in his 'Wit and Wisdom of Samuel Johnson.' The work undertaken in the present volume has been extremely well carried out. Some readers may perhaps object to finding that only half the book consists of quotations from Boswell, Mrs. Piozzi, and the other memoirists, and that 'Rasselas,' the 'Lives of the Poets,' and the 'Rambler' have been so largely drawn upon. The complaint, however, cannot be seriously maintained, for though the anecdotal quotations are undoubtedly more lively, the selections from the works are full of interest, and are in a certain sense more valuable. Anyone can fish out the good stories from Boswell. To hunt for the pearls in the 'Rambler' is beyond most men's time and patience. The plan adopted in the present work has been to place the various selections under subject-headings, alphabetically arranged. With such a plan we have no desire to quarrel. We wish, however, that a good index had been added. Its omission prevents Mr. Hill's little book from being so useful as it might be for finding favorite pieces of Johnsonian wit or wisdom. Say we want to find the delightful snub delivered to Hannah More. If we could remember that the words were, "Dearest lady, consider with yourself what your flattery is worth before you bestow it so freely," we should, no doubt, at once turn to "Flattery." Not remembering it, however, we have Hannah More as our only clue; and since there is no index, that clue is useless.

The introduction with which Mr. Hill prefaces his book is a continuous panegyric of his hero; but though the praise is perhaps too high, and though Johnson's faults are occasionally taken for virtues, it cannot certainly be rebuked in the phrase just quoted. The flattery is well worth bestowing. The following example of the clever way in which Mr. Hill has impregnated his own writing with Boswell's sentences may interest our readers:—

"He was the most humorous of men, 'incomparable at buffoonery,' full of 'fun and comical humor, and love of nonsense.' His 'laugh was irresistible.' 'He gives you, says Garrick, 'a forcible hug, and shakes laughter out of you, whether you will or no.' He spends a whole night in festivity at a tavern, to do honor to an authoress's 'first literary child.' He orders 'a magnificent hot apple-pie, and has it stuck with bay-leaves.' He 'invokes the muses by some ceremonies of his own invention, and enrobes her brows with a crown of laurel.' At five in the morning 'his face still shines with meridian splendor.' He 'rallies the company to partake of a second refreshment of coffee,' and it is near eight o'clock before he goes home to bed. He gets up at three on a summer morning 'to have a frisk' with those young dogs, Beauclerk and Langton, and joins in drinking 'a bowl of that liquor called *Bishop* which he had always liked. With this entire absence of all 'studied behavior,' he combines the most 'inflexible dignity of character.' Perhaps there never was a man more entirely free from what is known in this age as 'snobbliness.' In the days of his poverty his clothes might be little better than a beggar's, and his chairs might have lost a leg; but 'no external circumstances ever prompted him to make an apology, or to seem even sensible of their existence.' He reproaches Mrs. Thrale with her 'despicable dread of living in the Borough.'"

Before leaving Mr. Hill's introduction, a memorable sentence may be noticed. It is that in which he declares that our acquaintance with Johnson is more like that which we have with the characters of fiction than with an actual man:—"Our acquaintance with him is not as with Dryden, or Pope, or Gibbon; but as with Falstaff and Don Quixote, with Sir Roger de Coverley and my Uncle Toby." Nothing could be more true than this. It is a rare honor, and one which is shared with Johnson by perhaps only one other character in our literature,—Pepys the Diarist.

Perhaps the most astonishing mental gift possessed by Dr. Johnson, was that which enabled him to strike with his full brain-force at a moment's notice. Impromptus have been said to be so effective because they are so carefully prepared. Johnson's impromptus, however, are real impromptus. Great as was his rudeness, it may be excused by his marvelous readiness. When he replied to Lady Macleod—who, after having poured him out sixteen cups of tea, had at last inquired "if a small basin would not save him trouble, and be more agreeable"—"It is to save yourself trouble, Madam, not me," we cannot help pardoning the rudeness on account of the astonishing quickness. As an instance of this rapidity of thought, what could be better than his remark after hearing a celebrated musical performer go

through a hard composition? Some one suggested to Dr. Johnson that the piece was very difficult. "Difficult, Madam; I would it had been impossible," was the reply. Again, how delightful was his simple greeting of the young lady admirer who found her way into Dr. Johnson's study, and there delivered herself of a speech previously prepared,—*"Fiddle-de-dee, my dear!"* It was cruel, but it was irresistible, must, we suppose, be the excuse. Occasionally, of course, Dr. Johnson's rudeness was mere brutal plain-speaking. Such was his comment when Mr. Pot was introduced as a person who had said that he considered 'Irene' "the finest tragedy of modern times."—"If Pot says so, Pot lies." Almost as bad was the remark with which he greeted the admiring Mr. Crawford's suggestion—intended to be specially appreciative because it was Johnson's own view—"Do you know, Dr. Johnson, I like Dr. Donne's original satires better than Pope's,"—"Well, Sir, I can't help that."

With anecdotes as to Dr. Johnson's ideas on the subject of cleanliness, as might be expected, so admiring an editor as Mr. Hill does not concern himself. He introduces, however, the delightful answer given to Mrs. Thrale when she inquired if he had ever disputed with his wife:—"Perpetually. My wife had a particular reverence for cleanliness, and desired the praise of neatness in her dress and furniture, as many ladies do, till they become troublesome to their best friends, slaves to their own besoms, and only sigh for the the hour of sweeping their husbands out of the house, as dirt and useless lumber. 'A clean floor is so comfortable,' she would say sometimes, by way of twittering." It may be remembered that it is in the same conversation that is recorded his wife's delightful verbal victory over Dr. Johnson. Mrs. Thrale inquired "if he ever huffed his wife about his dinner." "So often," he replied, "that at last she called to me and said,—'Nay, hold, Mr. Johnson, and do not make a farce of thanking God for a dinner which in a few minutes you will protest not eatable.'"

We have given some of the instances of Dr. Johnson's wit collected in the present volume. It would be hardly doing justice to the work not to quote as well some of the profound pieces of common-sense selected by Mr. Hill. This is how Johnson dealt with that ever-recurring fallacy, that education may be an evil,—a fallacy so peculiarly perplexing to those whom, for want of a less offensive phrase, we may call "the better vulgar:"—

"Mr. Langton told us he was about to establish a school upon his estate, but it had been suggested to him that it might have a tendency to make the people less industrious.' Johnson: 'No, Sir. While learning to read and write is a distinction, the few who have that distinction may be the less inclined to work; but when everybody learns to read and write, it is no longer a distinction. A man who has a laced waistcoat is too fine a man to work; but if everybody had laced waistcoats, we should have people working in laced waistcoats. There are no people whatever more

industrious, none who work more than our manufacturers; yet they have all learnt to read and write. Sir, you must not neglect doing a thing immediately good from fear of remote evil,—from fear of its being abused. A man who has candles may sit up too late, which he would not do if he had not candles; but nobody will deny that the art of making candles, by which light is continued to us beyond the time that the sun gives us light, is a valuable art and ought to be preserved.'"

How apt and how telling are the illustrations given here! It is impossible not to be convinced by such an arguer.

We cannot leave Dr. Johnson, however, without noticing one more anecdote of the humorous kind,—an anecdote which is enriched, too, with a touch of pathos. It is thus Johnson delivered himself on the subject of dress:—"Sir, were I to have anything fine, it should be very fine. Were I to wear a ring, it should not be a bauble, but a stone of great value. Were I to wear a laced or embroidered waistcoat, it should be very rich. I had once a very rich laced waistcoat, which I wore the first night of my tragedy." Dr. Johnson's affectionate reference to his "very rich laced waistcoat," and to his tragedy, has always been regarded by the present writer as one of the most charming of all the charming things in Johnsonian lore.

THE MODERN BOOKSELLER.

The old time bookseller and his musty shop, with its dark corners and cobwebby shelves, is fast disappearing. The trade in old books has risen almost to the dignity of a profession; at all events, it requires in the dealer a knowledge of all literature and all books, their titles, authors and publishers since the day when Gutenberg gave to the world the product of the first printing press—the book commonly called the Gutenberg or Mazarin Bible.

The successful bookseller of to-day is of necessity an erudite person, and if he be a seller of old and valuable books, much learning is obligatory. The old book dealer is no longer compelled to conduct business in a dark and damp basement. He may bless his stars that the era of cellars for book dealers and attics for authors is well nigh past, and remains in the memory only as a disagreeable dream of the vanished yesterday.

The trade in old books which, for various reasons, have become scarce, is one in which the demand is greater than the supply, and, aware of this fact, the dealer has placed fabulous prices upon those books which he knows are not easily obtainable, and accordingly reaps great profit from his wares, for he buys cheaply in the marts of the world where rare books are more plentiful and bibliophiles wiser. The old bookman of to-day is an aristocrat, not to say opulent, personage, and keeps a clean, bright store on Broadway or Fifth avenue.

There are, however, one or two old book shops still to be found in New York, and it was into one of these stuffy little places that the writer stepped one bright day lately. Coming from the sunshine into the gloom of the shop nothing was visible but the white hair of the shopkeeper. Becoming accustomed to the darkness, the indistinct forms on shelves resolved themselves into books. On every side nothing was to be seen but books—books—books.

Books old and new, but the former in majority. Books in Latin and Greek. English, French, Spanish, Italian, German, Hebrew books. Here was Babel, yet a painful stillness pervaded the tiny shop, broken only by the ticking of a tall, antique clock. Floors, shelves, tables, chairs—every article of furniture in the little room was groaning beneath its burden of books. Books of poetry, fiction and art rubbed sides with solid looking medical and legal tomes. Classics from the famous presses of the early printers; dainty duodecimos bearing the imprint of Aldus or Elzevirs, together with the catechisms and Sunday school books which soured the disposition and embittered the childhood of our daddies; all are here made equal by the hand of the old bookseller.

Here they stand, entombed in the darkness and shrouded in the dust, awaiting resurrection at the hands of some book buyer. This shop is not unlike a catacomb, filled as it is with the dust of a literary past, and the dry bones of books once famous, but now, like the authors, utterly forgotten. It is a strangely mixed company that one finds assembled on the shelves of an old book shop. Here 'Jane Eyre' leans lovingly on the stalwart shoulder of the doughty 'Don Quixote'; 'Amelia' in a dress of fine old calf, feels shy in the presence of 'Humphrey Clinker,' in a suit of ragged brown cloth, while jolly 'Pickwick' is not at all discomfited by the close proximity of a greasy 'Cook Book.' Lamb stands cheek by jowl with Bacon, and Bunyan clings to Foote.

Your genuine bibliophile is in his seventh heaven in such a shop as this one. Grant him a stuffy room filled with books, and full permission to mouse among the oldest, and (if he be made of the true material) he will emerge, before the sun has set, cobwebs in his beard and dust upon his face and sleeves, but supremely happy in a "find."

In such a shop the prowler may find the worldly wisdom of Shakspeare concentrated in one diminutive toylike tome, printed in sight-destroying type, or he may obtain the same wisdom expanded into twenty folio volumes. No one sect or creed is recognized as superior to another in a book shop. The Koran stands beside the Bible, to the right of which is a Chinese Joss book and beside that a treatise on Buddhism. On an adjoining shelf is a row of Peter Parley's milk and water tales, and just above these a volume of the forgotten Mrs. Hemans's poems. Near these stands an old edition of the 'Iliad,' and next to it, in yellow covers, a 1595 edition of 'Les

Es-sais de Michel Seigneur de Montaigne.' This last is not a beautiful book, but a famous collector, long since dead, has inscribed his name in a scrawling, wavering hand on the title page, and thus set a greater value on the ancient tome.

The old bookseller tells the writer, as the latter is taking his leave, of a Frenchman's remarkable feat in book renovation. "The Frenchman's name is Laboutan," said the bibliophile. "A wealthy connoisseur had sent him a copy of Coverdale's Bible that was completely saturated with candle grease and fat, and had been badly eaten by mice. It seemed a hopeless task to renovate such a book wreck, but by treating each leaf to a judicious course of chlorine and ammonia in solution, he succeeded in making the pages look as fresh as when they left the printer's hands. After each leaf was thoroughly dried he supplied the defective portions by delicately grafting on selected pieces of paper of the required texture and shade. The missing letter-press was facsimiled and the whole was then sized and appropriately bound by a celebrated Parisian binder. The very neat sum of \$250 was the total cost of this treatment."—*New York Press*.

GEORGE CHAPMAN.

(The translator of *Homer*.)

I may not emulate the lofty rhyme
That Keats hath builded to thy fame;
Enough for me to bear the name
That thou hast written on the scroll sublime;
For thou didst live in mighty Shakspeare's time;
Some portion of the wondrous flame
That lit his soul, on thine the same
It shone, and, nurtured by its tropic clime,
The seeds of poetry and song
Budded and grew, and bloomed along
The fair parterre, where, ranged in bright array,
'The choicest works of famous men,—
Of Greene and Marlowe, Nash and Ben,
And Avon's Bard,—their glories all display.

T. J. CHAPMAN.

DE ORTU TYPOGRAPHIÆ.

COSTER V. GUTENBERG.

The ebb and flow of opinion, even upon the most important questions, upon which one would suppose everybody would agree, is a remarkable psychological fact. Upon no question has this alteration of opinion been more noticeable than "On the Origin of Printing." Indeed, from the earliest times up to now there have been divergent opinions. That moveable types were used in Holland before the earliest specimens of the Gutenberg school appeared has been maintained with more or less success ever since 1499, when the author of the Cologne Chronicle published his important history. And that belief was held by many learned bibliographers when Dr. van der

Linde in 1870 issued his remarkable book known in England as 'The Haarlem Legend.' The vigor of his attack in that work upon the Dutch claims, and his wonderful skill in the use of his materials and the marshalling of his arguments, made his readers shut their eyes to the savage personality of his warfare and the gross unfairness of his statements. Nevertheless, he did good by sweeping away many literary cobwebs and erroneous ideas by which former writers had been entrapped, and by placing the facts of the debate upon a firmer basis. In stating the case for either Holland or Germany, theory must to some extent be introduced, but theory must always be grounded on a good substratum of fact, and then the reader must judge for himself whether the facts are sufficiently strong to support the superstructure.

The first fact adduced in favor of Holland as the birthplace of printing is the Cologne Chronicle of 1499. This evidence, coming as it does from a writer who lived and wrote in the 15th century and who obtained his information from "Master Ulrich Zell," a celebrated Cologne printer of the Gutenberg school, demands the most serious consideration. Unfortunately there are certain discrepancies in his narrative, which, however, are not in that portion which concerns the positive invention so much as in the sequence of the places in which the art was introduced. We must remember, too, that the account was written at a time when criticism and bibliography were unborn. The passage, which is quoted from 'The Haarlem Legend' (1871), page 8, is as follows:—

"When, where, and by whom was found out the unspeakably useful art of printing books?

"Here we have especially to observe that of late the love and ardor of mankind have decreased very much, or have been polluted, at one time by vain glory, at another time by covetousness, idleness, &c., particularly reprehensible in the clergy, who are more watchful and anxious to gather temporal good, and to seek the enjoyments of the flesh than the salvation of the soul; whereby the common people fall into great error, for they and their leaders seek only temporal good, as if there were no eternal good or eternal life hereafter. In order, therefore, that the negligence of our leaders, and the evil example and corruption of the Divine Word by all preachers in general, who cause their immoral covetousness to be heard and observed, at the same time might not be too great an impediment and injury to good Christians; and in order that nobody might excuse himself, the Eternal God has produced out of His impenetrable wisdom the present excellent art whereby books are printed and multiplied, so that every person himself is able to read, or hear read, the way to salvation. How should I attempt to write or to relate the praise, the advantage, and the bliss which arise, and have arisen, from this art? for they are inexpressible. Let all who love letters testify it. God gives it to laymen who are able to read German, to the learned who make use of the Latin language, to monks and nuns, in short to all. O, how many prayers, what unspeakable edification is derived from printed books! How many precious and

wholesome exhortations are given in preaching! All this arises from this noble art. O, how great an advantage and blessing proceed, if they choose, from those who either make, or are instrumental in making, printed books. And he who wishes to read about this may peruse the little book, written by the great and celebrated Doctor Joh. Gerson, 'De laude scriptorum,' or the book of the spiritual father and abbot of Spanheim, Joh. von Tritenheim. This highly valuable art was discovered first of all in Germany, at Mentz, on the Rhine. And it is a great honor to the German nation that such ingenious men are found among them. And it took place about the year of our Lord 1440, and from this time until the year 1450, the art, and what is connected with it, was being investigated. And in the year of our Lord 1450, it was a golden year (Jubilee), and they began to print, and the first book they printed was the Bible, in Latin. It was printed in a large letter, resembling the letter with which at present miscals are printed. Although the art (as has been said, was discovered at Mentz, in the manner as it is now generally used, yet the first prefiguration (*die erste vurbildung*) was found in Holland, in the Donatases, which were printed there before that time. And from these the beginning of the said art was taken, and it was invented in a manner much more masterly and subtle than this, and became more and more ingenious. One named Omnibonus wrote in a preface to the book called 'Quintilianus,' and in some other books too, that a Walloon from France, named Nicol. Jenson, discovered first of all this masterly art; but that is untrue, for there are those still alive who testify that books were printed at Venice before Nic. Jenson came there and began to cut and make letters. But the first inventor of printing was Junker Johan Gutenberg. From Mentz the art was introduced first of all into Cologne, then into Strassburg, and afterwards into Venice. The origin and progress of the art was told me verbally by the honorable Master Ulrich Zell, of Harran, still printer at Cologne. Anno. 1499, by whom the said art came to Cologne. There are also some confident persons who say that books had been already printed before; but this is not true, for we find in no country books printed at that time."

We have here the account of a writer who is eminently German in his sympathies, and is proud of the position held by his countrymen in the early stage of printing. He lived in the midst of an extensive book manufactory—Cologne—and his ideas are large and biblical. When he speaks of Gutenberg's art, he refers to Bibles and Psalters, and Classics, books of literary and religious importance, and not to school books for boys. His account reads thus:—"This highly valuable art (that is, the perfected state of which he had been speaking) was discovered first in Germany, and the first book printed was the Bible in Latin. But although the art was discovered at Mentz in the manner now generally used (the manner of the first great Bible), yet the first prefiguration was found in Holland in the Donatases which were printed before that time. And from these the beginning of the said art was taken; and it was invented (by Gutenberg) in a manner much more masterly and subtle than this

(viz., the Holland school books), and became more and more ingenious."

Surely this is easy to understand, notwithstanding the learned mists by which it has been enveloped. The Donatuses referred to, says Dr. van der Linde, were block-books, engraved on, and printed from wood. But a block-printed Donatus of Dutch make does not exist, while early Dutch Donatuses in moveable types are among the most common on the list of 'Costeriana.' It is to me plain that Gutenberg could not have taken the idea of separate types from a Dutch block-book which did not exist, while German ones were within his reach; but that seeing a type-printed Donatus which had come from Holland, he was struck with the novel process, saw that it was capable of great improvement, and after years of trial and experiment, produced books in a manner "much more masterly and subtle," than the poor Dutch Donatus. This argument formerly was much less complete, because the type Donatuses were then unknown. Now there are at least twenty editions in various types all belonging to Holland. The only question is, are there reasons for believing that these Donatuses, or some of them, are products of the Dutch press anterior to the first German-printed dated piece, viz., the 'Indulgence' of 1454?

In Mr. Hessels' last work, 'Haarlem the Birth-place of Printing, not Mentz,' he gives a most interesting list of forty-seven books and fragments of books, all connected together typographically, and all without doubt printed in Holland at a very early stage of the art. For these, eight different founts of type were used, and the proofs of their origin are in the language of some, which is Dutch; in the shape of the t and r, a form peculiar to Holland, and especially peculiar to Dutch MSS. of the first half of the fifteenth century; and in the typographical treatment. All are rude in workmanship, though not contemporaneous, and twenty-one out of the forty-seven are editions of the school-book known as 'Donatus,' the very book which the Cologne Chronicler refers to as having suggested to Gutenberg the idea of improved movable types.

Forming as these do a group of books having similar peculiarities all their own, we want a general title by which to speak of and identify them; and the word "Costeriana," by which already some of them are known, seems a fit designation for the whole class.

Of these forty-seven "Costeriana," thirty-five are printed on vellum and twelve only on paper. Now this great prevalence of vellum over paper undoubtedly points to an early period of printing.¹ Seven editions of the 'Alex: Galli Doctrinale,' another well-known school-book, are also among the "Costeriana." Being all in Latin they would be equally useful as school-books in other countries, and would naturally travel away from the seat of their produc-

tion. It is therefore nothing extraordinary to find them in towns outside Holland. When they became injured by use, or, in the course of time, obsolete, they naturally fell into the hands of the book-binders, who, according to a well-known custom, cut them up and used them to strengthen the backs and sides of any books they had to bind. Thus the great bulk of "Costeriana" have been rescued from the sides and backs of old books, and from the covers of a variety of fifteenth century works. They have turned up at Haarlem, Delft, Deventer, Strasbourg, Reutlingen, and even at Cologne. Haarlem supplies five varieties, all found in the town or cathedral archives, the earliest of which is a manuscript volume begun in 1474, which belongs to Haarlem Cathedral. Of course a book which begins in 1474, and is partly made up of fragments of an utilized book, must have been bound earlier and with material already old. How far back this would take us must remain a matter of conjecture: if we reckon it as twenty years, we should just precede the Indulgence of 1454-5 attributed to Gutenberg.

Reverting to the eight varieties of type found in the forty-seven "Costeriana," there are no data at present by which to determine their sequence. They ought all to be studied side by side by an expert in early types—apparently an impossibility, as they are scattered through various libraries in Europe—for, if their typographical peculiarities were carefully and scientifically observed, I feel sure that they would yield very important data, and probably supply us with evidence of a true chronological sequence. There is no certain evidence of their issue from one press or even from one town. They are, however, in one way or another closely related. When two sorts of type as happens with types 1 and 2, are used in the same book, we may safely attribute them, as is the case with others, to the same printing-office. Types 3, 4, 5, and 6, are in like manner closely related, and with the same Gothic peculiarities as Nos. 1 and 2; while types 7 and 8, though distinct, are plainly of the same class, and with the others form an interesting family group.

Again, we must note that not one of these "Costeriana" has catch-words, or signatures, or head-lines, or hyphens. Four editions of the 'Speculum humanæ salvationis' are printed by using the "frotton," and therefore upon one side only of the paper, in a manner similar to that used by our modern wood-engravers when they want to prove their work. These rank among the "Block-Books." Certain pages in these books are entirely cut in wood; certain others have a wood-block printed separately in the upper part of the sheet, while the text beneath is printed at a press, and with movable types. It would be absurd to place these typographical customs anywhere in Germany so late as 1470—a period when books printed with types were being sold in every capital of Europe.

But, suppose that an early date is admitted for these "Costeriana," can we then place them before 1454, which is the date written upon an Indulgence ad-

¹ This is used as an argument for the antiquity of the two or three Donatuses printed with the types of Pfister or Gutenberg, and therefore is equally good when applied to Dutch Donatuses.

mittedly of German printing? Honestly speaking, I think the direct proofs insufficient; but if we study the typographical evidence by the light of the Cologne Chronicle, the probabilities seem to me quite on the side of the "Costeriana." Time, however, will show. Mr. Hessels, reckoning the Donatus editions backwards from 1471, thinks that the demand which necessitated so many as twenty-one editions, must have been spread over a series of years long enough to bring back the earliest edition to a period before the indulgence of 1454. I am afraid this is a weak argument; and I would rather rest upon the fact that these early Dutch prints fit in exactly with the allusion to them in the Cologne Chronicle—that is before 1450; that, try as much as you like, you cannot place them in any other period, or with any other group of Dutch typography. Bring them up to 1470, or near it, and they are anachronisms—leave them, or some of them, anterior to Gutenberg, and they "fit in."

We should also remember that the evidence is not, and cannot for many years to come, be complete. There are many collections in Europe which have never been searched for "Costeriana," and it is not often that bibliographers can boast of a good "hunter," who unites will, knowledge, and devotion, to the search. Several "Costeriana" have been discovered within the last few years, and looking at the spoils already snatched from the hands of time, we may well exclaim—

Quanta fuisti si tanta sunt reliquia!

We must now refer shortly to the account of Coster, given by the historian Junius. This writer's character and work have been most unfairly treated by Dr. Van der Linde. Junius narrates the story of the Dutch invention of printing as it was current in Holland in 1568, and because his account overthrows Dr. Van der Linde's pet theory, he is accused of every base artifice and historical deceit. Now, who was Junius? The Dutch form of his name was De Jonghe, but as he lived in a scholarly age and wrote mostly in Latin, and as the fashion in his time was to Latinize surnames, he was universally known as Junius. Few men had a more extended fame in the latter part of the sixteenth century than he. Wherever throughout all Europe men of culture and learning congregated, his name was known and respected; and in any collection of letters from and to literary men of that period, you are sure to meet with his name. His career was brilliant, and it has been left for one of his own countrymen to bolster up a weak cause by attributing base motives to him after the general consent of 300 years had agreed to yield him honor. Junius, writing in 1568, the true date of his 'Batavia,' gives a rather lengthy account of the origin of printing in Haarlem—not as a proved historical narrative, but as reported to him on trustworthy testimony. He states the general belief of the Dutch people at that time, which was that a native of Haarlem, named Laurens Janszoon Coster, about the year 1440, discovered the means of printing from separate wooden types,

which shortly afterwards led to the use of metal types, and that he printed small books with them. This is the pith of the story; for whether he was a tallow-chandler or Custos of the Cathedral, whether he had children and grandchildren, or whether his types were years afterwards cast into wine-pots, is of no moment whatever. What is of moment is this:—When Junius wrote the story of Coster, he depended upon what had been handed down through three or four generations to his time, and was quite unaware that the Town Registers of Haarlem sustained his account in some important particulars. For instance, Junius gives the name of the man who invented printing as Coster of Haarlem, and sure enough, between 1436 and 1483 the name of Laurens Janszoon Coster appears frequently in the Haarlem Town Records. Coster there is a tallow-chandler, and of course the occurrence of such a name is no evidence that the Coster of Junius was the Coster of the Haarlem Records. Still it is worth remembering. Again, Junius says Coster had a servant named Cornelis, and here again is a curious agreement in name, for the Cathedral Records of Haarlem mention several times the employment of "Cornelis, the book-binder." Here, too, we must remember that several fragments of "Costeriana" have been extracted from volumes bound by this very Cornelis. Many minor arguments and coincidences might be adduced to show that if the story of Coster has not been handed down with that accuracy of statement we so much desire in old history, but which, alas, we so seldom get, there is nevertheless a foundation for it stronger than mere rumor, and in it a history free from intentional misrepresentation.

Turning now to Gutenberg, we have much firmer ground to stand upon. We have, to begin with, abundant evidence of his existence; and of his having been a printer. We have the general consent of Germany, Italy, and France as to the art, as practised by them, having been derived from him, and the natural tendency is to attach greater weight to this evidence than upon critical examination it will bear. Workmen whose tuition had come more or less directly from him, and book-buyers, who were naturally in ignorance of the steps which led up to Gutenberg's success, attributed to him not only priority in producing the books which called forth their admiration, but believed him to have been the first to use movable types. And yet, as we have seen, the testimony is not given with that perfect assurance of its truth that one might expect if they spoke of things within their own knowledge. The weak part of Gutenberg's case is that, notwithstanding several opportunities, he never claimed the invention, although others around him were taking the honor to themselves—that there is not a single piece bearing his name, and that the earliest efforts attributed to him may with just as much probability be put down to Pfister, the first printer at Bamberg. Not indeed until 1473 do we meet with a direct mention of Gutenberg's name in connection with the discovery, and then (it is Prof. Fichet, of Sor-

bonne, who is writing) the statement is not positive; "*ferunt enim illic*," which may be rendered by the French "*on dit*." In the sense that he improved so far on his Haarlem originals as to enable him to print grand instead of important books, Gutenberg was an inventor; but had the question been put to him, "Had you any idea of movable, separate types before you saw a Dutch Donatus?" his answer would, I believe, have been "No!"

Perhaps the best verdict upon the whole question has come from the pen of M. Madden, of Versailles. This biographer is a strong adherent of Dr. Van der Linde, yet this is the conclusion of an article in the February number of *La Typologie Tucker*:—

"Sans les humbles Donatus de Haarlem nous n'aurions pas l'admirable Bible de Trente-six lignes, et sans les persévérants et féconds efforts de Gutenberg pendant dix ans, de 1440 à 1450, l'humanité ne jouirait pas de l'art que son génie créateur a élevé à une perfection qui laisse très loin en arrière les premiers et nécessairement très imparfaits produits des essais de Laurent Coster. En un mot: Coster nous a donné Gutenberg, et Gutenberg nous a donné la Typographie." WILLIAM BLADES.

FUNNY TRANSLATIONS.

The Cornhill Magazine has a little laugh in its April number at "some mistranslations"—fertile theme of jokes, past, present, and to come. The tendency to laugh at other people's mistakes seems least restrained when these mistakes are errors in translation. Is the source of our enjoyment the vanity that is flattered by the sense of one's own cleverness in seeing what was so obscure to the translator? Or is it that human nature compensates itself for the drudgery of learning other languages by taking a little extra fun out of them? However it be, the translation joke is always welcome, and is, to do it justice, a frequently recurring item in our periodical literature. Like other jokes, however, some of these are current for a long time, and have no sense of shame at reappearance. The good story is none the worse for being twice told, but the good joke insists on being twice a hundred times told. The translation of 'Love's Last Shift' into 'La Dernière Chemise de l'Amour' can only be mentioned again in *The Cornhill* to serve as a sort of introduction to other stories of the kind, among which this one is still facile princeps. The writer in *The Cornhill*, however, rather adds to the piquancy of these mistranslation stories by looking out instances

¹ Without the humble Donatuses of Haarlem we should never have had the wonderful Bible of thirty-six lines; and without the persevering and fruitful efforts of Gutenberg during the ten years from 1440 to 1450, mankind would never have been blessed with that art which his creative genius has raised to a perfection which leaves far behind the first and necessarily imperfect attempts of Coster. In a word: Coster gave us Gutenberg, and Gutenberg has given us Typography.

in which the translator, vaguely conscious that his version was lacking in intelligibility, increases the fun by volunteering explanations. Thus a French translator of one of Fenimore Cooper's stories reads of a man tying his horse to a locust, and not comprehending that a locust tree was meant, translates literally, with an explanation to his readers that these insects in America grow to an enormous size, and that one of them dead and stuffed was placed at the door of the mansion for the convenience of visitors on horseback. There would undoubtedly be less enjoyment, as there need be little surprise, at the story of a Frenchman rendering a Welsh rabbit as a rabbit of Wales, if it were not for the assurance that the translator emphasised his ignorance of the corruption from "rare bit" by explaining that the superior flavor of the rabbits of Wales led to a great demand for them in Scotland, to which country they were forwarded in large numbers. Hence the reference to them in Walter Scott, whose works the translator was thus conscientiously rendering for the pleasure of his countrymen. Metaphor, which is the strength of language, is invariably the stumbling block of the translator. When, however, the red beads on Podsnap's forehead become in French a row of red buttons on his stomach both the metaphor and the literal meaning are missed. But here the writer in *The Cornhill* is himself guilty of a mistranslation. The "boutons" of his French original probably mean pimples, for the one word has the two significations. Some modern dictionaries offer generous aid to the translator by supplying, not only literal meanings, but the equivalents of idiomatic phrases. Shakspeare is naturally the despair of translators. To translate "There's the rub" by its literal meaning would make great nonsense in another language, but there are dictionaries now-a-days which give the phrase equivalent in French "Voilà le hic." No dictionary, however, would have saved the blunderer who thought that "Frality, thy name is woman," should be translated "The woman's name is Madame Frality." Then the lexicon is the obvious cause of the misconstruction of the word "carve," which turned the proud boast "With my sword I will carve my way to fortune" into the low ambition to make a fortune by cutting meat with the sword. Of course the only safe translator is the man who is perfectly familiar with the idiom of both the languages on which he is at work. In proportion to the rarity of this trying qualification will be the amount of amusement open to readers from mistranslation.

THE following lines form the heading to the list of errata in 'Vox Del,' by the Rev. Thomas Scott, of Utrecht, published circ. 1653:—

"Where faults appeare in Letters, Points, or Words,
The Printer's ignorance excuse affords:
And where the Matter or the Forme doth hault,
The Author may hope pardon for his fault.
Since as the One, knowes of the tongue no part,
The other, knowes as little of the heart."

DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI.

O Master of mysterious harmony!
 Well hast thou proved to us the right divine
 To wear thy name. The glorious Florentine
 Had hailed thee comrade on the Stygian sea,—
 Exiled from haunts of men, and sad as he;
 And the strong angel of the inner shrine,—
 Stooped he not sometimes to that soul of thine,
 On messages of radiant ministry?

Thy spiritual breath was the cathedral air
 Of the dead ages. Saints have with thee talked,
 As with a friend. Thou knewest the sacred thrills
 That moved Angelico to tears and prayer;
 And thou, as in a dally dream, hast walked
 With Perugino midst his Umbrian hills.

MARGARET J. PRESTON.

CLEANING PRINTS AND PRINTED PAPER.

Mr. Frazer, Librarian of the Royal Irish Academy, Dublin, contributes to the *Bookbinder* the following account of his method of removing stains from printed paper, title-pages, and engravings:

"I have long since found all attempts to clean prints by the ordinary methods, such as chlorine water, solutions of chloride of lime, or chlorinated soda, to be disastrous, disintegrating the tissue of the paper, which gradually passes into decay, becoming friable and worthless. This led me to employ the following process, which I can recommend after many and protracted trials.

Make a solution of crystallized permanganate of potash in the proportion of about one quarter of an ounce to a pint of tepid or cool water: pour this freely over the print or paper, which will assume a dark brown color. It is best done in a flat vessel of glass or earthenware such as photographers employ, but for large prints I use a vessel made of wood and steeped in melted paraffine, which renders it watertight.

The process can now be finished without delay, or if more convenient, the browned print can be laid aside for a time. Drain off the superfluous brown liquid (which is the well known fluid sold as Condy's Disinfecting Solution) and wash with two or three ablutions of cool or cold water; then add about as much liquid sulphurous acid, in the proportion of a fluid ounce to a pint of water, as will completely bleach the paper; I find a drachm or two of oxalic acid also a useful addition to remove ink stains. The paper gradually assumes a perfectly white color, and only requires to be thoroughly washed with three or four washings of cool water, drained, pressed in blotting paper to remove the superfluous fluid, and dried under pressure.

Remember that the acid used is sulphurous acid, which has a pungent odor of burning sulphur; it must not be confounded with sulphuric acid or vit-

riol which would be dangerous and unsuitable for the process.

The paper when dried will be found tough and firm, and unless very soft does not require sizing, in fact I never employ size or gelatine subsequent to bleaching.

Oil stains may require the use of ether. Some descriptions of ink stains are only to be removed by chlorine solution, but whenever it is used this process should be subsequently adopted to check the disintegration which chlorine causes.

CHARLES LAMB'S LETTERS.

Mr. Alfred Ainger's two volumes of the letters of Charles Lamb just published by Messrs. Armstrong & Son, may be regarded as the crowning of an edifice. Mr. Ainger has already written the great essayist's Life, and these volumes complete his own work. A certain lapse of time, as he explains, was essential to the appearance of the letters in their present fulness, and in their present form. In Talfourd's earlier publication, the correspondence was Bowdlerised to suit the tastes of the age and the scruples of the editor. Lamb sometimes used the "big, big D" in writing to his friends—it was the foolish fashion of the time—and Talfourd would not let him disport himself in that way. Talfourd had not the fear of his text before his eyes; and, instead of only deleting here and there, he sometimes wrote in. In his hands, in fact, the letters were "cut up, altered, and dealt with in very summary fashion." This is not Mr. Ainger's plaint, but Mr. Fitzgerald's, for the former thinks that the charge against his predecessor must be made with all due allowance for the difficulties of his position. The softened expletives were but a trivial matter, and there were other excuses for editorial severity. When Talfourd's first work on the subject appeared, Mary Lamb, to whose melancholy affliction there are of course many allusions in her brother's correspondence, was yet alive. Talfourd survived her, but missed his opportunity by issuing only a patchy supplement to his earlier collection. The present edition has an advantage in the date of its appearance. There is no one living to hurt by what Lamb wrote, and there was never any one living to offend. Mr. Ainger's selection covers the entire life, from Lamb's entry into manhood to the year of his death. The earliest letters preserved were written when he was just of age, and his chief correspondents were Coleridge and Southey. "All three were starting on a literary career, full of ambition." At that period, in spite of Scott's "half-a-crown a line," which may be said to belong to it, the pecuniary rewards of such ambition were not high. Lamb's happiness, though he failed to see it, was that he could not start fair, but had his leg chained to that desk in Leadenhall street which afterwards proved his surest stay. He accordingly had less to repent of than one, in particular, of his distinguished

friends, who so often wrote for bread. His services to both were inestimable. His fine critical faculty made him among the first to detect their powers, while his humor enabled him to laugh them out of their faults. He performed the same kindness for the whole circle of his friends, as it expanded; and their gratitude has made him, perhaps, the best loved man in all literature. As one of his biographers has finely remarked, "He had not one, but half a dozen Boswells." Wordsworth, Coleridge, Hood, Procter, Landon, Hazlitt, and Leigh Hunt have each drawn his delightful character from different points of view. The only picture with hateful shadows in it was painted by one whose infirmities of temper made him see all things with an eye of gloom. Lamb had his posthumous revenge when Carlyle's defamation of him gave the first serious shock to the reputation of Carlyle.

The letters are real letters, as innocent of all design of publicity as those that Thackeray was afterwards to write. Lamb never suspected that their playful freedom of praise and blame was to be a delight to posterity. He only meant to be a service to his friends, or perhaps nothing more than a pleasure to himself. "Dear Godwin, I cannot imagine how you, who never in your writings have expressed yourself disrespectfully of any one but your Maker, can have given offence to Rickman." It is prettily said. When Coleridge is setting out for Germany in September, '98, Lamb sends him a series of theological propositions that may serve for the selection of his thesis in the German schools. It was a period of somewhat strained relations between the pair. The fifth thesis is "Whether the higher order of seraphim illuminate ever *sneer*?" The one before it, as offered to Coleridge, of all men, goes even straighter to the mark. "Whether the seraphim ardent do not manifest their goodness by the way of vision and theory? and whether practice be not a sub-celestial and merely human virtue?" Perhaps in order to show that the cap did not fit him as a seraph, Coleridge rather lost his temper. But he did it in a manner which at least proved that seraphs could sneer. In this fine *mélange* of wit, fancy, tenderness, and curious learning there are, of course, many touches of autobiographical interest. One of the letters will tell us the origin of Lamb's famous pseudonym, and even how to pronounce the word. "Poor Elia the real (for I am but a counterfeit) is dead. The fact is, a person of that name, an Italian, was a fellow-clerk of mine at the South Sea House." "Call him *Elia*," he says elsewhere, in parenthesis. The personality of the 'Elia' of the essays was for some time a profound mystery. The first to guess it was Lamb's friend Dibdin, a grandson of the song writer, who sent him anonymous verses of praise. Lamb in his turn, suspected the authorship of the verses, until, at one of their meetings, the two men looked very hard at one another, laughed, and confessed.

This Dibdin was a merchant's clerk in the City. Lamb and his friends lived in the perhaps not un-

happy time when the City sufficed to itself; and London at any rate was wide enough to make their world. He loved it like Johnson before him. "I have passed all my days in London," he writes to Wordsworth, "until I have formed as many and intense local attachments as any of you mountaineers can have done with dead nature. The lighted shops of the Strand and Fleet-street: the innumerable trades, tradesmen, and customers, coaches, waggons, play-houses; all the bustle and wickedness round about Covent-garden; . . . the watchmen, drunken scenes, rattles; life awake, if you awake, at all hours of the night; the impossibility of being dull in Fleet-street; the crowds, the very dirt and mud; the sun shining upon houses and pavements; the print shops, the old bookstalls, parsons cheapening books, coffee-houses, steams of soups from kitchens; the pantomimes—London itself a pantomime and a masquerade—all these things work themselves into my mind, and feed me without a power of satiating me . . . I often shed tears in the motley Strand from fulness of joy at so much life." Ask him where is the "garden of England," and he will tell you—at Covent-garden to be sure. The love came of the long use and wont. Where he is less familiar with his scene, he is less appreciative. He has a peep at Paris, but his praises are evidently the mere civilities of the visitor, and he is glad to get back. It was "a glorious picturesque old city" in his time. His fine critical taste could find something not to admire in Talma. The great tragedian might never have known it; but, after the manner of actors, he would press Lamb for an opinion upon his 'Regulus,' when they supped together after the play. Lamb shook his head, and smiled. "Ah!" said Talma, "I was not very happy to-night. You must see me in 'Sylla.'" "*Incidit in Scyllam*," said Lamb, and he finished the quotation. "You are a rogue—a great rogue!" was Talma's generous retort. The charm of the letters is the charm of all Lamb's work—the personal quality. He was himself even when he wrote for the public, and he was doubly himself when he wrote for his friends. It is almost a lost art now. The conditions are against it. London was a community in Lamb's day: whatever its size, no one had thought of defining it as a county. It could not hear him if he were writing now, even if it cared to listen. It would not care to listen. In some tropic storms, the very violence of the down-pour produces a strange illusion of calm in which no note seems to fall upon the ear. Lamb was as fortunate in his age as his age was fortunate in him.

THE late Judge Francis H. Dewey, of Worcester, Mass., bequeathed to the Old Men's Home \$1000, the income to be applied to the purchase of books and periodicals for the use of the inmates; to the Worcester Horticultural Soc., \$1000, to be applied to the purchase of books for the library; and to the American Antiquarian Soc., \$2000, to be applied to the purchase of the biographies and miscellaneous writings of distinguished judges and lawyers of Worcester.

TO THE BOOKWORM.

Rest thy book among the flowers,
 Rest thy limbs amidst the heather
 Looking skyward, thought endowers
 All in life and books together.
 Ah! welcome musings! only then
 We learn that nature has to tell
 So much, it takes a world of men
 'To hear; long ages to unspell;
 And ages longer to unfold.
 See our books among the flowers!
 Rest our limbs in leafy bowers!
 Learning much that's yet untold.

G. LAURENCE GOMME.

SIR HENRY TAYLOR AND HIS FRIENDS.

'Correspondence of Henry Taylor.' Edited by Edward Dowden. (New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1898.)

What a mass of material the anecdotic historian of our half-century will have to deal with! From the endless array of biographies, autobiographies, diaries, and letters it should almost be possible to "account for" every day in the life of certain prominent members of literary and political coteries—to discover where he was, and who was in his company at any given date, and even to pick up scraps of his conversation. Sir Henry Taylor, in the two volumes of his 'Autobiography,' had already contributed his fair share to the intimate annals of his time. The collection, or rather selection, of letters now before us is a sort of supplement to the 'Autobiography.' It forms a portly volume, yet, from sheer lack of space, Mr. Dowden has had to suppress, or at least to hold over, a large part of the letters which Sir Henry Taylor had himself prepared for publication. There is much curious and interesting matter in these pages, but neither Sir Henry himself nor the majority of his correspondents belonged to the sparkling and fascinating school of letter-writers. In Sir Henry's own letters we find an invaluable commentary upon his staid, polished, logical, and rather sententious poetry, which, with all its great merits, lacks something of spontaneity and unexpectedness. His correspondents were many. Wordsworth is the first who figures in this volume, the last is Mr. Swinburne; and in the sixty-one years between 1823 and 1884 we find him discussing many subjects with many men and women. Literature and politics are of course the staple topics, and of the political letters those on colonial subjects are of course the most valuable.

WORDSWORTH.

If there is not a great wealth of absolute anecdote in this correspondence, there are many direct and vivid glimpses of the literary men of three generations, "in their habits as they lived." In 1831 Taylor writes from London to his stepmother's (and his own) dear friend, Miss Fenwick:—

I have seen a good deal more of Wordsworth than I ever saw before; I feel as if one could have a great deal of regard for him. I have had three or four breakfasts for him, and he is as agreeable in society as he is admirable in his powers of talking, so perfectly courteous and well-bred and simple in his manners. He met Jeffrey the other day at Sir J. Mackintosh's, and at Jeffrey's request they were introduced. Lockhart beheld the ceremony, and told me that Wordsworth played the part of a man of the world to perfection, much better than the smaller man, and did not appear to be conscious of anything having taken place between them before.

Miss Fenwick, again, in 1830, relates the following curious instance of Wordsworth's keen and simple minded sensibility to praise:—

I told him I saw that he had been very successful in his morning's work; he said he had, indeed, and that he was sure that he had never done better in his life, and then he continued, "And I must tell you what Mary said when I was dictating to her this morning." (She always writes for him.) "Well, William, I declare you are cleverer than ever," and the tears started into his eyes, and he added, "It is not often I have had such praise; she has always been sparing of it." He knew it was no empty praise, for he cultivates the minds of all around him to the discernment of beauty, and how much more this companion of his life for the last six and thirty years! My dear cousin, may you find a wife "whose applause to you may be more than fame" after as long a period!

SOUTHEY.

Despite deep and radical differences of political and speculative opinion, Taylor and Southey were intimate friends. During a visit of Southey's to London in 1830, Taylor wrote to Miss Fenwick:—

He is very tired of London, being in great request and very grand. The Duchess of Kent had been lying in wait for him, for some reason unknown to him, and he dined with her on Wednesday, and liked her much, and liked also Leopold, with whom he had a great deal of conversation; and the little Princess was brought in to tell him that she had read his Life of Nelson, and she was very pretty and lively. They seemed to him to be as unconcerned about the state of affairs, and passing their days as pleasantly, as Marie Antoinette in her time of coming troubles.

CARLYLE.

Though Mr. Dowden has no note on this passage, the "pretty and lively little Princess" was doubtless no other than the Princess Victoria. Writing to his wife from the Grange, in September, 1848, Taylor ventures upon the following criticism of Carlyle, which was, however, less audacious at that date than it would have been twenty years later:—

Carlyle seems in better health than usual, and talks away lustily, and there is always something to take one's attention in his talk, and often a sort of charm in it; but less instructive talk I never listened to from any man who had read and attempted to think. His opinions are the most groundless and senseless opinions that it is possible to utter; or rather they are not opinions, for he will utter the most opposite and con-

tradietory and incompatible opinions in the most dogmatic and violent language in the course of an half an hour. The real truth is that they are not opinions, but "shams." And I think it is the great desire to have opinions and the incapacity to form them which keeps his mind in a constant struggle, and gives it over to every kind of extravagance. It is wonderful that a man of no opinions should exercise such an influence in the world as he appears to do; but I suppose it is an influence of concussion and subversion rather than any other. That is not the sort of influence which the world seems to want at present.

TENNYSON.

Of Tennyson we hear a good deal. Taylor's critical estimate of him in 1851 (soon after the publication of 'In Memoriam') ran as follows:—"His intellect at large, though good, is not, I think, great in proportion to the imaginative and poetical elements of it; and, therefore, I do not anticipate that he will take any such place in poetry as is filled by Coleridge and Wordsworth." As a pure poet, however, if not as a thinker, Tennyson commanded his senior's homage. Taylor wrote on November 17, 1852, to congratulate him on his 'Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington,' and received the following reply:—

Thanks, thanks! I have just returned from Reading and found your letter.

In the all but universal depreciation of my ode by the press, the prompt and hearty approval of it by a man as true as the Duke himself is doubly grateful.—
Ever, my dear Taylor, yours, A. TENNYSON.

Ten years later, a letter from Taylor to Lady Taunton contains the following descriptive criticism of the Laureate's declamation:—

I am glad that you took pleasure in Alfred and his reading. I hope you sat up with him over his pipe, for no one knows how agreeable he can be without that experience with him. As to his reading, he is a deep-mouthed bound, and the sound of it is very grand; but I rather need to know by heart what he is reading, for otherwise I find sense to be lost in sounds from time to time; and, even when I do not know what the words are, I think more of articulation is wanted to give the consonantal effects of the rhythm; for without these effects the melodious sinks into the mellifluous in an ordinary utterance; and even when intoned by such an organ as Alfred's, if the poetry be of a high order, the rhythm so sounded loses something of its musical and more of its intellectual significance.

A DIFFICULTY ABOUT A COURT SUIT.

One of the most curious anecdotes in the book crops up incidentally when, in 1866, the newly-knighted Sir Henry Taylor is in difficulty about a Court suit in which to do homage on the occasion of his "apotheosis":—

I have new cause to lament (he writes) the loss of my old friend Samuel Rogers. Two successive Poets Laureate went to Court on their appointment in borrowed plumes, and the plumes were borrowed from him. I well remember (how can I forget it?) a dinner in St. James's-place, when the question arose whether

Samuel's suit was spacious enough for Alfred. The elder poet turned to his man waiting behind his chair, "I dare say, Edmund, you remember that Mr. Wordsworth wore them when he went to Court; I think it was you who dressed him on the occasion." "No, sir, no," said Edmund; "it was Mr. and Mrs. Moxon, and they had great difficulty in getting him into them." No such suit remains for me, nor, if it did, would the same assistance be available.

Dickens, Thackeray, Browning, and George Eliot are scarcely, if at all, alluded to in these pages.

IN HIS PLAYFUL MOOD.

Finally, let us give one specimen (date 1873) of Sir Henry Taylor's more playful moods:—

I paid Carlyle a visit a few days ago, and I think the account you had of him can scarcely have been correct. I heard nothing but the customary grumble, and when I told him he would have to dine with us on Thursday (the day after to-morrow) he laughed, but made no real resistance, and he is to come accordingly. He does, however, look a little more withered than he did last year, if he looks habitually as he did last week. One cannot judge by a single visit. I drove through London streets, and everybody I see looks ill and ugly. The wind is from the east. I drive through the streets in a south-west wind, and only nine-tenths of the people look ugly and ill. The objects I see are different, and I also see them with different eyes. Tell — not hastily to reject a man who is injudicious enough to make her a proposal in a north-east wind; nor yet hastily to accept him if he comes in a south-west wind; but in either case to beg him to call again when the wind is the other way.

Such sportiveness is rare in these pages. They exhibit Sir Henry Taylor as a man of genial and thoughtful but very sedate habit of mind; and it is vivacity (even with a little petulance thrown in) that makes the classic letter-writer. In respect of literary quality and charm this volume will certainly never claim a place on the same shelf with Lamb's letters, or Thackeray's, or Mrs. Carlyle's. It contains, nevertheless, much intelligent discussion of literary and political themes, many interesting appreciations of men and books, and not a few anecdotic details and personal traits which are well worth preserving.

LIBRARY NOTES.

MRS. ELIZA R. WHEATON has given the town of Norton, Mass., a new public library building worth \$20,000. Nearly half of the 2200 books in the library are also her gift.

THE library of the University of Southern California, West Los Angeles, Cal., has recently received a gift of \$10,000, which will be available shortly for the purchase of books.

FROM the tenth annual report (1886-1887) of the St. Helens, Eng., Free Public Library we learn that on Sundays there were 10,416 visitors to the reading rooms.

Among the rarities in Dr. Williams's library in Grafton St., London, (founded about 1699) is a tiny shorthand Bible, exquisitely written, which is said to have belonged to an apprentice, who, suspicious of James II.'s intentions regarding Protestantism, wrote the whole for himself, fearing that he might be deprived of his printed copy. In addition there are fourteen MS. volumes relating to Richard Baxter, and a little volume of George Herbert's, part of which is in the poet's handwriting, and which is believed to be the copy he sent to Nicholas Ferrar.

From an article on 'Female Assistants in Libraries' in the *Englishwoman's Review* it appears that the Manchester Free Libraries employ no less than forty-two women and girls. Bristol employs twenty-five women assistants and women are also employed at Bradford, Blackpool, Derby, Sheffield, and St. Helens.

An interesting item in the report of the Birmingham, Eng., Free Public Library is the table of 'Ages of the Borrowers who qualified in 1887.' Lord Randolph Churchill once told the Cambridge undergraduates that a man's thinking days were over at twenty-five. If reading is the food of thinking, then the Birmingham figures quite agree with Lord Randolph's experience. The great reading age, it seems, is from fourteen to twenty—nearly 40 per cent. of the Birmingham "borrowers" being within those limits. After twenty the readers gradually tail off until we come to those between fifty and sixty, who number only 1 per cent. of the whole.

In the March number of *Le Livre* M. Jules Adeline waxed wroth with the inaugural discourse of M. Eugène Noël at the re-opening of the Rouen Library. After complaining bitterly of the wretched arrangement of the drawings and engravings he remarks on the singular fashion in which books are regarded, and complains that M. Noël, the librarian, made a point of the fact that the shelves placed in line would form so many kilomètres and that all the volumes together would weigh so many kilos! A queer fashion, this, of estimating books. By the pound!

As is the case in most large libraries, the authorities of the Bibliothèque Nationale, of Paris, are much exercised to find space to accommodate their rapidly increasing collections. As a way out of the difficulty, arrangements have been made for a subsidiary storage at Fontainebleau, to hold some of the less valuable of the copyright accessions, such as the successive unaltered editions of popular novels, church services and religious books, and provincial newspapers.

THREE brothers, named Valliano, presented M. Tricoups last year with a sum of one million francs to be employed in some work of public utility at Athens. The erection of a national library worthy of the city was decided on. The foundations of the building were commenced sometime ago, and the

corner-stone, containing the coins and documents usual on such occasions, was laid, on March 28th, by the King, assisted by the Queen and the Princess Alexandra. This will add another to the already large number of splendid edifices erected by the liberality of Greek patriots abroad.

From the report of the Wisconsin State Historical Society we take the following list of gifts and bequests to libraries in the U. S. during 1887: Charles Pratt, of Brooklyn, N. Y., has erected in that city a six-story building to be devoted to a large free library and schools for mechanical training. Charles T. Hubbard has given a memorial library building to the town of Ludlow Mills, Mass. David H. Moffat has built the Moffat Library for the people of Washingtonville, N. Y. At Northfield, Mass., James Talcott has given a library building to the people of the town. The Maine Historical Society and the public library of Portland, Me., have been joint beneficiaries of the generosity of J. P. Baxter, who is now erecting for them a structure worthy of the two institutions it is to house. In Lexington, Mass., the heirs of the Carey estate have given a site, and Col. W. A. P. Tower has promised to erect upon it a free library building. On the 4th of July, the corner-stone of a public library was laid, the gift of Mrs. Hannah M. Darlington. An \$8,000 library building has been given to Simsbury, Conn., by Amos R. Enos. Buildings worth \$10,000 each are being erected in Middleton, Mass., by B. F. Emerson, and at Peekskill, N. Y., by Courtland de Puyster Field. At Littleton, Mass., an unknown benefactor recently offered \$10,000 to purchase books for a public library, if the town would contribute a \$10,000 building and appropriate \$2,500 per annum for running expenses—and the proposition was accepted. Albert C. Raymond left \$12,000 to found a free library at East Hartford, Conn., and a park in which to place the building. G. R. Sherman presented a fully-equipped library and building to the village of Port Henry, N. Y., at a cost of \$15,000. G. Sargent has willed \$18,000 and some real estate to the Library Association of Hartford, Conn. In Concord, N. H., William P. and Miss Clara M. Fowler have bought for the people a building costing \$12,000 and will spend \$10,000 more in fitting it up for the city library. The widow of Dean Richmond gave \$25,000 for a library building and site, to the village of Batavia, N. Y. T. Jefferson Coolidge gave a \$25,000 memorial hall and library to the town of Manchester-by-the-Sea, Mass., and it was formally dedicated Oct. 13. The late W. Merrick, who died suddenly in January, left \$30,000 for a free library at Springfield, Mass. A like sum was left to Shrewsbury, Mass., for a similar purpose, by the will of Jubal Howe. Col. C. M. McGhee gave Knoxville, Tenn., a public library costing him \$40,000. In New York City, a branch of the city library has been built and equipped by Miss Catherine W. Bruce, at a cost of \$50,000. A \$12,000 site and a \$50,000 library building are to be given to Springfield, Ohio, by Benjamin H. Walker. James G. Clark, the founder of Clark

University, at Worcester, Mass., has given nearly \$2,000,000 to that institution, one item being the sum of \$100,000 as an endowment fund for a university library. F. H. Rindge has offered to Cambridge, Mass., a site worth \$50,000 and a library structure worth \$75,000, and efforts are being made there to raise, by popular subscription, a fund for the maintenance of the institution. Miss Annie F. Howard is about to erect a great public library in New Orleans, to accommodate 150,000 volumes; the structure is designed to be the handsomest public building in the South, and the Howard family propose to maintain the library on a first-class scale. At Wilkes Barre, Pa., Isaac Osterhout bequeathed \$200,000 for the erection and establishment of a free library, but his widow has generously doubled the bequest, so that the fund is now \$400,000, and the building to be erected is to eclipse any other library in Pennsylvania. The Historical Society at Los Angeles, Cal., has just been made the recipient of \$100,000 from a public-spirited person whose name is not given.

MADAME E. DENTU, widow of the Paris publisher, has generously presented to the Bibliothèque Nationale a letter written by Mademoiselle de Maintenon to Colbert, the celebrated minister of Louis XIV., Madame Dentu having been informed that it had been stolen from the National Library many years ago. As the letter is brief and curious we print it:—
 'A Colbert, Contrôleur Général des Finances, Oct. 28, 1664. Monsieur Colbert, I have very humbly begged the King to order my mother-in-law to put matters in the state they were when I left Paris, so that I may be able to free myself from business with her. I hope that, seeing matters coming to an end, I may be able to get away from her. For to pass one's days with such a woman would be torture; and there is nothing to which I would not rather consent. Beggary would be pleasanter. So I hope the King will think it well that the position in which he has placed me makes me take other steps than those which I had taken, and I hope that you will show the same kindness to me that you have always shown. It is this that I pressingy ask and also that you will believe me to be, as sincerely I am, Monsieur Colbert, your affectionate friend,
 ANNE-MARIE-LOUISE D'ORLEANS.'

BIBLIOPHILIANA.

GEORGE WIGHTWICK, an architect and author, of Plymouth, Eng., had a printed copy of the following lines inserted in each of his books. The verses if good for nothing else at least serve to preserve the proper pronunciation of the author's name:—

"To whomsoever this book I lend,
 I give one word—no more:
 They, who to borrow condescend,
 Should graciously restore.

"And whosoever this book should find
 (Be't trunk-maker or critic,)
 I'll thank him if he'll bear in mind
 That it is mine:—

GEORGE WIGHTWICK."

THE Constantinople journals have never been famous either for truth or for fiction. But the story circulated by them about Byron's pen and the sheaf of goosequills provided for foreigners by a monk at the S. Lazzaro monastery in Venice needs flat contradiction at once, or it may pass into history. In fact, it is a ridiculous invention. Byron's inkstand, a plain brass pot with three stunted quills stuck into it, is still preserved in the Armenian monastery. That is the most important souvenir there of the poet which visitors can look at, but which they certainly cannot touch. There is an Armenian grammar, too, with pencil annotations in Byron's handwriting—a grammar that, with the aid of a priest, he is supposed to have compiled. The clump of olive trees at a corner of the convent garden has also its interest, as marking the poet's favorite spot for repose and reverie. Yet Byron, though he wrote a good deal of good poetry when in Venice, cared little, we fancy, either for priests or for grammars. He probably used the Armenian convent as a place for cooling off, after undue dalliance with ladies in the Frezzaria. As is well known, he flirted with high and low—with a fair *formartina* or a languid *contessa*. His letters to Mdme. Isabella Teotochi Albrizzi, of which many are known to exist, have yet to be published. They would certainly give us further insight into Byron's epicurean life in Venice.

THIS bit of satirical verse is not bad, and it may be commended to a host of thoughtless young scribblers:—

A BALLADE OF BALLADES.

"Ballade, when 'tis writ with an E,
 Is a word I have always admired;
 In its structure and form all agree
 A touch very light is required.
 To compose one I long have desired,
 And as rhymester to take my degree—
 My glory to crown I've aspired
 With a ballade that's writ with an E.
 My masters are witty and deft,
 And their subjects with wonder I view;
 Some trifle with stories best left
 In old French that is hard to construe.
 Some glorify china that's blue—
 I've read one on 5 o'clock tea—
 Oh! what in those days did we do,
 When ballade wasn't writ with an E?
 Though a touchstone of culture 'tis made,
 Already its destiny slopes
 To the purposes sordid of trade;
 It will warble of mustard and soaps.
 Then the poet will lavish his tropes
 O'er the merits of braces and tea,
 And to tap such a vein I have hopes
 With a ballade that's writ with an E.
 Prince! I know not, nor do I much care,
 What your country and city may be;
 But the rule says your name must stand there
 In a ballade that's writ with an E.

'OLIVER TWIST' was the last of Dickens's books which was illustrated by George Cruikshank, and

about the last plate, commonly called the 'Fireside Scene,' there was some trouble. It was so bad, so shockingly out of drawing, that Dickens insisted on its being cancelled. This was done, and an almost equally bad plate substituted for it, of Rose Maylie and Oliver looking at his Mother's tomb. The book with the cancelled plate is more valuable than with the substituted plate. Putting the present value of the one at \$35 or \$40, the other is worth about \$25. In either case the title-page should read 'Oliver Twist; or, the Parish Boy's Progress.' By "Boz." Another edition of the same year, 1838, reads 'Oliver Twist, by Charles Dickens,' and is not the genuine first issue. The first octavo edition was published first in ten parts, with a green wrapper by Cruikshank and then in one volume, in 1846. In parts it is worth about \$40 or \$50, and in cloth about \$15.

THE fashion, now happily reviving, of introducing embroidery into the binding of books appears to have been general in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries; probably it succeeded the introduction of velvet. The first mention of velvet on an English binding is in the will of Lady Fitzhugh, in 1427, who bequeathed several books to her children:—"I wyl that my son Robert have a *Sautre* covered with rede velvet, and my doghter Marion a *Primer* cou'ed in rede, and my doghter Darcy a *Sauter* cou'ed in bleu and my doghter Mal-de-Eure a *Prim'r* cou'ed in bleu." The earliest specimen of needlework binding in the British Museum is *Fichetus (Gull) Rhetoricum Libri tres (Impr-in Membranis) 4to, Paris ad Sorbonnaz, 1471*. It is covered with crimson satin, on which is wrought with the needle a coat-of-arms, a lion rampant, in gold thread, on a blue field, with a transverse badge in scarlet silk. The minor ornaments are all worked in fine gold thread. Next in date is 'A Description of the Holy Land,' in Henry VII.'s time, which is bound in rich maroon velvet; the royal arms, the garter, and motto are embroidered in blue on a crimson ground, while the *fleur-de-lis*, leopards, and letters of the motto are in gold thread. In the same museum is Archbishop Parker's *De Antiquitate Britannicæ Ecclesiæ*, 1572, richly bound in green velvet, embroidered with animals and flowers, in green, crimson, lilac and yellow silk, and gold thread; and a Bible bound for James II., which bears his initials on the cover, surmounted by a crown, and surrounded by borders of laurel; the four corners are filled with cherubim. The Bodleian Library possesses a volume of 'The Epistles of St. Paul,' (black letter) the binding of which was embroidered by Queen Elizabeth.

FOR the benefit of any literary statesman who may in future take proverbs for the subject of a discourse, as Mr. Morley lately took aphorisms, let us note what Dr. Thomas Fuller says, writing of them in the middle of the seventeenth century. After defining a proverb to consist in "much matter decocted into few words," he states that "six essentials are required to the compleating of a perfect proverb—namely, that it be—

1. Short	} otherwise it is no Proverb, but a	1. Oration
2. Plain		2. Riddle
3. Common		3. Secret
4. Figurative		4. Sentence
5. Antient		5. Upstart
6. True		6. Libel."

If Mr. Morley is going to re-publish his lecture in some future volume of 'Miscellanies,' he may like a reference to the whole passage, which is found on page 5 of the 'History of the Worthies of England,' fol.: London, 1602.

SAYS M. Fontaine de Rebecq speaking of Parisian bookhunters:—"The old stagers have got to that pitch that they can read with their fingers. I may cite, as a proof, my worthy friend M. H. Though blind, this plucky bibliophile was led every day by his valet to the *Quai Voltaire* which had been his favorite prowling place. He was placed in front of the boxes and would run his hands lightly over the books, going sometimes many yards without uttering a word, then seizing some tiny volume he would say to his guide, "Is'n't this one of Barbin's books?" (or, mentioning some equally celebrated publisher). He was sometimes deceived, no doubt, but he was very often right, then his joy was inexpressible, he would buy a book he already possessed or for which he did not care. "It was his method," he said "of thanking God for preserving to him the shadow of a lost sense."

THE British and Foreign Bible Society was founded in London in 1804 with an initial subscription list of \$3,500. It comprised members of all religious denominations, and its field rapidly extended not only over England but over the Continent also. The operations of the Society are now carried on by means of a network of agencies embracing the whole world, and some idea of the magnitude of the organization may be obtained from the following statistics. The Bible or parts thereof have been printed in 267 languages and dialects, many of which are for the first time reduced to writing. To produce these books, requiring the use of many rare and expensive types, the Society employs printing offices in London, Oxford, Cambridge, Leipzig, Berlin, Frankfort, Vienna, Pesth, Paris, Brussels, Amsterdam, Rome, Florence, Madrid, Lisbon, Copenhagen, Christiania, Stockholm, St. Petersburg, Constantinople, Beyrout, Bombay, Lahore, Allahabad, Madras, Calcutta, Shanghai, Cape Town, Sydney, etc. Up to the end of 1886 no less than 112,253,547 copies of Bibles and parts of the Bible have been distributed, of which 3,952,678 fall to 1886 itself. Of this latter number 2,075,887 were sent out by the depot in London, and 1,856,791 by foreign agencies. Among these Germany counts for 363,094 copies, Russia 450,115, India 314,949, Austria 167,959, France 130,572, Italy 129,028, Spain 56,280, Turkey and Greece 50,925. The total expenditure for the same period amounted to \$51,576,635, in 1886 to \$1,158,880. The number of volumes circulated by other than English societies amounts to 75,703,569, so that all in all more than two hundred million volumes of the scriptures have been circulated by these agencies.

The Bookmart.

May, 1888.

The BOOKMART is published on the 1st of each month. No assurance given, that matter reaching us later than the 28th of the month will be inserted in next issue.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

United States and Canada.....\$1.50.
Great Britain.....7 Shillings. France.....9 Francs.
Germany.....7 Marks. Italy.....9 Liras.

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Literary communications and Books for Review, Address Halkett Lord, Editor, Jersey City, N. J.

All Business and Financial matters, ADDRESS, BOOKMART PUBLISHING CO., Pittsburg, Pa., U. S. A.

PUBLISHERS will please mail Books for Review in THE BOOKMART to Halkett Lord, Editor, Scotch Plains, N. J., or deliver care of Francis P. Harper, 4 Barclay street, New York City.

VOLUME I. of THE BOOKMART being out of Print, and in view of so few of them likely to be secured to make complete sets of the magazines, we will reprint it provided we shall receive a sufficient number of subscriptions to justify the expense attending republication. Subscriptions will be received and filed at \$1.50 for the volume, at which price we can furnish immediately, volumes 2, 3, 4 and 5.

At the request of some of the dealers in old, rare, and valuable books of art and literature,—who maintain that the department of Books For Sale is closely allied to what we deem literary matter, and should not pay such a high rate per page as regular business cards and general advertisements,—to make a lower rate for regular monthly advertisements of one or more pages under Books For Sale. We shall accede to their request, commencing with our next issue (June) which will be the first Number of Volume Six, making an exceptionally low price for one or more pages each issue by the year. As we have made this rate so low we expect many will avail themselves of this advantage in lieu of the great expense and risk attached to getting out Catalogues. Conditions, prices and terms will be forwarded on application. Some dealers have already promised page for June issue. Early attention only, will insure insertion.

We shall publish shortly a large list of valuable Duplicates, which will be offered in exchange for other Books desired, from the Library of one of the Bureau's at Washington.

CORRESPONDENCE.

7 Rue de Fougères, Rennes, Ille et Vilaine,
France, 14 March, 1888.

Sir: Your esteemed paper contains a notice on an article written by me in *Le Livre*. While I feel grateful to the writer for the mention he has made of my work, I cannot accept what he says about my "French blunders." Nathaniel Hawthorne is very well known to me and I have the greatest admiration for the 'Scarlet Letter' and the 'Marble Faun,' and many other delightful stories. The mistake in the spelling of his name is a misprint: assuredly America is the Paradise of authors if it is not plagued with misprints. The same observation applies to Veace instead of Wear. I plead guilty to the crimes of having called Bulwer George Edward instead of Edward George and having omitted his baptismal name of Earle. As to the "Knights of the Cross," if your collaborator will, at his leisure, look over 'Paul Clifford' he will easily ascertain that *He* is in the wrong and I in the right.

Believe me, Sir, yours faithfully,

ROBERT DU PONTAVICE DE HEUSSEY.

The article I refer to appeared in February in THE BOOKMART.

I am writing now the 'The Life of Charles Dickens': it is not improbable that in the course of this work I may meet with a few "American blunders" and "American limitations" not to speak of "American yarns."

[M. Pontavice de Heussey is right. Bulwer does allude in 'Paul Clifford' to "lads of the cross" and "Knights of the Cross." But we venture to doubt whether the word "cross" has any reference to roads. Bulwer no doubt used it in its slang sense—"Cross, a general term among thieves expressive of their plundering profession." Hotten's 'Slang Dictionary,' 1860, p. 124. M. de Heussey may find an equivalent for "cross" in this sense in Barrère's Dictionary.—EDITOR.]

BOOK REVIEWS.

'What I Remember.' By Thomas Adolphus Trollope. (Harper & Bros.) In the arena of history, we ever and anon remark the phenomenon of a particular family attaining unique prominence in virtue of some characteristic trait or tendency. Thus, it was the mission of the family of Noah to re-populate the earth; and no one who has been an inhabitant of our planet since the Deluge, can fail to acknowledge the overwhelming success of their great undertaking. Are there any three young men among our present first families who would be ready—circumstances demanding—to tackle a similar contract?—On the other hand, some families seem devoted to keeping the population down: but destruction can never keep pace with production, and the Noahs are certain to overcome the Attilas in the long run. Others again, like the Italian Medici, and the Borgias, are renowned for political astuteness and for unbridled wickedness. These instances

might be indefinitely extended; but they will suffice to introduce the proposition pertinent to this occasion,—to wit, that the Trollopes are the great book-producing family of history.

The discovery does not originate with the present writer: it has been made any time during the last fifteen years, and the curious and precise in such matters have gone so far as to make out lists of the Trollopian volumes, aggregating I know not how many hundreds, and it should be borne in mind that the majority of the "volumes" in question were in fact three-volume novels. There was once an affluent and copious Spaniard, named Lope de Vega, who accomplished marvels in the book-making line, if tradition is to be believed: he was in the habit of turning you out an average of three or four a day. A drama, I suppose, contains on an average not less than fifteen thousand words; three times fifteen is forty-five. Senor Lope, therefore, reeled off a trifle of three hundred and sixty-five volumes a year, each containing the equivalent of an ordinary American novel. Assuming him to have written during only thirty years, we may credit him with a total of ten thousand nine hundred and fifty volumes, not including the product of the extra day in leap-years. Now, if Senor de Vega had had a family of children similarly gifted with himself, and consisting of no more than four or five members, it is reasonable to conclude that he would have gone near to defeat the Trollopes on their own ground. But, so far as I am aware, his family, if he had one, was not literarily inclined; and so the Trollopes triumph.

In our generation, the name of Anthony Trollope effaces the others: he made a deeper mark in the literature of his period,—not to say a heavier mark,—than the others. But forty or fifty years ago, Anthony's mother, Mrs. Trollope, was probably more widely known than either of her book-making sons have become since; in America she had the wide notoriety which is certain to result from bringing a clever "indictment against a people;" and her novels were read prodigiously in England, though we know too much about the *Hundred Best Books*, and *How to Write a Novel*, and *Whether Subjective Emotion can be Artistic*, and other esoteric secrets, to peruse them with avidity now. Sufficient unto the day is the novel thereof. But Mrs. Trollope, though she did turn up her nose at us, or at least at such examples of us as the Cincinnati of that remote geologic epoch afforded, was a very charming little woman, with a happy disposition and a dauntless courage. Moreover, all her books were written before breakfast, and many of them before sunrise. An indolent person, of unenquiring mind, might have lived in the same house with her twenty years, and never have suspected (so far as his own observations informed him) that she knew how to write her own name. An original and captivating novel might be constructed upon this situation: the hero to make the discovery of the heroine's proclivity only on the morning after the wedding.

Anthony Trollope, compared with this five-o'clock-in-the-morning fairy of romance, was a Juggernaut: his novels were as minute, as laborious, as matter of fact, as accurate, as the productions of the Royal Ordnance Survey: in fact, he created and stocked an extra country in his already tight and populous little island: he had a private Parliament and Cabinet; England, under his treatment, seemed to become more intensely English than ever. His principle in composition was to write every day of his life a certain fixed quantity—say, two thousand words,—and to persevere in this under no matter what strangeness or stress of circumstances. Now, two thousand words a day (and it may be remarked that anybody who pretends to be an author ought to be able to write at least as much as that) is seven hundred and thirty thousand words a year,—equivalent to seven and a half American novels, or at least two and a half of the very longest English novels. And so he played his part.

And now comes Thomas Adolphus Trollope, who, though born five years earlier than his brother Anthony, appears to us younger, because we know less of him. He has spent the most of his life abroad in Italy—and his books, more or less colored by his environment, have not had the homely popularity of those of his brother. I must also confess that, to me personally, they are somewhat less than familiar; in fact, I never so much as set eyes upon one of them—until I took up this autobiography. But I will venture to say that if his other books are equal to this, or are within measurable distance of rivaling it, they are worth all the rest of Trollopian literature put together. Anthony Trollope's autobiography was a very interesting book,—in my opinion his most interesting one: well, this is as much better than Anthony's as a Neapolitan November is than a London one. It is saturated with a charming, reposeful humor; it is the least egotistic personal narrative I remember reading, and yet no autobiography of my acquaintance presents the subject of it in such solid, life-like, recognisable and likeable form. After reading it, if you were to overhear Mr. Trollope talking in an adjoining room, you would at once recognize him by the mere sound of his voice; or out of a score of octogenarians walking down the street in front of you, you would pick out Thomas Adolphus by the expression of his back and the lift of his gait. To have painted so graphic a portrait as this, especially of one's self, is a remarkable literary feat: but its success is due, not to conscious art, but to the utter simplicity and integrity of the story. Mr. Trollope has not an overweening opinion of himself. The only achievement of his life of which I suspect him to be really vain, is of having walked forty-seven miles one day, with a heavy knapsack on his back. As a boy, he was abnormally shy in society, and always put, or imagined himself to be putting his worst foot foremost. In school, his blushes prevented him from fighting a certain bully according to the rules of the ring, with his schoolmates looking on; but when he met the bully alone, not

long after, he conquered his embarrassment sufficiently to give him the soundest thrashing he ever received. He was no hand at gallivanting with girls; in spite of which he married two admirable specimens of the sex, and was very happy with both of them. During his fifty years of Continental life, he met most of the eminent personages of the time: and notwithstanding the survival in him of certain healthy and perverse English and Trollopian prejudices, there is not a fairer-minded man now alive, nor a more charitable and genial one. His father was as unmitigated a brute and nuisance as a thoroughly upright and conscientious man could be: one longs to kick him and throttle him whenever he appears; and I, for one, looked forward to his death scene with the most bloodthirsty anticipation of enjoyment. And yet the son never speaks an unkind or disrespectful word of the old beast, and actually contrives, in the end, to make us sorry for him. The book is all good, all delightful; but the most valuable part of it is the first part, in which the English life of sixty years ago is portrayed, and the schooldays at Winchester are described. These chapters are worth a dozen such books as 'Tom Brown at Rugby.' Indeed, to say that these English experiences are portrayed or described would be to convey a wrong impression; they are felt; they are the communication of a sentiment and a mental and moral attitude. It cannot be said that the presentation is subjective; but it is endogenous; it is unfolded from within, instead of being painted from without. Consequently it has a unique and permanent value,—the pulse and aroma of genuine life. The Continental scenes are very well done, but they are the work of an observer, and all observers have their limitations. There are a thousand such observers: but there is only one Thomas Adolphus Trollope in the England of sixty years ago.

'Outlooks on Society, Literature and Politics.' By E. P. Whipple. (Ticknor & Co.)

This is one of those books that are to be regarded as material for the construction of a biography, but the intrinsic value of which is limited. Whipple was one of our ablest critics: but his work was not of even merit. His literary criticism is what he will be remembered by, and there is very little of that in this volume, and what there is is not of the first order. The series of political articles, mainly aimed at Andrew Johnson, are curious, partly because they were written at the time of the events to which they refer. They are laboriously logical; but the twenty years that have elapsed since then have taught us that humanity cannot be made to grow entirely in accordance with syllogisms. Mr. Whipple's brain was capacious, but his sympathies—his political sympathies at least—were narrow and dogmatic. The papers on Lowell and Dickens are at any rate appreciative; and the essay on servant-gallism is almost the only one in the book that is as proper to the present time as to that in which it was produced. A few introductory notes would have aided the comprehensibility of the volume. The editor, whoever

he may be, cannot be congratulated on his performance—his non-performance, rather.

JULIAN HAWTHORNE.

AMERICAN NOTES.

HENRY HOLT & Co. will publish at once a novel by Gen. Hugh Ewing, entitled 'A Castle in the Air.'

LINDERFELT'S 'Velapük' has just gone into a third edition, a strong indication of the growing interest in the new language of the world.

E. & J. B. YOUNG & Co. have in press for early publication the Lenten Lectures lately delivered by Dr. Dix in Trinity Chapel, N. Y.

"JEFFERSON DAVIS," says the *Chronicle*, of Augusta, Ga., "is at work on his new book about the war, and hopes to have it ready for publication by next fall. His infirmities, he says, compel him to write slowly, deliberately, and uncertainly."

E. A. MAC announces that his 'Dictionary of Market Values' has been issued for 1888 with some important new features, and informs his customers that all copies of editions of 1887 will be taken in free exchange for like copies of the latest edition.

BELFORD, CLARKE & Co., of Chicago and New York, have in preparation, for sale by subscription only, an illustrated life of the late Emperor of Germany, by Gen. Herman Leib, to which will be added an historical sketch of the German people from the earliest times to the foundation of the Hohenzollern dynasty.

CHEAP editions of Mr. Marion Crawford's novels, 'Mr. Isaacs' and Marzio's Crucifix,' are announced by Macmillan & Co.

FOR the fourth volume of Appleton's 'Cyclopædia of American Biography,' Dr. Holmes has prepared the article on Motley, and Charles Elliot Norton that on Longfellow.

New volumes of the 'American Statesmen' series (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) in preparation are:—'George Washington,' by Henry Cabot Lodge, 2 vols.; and 'Martin Van Buren,' by Edward M. Shepard.

A NEW edition, with an additional chapter, of Mr. Howells's 'Their Wedding Journey,' has been issued by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. The publishers describe the new chapter as "very engaging."

IN the "American Men of Letters" series Houghton, Mifflin & Co. have in preparation 'Nathaniel Hawthorne,' by James Russell Lowell; 'William Cullen Bryant,' by John Bigelow; 'Bayard Taylor,' by J. R. G. Hassard; and 'William Gilmore Simms,' by George W. Cable.

GEN. LEW WALLACE'S 'Ben Hur' has been added to the Tauchnitz series.

T. Y. CROWELL & Co. announce for immediate publication an authorized translation of Count Tolstoy's latest work, his 'Life,' which has been suppressed in Russia.

LITTLE, BROWN & Co. have just issued 'A Century of Town Life; a history of Charleston, Mass., 1775-1887,' with surveys, records, and 28 pages of plans and reviews, by James F. Hunnewell.

CHARLES WEBSTER & Co. have now ready the first two volumes of the Stedman-Hutchinson 'Library of American Literature.' The work is well illustrated and is published by subscription. The other eight volumes will follow at intervals of a month.

For Mr. Augustin Daly, the playwright and manager, Mr. Bouton will shortly publish a monograph on Peg Woffington, with sixteen illustrations. Ordinary copies will be \$25, large paper copies, with proofs, \$40.

HARPER & BROS. have just issued the third and concluding volume of Lea's 'History of the Inquisition of the Middle Ages,' a collection of stories by Amélie Rives, taking its title from 'A Brother to Dragon,' and 'Joyce,' by Mrs. Oliphant, which appears in the Franklin Square Library.

ROBERTS BROS. published April 12, 'Modeste Mignon,' by Katherine Prescott Wormeley; 'The Ordeal of Richard Feverel,' the initial volume in the new Library edition of George Meredith's works; 'The Study of Politics,' by Prof. W. P. Atkinson; 'Martin Luther, and other Essays,' by Frederic Henry Hedge; and the edition for 1888 of Charles E. Pascoe's 'London of To-Day.'

D. APPLETON & Co. have published 'Evolution and Its Relation to Religious Thought,' by Joseph Le Conte; a collection of specimens of English verse, compiled by Gleson White, entitled 'Ballades and Rondeaux,' giving chapters on the various forms; 'Good Form in England,' giving special directions for Americans on social usages.

MR. GEORGE KENNAN tells in the May *Century* how he came to go to Siberia on the *Century* expedition. Mr. Kennan had spent some time in Siberia already in connection with the overland telegraph scheme, and in the summer of 1884 he made a preliminary excursion to St. Petersburg and Moscow for the purpose of collecting material, and ascertaining whether or not obstacles were likely to be thrown in his way by the Russian Government. He returned in October, fully satisfied that his scheme was a practical one. He therefore sailed from New York for Liverpool in May, 1885. He says: "All my prepossessions were favorable to the Russian Government and unfavorable to the Russian Revolutionists." He adds that this "partly explains the friendly attitude towards me which was taken by the Russian Government, the permission which was given me to inspect prisons and mines, and the comparative immunity from arrest, detention, and imprisonment which I enjoyed, even when my movements and associations were such as justly to render me an object of suspicion to the local Siberian authorities."

DR. HENRY CARRINGTON BOLTON, of Hartford, has published through Mr. Eliot Stock a volume on 'The Counting Out Rhymes of Children,' their antiquity, origin and wide distribution. The author has given this subject special attention and has studied the various forms of these jingles in many countries, collecting and classifying nearly nine hundred examples, and attaching to them notes and explanations which will, it is believed, bear out the conclusion to which he has come, that these 'Counting Out Rhymes' and the customs perpetuated in

the childish games of various lands, are of great antiquity, and that they originate in the superstitious practices of divination by lots. Some idea will be formed of the range of the volume by the following collation of the number of jingles which it gives in the twenty languages mentioned:—

PENOBSCOT DIALECT	1
JAPANESE	2
HAWAII	1
MARATHI, DIALECT OF POONA	5
ROMANY	1
ARABIC, DIALECT OF SYRIA	3
TURKISH AND ARMENIAN	10
BULGARIAN	8
MODERN GREEK	3
SWEDISH	7
PORTUGUESE	3
SPANISH	3
BASQUE	9
ITALIAN	5
FRENCH	21
DUTCH	40
PLATT-DEUTSCH	18
GERMAN	269
ENGLISH	464
Total	873

JOHN BURROUGHS writes on 'Hasty Conclusions in Science,' in *The Chautauquan* for May.

MR. EDWIN R. CHAMPLIN, of Westerly, R. I., will publish early in May, through A. Edward Newton & Co., Philadelphia, a book of fifty pages containing forty pieces of his later verse. The title will be 'Lovers' Lyrics, and Other Songs.'

The Mail and Express declares that the article on Charles Dickens by Eleanor E. Christian, in the April *Temple Bar*, 'is merely an enlarged and amended copy of a paper on the same theme—often in the same words—which appeared in *The Englishwoman's Magazine* not long after the death of Dickens—i. e., between June 9, 1870, and 1874.

BELFORD, CLARK & Co. announce 'A Dream and a Forgetting,' by Julian Hawthorne; 'A Slave of Circumstances,' by E. DeLancy Pierson; 'The Romance of a Quiet Watering Place,' by Nora Wardel; 'Maurine, and Other Poems,' by Ella Wheeler Wilcox; 'Forty Years on the Rail,' by Charles B. George; 'His Way and Her Will,' by A. X.; 'The Land of the Nihilist: Russia,' by W. E. Curtis; and 'The Lone Grave of the Shenandoah,' by Donn Platt.

NATHAN HASKELL DOLE, well known as a Russian scholar and a translator of Russian novels and poetry, contributes to the May number of *The Chautauquan* a study of 'Contemporary Russian Literature.'

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON's paper in the May *Scribner* will be entitled 'Gentlemen,' a subject which he treats with fine feeling, and in its highest aspect. He illustrates it with an anecdote of Grant, apropos of which he says, "Grant went down to posterity not perhaps a fine gentleman, but a great one."

POPE was born on the 21st of May, 1688, and this anniversary is noticed in *Scribner's* for May by a prose essay, and a critical estimate in verse, written in the manner of Pope, by Austin Dobson.

FOREIGN NOTES.

PROFESSOR BARRERE's Dictionary of French Argot, which was published at a prohibitive price, is to appear in a second and cheaper edition.

THE first two numbers have been published of *Revista delle Biblioteche*, edited by Dr. Guido Biagi, librarian of the R. Marucelliana of Florence. They contain papers of great value to librarians.

MR. JOHN ASHTON has reprinted, with an introduction, Richard Pynson's edition of Sir John Maundeville's 'Voiage and Travayle which treateth of the Way to Hierusalem and of Marvayles of Inde, &c.' (London, Pickering & Chatto.) The text is accompanied with the original woodcut illustrations. There are also explanatory notes, the 'Journal of Friar Odovicus,' which bears a curious resemblance to Maundeville's veracious history, specimens of illustrations used in other editions, and a bibliography of the MSS. and editions in the British Museum.

DR. BIAGI, the librarian of the Biblioteca R. Marucelliana of Florence, has edited, from the interleaved copy now in the National Library at Florence, the additions and corrections made by the Vicomte Colomb de Batines to his bibliography of Dante, published in 1845-8. The book is an 8vo of pp. ix-265, and is published by Sansoni, of Florence, at fifteen lire.

THE feature of the April number of the *Torch* is a section of Mr. Petherick's 'Bibliography of Australasia,' enumerating works on the history of Australian colonisation and especially of New South Wales, this colony having arrived at its centenary. The titles in the lists of new books are given in an exceedingly useful manner.

MESSRS. WILLIAM BLACKWOOD & SONS have the following books in press: 'Fragments From Many Tables. Being the recollections of some wise and witty men and women,' by George Russell. A reproduction of the original edition of the famous work, 'On the Construction of the Wonderful Canon of Logarithms; and their relations to their own natural numbers; with an appendix as to the construction of another and better kind of logarithms,' by the author and inventor, John Napier; translated from Latin into English by Wm. Rae Macdonald.

THERE was so much romance in the life of the author of 'Monte Cristo' that many readers will welcome the recollections of him by M. Philibert Audebrand, just published by M. Calmann Lévy, with the title 'Alexandre Dumas à la Maison d'Or.' The book narrates the events in Dumas' career when he occupied the Maison d'Or, and devoted himself almost exclusively to journalistic work. The most prominent authors of the period figure in the volume, which is brimful of anecdotes.

MR. AARON WATSON has nearly ready an historical romance, under the title of 'Through Lust of Gold.' The main characters of the story sail with Sir Walter Raleigh on his last expedition to Guiana.

MR. WILLIAM ANDREWS, of Hull, author of 'Modern Yorkshire Poets' is preparing for early publication a work entitled 'North Country Poets,' consisting of biographies and poems of natives or residents of the six northern counties.

MESSRS. LECENE & OUDIN, of Paris, have recently published M. Ernest Dupuy's 'Les Grands Maitres de la Littérature Russe.' This volume is devoted to prose writers. The great masters it deals with are Nicolas Gogol, Ivan Tourguénief, and Count Leon Tolstoï. These novelists are now so well known through the medium of translations that M. Dupuy's careful studies are likely to find many readers.

SIR RICHARD TEMPLE's 'Palestine Illustrated' has been published by Messrs. W. H. Allen & Co. The author's purpose is to present a reproduction of thirty-two studies made by him in oil-colors of very interesting scenes in the Holy Land. The novelty of Sir Richard Temple's plan over that of other illustrators is that they have usually been content with the exhibition of form with light and shade, but he has attempted to display coloring. The advantage of this method of illustrating sacred scenery has received the approval of Mr. Ruskin. The work contains thirty-two illustrations in colors, two lithographs, and four maps.

MESSRS. KEGAN PAUL, TRENCH & Co. will publish immediately a new volume by Mr. J. J. Aubertin, entitled 'A Fight with Distances,' being an account of his recent journey through the States, the Hawaiian Islands, Canada, British Columbia, Cuba, and the Bahamas.

MESSRS. EDMOND & SPARK, Aberdeen, will publish at an early date, 'Annals of Scottish Printing, from the introduction of the Art in 1607 to the beginning of the Seventeenth Century, by Robert Dickson, L. R. C. S. E., and John Philip Edmond.'

MESSRS. HACHETTE & Co. announce a new issue, in 50 weekly parts, at one franc, of the French translation of Ariosto's 'Orlando Furioso,' by M. A. J. Du Pays, with 616 illustrations by Gustave Doré.

THE 'Dictionary of National Biography' has now reached its fourteenth volume. The latest instalment of this great work extends from Damon to D'Eyncourt, the principal articles being Charles Darwin (written by his son, Francis Darwin) and Defoe and De Quincey (both written by the editor, Mr. Leslie Stephen).

THE Bibliothèque Charpentier will publish on the 17th inst. the first number, at 10 centimes, and the first part, at 50 centimes, of a new and richly illustrated edition of the works of Alfred de Musset. This edition will form five volumes octavo.

THE writer known by the *nom de guerre* of Count Paul Vassili promises a second volume of 'La Société de Paris,' which will deal with the political world of Paris. The Count's volume on Society in Berlin has reached its twenty-seventh edition.

MESSRS. MACMILLAN's new edition of Tennyson's Poems includes an able analysis of the poet's greatest work, under the title of 'A Companion to 'In Memoriam.' This almost indispensable little book is sold at fifteen cents.

CARDINAL MANNING has written an article on the recently issued 'Life of Darwin,' and it is hoped that it will appear in one of the magazines. His Eminence, it is said, speaks highly of Darwin's personal character.

M. LEMERKE, of Paris, has just published a curious series of French mediæval songs, reproduced from the original MSS. of Bayeux and Vire. They mostly relate to the feats of French captains, such as Prégaunt, Olivier, Basselin, Boschier, Jean Le Houx, and many others who fought valiantly for the liberation of France from the English yoke, and whose names are still famous in local popular ballads, as those of men "qui ont maintes fois bien frotté les Anglais, ou qu'ils ont enfondrés dans la mer" ("who many a time well thrashed the English, or sent them to the bottom of the sea").

MESSRS. QUANTIN, of Paris, are the publishers of a superb Paleographical Album. This collection of important documents relative to French History and Literature is edited, with explanatory notes and under the personal supervision of M. Leopold Delisle, by the Société de l'Ecole des Chartes. This work contains Helio-engraved reproductions of originals from the public libraries and archives of France. Apart from its scholarly merits, the material execution of this work has been carried out in a manner which does full credit to the reputation of Messrs. Quantin. (150frs.)

M. E. LEBOUX, of Paris, publishes, under the title of 'Études sur Quelques Manuscrits d'Italie Concernant l'Inquisition et les Croyances Hérétiques du XIIIe au XVIIe Siècle,' a most interesting series of essays concerning some rare and curious manuscripts from the libraries of Milan, Lucca, Florence and Rome. These manuscripts deal with the creeds of various heretics from the twelfth to the seventeenth centuries: Cathars, Albigenses, Waldenses, &c. They constitute a valuable record of the procedure and cross-examination of offenders brought, during a period of five centuries, before the tribunal of the Holy Inquisition. This work is edited by M. Charles Molinier, Professor in the Faculty of Letters at Toulouse. (One Vol., in 8vo, 208 pp.)

MR. RUSKIN talks of following up the translation of 'Ulric the Farm Servant,' which is now being published under his supervision, with translations of some of Goethe's shorter stories. Miss Kate Greenaway has been doing some illustrations for them at Mr. Ruskin's suggestion.

MR. OSWALD CRAWFORD's new novel, 'Sylvia Arded,' is announced for immediate publication.

MR. J. W. ARROWSMITH states that he has sold 348,000 copies of 'Called Back,' and that it is still selling well. He also states that of his 'Bristol Library' series he has in all issued more than one million copies of shilling volumes since the beginning of 1884.

MR. D. C. THOMSON, the author of the well-known monographs on "Bewick" and "Phiz," is preparing an important work on the 'Barbizon School.' It is in preparation for this book that he is writing the articles on 'The Romanticists' for the *Magazine of Art*. This series is to include Corot, Rousseau, Diaz, Millet, and Daubigny.

THE following announcements are made:—the 'Prose Remains' of A. H. Clough, with a selection from his letters and a memoir, edited by his widow; and a new and enlarged edition of Mr. Pater's 'Studies in the Renaissance' (Macmillan). A new volume of essays by Mr. W. L. Courtney, of New

College, Oxford (Chapman & Hall). An annotated edition of some of De Quincey's *Essays*, by Professor Masson (A. & C. Black).

GENERAL NOTES.

RAND, McNALLY & Co., of Chicago, have published a new and enlarged edition of their 'Overland Guide to the Pacific Coast,' by James W. Stecker, a well compiled, fully illustrated guide to California, Arizona, New Mexico, Colorado and Kansas. The value of the book is further enhanced by a capital map of the United States, and a chapter on the pronunciation and significance of Spanish Geographical names. The price is 75 cents.

WITH very great regret we hear of the sudden death, on the 15th of April, of Mr. Matthew Arnold. Next month we propose to give a succinct account of Mr. Arnold's life and work.

AN appeal was made in the *Pull Mall Gazette* the other day to those who have once been readers—if there be any such—of Thomas Miller, to help to give his son decent burial. Alas! the works of the father seem to have received long since the favor asked for his son. How quickly are the hardihoods of one generation bound into the backs of those of the next! Here are some lines of Miller's, describing an old fountain, which were stumbled on among some old newspaper cuttings. Miller did write some beautiful lines, but these are only quoted for their curious verbal coincidences with some of Keats's in the 'Eve of St. Agnes':—

Eagles and lions are with Dragons blest
And cross-winged cherub: while o'er all a Saint
Bends grimly down with frozen blown-back hair,
And on the dancing spray its dead eyes cast.

It is a shame to put poor Miller's poorer lines next—

The carved angels ever eagle-eyed
Stared, where upon their heads the cornice rests,
With hair blown back and wings put crosswise on
their breasts.

AN *American Notes and Queries*, similar in all essentials to the English periodical which has proved so invaluable to literary men and students, will be begun in Philadelphia, on May 5, 1888. The Editors are Messrs. William S. Walsh and Henry C. Walsh, and the place of publication, 619 Walnut Street. Special features of the periodical will be a series of Prize Questions. One thousand dollars will be divided among the successful competitors, the capital prize being five hundred dollars.

APROPPOS of the publication of Mr. Ainger's volumes of the 'Letters of Charles Lamb,' a correspondent refers to a matter upon which we have previously had something to say—namely, the neglected condition of "Elia's" grave in the old churchyard at Edmonton:—

The stone which tells that Lamb and his sister sleep beneath, and which bears the lines that Carey, of the British Museum, wrote respecting his dead friend, is of the plainest possible description, and when I last visited it was sadly in want of a coat of paint. On the mound in summer time the grass grows rank and unheeded, and the place is not protected or cared for in any way. It is surely due to his memory that something should be done to mark in a befitting manner and to tend a little more carefully the spot where the gentle and genial essayist is laid.

OUR friend Mr. Charles L. Woodward, of Nassau street, New York, the accomplished bibliophile, kindly permits us to quote the following letter:

Pegswood, Morpeth, England, March 20th, 1888.

SIR: Will you kindly send me a copy of your catalogue I should esteem it a favour. I am, respectfully,

THOMAS HUTCHINSON.

P. S. Perhaps the annexed Triolets may interest you.

A TRIO OF TRIOLETS.

BY A BENEDICTINE BIBLIOPHILE.

I.

Books I buy
New and old;
Tho' poor I
Books I buy—
For more sigh
Tho' wife scold
Books I buy
New and old.

II.

Books I buy
Old and new;
If price high,
Books I buy
On the sly—
Ofr, tho', rue:
Books I buy
Old and new.

III.

Books I buy
Of all kinds
'Neath the sky:
Books I buy
Far and nigh,
Search for finds:
Books I buy
Of all kinds.

THOMAS HUTCHINSON.

MR. JAMES HOGG, best known as the publisher of the collected edition of De Quincey's works, died last week, says *The Athenæum* of March 24, at the age of eighty-two. The first book he published (1841) was a 'Narrative of some Passages in the History of Eneooloopik' (the first Esquimo who visited England), written by Dr. Alexander Macdonald, afterwards one of the surgeons of the *Erebus* and *Terror*. In 1845 Mr. Hogg started *The Instructor*, which was continued for a period of fifteen years, and subsequently *Titan*, a monthly magazine. Mr. Hogg and his sons published several successful books for children, and made a great hit with *London Society*, which was edited by James Hogg, Jr.

MR. SAVAGE, the town librarian of Stratford-on-Avon, has lost no time in examining the ancient documents found in the "tumbledown cobwebbed attic," which lately caused so great a flutter of expectation. The result has only served to corroborate Mr. Halliwell-Phillips's recent assurance that he himself examined the "thousands of documents" referred to, long ago, and ascertained that they comprise "not a single paper that alludes in any way to our national poet." Among the old apprenticeship indentures, which constitute a large part of the collection, there are, it appears, some of Shakspeare's days, and one of these bears the signature of Richard Hathway, who may have been the Richard Hathway, or Hathaway, of Shottery, who possibly was the poet's father-in-law, if his name was Richard, which is not certain. Signatures of Thomas Greene, Juley

Shawe, Thomas Quenney or Quiney, and some other persons more or less indirectly associated with the poet's history, have also been found by Mr. Savage as no doubt they were found by Mr. Halliwell-Phillips; but unfortunately the documents to which they are affixed have no biographical significance. So vanishes the hope of new light to be thrown upon the poet's life by the aid of the newly rediscovered records of the Stratford Guild. It is little to the credit of the Stratford Corporation that they should have permitted this Shakspearean "mare's-nest" to be proclaimed so loudly to the world when a simple question addressed to the eminent Shakspearean scholar who long since thoroughly explored the Stratford archives would have saved their librarian much needless labor and trouble, and spared credulous people a grievous disappointment.

A CORRESPONDENT who signs himself G. O. S.—two thirds of the truth we fear—wishes us to state whether we believe that there is any foundation for the statement so frequently made that Thackeray was jealous of, and hated Charles Dickens. Well, *THE BOOKMART* has endeavored to dispel that illusion once or twice before, but will now hammer another nail in the coffin of the lie. This is what Thackeray wrote in *Fraser's Magazine* in reviewing the 'Christmas Carol;' "Think of all we owe Mr. Dickens since those half dozen years, the store of happy hours he has made us pass, the kindly and pleasant companions he has introduced to us; the harmless laughter, the generous, the frank, manly, human love which he has taught us to feel. . . . Every month of these years has brought us some kind token from this delightful genius. . . . His books have made millions of rich and poor happy; they might have been locked up for nine years, doubtless, and pruned here and there, and improved (which I doubt), but where would have been the reader's benefit all this time, while the author was elaborating his performance? . . . what a feeling is this for a writer to be able to inspire, and what a reward to reap!" There is much more to the same effect, not less charming, nor less honorable to the creator of "Tiny Tim" and his generous rival in the realms of fiction.

IN reference to the *personnel* of the three new partners of the firm of Houghton, Mifflin & Co., the *Boston Transcript* says: "Mr. Barnes has been in the office of the firm for a few months, in order to become familiar with the business. He is a graduate of Harvard. After leaving college he made a tour of the world, and then returned to his former home at Albany, N. Y., where he has since occupied a position on the *Albany Journal*. Mr. Kay has not been connected with the publishing firm, although much interested in literary matters. He is well known as a successful operator in several extensive financial enterprises, and especially with the completion of railroad connection between St. John, N. B., and Boston. Mr. Kay is a native of Edinburgh, and has lately erected a fine mansion on Aspinwall Hill, Brookline. Mr. H. O. Houghton, Jr., is a graduate of Harvard, class of '77, and for the last ten years has been actively engaged in the manufacturing department of the business."

SINCE the publication in 1785 of Herbert's edition of Ames's 'Typographical Antiquities,' no attempt

has been made to write a history of Scottish Printing. To supply this want Messrs. Edmond & Spark propose to publish at an early date the 'Annals of Scottish Printing, from the introduction of the art in 1507 to the beginning of the seventeenth century.' While the publishers aim at producing a book which may stand for Scotland as a fit companion alongside Dibdin's 'Typographical Antiquities, or the History of Printing in England,' the authors will endeavor by attractiveness of style, and accuracy in detail, to justify such a claim. The lives of the printers will be narrated, and an exact bibliographical account will be given of each of their works, with occasional short notices of the writers. The work will form a volume of about 500 pages, and will be profusely illustrated by facsimiles of the various printers' devices, woodcuts, titlepages, &c., many of which are reproduced from unique copies. The work will be printed on Dutch hand-made paper, and the edition limited to 500 copies Demy 4to. (the size of this prospectus), and 100 Large Paper copies, Royal 4to.

Mrs. E. E. CHRISTIAN'S 'Recollections of Charles Dickens' appear in the April *Temple Bar*. She became intimate with Dickens and his family in the early days of his career, and her account of his domestic life is a valuable supplement to that given by Forster. Dickens we read, was 'sometimes so genial and so gay that one became excited and exhilarated (as if champagne had been flowing freely) merely from his contagious spirits; at other times abstracted, and even morose—we wondered how we could possibly have been so friendly with him.' Mrs. Christian relates that a gentleman visitor was once singing 'By the Sad Sea Waves,' and singing it abominably. He finished on a high note, with a most unlooked-for and inopportune embellishment, in musical language called a *turn*. Dickens flashed on her a look of amazement, and on her asking what the singer meant he replied, with a sage shake of the head, 'Oh, that's quite in rule in music, as well as in accordance with proverbial philosophy—"When things are at their worst, they always take a turn!"' Many instances are given of Dickens's high spirits and boyish capers during the annual holidays of the family at Broadstairs. One of these is an occasion when he bought some comic songs in the street, and insisted on singing them while on a drive—a madcap mood this is called. Mrs. Christian does not spare Dickens's faults, and her sympathies seem to have been on the side of Mrs. Christian does not spare Dickens's faults, and her sympathies seem to have been on the side of Mrs. Dickens in the 'incompatibility' that arose. She quotes the words of a lady friend who knew the circumstances: 'There are two species of husbands difficult to live with, the *genius* and the fool. Perhaps the chances of happiness are greater with the fool!' Dickens is also the subject of a paper in *Good Words*, Mr. Andrew Lang being the writer. A person who 'cannot read Dickens' is one with whom, he says, he would fain have no further converse, though 'if she be a lady, and if one meets her at dinner, she must, of course, be borne with and "suffered gladly."' Dickens's forte, he considers, was in his successful stories or inventions of the humorous, of character parts. Here his genius is all pure gold.

SPECIAL NOTES.

JOHN H. ASHWORTH, son of the late Benjamin Ashworth, Bookseller, 238 9th Street, Philadelphia, Pa., who was well known to American bookbuyers, has opened a second-hand book store at 54 St. George Street, Leeds, England.

THE firm of Raymer & Schneider, Antiquarian Bibliopoles, of Minneapolis, Minn., have dissolved partnership. The business will in future be carried on by Chas. D. Raymer, at the old stand.

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The volumes will average about 640 pages each, and there will probably be thirty or more of them—the "manifold" number will not be inconvenient; when you consult a Cyclopedia you are supposed to know what "title" you are looking for; the lettering on the back of each volume tells you at a glance what titles will be found within, so you do not look in the wrong one—and the volumes are so "handy" you quickly find the desired page.

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In this age of the world, no general Cyclopedia or Dictionary can be in any proper sense "original"—each new compilation, if it has merit, is based upon the knowledge embodied in all of its predecessors. "Knowledge" as set forth in books can not be monopolized by "patent" or "copyright"—only the form of embodiment can be thus covered. The latest discoveries (or imaginings) of the scientists, the latest "finds" (or frauds) of the archaeologists, the latest theories of the political economists—all are subject to the "sight-drafts" of the latest Encyclopedist. ALDEN'S MANIFOLD CYCLOPEDIA undertakes to combine in the most convenient and concise (and yet full) and economical form possible, the results of the scholarship of the world up to the time of its publication. Availing itself most of the labors of its predecessors who have accomplished the best results, the MANIFOLD CYCLOPEDIA draws more largely from Chambers's than from any other of the family of Cyclopedias,

and more largely from Stormonth than from any other of the family of Dictionaries—the Chambers's is an acknowledged model for a Cyclopaedia; but it is adapted particularly to England rather than to America; Stormonth is the acknowledged peer of Webster, Worcester, the Imperial, and Murray, as an authority, but without a peer in the combined qualities of conciseness, clearness, and accuracy of learning. No authorities, however, are blindly

followed, but effort is carefully made to bring all matters of importance to the generally accepted standard of the most eminent American, rather than foreign, scholarship.

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MESSRS. DUPRAT & Co., of 5 East 17th Street, New York, have removed to a fine location on 5th Avenue, near 34th Street, No. 349, where they will be in a more accessible place to accommodate a larger patronage.

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On March 19th, Messrs. Sotheby sold some interesting books from the library of an American collector. The following were among the prices obtained: Allot's 'English Parnassus,' dedication in facsimile, \$51.25; 'Returne from Parnassus,' 1606, \$90; Drayton's 'Polyolbion,' 1613-22, the two parts complete, \$165; this was Ben Jonson's copy, and contained his motto on the frontispiece in the poet's autograph. A unique and hitherto unknown volume by Thomas Middleton, entitled 'Honorable Entertainments for the service of this Cittie,' 1621, \$350; La Borde's 'Chansons,' 4 vols., \$335; Shelley's 'Adonais,' 1821, \$155; first edition of the Geneva Bible, 1560, \$97.50.

THE following prices were obtained by Messrs. Christie at Lord Aylesford's sale:—'Biblia Polyglotta,' 1514-17, \$390; 'Biblia Latina,' 1473, 2 vols. in 1, \$335; the copy of the second Bishops' Bible, formerly belonging to Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, \$450; Curtis's 'Botanical Magazine,' 1787-1855, \$365; Buffon's 'Histoire Naturelle,' 47 vols., 4to, \$180; 'The Prouffable Boke for Mannes Soule,' and the 'Tretise of the Love of Jhesu Christ,' 1493, bound together, both printed by Wynkyn de Worde, \$1,535; the first Prayer Book of Edward VI., 1549, \$600; Fabian's 'Chronicles,' a perfect copy of the rare edition printed by Pynson in 1516, \$1,250; Gould's 'Birds of Australia,' \$1,100; Higden's 'Polycronicon,' (Caxton) 1482, with facsimile leaves, \$550; Spenser's 'Faerie Queene,' both parts, 1590-96, \$155; Saxton's 'Atlas,' 1570, \$265; the four Shakspeare folios brought respectively \$1,000, \$700, \$465, and \$145. The second folio belonged to Dr. Johnson and contained notes in his autograph. It was purchased by Nattali for Mr. Henry Irving.

THE remarkable library formed by the late Mr. A. J. B. Beresford-Hope, M.P., is being catalogued for sale in a London auction room during the present season. It is rich in early printed service books and Liturgical literature, books on architecture and the fine arts, besides editions of the English classics. Mr. Beresford-Hope also possessed the transactions and proceedings of many of the foremost literary societies, and these will be included in the sale. There will be upwards of 2 000 lots, and the library will take seven or eight days to dispose of.

THE sale by auction of the effects of Marie Regnault, victim of the murderer Pranzini, must have been a strange sight. The sale took place at the Hôtel Drouot, and lasted three days. The crowd was great, the crush terrible, and the assistance of many policemen was necessary to keep order and render the sale at all possible. The poor creature

was reading, at the moment she was attacked by Pranzini, 'Le Joueur,' by Paul Dumas. This novel, published at 3 francs 50 centimes, fetched 95 francs. A copy of the *édition de luxe* of 'La Dame aux Camélias,' by Alexandre Dumas fils, was sold for 475 francs.

BOOKHUNTERS may compare the swingeing prices lately paid at auction for first editions of modern books with the following low prices at which first editions of books published in the 18th century have been recently catalogued on the "other side." Compare for instance, the price of \$250 given for the 1st edition of Lord Byron's 'Waltz' with \$1.87 lately paid to Ellis and Elvey for a copy of the first edition of 'The Critic; or, a Tragedy Rehearsed: a Dramatic Piece in Three Acts, as it is performed at the Theatre Royal in Drury Lane. By Richard Brinsley Sheridan, Esq. London. 1781.' The title is followed by Sheridan's dedication to Mrs. Greville, the prologue by the Hon. Richard Fitzpatrick, and a list of the *dramatis personæ* of the first cast of the play, when Miss Pope appeared as Tibburina. Surely this is a far more interesting first edition than Lord Byron's 'Waltz,' and yet, if we are to judge by the price the 'Waltz,' is more interesting than 'The Critic' in the ratio of 400 to 3. Or again, \$195 has been given for a first edition of the 'Ingoldsby Legends.' Compare this with the first edition of 'The Iliad of Homer, translated by Mr. Pope, London, 1715,' five volumes of which, bound in contemporary calf, Mrs. Bennett recently parted with for \$3.12, apparently without a pang. In it is given the list of the 576 subscribers, this being the first example of a very successful publication of a book by subscription, the subscribers to which according to Allibone gave six guineas apiece for what now goes for \$3.12. Then there is the first edition of Boswell's 'Life of Johnson,' that 'Magnum Opus, in two volumes in quarto,' which, as the author wrote to a friend on April 19, 1791, "is to be published on Monday, 16th of May. It is too great a book to be given in presents, as I gave my Tour, so you must not expect one, though you yourself form a part of its multifarious contents. I really think it will be the most entertaining collection that has appeared in this age." Boswell was quite right in his prognostication. The work was issued at two guineas in May, as proposed, and on the 22nd of August, 1791, out of an edition of 1,700 copies, 1,300 had been sold. One of these copies, in its neat original binding, Mr. Stibbs sold the other day for \$3.75.

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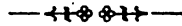
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